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THE WAVE

VOL. XX. No. 1 SAN FRANCISCO — JULY 1, 1899 — SEATTLE PRICE 10 CENTS

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Seth Low Andrew D. White Captain Mahan

THE PEACE CONFERENCE AT THE HAGUE

CONFERENCE OF THE DELEGATION FROM THE UNITED STATES AT THE AMERICAN MINISTER'S HOUSE

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THE WAVE

Is published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal, and Colman Building, Seattle, Wash.

Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months, $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

The trade is supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 342 Geary street; east of the Rocky Mountains by the American News Company, New York.

The Wave is kept on file and is for sale at Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France; 31 Union Square, New York City; 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.; and 206 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

For advertising rates and on all other matters pertaining to city business, address The Wave, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

All business matters pertaining to the Northwest should be addressed to Trevor Corry, Colman Building, Seattle, Wash.

Eastern representative, D. M. Foltz, 34 Park Row, New York.

THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY
PROPRIETORS

SAN FRANCISCO—JULY 1, 1899—SEATTLE

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EVENTS CURRENT

The Transvaal Situation.

With her representatives pleading for perpetual peace at The Hague, England is inconsistently preparing for war in South Africa. Affairs in the Transvaal have come to such a pass that the next few months will doubtless witness either a settlement of the difficulty or the outbreak of actual hostilities. The situation is of exceptional interest to Americans, partly because of the large number of citizens and the great amount of capital we have in South Africa, and partly because England, in the event of actual hostilities, will have on her hands an intensified version of our Philippine revolt. The demands of the English are reasonable enough. Since the Uuitlanders, *i. e.*, the outsiders, mostly British, are three-fourths of the population in the Transvaal, and pay nine-tenths of the taxes, it is only just that they should have some share in the government. This the Boers have denied them. All affairs are administered by the privileged aristocracy of Dutch descent; Britishers and Americans, no matter how long their residence, have no voice in the government, and are exhorbitantly taxed by a system arranged so that it shall rest lightly on the Boers and heavy on the Uitlanders. To England's demand for relief, President Kruger has responded by a proposition so hedged about by conditions that it is practically no concession at all. Foreign-born residents are to be granted a limited and useless franchise under certain hard conditions, provided England consents to submit the question of her sovereignty over the Transvaal to the arbitration of a foreign power — a step which the English government would never take under any circumstances. President Kruger may be, probably is, playing his favorite game of bluff, and England is hesitating before calling him. Kruger must know, as most of his hard-headed fellow-countrymen do not know, that the Boers would have no chance in a war against the British. But he is also aware of England's position in case of a South African war. Russia is ready to move on Herat, in such an event, and affairs in China are unstable. While the ultimate downfall of the Boers would be a certainty, England would have no Spanish-American sinecure. The Boers are probably the best natural cavalrymen and guerillas in the world, as England has already learned; they are fully armed and equipped; and they are in their own country, which is all but inaccessible. It would be a situation somewhat like our own in the Philippines, suppose the insurgents to be greatly reduced in numbers and greatly augmented in quality. So Kruger bluffs and England hesitates, while in South Africa the volunteer organizations of both sides are drilling and preparing for the conflict.

Chamberlain Shows His Hand.

England is at last making a stand against the Boers. The feeling is growing among the British people that loss of prestige must follow further yielding to Kruger, but the Government position was not made plain until this week, when Secretary Chamberlain, in a speech to all purposes official, stated that there would be no further concessions made to the Transvaal Government, and that British demands would be enforced. This utterance was remarkable for its plainness. Chamberlain called a spade a spade, denouncing in set terms the Boer Administration, and he accepted responsibility for all actions of the Cape Colony Government. One of the most sensational features was a charge that Kruger was freely employing a large corruption fund to gain advocates for his cause on the Continent. "The Transvaal's misgovernment," he continued, "is a festering sore, poisoning the whole of South Afriea * * It is erroneous to say the British Government wants war, but it is equally erroneous to say the Government will draw back, now that it has put its hand to the plow." This declaration was backed, that same day, by a great review at Aldershot of eighteen thousand soldiers, the very ones who will first be called upon in case of war. Among the troops were some of the same Highland regiments which figured in the Boer war of 1880–81. The Queen herself reviewed the display, a rare occurrence with Her Majesty, who has in latter years delegated such duties to the Prince of Wales and the other royalties. It may be taken to mean that Victoria will not negative hostilities, should Lord Salisbury consider it necessary to proceed to extremities in the Transvaal. On his side, Kruger makes no move, but it is safe to say that England's firm stand will result in his eventaally backing down.

Settlement of the Samoan Embroglio.

The commission appointed to settle Samoan affairs have solved the difficulty, temporarily at least, by making a radical change in the form of government. The old half-measures, by which a king with hazily-defined powers came into conflict with Consuls and Chief Justices who were equally uncertain as to their prerogatives, are to be succeeded by a government somewhat patched up, but much more satisfactory and efficient. A governor and a legislative council of three will be in control; they will be assisted by a native house of representatives. The three councillors will be departmental heads; the legislative power will lie virtually in the hands of the native house. The present Supreme Court, with increased powers, will represent the judicial power. Apia is to have a municipal government, under a mayor and town council, and the powers of the municipality are to be extended. An important change has been made in the manner of raising government revenue. Formerly this was done largely by poll tax. Now customs duties under a new tariff schedule will be the mainstay of the island treasury. The work of the commissioners was greatly furthered by the assistance of King Malietoa Tanu. In order to settle any opposition to the new regime, it was agreed that he should be appointed King, in accordance with the decision of Chief Justice Chambers, and should then resign. This he did promptly, and the commission proceeded with the formation of the new constitution. Thus passes another native dynasty of the Pacific Islands.

Otis Requests Reinforcement.

The Philippine "campaign" still consists in marching up the hill and then marching down again. The only event of importance to chronicle is that General Wheaton sallied forth from Imus, drove off the rebels in several skirmishes, and then fell back on Imus. General Otis, who has all along had enough forces, according to his own story, to end the war, has been forced at last to take water and telegraph a demand for immediate reinforcement. Thirty thousand is the number, rumor says; at any rate, the President will do well to send at least as many as that. General Otis is becoming as adept with his typewriter as was General Weyler of Cuban memory. In the face of this requisition for more troops, he reports that everything is quiet and lovely all along the line. He claims that the only large insurgent force is in the Tarlac province, and the others of Aguinaldo's supporters consist of small bands scattered through the island. He tries to shove the blame of keeping up the rebellion upon the Anti-Annexationists. The remainder of this interesting note consists of a series of speculations on business prospects, advisability of raising customs dues and continuing trade relations between interior towns and the rebel forces, and of chatty little items such as interest the small intelligence of Head Clerk Otis. The demand for reinforcements he explains by the exhaustion of the troops, and the amount of sickness in the ranks. It does not seem to occur to him that this sickness is an inevitable consequence of campaigning in the rainy season, and that it might have been avoided by settling matters up and withdrawing from the field during the dry season. The whole dispatch is plainly written with the idea of mollifying public alarm and justifying his own position. The proportion of sickness among troops of all kinds is a serious matter. Fourteen per cent is the official figure, and fever is given as the main cause. It must be remembered that our men have not yet really tried conclusions with fever. In the last rainy season, no advance had been made beyond the immediate neighborhood of Manila and Cavite, a comparatively healthful country. This year, the Americans are spread out over a swampy, fever-infected region, and even the veterans of the Cuban campaign, supposed to be immune, are beginning to be affected. If matters so continue, the result will be a withdrawal of the entire army into Manila to recuperate, and to let Aguinaldo gather and equip his forces unmolested. It seems to be settled, however, that Miles will not be sent to the Philippines, and that the administration will stand by Otis for better or for worse. The only hope extended is that Wheaton may be appointed over his head; this might be a wise move, since Wheaton is at least a man of decision and a fighter.

The French Crisis Over.

Afier a period of hesitation and experiment, President Loubet has finally announced his new cabinet. The political upheaval in France has so changed the opinions of all parties, that the body, chosen from the most diverse factions, may still be expected to work together with some show of harmony. Never did a ministry body represent so many and differing shades of opinion. Waldeck-Rousseau, the new Premier, is a moderate Conservative, as are, probably, a majority of his colleagues, but Gallifet, Minister of War, is a moderate Royalist, and Millerand, Minister of Commerce, represents the extreme Radical party, being recognized leader of the Collectivist Socialists. On two points they may be expected to stand firm, revision and the support of the Republic. To a man, they are all more or less in favor of Dreyfus. General Gallifet, while he stands naturally on the side of the army, has always been disposed to favor the historic prisoner. The rest are out-and-out Dreyfusites. In support of the Republic, they, doubtless, are unanimous; they were chosen as men who possessed the common sense to place patriotism above party. Moris is a cool, sensible lawyer; Gallifet is the man of all men to control the turbulent army just now. He is the stern old warrior who displayed so much energy and decision in suppressing the Commune of 1871. Adored by the soldiers, he will yet enforce discipline to the letter of command. His laconic statement, "The army talks too much," indicates his attitude. The remainder are sensible, conservative men, and able, as compromise cabinets go. Indications are that the nation, realizing the danger of this crisis will support them. Even the extreme Socialists have voted to stand by the Government, "provided it insures the perpetuation of the Republic." The Senate and Chamber of Deputies formally pledge their support, and jonrnals of every political creed make like promises. Altogether, it would seem that the Third Republic would weather this storm as it has weathered so many others. The crisis was, perhaps, never so grave as it has appeared. A sensational case like that of Dreyfus attracts more public attention that many another greater but less picturesque crisis. A serious financial difficulty, for example, might be a much more pressing danger, and yet not make half the stir and excitement. There is another contingency which would end or complicate the whole matter—the assassination of Dreyfus. That section of France which hates him is smaller than it was, but the animus of the remainder is no less intense because of the late turn of affairs. There are not wanting in Paris desperate, fanatical, and even insane persons, who believe so thoroughly in their cause and its justice that they would be ready to perpetrate such a deed. The prisoner, moreover, is to be in the custody of a military guard, whose members are his natural enemies, and sssassins, be they bold enough, can generally find a chance. A conspiracy of French officers, for example, might make such an opportunity. The murder of Dreyfus shortly after his arrival on French soil, though by no means impossible, would certainly shock the civilized world and cast odium on the Government. At writing, Dreyfus has not been landed from the *Sfax*. Doubtless, he will be taken ashore at some unfrequented spot and hurried to Rennes, where the court martial will sit, with the utmost privacy and precaution.

A Check at the Hague.

Since last week Germany has defined her position on the question of universal peace. Returning from their conference with the Emperor, the Teutonic representatives announced themselves in favor of the project of a court of arbitration, but refuse emphatically to hear of disaarmament. It was only a fortnight ago that Emperor was averse to arbitration "on principle"; now he gracefully backs down on his first attempt to block matters, and discovers a new set of principles. Colonel von Schwarzhoff stated the objections to disarmament, which are based mainly on economic grounds and on the practical difficulties involved. It becomes continually plainer that Germany is interposing obstacles so as to delay decision and eventually to thwart the conference. Russia seems foredoomed to failure. It is just becoming apparent how critical is the Czar's position. A Russian delegate announced last week that his nation was in a situation where war was preferable to bankruptcy, and hinted that both were imminent. A great drain on the imperial treasury, as a result of the Siberian and Chinese expansion, and the prevalence of famines in various parts of the empire, are given as reasons for Russia's desperate condition.

The Civil Service Order.

The President's Civil Service order of last month, exempting from the Civil Service rule some 4,000 appointments hitherto made on the merit system, has stirred up controversy all over the country. The positions affected were mostly of the confidential type, including secretaries of higher officials as well as pension-examining surgeons, Indian agents and examiners of Indian timber. The excuse offered is that executive officers are handicapped by the appointment of confidential subordinates of whom they know nothing, save that they have passed successfully a civil service examination. It need not be said that the action is in direct opposition to the Republican platform, which declares out and out for the merit system. Consequently, newspaper criticism has been generally mildly hostile, particularly in the case of Republican organs, which see in this action a violation of party principle, resulting from conditions evoked by the political situation in Ohio. The claim is made that the President, while thus strengthening his position in one section, is injuring his chances for re-election, since a large but quiet element of his supporters in 1896 regarded civil service reform as the main issue.

The Industrial Commission and the Trusts.

The Industrial Commission now in session in Washington is a step toward scientific solution of economic problems. As constituted by Congress, the body is to investigate questions pertaining to economic and sciological matters, and to suggest such laws as may be necessary to correct existing abuses. One result which is particularly desired is the harmonizing of various State laws. The industrial regulations of the States differ widely. For example, women and children may be forced to work twelve hoars a day in Alabama, while eight hours is the limit in New Jersey. Again, some States have laws defininng the age at which children may be employed, while others do not regulate this matter at all. The trust problem was naturally one of the first to be presented for discussion, and the Commission has spent these, the first weeks of its session, in taking testimony in regard to business combinations, and in trying to ascertain the true inwardness of the trust enigma. It is almost the first calm and impartial iuvestigation of this problem. The Commission, however, struck a snag at the very outset in the contradiction of evidence. It is rather startling to hear the statement that there are no trusts at all except in the imagination of the newspapers, yet such is the testimony of Mr. G. W. Smith, of the Wholesale Grocers' Association. Moreover, he states that "combinations of capital" can never become dangerous, because competition will set in as soon as such combinations advance prices to any great extent. Theodore Havemeyer not only seconds this last statement, but declares further that trusts tend to reduce rather than advance prices of commodities, and that their employees are better paid than those of small, independent concerns. The high protective tariff, in his opinion, furnishes the occasion for the formation of trusts. "The true communism of pelf," he said, "is the customs tariff bill. It says to the people, 'Here is the law we have enacted for your robbery. Do not complain of it, but do your utmost to attack and injure the machinery engaged in extracting from you what we legislate shall be taken from you'." The removal of tariffs over ten per cent would, in his opinion, relieve all the objectionable features of combinations of capital. On the other hand, Mr. Post, of the National Sugar Company, declares that "the entire control of an article of universal consumption in the hands of any one set of men would be a very dangerous power," and he ad-

mits that trusts, and the sugar trust in particular, aim at just such control. Experts not connected with trusts have used some strong language regarding the statements of Smith and Havemeyer, notably one Lockwood, an independent oil refiner, who defines them as highwaymen protected by law. It will be seen that each and every one of these witnesses is testifying in accordance with his own line of special interest, and it makes the task of the body all the more difficult. Beginning July 1st, special sub-committees will begin investigations in the West and Northwest, pending the Commission's final report.

Troubles at Wardner.

The grand jury at Wardner, Idaho, is still returning true bills against the suspects held under guard by General Merriam and his forces. Of the 1,000 men at first imprisoned in the famous "bull-pen," all but 350 were released. The ones retained will most of them have to stand trial eventually. The difficulty encountered when the grand jury was chosen, of obtaining unprejudiced talesmen, is a problem which the prosecution will have to face before actual trials can be commenced, as every resident of the region stands in one party or the other. The plan of issuing permits to seek employment to miners who will renounce their allegiance to the union has resulted in a great many applications. Most of these have been granted, and several properties, closed when military law was declared, are now running again, under guard. The whole affair has stirred up the labor unions of the country, who stand, of course, with the miners and demand all sorts of things, from the withdrawal of troops to the court-martial of General Merriam.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

CONFLICT OF PRESS AND PEOPLE.

Mayor Phelan has finally, through the force and influence of the Merchants' Association and district improvement clubs, been brought to realize that there is a public demand for the granting of the street railroad franchise, which has been dubbed, in contempt, the "corkscrew franchise." Opposition to its granting was never based on a solid foundation. Residents of the districts traversed by the road unanimously favored it, and the down-town merchants were not slow to discover its advantages. Mistaking the noise of the press for public opinion, Mayor Phelan and several of the Supervisors fell into the blunder of antagonizing a really popular demand, from which position the Mayor has now tardily retired. It is a dangerous practice to follow the leadership of the daily press. Their owners are governed by the same private animosities that animate the run of man, and all these, in the nature of things, find expression in the columns of their papers. Another improvement that should receive the attention of the Merchants' Association is the double tracking of the line of road reaching from Third and Townsend streets to Valencia and Ocean View. The narrow objections urged against this work was the increased smoke and noise that would result from running more passenger trains and bringing more suburban purchasers to the city. The metropolitan merchant may safely count upon the suburban resident as a customer if he has adequate facilities for coming to town. Diminish the facilities and you diminish his trade; increase them, and there is an immediate response. It was a pitiable exhibition made before the Supervisors by the residents of the Mission district. They objected to an increase of travel to and from the city because of the increased noise and smoke, while doubtless every mother's son of them had acquired his property after railroad construction. Imagine a Chicago citizen, or a resident of our enterprising northern neighbor, Seattle, protesting against trade development on such flimsy and puerile grounds. The road in question is soon to become an overland line and will offer special inducements for the Eastern tourist to extend his California trip northward. Our merchants can do no better than take up the cudgels in support of this measure and push it to a successful issue.

LAWLESSNESS AT WARDNER.

Labor unions throughout the country are just now busying themselves with meetings that breathe denunciation of the military, the administration, and everything else that makes for law, for attempting to bring order out of chaos at Wardner. They "deplore" the acts of lawlessness on the part of the miners, but their "deploring" is confined to a line or two of weak stuff incorporated in their resolutions for decency's sake, while pages are consumed denouncing the hand that is raised to punish the offenders. The miners of Idaho resorted to arms to enforce their "rights" and invited a like resistance. They were guilty of murder foul and cowardly, of arson and lawlessness most flagrant. Had not the Governor of the State called for troops and proclaimed martial law within the territory affected, more murders would have doubtless followed, and perhaps more property sent skyward by giant powder.

The crimes in Idaho were clearly traced to these sacred and impeccable institutions of labor called "unions." Met by a force that does not fear its votes or its threats of its force, labor whiningly protests that the unions and the liberties of the people are being destroyed and overridden by the military. These same peaceful, law-abiding unions are in war paint in other portions of the country; they are terrorizing Cleveland just now. Union men are hurling bricks and stones at the motor men on the Cleveland street-car lines who do not belong to their "unions." They board the cars and beat into insensibility the working men who do not belong to their labor trust. They have shot several men who were perfectly satisfied with the jobs they left; they have stoned passing cars and jeopardized the lives of passengers, and finally wound up one day's work by tearing down fences and taking possession of the car houses and driving employes into hiding for safety's sake. At Evansville, Indiana, these same unions are indulging in similar outrageous practices Hidden in the bushes, so as to protect their own carcasses, the brave representatives of American labor opened fire on the coal miners who had come to take their places, severely wounding several. During the Homestead strike, while the non-union men were housed within the mill property, brave American labor slipped poison in the food that was sent in to the men who had taken their places.

Naturally enough, such creatures are opposed to the administration; naturally enough, they are opposed to the military, or anything else that compels them to maintain peace when they are disposed to be warlike.

The *Examiner* has sent Mr. Ed Hamilton, an able journalist, to Wardner, and instructed him, so it claims, "to tell the truth and nothing but the truth" concerning the troubles in Idaho. His first letter shows that the miners' union has been engaged in the business of murder for a long period of years, and that towns, counties, if not the State itself, had been terrorized and under the control of the unions for an extended period. To use his own language, "They (the miners' unions) have elected most of the county officers from year to year. Nearly all the mines were forced to recognize their supremacy. Their power was well nigh absolute. . . . *But under this dominance of the miners murder went unpunished, and men who had committed no offense against any law of the land were summarily driven from the country.* Officers of the law made no attempt to apprehend the criminals, and the people generally were so terrorized that they dared not testify against them."

Mr. Hamilton then proceeds to tell of two particularly dastardly murders, the perpetrators of which were allowed to go scot free According to his accounts, labor was supreme in and about Wardner, and labor was giving the people a sample of the character of government approaching their ideas of perfection. We venture to predict that these truths written by Mr. Hamilton will bring a storm of protests from the local labor unions, and Mr. Hamilton will be instructed not to be so truthful when the facts run against labor.

Hereafter, when the American labor leader complains of the quality of American liberty, we may know just what he would give us, by reference to conditions as they prevailed in the mining regions of Idaho.

IN DEFENSE OF THE ADMINISTRATION.

No one will ever charge that Mr. McKinley forced the Spanish war upon the country. The Admiuistration held back, and evinced a conservatism that brought down about its ears the harshest criticism from jingo Democrats. It was declared by prominent Democrats in their moments of confidence, that the war would be a "good thing for the Democrctic party." and upon this basis it received the noisiest and loudest support of the Congressional members of that party. If the Administration erred at all, it was not in the direction of precipitating strife, but rather in permitting the Democrats and jingo Republicans to drag him into a turmoil he evidently wished to avoid. Once war was declared, the President, so far as lay in his power, acted promptly and with vigor. Victory has been the result. It was inevitably so. As a part of this war, Admiral Dewey was by the President instructed to seek and destroy the Spanish fleet in Pacific waters. How promptly and thoroughly this task was performed the world knows well. To-day America honors Dewey above all her citizens. He may, at the grateful hands of a loving people, have any gift, any office, or preferment he may desire. He is our hero and our idol, and the nation awaits with impatience his coming, to lavish grateful gifts and entertainments upon him. If, after destroying Montojo's fleet, Dewey had lifted anchor and turned homeward, leaving the burning and disabled Spanish fleet stranded on the shores of Manila Harbor, we would have no Philippine question to-day. His glory would not be in the least dimmed. Perhaps that would have been the better course, but he did not follow it. He remained at Manila, among other things to protect the unfortunate inhabitants. The war with Spain ended as abruptly as it commenced, leaving the Philippine question unsettled, and Aguinaldo and his followers as a legacy. What would our anti-expansionists friends have done? Would they have withdrawn Dewey and his fleet, withdrawn the land forces sent to reinforce him, and turned the islands over to be looted and plundered by the half-civilized natives? As an incident of the war we had broken the back of the Spanish power in the islands. The unprotected inhabitants would have been an easy prey for the reckless, merciless natives. Robbery, murder, and worse than murder would have followed. Hell would be a reposeful spot in comparison with what these islands would have been had Dewey sailed from there after his great naval battle. The Philippines are a legacy of the war. Whatever may become of them hereafter, whatever may be the views of one faction or another, the Government and the Administration have but one plain duty before them. They must conquer Aguinaldo and restore peace. After that will be time enough to discuss theories of expansion and anti-expansion and determine upon the future. The United States would to-day consist of thirteen States east of the Mississippi, had there been no expansion sentiment among our forefathers, The opponents of expansion, who objected to the nation's growth from 1803 down to the present day, have all employed the same arguments and all have proven false prophets.

In the matter of forwarding troops to Manila the Administration has been guided by the advice of the officers in charge and hampered by the restrictions placed upon him by Congress, Democrats to the contrary notwithstanding. It is difficult to see how the opponents of expansion can in one breath honor Dewey and in another censure the Administration. Let them be frank about it. Let them censure Dewey as well as McKinley.

AN UNWARRANTABLE ATTACK.

Just why the *Examiner* should be aiming its malicious shafts at Mr. Crocker, Vice President of the Southern Pacific Company, is incomprehensible. Upon an entirely false foundation it builds up an attack altogether discredited by the facts. The owners of the Southern Pacific are told by their employees that the newspaper attacks upon them (are vicious, malignant, and unfounded. To a great extent this is so, and to a much greater extent is this declaration believed, because the employees themselves are made the subject of abuse altogether unmerited and unfounded; hence criticism that is just often goes unnoticed. That Mr. Crocker would order a passenger train delayed for an hour and a half so that he might finish his dinner is absurd. He was provided with a private car, a cook, and all that is necessary to provide for a dinner. Inquiry reveals the fact that the gentleman had ordered a special engine coupled to his car to leave for home at a certain hour, to which train the operating department attached a sleeper and a day coach. There was neither baggage nor mail car attached, and the delay, if any, was not due to the gentleman's dinner or anything of the kind.

The Crocker family have, in all railroad affairs, evinced a lively and appreciative interest in California. They have more capital invested San Fransisco, more buildings erected and in course of erection than all of the railroad builders combined. They have been, in the truest and strictest sense, Californians. Recently Mr. George Crocker has advanced rapidly to the front in railroad affairs. He has developed an ability to handle large transactions with rare sagacity and skill, and though he has been absent from the State some years, has returned to fill the place of his dead brother, which he is doing with success. We should welcome the coming of such men. Mr. Crocker, like his brother, is strongly averse to unwarranted interference in politics. He has the love of native State strongly developed, and all that he may do in administering the affairs of the corporation will make for State development. He will not tolerate wrong, or wink at any proceeding that is vicious or harmful. If the *Examiner* would really do good in the land, let it reserve its criticisms for real abuses and not discredit its own columns by incredible and impossible tales.

INSURGENTS AND ANTI-EXPANSIONISTS.

The vigor and activity lately instilled into the insurgents' campaign and the "even honors" that characterized recent engagements have had an impressive effect upon public opinion in the United States. The American people have come to realize the effects of our indecisive policy with regard to Aguinaldo and his followers, and the devotees of the anti-annexation cult have become suddenly silent, realizing that, if we are to give up the islands, it is better to march out victorious than to withdraw under the reproach of defeat. Indeed, the statements of Atkinson and his followers have had their effect in assisting Aguinaldo. The rebel general is a keen, unscrupulous demagogue, and knows how to turn things to his own advantage. The Philippine agents in Canada and their bureau in Hongkong have kept him posted on the situation; there is reason to believe that most speeches, editorials and articles advocating "peaceful withdrawal" get into the hands of the insurgent leader. It requires only a little manipulation for him to persuade his followers that the McKinley Administration is tottering, that it is to be succeeded by a government which will voluntarily give up the islands; and that, in order to win, it is only necessary to hold out until the next election. How much of the new life of the Filipino cause has been due to the juggling of the "Washington of the East," it would be hard to estimate. Certainly, the murder of our troops by so-called "Amigos," firing from the rear, is proof of a treachery in the Filipino nature which makes it difficult for the Anglo-Saxons to estimate their motives.

But it is deubtful, after all, if any great blame should be put upon the anti-expansionists in the matter. They have a right to an opinion; they are to be censured only when their statements rest on distortion of facts, and when their language becomes inflammatory. Had he not their speeches and editorials as arguments to encourage the insurgents, the adroit Aguinaldo would still be able to find other means of deceiving and deluding his followers. The blame for the whole deplorable situation lies in the hesitation and dawdling of the American Government, army and people. The whole Philippine situation was forced upon us as the result of a determined act, the act of a man who knew what he wanted and where he was going; since then there has not been a decisive move in the whole affair. We dawdled when we armed the Filipinos for use against the Spaniards, instead of sending a sufficient American force and then relying on it. We dawdled when we tried to put down an insurrection, rapidly gaining ground in a population of eight million people, with about twenty thousand troops. We dawdled when we let a supposed Peace Congress play with our representatives. Finally, we were beautifully consistent when we put matters in the hands of General Otis, a methodical, clerk-like, small-calibre man of excellent intentions and a capacity for temporizing truly marvelous. And so long as we continue in this policy, just so long will the American army in the Island of Luzon waste its little might in unprofitable skirmishes and fruitless victories, and the insurgents gain strength and confidence through contempt of American inefficiency.

The Society for the Amendment of Criminal Law is keenly interested in the case of Mrs. Maybrick. Its membership includes Lord James of Hereford, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster; Augustine Birrell, Chancery barrister and author; Justice Vaughan-Williams, and Matthew Wright. Sir Charles Cameron, who is well-known as a prison reformer, said: "The Maybrick case is one of the planks of our society's platform, and now that Sir Matthew White-Ridley (Secretary of State to the Home Department) is reviving the case, by Lord Salisbury's direction and through the pressure of the American Government, exerted through their excellent Ambassador, it will only be a matter of a short time, in my opinion, before her unconditioual release. Until then this strong society will never cease to back up all efforts in that direction."

China may be a slow nation, but she likes fast boats. The fastest cruiser in the world has just been completed by the Armstrongs for her, and the famous Schichan firm recently built her a torpedo boat capable of covering 35.2 knots per hour. The new cruiser is to be known as the Hai Tien, of 4,400 tons, and under natural draught will have a speed of 23.6 knots per hour, and under forced draught 24.1 knots per hour. At this rate she could cross the Atlantic in about four and one-half days.

The advent of another newspaper is announced in London. It is stated that "no betting news, murders in detail, nor, indeed, anything to blunt the moral tone of readers, will appear in its pages. It will be readable without vulgarity, will reflect the higher life of mankind, and will open up a new path in journalism, anticipating the time when no single printed word shall bring a blush to any who read." Happy day!

THE BOERS AS FIGHTERS

Why England Hesitates to Enforce Her Demands in the Transvaal.

Paul Kruger has established an international reputation as the calmest, coolest bluffer of all time. England knows that he is bluffing; he knows that England knows; England knows that he knows—and so on *ad infin.* But England hesitates, and there is something more than mere caution holding her back. There is the memory of that series of campaigns, almost twenty years ago, in which British arms suffered at the hands of cool, experienced Boer riflemen—their first defeat since Waterloo.

The whole story goes back to the seventies, when England assumed her disastrous protectorate over the Transvaal and began to clear out the native enemies. Cetewayo, the fighting Zulu monarch, first mowed down a British army in the hardest campaign ever waged by England against natives. With his impis of gigantic black devils, meat-eaters, water-drinkers—the same material that makes our own daring colored infantry—the Napoleon of Africa slaughtered a British column at Isandula, won a dozen skirmishes all along the line, and was defeated only after a desperate struggle in which his followers were wiped out almost as thoroughly as were the followers of the Mahdi in the Soudan. Subsequently the British quelled a formidable native insurrection in the Transvaal itself, established the finances of the little nation on a sound basis, and prepared to settle down and absorb it. The Boers, however, had been quietly awaiting their opportunity. England had disposed of those hereditary enemies with which, for a century or more, the Dutch settlers had been struggling for possession in Transvaal. In the course of that struggle, fiercer and more intense than any Indian war of our own, they had learned border warfare thoroughly. They could ride like cowboys and shoot like Swiss chamois-hunters. Moreover, they were to a man armed with modern sporting rifles which discounted the single-shot military arm of the British. They were, as are their countrymen to-day, the "praying Presbyterians," whom Kipling praises as the most desperate fighters made, and they were too ignorant to be afraid of England's superior resources. With nothing more to fear from the Zulus, they turned upon the British.

The new Boer Republic was founded in December, 1880. An English regiment, the 94th foot, was hurried into the hostile country immediately. At Bronkerspruit, not far from Pretoria, they walked into a trap. A detail of Boer troopers held their leaders in parley while riflemen, ambushed behind stones and trees, got the range and opened fire. So deadly and accurate was the Boer shooting, that every British officer was killed in five minutes; a quarter of an hour later, a bare half of the regiment was left to surrender. The Boer loss was insignificant.

The whole country arose at once. Every British garrison was besieged and a guerilla war dragged on for a year. In an attempt to relieve one beleagured and starving force, Sir George Colley, in command of the British forces, met the Boers at Laing's Nek, a strong position on the road from Natal to Transvaal. The action that followed was mismanaged by Colley, who did not understand border warfare. He wore out his artillery in shelling dummy entrenchments, and then threw all his fortunes into a charge. The Boer riflemen held their position behind entrenchments and literally slaughtered the advancing British, so that Colley withdrew with a loss of one-third his men. The Boers lost two men. It was a splendid charge, "but it was not war."

One more engagement, unique in the history of warfare, and the war was over. Colley, in establishing communication with Natal, fell in with a Boer force, which began the usual tactics, an accurate but hidden fire. The British withdrew to a hill. This they held with four guns and a force almost double that of the Dutch. The latter refrained from direct attack, but with their superior arms and marksmanship picked off nearly half the British force during the day. The artillery was unavailing, because the Boers kept concealed and would not mass. At nightfall, Colley withdrew and, with reinforcements, took up a supposedly impregnable position on Majuba Mountain. This is a flat tableland with steep sides and heavy underbrush. At one side is a "kopje"—the Boer name for those rocky knolls characteristic of South Africa. Secure in his position, he failed to throw up intrenchments. The Boers continued their sharpshooting tactics, but with a variation. It was long range fighting, and did no damage, only it covered another movement. Two hundred and twenty Boers were detached for an attempt on the kopje. One whole, long day they crawled from cover to cover, from rock to rock, unseen. The defenders, keeping close from the Dutch fire, did not watch that vulnerable point. Late in the afternoon, the little company of frontiersmen reached a clump of trees within range of the knoll. One accurate volley, unnoticed in the noise of the firing, disposed of a small British squad guarding it; the Boers made a rush and took the key of the position. Colley's men turned suddenly to face this new danger, and the rest of the Boer force, choosing that opportune moment, charged and surrounded the British. In the massacre that followed, the British general paid for the blunder with his life, and only a small portion of his men cut their way out and straggled back to Natal. As usual, the Boer loss was small—five wounded, one killed.

This ended the war. A well equipped army, for which Colley had waited and hoped, arrived from England next month, but the home government was tired of so much slaughter for such meager results, and made a peace which gave all advantage to the enemy. It was Gladstone's blunder, a never to be forgotten blunder. That summer campaign was the forerunner of those hard conditions Kruger is now exacting from British residents in his little nation.

That is why England hesitates on the threshhold of the Transvaal. With her boundless resources she could win at last; modern war is only a matter of resources. But the military commanders of England remember Majuba Hill. They consider the thorough organization the Boers have accomplished since 1881, the unbounded confidence of Kruger and his generals, and their own distance from the base of supplies. They consider, also, that the change in military tactics in the last twenty years has tended to increase the power of trained riflemen and accurate shots. And they are wondering if the game, sure as would be its ultimate result, is worth the candle. For this reason, England proposes to exhaust diplomatic resources before again tackling the Boers. Yet a declaration of war against Kruger would be popular. When the Queen was making her triumphal journey to Kensington Palace, on the anniversary of her 80th birthday, in one of the most crowded squares along the line of march a voice cried high above the din of the passing pageant:

"Give us a chance at old Kruger, ma'am. Just one chance."

And how the crowd cheered!

THE WASHINGTON PIONEERS

The pioneers of the Northwest got together for the sixteenth time in Seattle on June 6th and 7th. Although not the largest gathering they have held (the Pioneers are getting just far enough from the old days to be fast thinning out), it was by long odds the pleasantest. There were something over three hundred of them, all told, and their families and friends made a crowd which took possession of the Queen City. Right royally were they welcomed, too, in the town which they have seen grow from a little fishing hamlet to a metropolis. There were luncheons and theatre-parties and picnics—if one can call their visit to Madison Park by the name of picnic. The whole city was theirs, and they took advantage of their opportunities. The most elaborate function of the convention was the luncheon, given on the afternoon of the 7th, which closed this year's meeting. A committee of thirteen, with Mrs. S. P. Randolph at its head, had charge of this part of the proceedings. After the inner pioneer had been satisfied, the new president, E. C. Ferguson, introduced Judge C. H. Hanford of the Federal Court, orator of the day. The Oregon boundary disputes between England and the United States furnished his theme. Many of his listeners had lived through those thrilling times, when war threatened along the banks of the Oregon, and the Hudson Bay Company was a factor in Northwestern politics. He delivered a masterful and graphic review of the difficulties of those times, and ended by drawing a parallel between the trials of that period and the present difficulties of this country over Alaskan boundaries. The address was followed by the adoption of resolutions advising President McKinley to stand firm on the boundary matter.

Ernesto Tamagno is said to contemplate an early retirement from the stage. He is the possessor of a large fortune. His daughter recently married a Milan business man.

E. C. Ferguson
President of Washington Pioneer Association.

John J. McGilvray
Ex-President Washington Pioneer Association

Rev. John F. Damon
Organized First Church on Puget Sound.

Charles Proesch
A Prominent Pioneer.

REUNION OF WASHINGTON PIONEERS AT WASHINGTON PARK, SEATTLE

Photo by Wilse

The "Philadelphia"

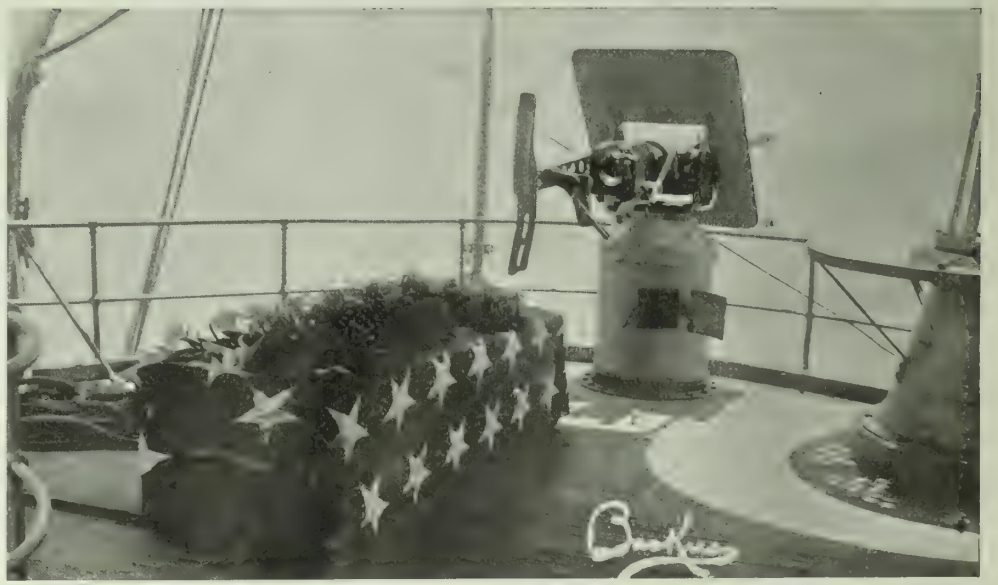
Admiral Kautz

Ensign Monaghan's Casket

Armorer Fisher with a Captured Gun

Naval Escort at Ensign Monaghan's Funeral

Guard of Bluejackets with the Remains of Lieutenant Lansdale



Casket of Lieutenant Lansdale

James Monaghan

Sullivan and Shaw, Samoan Veterans

RETURN OF THE "PHILADELPHIA" FROM SAMOA

Photo by Baccus

THINGS AND PEOPLE

The fiat of the Regents has gone forth, and L. Du Pont Syle has been shoved up, in the face of the opposition of the President and the head of his department, to the position of Associate Professor of English in the University of California. The appointment was a barren victory, for Syle gains only in title, as the office brings him no increase in salary or influence. The suspicion is abroad that artful juggling in the Board of Regents had something to do with the case, although student sentiment is said to have influenced the decision. Gayley is saying nothing with the air of a man who might say a great deal if he cared to do so. The matter was complicated by the interference of Regent H. S. Foote, a pseudo-relative of Professor Syle and his sponsor before the Board. In the last year or so Foote's protege has been keeping himself before the public by his newspaper work and his intimate connection with student dramatics. Besides this, he is extremely popular with the students and alumni. These considerations, it is said, led Foote to propose him for promotion. Gayley objected, quietly but firmly, and he was seconded by President Kellogg, who is claimed to be against any "grand stand playing" before the public by the professors. Foote attacked Gayley for his opposition, and the latter responded by a letter which Foote called discourteous and spiteful, and the war was on. The opposition made no trouble before the Regents, and Foote had it all his own way in the meeting. This jumble is instructive. Except for the conservative stand taken by Gayley and Kellogg, it reads like the operation of the machine in a Populist convention. If we are not to look to the University for promotions for merit, for advancement along calm, dispassionate lines, whither, O wise educators, are we to look? And if a professor has to "fix" a Board for his promotion, is there much hope that the rising generation of college men, nurtured under such influences, will do anything toward elevating American politics?

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With the coming of summer, the well-to-do Western student, with papa and his checks behind him, hies to Catalina or Del Monte for a summer-girl campaign, or packs rifle and camera and makes for the wilds, while the "hustler," who is getting through on his resources and his nerve, makes plans for a profitable vacation that shall help pay for books and laboratory fees. The number of California studeuts who are wholly or partially dependent upon their own resources is surprisingly large, amounting, probably to one-third of the male students at both Berkeley and Palo Alto. One '99 graduate, who shall be nameless here, not only earned every cent of his own support, but played on two 'varsity teams, one of which he captained, was a leader in every line of student enterprise, and came out with money in his pocket. Not only that, in one of the Universities all three 'varsity teams were captained this year by self-supporting men.

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Therefore, the question of summer employment is a live issue. Some solve it with gymnasium trained muscles. The hayfields of the San Joaquin Valley have more than one squad of harvesters, this summer, who can calculate the kinetic energy of a threshing machine or explain the morphology of alfalfa. Still others are helping to build up their University—literally—for some score of Stanford men are at work on the new buildings at Palo Alto. Manual labor is favored by many, solely because of its effect in preparing the student physique for a nine-month's intellectual campaign. Among those who use their brains in summer as well as winter, canvassing has the largest following. Bookselling was unearthed long ago by Eastern students; it is only lately that their Western brethren discovered its possibilities, and more than one college man has earned enough, this last vacation or so, to put him through the college year. Two or three of those college newspaper correspondents, who keep the dailies supplied in football time, develop into sure enough reporters every summer. But by far the largest proportion of those who do not labor by the sweat of their brows are working around the summer hotels, some as clerks, more as waiters. Some enterprising Berkeley men got an outing and made an income last summer on a little scheme of their own. They hired a large and conspicuous van, and solicited advertisements enough to cover its sides. With this, drawn by two mules, they toured the Santa Cruz Mountains, hunting, fishing, and incidentally painting stencil signs on the fences. As oue of them remarked later: "It gave us unpleasant publicity, but it paid."

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The evidence adduced at the trial of ex-Internal Revenue Collector Welburn discloses a condition that has the air and manner of a conspiracy. To the average outsider there are all the earmarks of a combination between Special Agent Thomas and certain underlings of the late Collector, with the object of screeniug their own neglect and misdoings at the prisoner's expense. There is unveiled a spectacle of gambling and forgery and manipulating in which all were engaged, but the unanimity of the trio—Thomas, Loupe and Dillard—to make the unfortunate Welburn pay the piper inevitably inspires suspicion and distrust. The Government undoubtedly must use all kinds of tools, but the precise necessity for as high-placed an official as Thomas enjoying himself in the manner the evidence disclosed is unhealthy. Dillard, the colored janitor who did the forging, admitted on the stand his guilt, declared he expected to be protected for his services, so inculpated himself that at the close of his evidence he presented his resignation to Collector Lynch. If the Collector does not accept this resignation the inference that he has need of Dillard's services will be plain.

THE GREAT FIRE AT DAWSON CITY ON APRIL 26TH

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Some two Decembers ago the managers of the Orpheum engaged Kiralfy to come to San Francisco and organize a Christmas spectacle. An active, nervous, eccentric, resourceful little man, Kiralfy set about the task, gathered the raw material by means of advertisements, and gave us the most charming ballet we have ever had here—a ballet full of verve and grace, responsive to the slightest nod of this leader and moving with exquisite unison. About two weeks were consumed in rehearsal, and in three weeks the indefatigable Kiralfy had absolutely transformed a collection of raw, inexperienced females into the airy-fairy sprites who danced like sylphes on the Orpheum stage. To achieve this Kiraly worked like a gally slave. I used to think him the only man in the United States who could produce such a result in so brief a period. There is one other such preceptor—Conductor Simonson of the Southwell Opera Company, of which, by the way, Mr. Walter Morosco has recently acquired control. Whoever has seen the clever company at the Grand Opera House unites in testifying to the merits of the chorus. It is the best opera chorus we have ever had in San Francisco. Well, Conductor Simonson is the genius who organized it, taught it to sing and to act in unison, and did this in about the same time that Kiralfy licked his Orpheum ballet into shape. The average man could no more do as much than he could organize a trust company.

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Just think of it! There was over half a million dollars in gold lying at Skagway when the *City of Seattle* left on her last trip to Puget Sound nearly two weeks ago! Remember, all this wealth had to be packed out from Dawson, and remember, too, that very few of the great number of men who are coming out this summer had started for civilization. It is estimated that the output of the Klondike this year will be $18,000,000. The Seattle mint is doing a land-office business. It has already handled $500,000 of the gold brought from the north, and it is prepared to take all that comes. Very little gold thus far has come from the American side, for the reason that the miners have not yet had an opportunity to get down the Yukon. In another week ships from St. Michaels are expected, and then the treasure will be increased very much. While the boom is tamer than it was two years ago, it is much more substantial. The Seattle hotels are crowded with men coming from and going to the north. There are few poor men among them, and, by the way, he who goes to Alaska now without money enough to support himself for at least a year is in sad straits indeed. Fortune-hunters are possessed of a good deal of heart, but when there is likely to be a scarcity of food sentiment disappears, and the man who has none is likely to starve.

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The members of the Seattle Council are debators, everyone of them. If they are not, then why do they require so much time to discuss new ordinances, and why is it that their meetings are always so well attended. So it can safely be said without hurting anybody's feelings that they are debators. Last week, however, they very nearly lost their dearly-earned reputation, and all because of a circus. The license for a show in a tent is $500 per day, but for some unknown reason one of the members introduced an amendment to the ordinance reducing the fee to $150. There was a second, and after a very, very short discussion the amendment was adopted, and now there are more circus tickets in sight in the City Hall than scalped vouchers for pay.

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A jolly, rollicking, curious, inquisitive crowd of men, women and children came to Seattle last week. They were the members of the Western Canada Press Association and they were having an outing, and at the same time seeing something of their neighbors. They came from the Northwest territory, and many of them had never been in a city as large as Seattle. They saw everything and went away delighted. The local newspaper men entertained them in a manner that left nothing to be desired. There was a banquet, rides on Lake Washington, car rides, theatre parties and other amusements. An incident occurred during the stay of the visitors, which indicates how little certain Canadian officials know of the United States. Arrangements had been made to take the party to Victoria on a Canadian government steamer. The vessel was sent to Port Townsend, which is many miles away from Seattle, under the supposition that the editors could easily walk from the Queen City to that burg. Editors are noted as pedestrians, but the task cut out for them was a little too much, so they hired a private steamer.

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Seattle has its first mining exchange in active operation, and soon it will have a second one as a rival to the first. But there is plenty of business for both. The city is mine wild. The boom in Republic stocks set the ball a-rolling. There was an influx of brokers from Spokane. While the Seattle men were dreaming of Alaska, they got in their work and disposed of thousands of dollars worth of stock. Then the Seattle men woke up. A mining exchange was speedily organized, and it has been well patronized. The second concern is not yet ready for business. But to one who has been in a position to observe mining booms, it would not be surprising if half a dozen exchanges were started. Right on the heels of the panic there was a boom in Cripple Creek mining stocks. In a few weeks there were five mining exchanges in Denver. They operated for a few months, and then, one by one, went to the wall, until only the old realiable institution is left. Possibly, Seattle may have the same experience. There is, probably, room for two exchanges, but not for any more. The mines in the Monte Cristo district have always been producers, and they are quite close to home, but are without transportation facilities. A railroad which tapped the district was washed out several years ago, and has never been rebuilt. John D. Rockefeller, the oil magnate, is blamed for this. Miners say that he wishes to gobble up all the mines for himself, and in order to so is applying the freezing out process. It is well known that he has agents at work endeavoring to purchase the more promising properties, but whether he is taking an unfair advantage of the owners is a question that he alone can answer. However, there is talk of building an electric road to the mines, and if this is done Rockefeller's railroad will not be needed.

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A public officer in Seattle has been accused of blackmailing Chinamen. This isn't exactly a new charge, for public officials have been known to blackmail people before, but in this particular case the man who is supposed to have done the work did it simply on his nerve. He had nothing to give in return. Seattle is a well-governed town, in spots. There are two gangs of gamblers, two gangs of bunco men, and any number of other thieves. They all have "pulls" with somebody, for they are protected, and when one gang is in power the other crowd has to hunt cover. To give an idea of the extent of the "pull" held by certain individuals, one has only to glance back through the files of the local papers to the time when the gambling houses were closed. The tiger was not caged for moral reasons. Oh, no; the real reason was that a certain gambler was not being paid enough money by certain other gamblers. He guaranteed protection. When he withdrew his powerful influence it was all off, and the houses have not been allowed to re-open. The Chinamen of the city, however, have been playing fantan nightly without being molested. The public official referred to, according to the charge, informed the Chinamen that unless they paid him $1 each per month he would close their games. They paid. A funny thing about the matter is that he has no power to close anything. He is not connected with the Police Department, and, in fact, has very little authority. He would have been in great demand had he been in the employ of the Spanish Government in Cuba. It is said that his average collection per month from the

VIEW OF DAWSON CITY AFTER THE FIRE

Chinamen amounted to $400; a neat sum, but the official in question, who is being investigated, may have to spend many times that amount to keep out of jail. The game that he practiced is being carried on in a good many cities at the present time, and is always exposed sooner or later, but criminals never take warning. No matter how careful they are, they always leave something uncovered that leads to the detection of their crime.

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Out from the sagebrush wilds of Nevada, where Dan de Quille learned to draw the long bow, comes another Comstock fairy tale. This is such a plain 'un that even the *Examiner* can't swallow it, and that paper, before printing the news, comes out in bold, black type and prepares a hole for escape, saying: "The *Examiner* is in sympathy with the hopes of the people of Virginia City, etc. * * * At the same time it is well to remember that such strikes have been 'made' before for purely speculative purposes. * * The *Examiner* only prints the news as it receives it. It has, however, the assurance, etc., etc." And with this it spreads itself over an account of a find assaying anywhere from $50 to $2,000 the ton, and plenty of it. According to the story, the body of ore is near the 1,750-foot level, and gets better as you go along, so that probably next week they will take out solid silver. The information, thus promptly set before the public, is expected to be of much use in the Pine-street pool room. But the public will hardly be fooled by a tale for which the *Examiuer* hesitates to stand.

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Dr. C. N. Gilbert, Professor of Zoology at Stanford University, leads an expedition to Oregon this summer to explore the rivers of that section. This is a part of Dr. Gilbert's systematic work, carried on during the past few years, under the direction of the United States Fish Commission, toward a thorough survey of Pacific Coast waters. When he came as a professor to Stanford, in 1891, there had been no organized effort to examine and classify the fish of California. Dr. Gilbert, who had already done valuable work for the Government in the Middle West, awakened the interest of the authorities and was immediately sent to investigate the streams of Yellowstone Park. The results of his researches were published the following year in a Bulletin of the United States Fish Commission. He has continued in this work until the region examined covers all California from Mexico to the Oregon border. Dr. Gilbert came to the Coast with his reputation as a scientist established. He graduated from Butler University in 1879, spent the next few years in study at the Western universities. In 1885 he followed David Starr Jordan, with whom he had always been closely associated, to Indiana University, where he became Professor of Zoology and won distinction by his work for the Government as well as his original researches. At the creation of Stanford University he was appointed head of the zoology department. Dr. Gilbert stands next to President Jordan as the highest authority on fishes on the Pacific Coast, and now that other demands are taking the attention of Jordan away from purely scientific work, the direction of the zoological work of the University has fallen into his hands.

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When the University of Indiana loaned Doctor Frank Fetter to Stanford University for the year, it was stipulated that Stanford should not ask for his permanent engagement. Professor Fetter, as head of the department of sociology in the Indiana institution, had made himself so valuable that the trustees felt they could not spare him. But Stanford, also, proceeded to fall in love with Fetter. He was the man they had wanted for many a day — someone to take care of their forensic interests. Debating at Stanford had been neglected by the faculty, because there had been no professor interested enough or competent enough to take hold of the matter, as Gayley had done for California. This Fetter did unasked; the result was the close rub Stanford gave her rivals in both debates this year, and a quickening of student interest in forensics and oratory. Not only in debating, however, did he make himself felt. His classwork, overcrowded of necessity because of the absence of Professors Powers and Ross, off on leave, was that of an able, thorough student, who knew his specialty and had brains enough to be original. So when the year was over President Jordan, as he had agreed, did not ask for Fetter, but there was a hint dropped about a raise in salary, and the new instructor, after looking over the possibilities of San Francisco for sciological study, asked of his own accord to be released to the western college, and tendered his resignation to Indiana. Doctor Fetter belongs to the new type of college professor. His own university course was interspersed with several years of newspaper work, and he appears to-day much more like a successful journalist than like a cloistered scholar. He runs, therefore, to practice rather than to theory, and his best work has been along the lines of independent research. A young man, still in his early thirties, he is an acquisition from whom California may expect a great deal.

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A graphophone, reeling off to court, judge and jury the testimony of an absent witness, was a feature of a San Francisco trial last week. As a witness, the phonograph has its advantages. It can't get mixed by counsel, it can't talk back, it doesn't have to be called to order, and it will repeat after the trial, anything missed by the court stenographer. A late issue of the Princeton *Tiger* dreams, in a cartoon, of college lectures on an improved plan. The professor is to line up before an array of phonographs, left before him by the class, who set the machines and go to football practice; the students, according to this scheme, will return for the machine, and save the cylinders for "cramming time," just before examination. I propose an extension of the idea. Why not a phonographic trial, with testimony and arguments shut up with the intelligent jury, to be listened to and considered at leisure?

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Another sporting victory for the West. This time, it is in pistol shooting, an art in which Bret Harte had us excel in the "gold days," but which we were supposed to have forgotten since they got to hanging gentlemen for a little quiet shooting. J. E. Gorman is the lucky marksman, and his score, 465 in fifty shots, equals the world's record held for many years by E. E. Partridge. For the benefit of our Eastern exchanges, we will state that Mr. Gorman does not wear his trousers tucked in his boots, nor his hair on his shoulders; he does not use a four-pound Colt's 44, nor shoot from the hip. Instead, he makes his score with a harmless 22-caliber Smith and Wesson, takes his time about aiming, wears a boiled shirt before the target, and has never, so far as known, killed his man. All of which will probably be a great disappointment.

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The hostility of the *Examiner* to the regular Democratic organization of San Francisco, so plainly evinced in recent articles, has excited honest indignation among the members of that party. This extraordinary antagonism is ascribable to the frustration of the Monarch's desire to dictate to the party. In some mysterious manner it has entered into a combination with the Rainey forces and expects to foist the creatures of the Boss upon the organization which has been at so much trouble to rid itself of their malign influence. In the last campaign, without consultation with the Democratic leaders, an engagement was entered into between the *Examiner* and certain members of the Boss' crew, by which they agreed to support the Phelan ticket in return for a third of whatever patron the party should acquire. It was one of those "heads I win, tails you lose" propositions that would have deceived no one but a political greenhorn, and the results of the contest plainly exhibited the futility of the bargain. Though not one of these fellows voted the Democratic ticket, they had the audacity to demand a third of the patronage, which, I understand, was subsequently in part conceded. Time was when the *Examiner* in a measure redeemed its vulgarities and sensationalism by being on the moral side of every current proposition. In the last election, however, it failed to make proper capital out of Governor Gage's record. Its favor for Colonel Burns was so palpable in the late Senatorial campaign that its contemporaries alluded to it as the Burns organ, and the Republican Governor would communicate only with its reporter. And now its sympathies are enlisted in favor of the worst element of the Democratic party against the best. I wonder does Mr. Hearst take the trouble to read his San Francisco publication nowadays.

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Mayor Phelan is most in danger at the moment of his greatest power. All his victories have been won sword in hand. The effort of the *Examiner* to persuade him to assume a negative pose and sit idly by while its policy of harmonizing the party and Buckley and Rainey is being executed, would nullify everything he has thus far accomplished. He cannot consort with these enemies of decency and preserve untarnished his own virtue and reputation. He must not allow any one to impose on him a line of action inimical to his own instincts and natural connections. He will certainly have cause to regret an alliance that alienates the members of his party. The impression is widespread that the *Examiner's* dominance antagonizes the best interests of the Democracy, that it is animated by selfish motives, and that its desire to control certain offices is for its own advantage. It is keenly regretted that this should be the feeling, but it is undeniable that it exists.

BOSWELL JR.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

When the United States cruiser *Philadelphia* left San Diego for the cruise which was to end in the disastrous Samoan affair, the last civilian to leave the ship was James Monaghan, of Spokane, who had come to bid farewell to his son. In the first party to board the warship in San Francisco was the father of Lieutenant Monaghan. With him was Mrs. Philip Lansdale, bride and widow all in a year. They had come to claim their dead. The son of the one had died in his vain effort to rescue the husband of the other, and the wreath that he laid upon the casket of Lieutenant Landsdale was testimony that the father gave ungrudgingly. We have grown so accustomed to the things of war this past year that the arrival of a warship fresh from scenes of action creates little commotion in San Francisco harbor. Nevertheless, the whole year of warfare has given us no more touching scene than the two simple naval funerals of last week.

The mutilated bodies of these two brave officers were buried in Samoa after the fight, but upon the *Philadelphia's* return were disinterred and brought to their native land. During the long voyage, the two caskets lay upon the after bridge draped with American flags and under special guard. On the 23d inst., the remains of Ensign Monaghan, who perished in aiding his brother-officer, were transferred in this port to the steamer *Columbia*, to be carried to Spokane. The spectacle was most impressive. As the procession left the flagship, the ship's launch proceeded with the pall-bearers and the casket; then came three boats filled with an escort of marines and bluejackets; then the Captain's barge, with Admiral Kautz, Commander White and the other officers. At the wharf they were met by Mayor Phelan and by representatives of the Army and of the Naval Reserves. Headed by the marine band, playing with muffled drums, the procession escorted the remains to the *Columbia*. An additional interest attended the burial of Lieutenant Lansdale the following day. He was, in a sense, an adopted son of San Francisco, and her body was laid to rest in her soil. The procession from the docks moved to St. Luke's, where the impressive services of the Church of England were read by Bishops Moreland and Nichols. It was only a year ago that Bishop Moreland married Lieutenant Lansdale from the very altar now banked and smothered in flowers for his funeral.

The *Philadelphia* brings back a number of interesting relics of the Samoan experience. The prize exhibit is a Colt's automatic gun, which figured conspicuously in the action. It will be remembered that when the natives charged, that weapon suddenly broke down, an accident which caused the abandonment of the American position. The Samoans tore the gun from its carriage and threw it away. Subsequently, pieces of it were sent by German planters to the German Admiral, and by him to the Americans. A party of American jackies brought in the rest. The wheels were left in Apia, but ship's armorer Fisher kept the barrel in the armory as a memento.

The Peace Commissioners refuse, on principle, to be photographed. It was announced in advanee that the first session was to be had behind closed doors, and neither artists nor newspaper men would be admitted. Finally, reporters were let into a gallery forty or fifty feet above the floor, but this permission was of no use to kodak fiends. It was easy enough to obtain views of separate embassies, but photographers were giving up salary to get a shot at the floor. Finally, two artists and one photographer worked on the sympathies of Yonkheer von Eys, Secretary of the Conference, until he gave them permission to occupy an obscure corner, taking their chances of being expelled when the session should begin. The artists represented London and Paris weeklies; the photographer was Mr. Gribayedoff, from whose plates we reproduce our photographs. The camera, ensconced behind a window-curtain, was espied by several delegates, who watched it suspiciously, sending cold chills down the operator's back. But presently they began to circulate and talk, and when Baron de Staal called the session to order, no one seems to have remembered either the cameras or artists. Thereupon, Mr. Gibayedoff snapped his bulb and silently stole away. Individual delegates were not so stern as the official commission, so that all was plain sailing after that, but so far as known, these are the only photographs of the opening session.

W. T. Stead Leaving His Carriage

Baron de Stael Addressing the Conference

Arrival of Queen Wilhelmina at the Railroad Station to Greet the Delegates

The French Delegation

M. de Beaufort, Dutch Minister of Foreign Affairs, Opening the Conference

Count de Munster in His Carriage

Scene on the Steps of the Palace

Conference of the English Delegation

THE INTERNATIONAL PEACE CONFERENCE AT THE HAGUE

Henry Miller and Margaret Dale in "The Master"

Henry Miller in "Heartease"

Henry Miller in "Heartsease"

Scene in "The Master"

Margaret Anglin

Marie Derickson

Margaret Dale

Mrs. Thorndyke-Boucicault

HENRY MILLER IN HIS NOTABLE ROLES

Together with the Feminine End of the Special Company Now at the Columbia Theatre, San Francisco.

Photos by Sarony

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PARIS

Paris, June 12th.—"L'Affaire Dreyfus," now happily drawing to a close, has occupied the fickle attention of Paris this past week, to the exclusion of every other public interest. The change in public opinion has been enormous, and furnishes food for moral reflection on the chances of truth crushed to earth. At the time of the Zola incident the revisionists were a hopeless and despised minority; to-day a good three-fourths of the French people believe in the justice of the exile's cause. The *concierge* of my apartments is France in a small way. A year ago she was a wild, crazy fanatic, ready to become a *petroleuse* of a new revolution in the defense of France against "le juif." To-day she was mildly pleased to learn that the President of the Chambre des Requetes had pronounced for revision. Like her, the French people, who never grow hot twice on the same subject, have not only changed, but cooled.

The scene in the Palais de Justice this week was sublimely theatrical and—French. The magnificent hall, the beautiful women in the latest creations, the robed judges, the gorgeous guards—everything had the air of a great pageant. Back of the judges, in the ornamentation of the vaulted ceiling, stood out Baudry's allegorical painting of Truth, Justice, and Law—three divinities who have been desecrated often enough in the course of the Dreyfus matter. Beneath these heroic figures, M. Ballot-Beaupre stood to deliver his recommendation to the Court of Cassation. In this Palace of Justice one is supposed to refrain respectfully from any show of emotion, but when the reader paused, like a well-trained actor, choked and burst out impulsively: "On my soul and conscience, Dreyfus is innocent, and Esterhazy is the author of the bordereau!" the audience was divided between applause and sobs. Sobs prevailed a moment later, when the middle-aged, rosy-faced M. Ballot Beaupre appealed to the army against "opposing its honor to the revision of an unjust sentence." Everyone wept, beginning with the women, of course, and ending with the judges themselves, who laid their heads on their desks and sobbed into their ermine robes. Then everyone went home, feeling relieved and proud of his emotion, to come back next day and applaud and weep some more over the decision of the court for revision. But it is a formal emotion, after all; Paris can hardly get excited again over Dreyfus and his wrongs.

Since Paty du Clam was the catspaw of his superiors in the whole affair, they have arrested him instead of the criminals who really backed the prosecution and persecution—of Dreyfus. His selection for arrest seems like a false and dangerous move from any point of view. A thorough investigation cannot fail to implicate his superiors and bring additional disgrace on the army, and a formal, hushed trial is sure to bring even more disgrace upon France and French methods. Poor Dreyfus, kept from knowledge of the true state of things, still believes that Du Clam is responsible for the new developments in his case; indeed, his pathetic telegram thanking this unscrupulous enemy has done much toward changing the sentiment of the emotional French, who adore a theatrical situation.

Meanwhile, Major Marchand has come back from the Soudan, and of course there was a blaze of pyrotechnic glory, and of course there were some riots as part of the celebration. These demonstrations were against the English and incidentally the Americans. No one was hurt, and honor was satisfied. I saw several English shops partially looted, pending the arrival of the *gens d' armes*, and one American had an unpleasant experience while attempting to drive through the rear-guard of a demonstration. He, too, was rescued by the police. I saw from a window the mob rushing down the streets, cheering their "glorieux vaincu" (glorious conquered one), and I thought of the mob that followed Caesar and Pompey through the Roman streets and the Persian rabble at the feet of Cyrus, and saw through it all what every thoughtful Saxon sees in this "saddest city of the world," the unmistakable signs of national degeneracy. Their hero, too, is something of a tin god—brave, but unoriginal, cheap, and fond of tinsel glory; a successful peasant type. He will be forgotten next week.

In theatrical circles, there is nothing particularly new except Coquelin's courteous refusal to return to the Comedie Francaise, and the divine Sarah's conception of the part of "Hamlet." The version in which Bernhardt appears this time is something near to a faithful rendering. Former translations make Hamlet an impossible, mealy-mouthed young philosopher or a wild barbarian, and they manufacture out of Shakespeare's ringing lines a sort of verse that is at best only pretty, and is generally on a dead level with mediocrity. MM. Morand and Schwab, the authors of this version, give us verse that approaches—and one can do no more than approach Shakespeare—the original's strength and sweetness. As for Bernhardt's rendering of the lines—well, Sarah is Sarah and there is no other, but to hear her with her voice like the heavy scent of carnations in that superb first scene is to know Shakespeare, veiled as he is under the disguise of a foreign tongue.

Speaking of theatres, reminds me of a story Paris is telling about Alexander Bisson, author of "Le Controleur des Wagon-Lits," a farce know to England and America by the name of "On and Off." It is said that an unemployed, despondent French clerk, sick and hungry, wrote a letter to Napolean III, stating that, unless he received a lois d'or by the following day at noon, he would drown himself in the Seine. He had given the number of a neighboring *brasserie* as the address at which the money might be paid. With touching faith, he called there on time, and was seized and arrested by the police for threatening the Emperor. Napolean, however, was affected rather than frightened when he heard of the case, and he put the prisoner to work in the office of a state railway. Six months later, the Emperor inquired for his protege, intending to promote him, and was astonished to find that the man been discharged three months before, as he could not be made to work, but spent his office hours writing plays! Had he applied himself to his duties, the French stage would have been two or three good farces the poorer, for the railway clerk was Bisson.

ETIENNE MARCEL.

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It is no exaggeration to term the California and Northwestern Railway the picturesque route. The country it runs through is full of interest and beauty, and veritably a paradise for the angler and the hunter. For the summer holidays special round trip rates are announced over this system. Commencing Monday, for a single fare one can go and come to and from all points on the system, the limit of the ticket being Wednesday. Reduced rates are also given, commencing Friday, the 30th, extending to Wednesday, the 5th. See adv. in another column for rates.

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IMPORTED FICTION

Some New Books for Summer Reading, or Later.

The average reader who seeks the bookstores for a novel or to with which to while away the leisure of the holiday season is confronted with an embarrassment of literature. For a month or more books have been pouring from the big publication firms. Most of there are of English extraction, I regret to say. As Max Beerbohm might observe, the most intelligent of us are not beyond the promptings of that form of patriotism which inculcates a preference for domestic over foreign fiction. In the American celebrity one has a possessive interest; in the uitlander a more distant admiration. Some authors are citizens of the world, as Kipling has come to be. He belongs to no nation, but to the language.

Three of the books that confront the writer at this moment were made across the water. *Idols* (John Lane) is easily the best novel W. J. Locke has yet written. It is carefully composed and developed. The four principal characters are strongly individualized and are original and interesting creations. The plot turns on a far-fetched contingency, but that conceded, the circumstances of the story are plausible throughout. Altogether a satisfactory story, memorable especially for the character of the heroine, Irene Merriam, a truly ideal type, but admirably realized and rendered. The Jewess, Mina Coleman, in her earliest projection, is a fine portrait, but she is sacrificed for the strained situation alluded to. The denoument is especially commendable for its natural solution of the somewhat trying problem precipitated by the unwitting disclosure of Merriam. Decidedly an interesting book on the whole, and calculated to inspire one with a desire to read the next book by the author.

The Duke of Lindon (John Lane) is rather an aimless romance. A pleasant flavor of idealistic narrative pervades it, but it has little of literary motive to distinguish it and lacks full-bodied interest.

Some three years ago there appeared *Essays*, a series of discursive discourses on literature, manners and personages by Max Beerbohm. Since then, having gathered enough of these fugitive pieces for a second volume, he entitles the collection *More* (John Lane); surely a diverting caption and quite as descriptive as any other label. Beerbohm is a gay and paradoxical wit, who loves to astonish the Philistines and indulges in elaborately designed affectations with an air of solemn quizzicalness. He has serious moods at times, though in the most solemn of his attitudes one feels he has a laugh up his sleeve. A distinguished literary manner and a rare skill at taking unexpected attitudes toward things and people trite enough in all conscience, confer a rare value on these clever essays. They are full of mocking and ironic humors, and if one is educated to an appreciation of this style of composition, reading them will induce a delicate but no less profound sense of amusement.

The especial point about *Outsiders* (F. A. Stokes Co.), by Robert W. Chambers, is that the literary personalities who compose its *dramatis personae* are supposed to have been drawn from life. Yes, the Dawson Klaws, the Sidney Jaunes, the Chatterton Mawleys have all, it is said, their prototypes in the journalistic set in New York. The savage energy with which they are abused and ridiculed will undoubtedly persuade the reader that the author is working off an accumulation of vivid hatreds. It is to be hoped that the vendetta is gratified, for such futile work as *Outsiders* Mr. Chambers has not before been guilty of. This writer is certainly clever, and undeniably talented. His method is the reverse of realistic, it is true, but he knows how to tell an interesting story in an entertaining way. This book is about an undefiled literary genius who floats into Gotham and attempts to dispose of two great MSS. Though he has just come from Paris, his delicate sensibilities are horrified at the immoralities of the American metropolis. It is difficult, however, to discuss in any other than a vein of irritation this fatuous performance. If a man less capable than Chambers had written it, we should pass it by with a shrug for its callow workmanship, its hyperbolical and extravagant descriptions, and its preposterous characterization. Had the author the slightest sense of humor he would never have been so egregious.

Dr. Koppe gives an account in the *Deutsche Medicinische Wochenschrift* of his investigations of distilled water, which he pronounces a dangerous protoplasmic poison. His studies show that it withdraws the salts from the animal tissues and causes the latter to swell or inflate; isolated living organic elements, cells and all unicellular organisms are destroyed in such water, dying, since they become engorged therein; that is, they lose the faculty, upon which life depends, of retaining their salts and other soluble cell constituents, and consequently these are allowed to diffuse throughout the water. Similarly, the same poisonous effects must occur whenever distilled water is used as a drink.

An excursion and picnic is to be given at California Schuetzen Park, on Sunday, July 2d, by the Letter Carriers' Mutual Aid Association. The affair is in aid of the sick fund of the organization. A great day's fun is anticipated, there being three hundred gate and game prizes.

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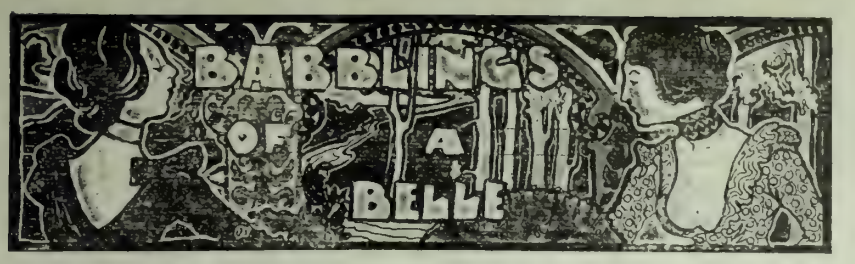
TREASURE SHIP "ROANOKE" LEAVING SCHWABACHER'S WHARF, SEATTLE, FOR CAPE NOME
Photo by Wilse



The present week, dear Diary, has been a series of small affairs for me. What a jolly time I have had! Monday night a lot of us decided to have some fun, so we rang up the favorite chaperone in town, and asked her could we depend upon her for the evening. Of course, she was delighted. As Aunt Sybil gave her consent quite readily, we started to dine at the Poodle Dog. One gets such an excellent repast there, and I saw so many of the girls in other parties. Then, afterwards, to see "The Liars." How I love Henry Miller, but I have told you of that affection before, so will not tire you of it. The people at the Columbia were quite as enthusiastic as those of the previous week. Curious to relate, I saw a great number, too, who were at the opening night. We reveled in the different uncomfortable situations, and wondered what we should have done under similar circumstances. When it was over we went to the Palace for supper. As most of our party were Burlingame people, we decided on a moonlight ride down there as an awfully jolly ending, so off we started. There never was a merrier crowd together. As the Martin boys were along, our mirth was tremendous. It was, in fact, only too soon when the lights of Millbrae hove into sight.

Burlingame is very gay now, and people down there are so excited about the new club house and the golf links. I do not think they can be compared to those of San Rafael, but they are most interesting now owing to the Fourth of July Tournament being held there. Considering the few good lady players, I do not think there will be a large number of entries, but *how* those who are going in intend fighting for it! Aunt Sybil thinks it was a mistake for Prince Poniatowski to give a cup. "Women," she says, "do not enter a competition with the true sense of doing the thing for sport, but because they are anxious to get a prize." I don't think that is anything specially against a woman, but Aunt Sybil feels it very strongly. Leila and I often agree that we should be like men and stand by our own sex in every detail of life, especially when they are in error; but it is so difficult to do it, and at the same time be interesting. I shall try, though. It is easier for Leila, and Emilie Hager has done it for so long that now it is unconscious with her, and not only women but also men insist that she is the most agreeable and nicest of the girls. All the time in town, I think when Leila is nice, she is sweetness itself, but she is only agreeable to men when the spirit moves her. With Emilie it is steady diet. Alice Hager plays a good game of golf, and has such a ready wit that I often wonder how she can keep from saying really smart things on numerous occasions, but she is very diplomatic.

Poor Mary Scott! I spent all day yesterday with her, and endeavored to cheer her up. It was so unfortunate she and Mary Crocker had to meet with this accident, but except that it will perhaps make them somewhat nervous in driving, I do not think in a few weeks there will be any trace of the disaster.

I think I told you of the fun the Martin boys are having, now that they are quite settled in the Jarboe house in San Mateo. If it were not for the mosquitos down there, I think it would be a paradise on earth. There is so much to do and so many men. I notice Walter Hobart is keeping up his polo practice. The Tobin boys are all keen on it, and ride so well. Clement is my favorite. I know he is not, perhaps, so dignified as the others, but he is fun, and that is all we ask for these days. Celia and Beatrice still contemplate Alaska, so does Bernie Drown, who has been staying at the Boardmans in San Rafael. Bernie has such a sweet, winsome smile, and wears an organdie gown better than any girl I know in town. Louie Bruguiere, I fancy, will go to Alaska with the Tobins. I am so glad that Emil is making so great a success of opera in New York. Arthur and I feel very elated about it, for we were among the first to discover Emil's talent, and then no one would agree with us. Peter, too, is really a genius so far as his photographs are concerned.

Mamma and Leila came down from Mrs. Patton's ranch to attend the funeral of Lieutenant Lansdale. It was so sad. Poor Mrs. Lansdale, if all the real true sympathy of her friends can be of any benefit to her in her grief, she must feel comforted. I think her family intend taking her to San Rafael when she is stronger. Her relations are so sweet to her, but the Smith girls always were fine.

Mrs. W. E. Dean is up nearly all day every day now, and will soon be strong enough to get the benefit of the warm climate of San Rafael. Mrs. Henry L. Dodge has the sweetest cottage there; Jennie Blair has been staying with her, so is Fritz Bottom. Ethel Patton, whom we all now call Dorothy, for Ethel is not quite a good enough name for her, is still up at the ranch, but Mamma says she has invited her to stay with us at the Hotel Rafael later in the season. Linda Cadawalder was staying at the Boardman's last week. I think she is the dearest of girls and one of my special crushes. Her mother has gone up to Vichy Springs for her rheumatism, but Linda expects to spend most of the summer in town. We were all surprised and yet delighted to hear Alice Scott Brown was to be married. Mr. Smith is a fine fellow and will be Surgeon-General himself one of these days. He is assistant now, and Papa says is considered wonderfully clever. Alice is a dear girl, and it always seemed a great shame to me to think she was a widow.

Mrs. Fred Green gave Katherine Dillon and Miss McCulla, a Navy girl and sister of Lieutenant Miller of the *Philadelphia*, now in San Rafael, a luncheon at Pastori's on Tuursday last. We all went out there in white pique golf suits, and had an absolutely Italian luncheon up in the tree — Pastori's famous tree and cooking—I do not know which is the best. It was an awfully jolly affair, and afterwards we sat under the trees and wondered why it was there had been other cooking invented when the Italian was so good. Katherine Dillon expects to give one next week, I believe. I do hope she will invite me. Marie Oge and Marie Wells have been down in San Mateo. I never saw two who are fonder of riding than they are, and they do it so well.

All the real Southern set were en evidence at the wedding of Laura Crittenden on Wednesday last. It was a very pretty affair, and Laura was really lovely in her cream gown. I like cream so much better than dead white to be married in. Louis Mercado has been so long away, I was quite surprised to see how strong-looking he had grown in the last few years. I think they will be very happy, for Laura, Leila and I think, is one of the best of girls. Mrs. Sanchez will miss her so very much. St. Stephen's Church was beautifully decorated, and I rather like it for a wedding, though really from the artistic standpoint, Trinity Church is first in my estimation. Its outward appearance alone endears it to my heart.

The golf links at Mrs. Will Tevis' place in Bakersfield are simply fine. Mr. Tetley, who planned those in San Rafael, is to be congratulated on his success there, too. Both these links rank very high, indeed. Mrs. Tevis, unfortunately for all of her friends, is going to Lake Tahoe next month. She says Bakersfield is too warm. But, heat or no heat, I could live forever in her dear Spanish house—it is an ideal home, and she does make one enjoy oneself so much. I was simply wild with joy the other day when I found that Arthur and I were to be included in the party Mr. Wiltsee is taking to Catalina Islands. I can hardly live until the time comes. He has an excellent cook, and his yacht is the most adorable thing on earth or water either. I have the cutest gowns being made. Unfortunately Mr. Wiltsee, though I have used my sweetest smile on him, has never reciprocated my delicate attentions until now, and I am oh! so delighted at my success. Arthur says it is entirely his doing, but that is just like a brother.

It was great sport at the launching of Harry Simpkins' yacht on Saturday. I never saw a more beautiful day after the rain, and there was just sufficient wind to show her off to most splendid advantage. He has invited six fellows to go for a cruise with him early in July. I do wish, both for his sake and the girls, that he'd have girls, too. I know several who are dying to go with him. Grace Spreckels writes to tell me she is enjoying Coronado. Ella O'Connor and she play golf whenever it is cool enough. The Spreckels remain there until late in July, and then will go to Del Monte. The Kips are just having a glorious time in the Yosemite Valley. They have the three Hoffmans with them, and are all out for long rides and tramps, and intend seeing and doing everything there is to be done in the Valley.

Mrs. Salisbury was most anxious for me to go to Laurel Dell in Lake County with her family. Mamma wished it, too, but I hope and really intend going later. I must arrange my plans with regard to luxury and good fun, and the Salisbury family have fun down to a fine standpoint, Mrs Salisbury being gifted with keen sense of humor and repartee. Margaret Bender will return from New York very soon now. She has had a glorious time—operas, dinners and theatres until there was no rest. She will go to Lake Tahoe on her arrival here. The Loughboroughs will not go to Del Monte until July, but have taken a trip to Shasta. They miss Bessie Zane so much, but she is having great fun in the East. Mary Belle Gwin and Sallie Maynard are still stopping at Mrs. Tompkins. Leila says she would rather have Mary Bell Gwin to stay with her than any girl in town, except, perhaps, Linda Cadawalder. They are always so anxious to do just the very thing their hostess plans for them. Now I think of no other news to give you this week, but I hear there are about forty contestants already for the Poniatowski cup.

MISS CRICKET.

* *

The University town of Palo Alto witnessed a pretty little home wedding last Saturday, that of Miss Annie Louise Brown, daughter of Rev. E. W. Brown of Palo Alto, to Mr. Herbert C. Nash, Secretary of the Board of Trustees and Assistant Librarian of Stanford University. Both bride and groom are well known people at Stanford. Mr. Nash, who was tutor to young Leland Stanford during his lifetime, and later Senator Stanford's private secretary, is a clever and accomplished man who has ever enjoyed the confidence and friendship of the late Senator and Mrs. Stanford. He has been one of the popular members of that jolly bachelor crowd of professors who kept things going in the Faculty in the old days; the Faculty Dramatic Club, which has furnished the place so much amusement this last few years is his own particular institution. Mrs. Nash is a graduate of Syracuse College. She is a sister-in-law of Registrar Elliot, and was artist of the Hopkins Museum at Stanford for two years, during which time she became acquainted with Mr. Nash. She is considered one of the best illustrators of scientific works in this country. Mr. and Mrs. Nash went south for a short bridal tour. Upon their return, they will occupy a house on Lansen row, campus.

* *

The Tuesday Night Club held their sixth and last reception for the season in Cotillion Hall on Post street, Tuesday evening, June 20th. It was, if possible, a more charming affair than its predecessor. The ballroom was handsomely decorated and a very fashionable company was present. An exceedingly pretty figure of the german was led by Miss B. Freund and R. L. Garnier, assisted by Miss M. Vincent and E. T. Lampe.

* *

At the Hotel Belvedere they are preparing to celebrate the eve of the nation's birthday by a real old-time masquerade, with the usual prizes for best-sustained, handsomest dressed and most humorous characters, and with additional features in honor of the day. The piazza and grounds, to be included in the scene of festivities, will be elaborately decorated for the occasion.

At Duncan Springs, fishing along the Russian river is the chief sport just at present. It is a good trout year, cohsequently some record strings are announced. Among the late arrivals at the hotel and cottages are: O. D. Wheeler and wife, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Dwyer and children, Mrs. Bone and family, Miss Elsie McMillan of San Francisco, Dr. and Mrs. C. W. Savage, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Moke of Santa Rosa, W. Middaugh, and N. Morncan of Petaluma.

The Original Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

In military prisons an offender is sometimes sentenced to carry cannon balls from one place to another and pile them up all day long. That is all. Perhaps it does not seem very terrible but it soon wears his life out. It is practically a death sentence, and he knows it; he would rather be shot. Many a sick man feels the same way about the burden of disease that he is lugging back and forth from day to day. He would as soon be down with a mortal disease. It will come to that sooner or later.

A man's life can be dragged out by dyspepsia and liver complaint. The experience of Mr. J. T. Cardwell, of Fall Creek Depot, Pittsylvania Co., Va., shows how Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery saves people from consumption by waking up their nutritive organism and giving it power to supply pure, healthy blood, which drives out blood poisons and dead tissues and builds up sound, wholesome flesh and muscle.

"I feel it my duty," writes Mr. Cardwell in a letter to Dr. Pierce, "to write you of the lasting benefits derived from the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and little 'Pellets.' Seven years ago I contracted a severe cold, which baffled the skill of one of the best physicians in my State. It ran on and I continually grew worse until I concluded to write to the 'World's Dispensary Medical Association.' The answer to my inquiry advised me to use 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pellets' for indigestion and liver complaint; at this time two months had passed. In two or three days after I had commenced the use of your medicine my cough had entirely stopped, my digestion was better, my low spirits driven away and I felt new life and vigor in my whole body."

This marvelous "Discovery" makes nerve force and rugged power. It is far better than oily emulsions; it does not make flabby fat, it does not increase the weight of corpulent people.

FINANCE

A Brief Review of the Week's Dealing Development of the Market.

Tuesday, June 27th.

The latest quotation for the Bank of California stock is 275. This rise of twelve points within a brief period is due to the alleged intention of the Board of Directors to reduce the capital stock of this well-known institution. At the October meeting, it is said, a proposal will formally be made to decrease the capital of the bank from three to two millions dollars, thereby reducing the number of shares from thirty to twenty thousand. Shareholders will be asked to surrender one-third of their holdings at the rate of one hundred dollars per share. The inference is that the financiers at the head of the bank consider two millions, together with the present reserve, form a sufficient working capital for the requirements of the institution, and that with the reduced capitalization, higher dividends can be declared on the stock.

It was a foregone conclusion that Judge Seawell would decide in favor of the S. F. Gas and Electric Co. in the Hooper suit. The decision, however, is not far-reaching—it involves only the legality of the $1.10 ordinance, the drawing of which is declared to be faulty through important omissions. Virtually the institution is out of its difficulties. Its tangle with the municipality has been straightened out and there should be an increase of confidence in the stock. I am surprised under the circumstances there has not been a greater reaction in the market price of its shares, the highest figure being 74. Subsequently there was a decline, and the stock closed at 71¼. At this season, however, little attention is being paid to local securities, but doubtless after the holidays are over Gas stocks will do better.

On the strength of Supervisorial obstructions and an alleged hostile Assessor, who threatens an increased assessment, the stock of the Market Street Railway Company took a tumble to 61½. But little is doing in sugar stocks. Paauhau is 39¾; Hawaiian Commercial is 99¼; Hutchinson, 33; Kilauea is 29 bid; and Onomea, 40¼ bid. There is an improvement in Oakland Gas stock, which is recovering from the Equitable scare, and is now 47. Giant Powder has dropped to 70, doubtless on the strength of rumored opposition from the U. S. Smokeless Powder Company, which, it is said, is about to become a competitor in the dynamite business. There are strong men in the concern, and the alleged interposition of Lloyd Tevis with capital is highly unnecessary. Among the owners are Timothy Hopkins and Charles Fenton.

The Cannery combination is within an ace of completion. Final settlement will, doubtless, be made this week. It has been no easy task to reconcile the claims of so many institutions, and its successful accomplishment is certainly a feather in the cap of the promoter. The combination has been organized on a sound basis, and I have little doubt but that the security will, in the course of time, be as highly esteemed as the Alaska Packers, which was also organized by the law firm of Chickering, Thomas & Gregory.

The Paauhau sugar statement for June 1st is as follows: Cash and sugar on hand, $217,738; tons of sugar received to June 1st., 1899, 5,768 tons. Estimate for year, 11,000 tons.

Wanted — A superintendent for large free-milling property in Nova Scotia (60 stamps). State experience and salary. Apply to McCuaig, Rykert & Co., Montreal, Canada.

Poodle Dog Restaurant, northeast corner of Eddy and Mason streets. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone Main 429. Blanco & Brun, proprietors

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You can spend the Fourth out of town for less cost than to stay at home. Half fare, first-class ticket, San Francisco to Paso Robles and return, $6.20; other points pro rata. Hotel rates reduced to $2 00 a day. Tickets good to go Saturday, Sunday and Monday; returning, Wednesday or Thursday. Trains leave Third and Townsend streets 9 a.m; returning, arrive 4:10 p.m. Seat in Pullman Buffet Car, 75 cents.

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City Office 636 Market Street

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Sonoma County, Cal.

ONLY four and a half hours from San Francisco and but nine miles of staging. Waters noted for their medicinal virtues; best natural bath in the State; swimming and boating; grand mountain scenery; good trout streams at door; photographers' room; telephone, telegraph, daily mail and express; first-class hotel and stage service; morning and afternoon stages. Round trip from San Francisco only $5.50; take Tiburon Ferry at 7:30 a.m. or 3:30 p.m. Terms $2 a day or $12 per week. References—Any guest of the past four years; patronage constantly increasing—last year unprecedented.

J. F. MULGREW, Proprietor.

GLENBROOK LAKE COUNTY CAL.

Beautifully located, nearly three thousand feet above the sea. Home comforts, home cooking and in fact an ideal resort for a summer outing. Main hotel and cottages are now lighted with Acetylene gas throughout.

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If you want to hunt, If you want to fish,
If you want to recuperate,
If you want the best of recreation,
If you want pure air and sunshine,
If you want to enjoy an exhilarating climate,
You will find all at **Glenbrook**

Postoffice (money order) and telephone connections everywhere. For rates pamphlets, etc., Address O. W. R. TREDWAY, Proprietor.

Hotel Belvedere

Open the whole year round. For rates and particulars, address MRS. A. T. MOORE, Belvedere, Cal.

BONANZA SPRINGS Lake County, Cal.

A NATURAL camping ground; five different mineral springs. We cater to campers only, and invite all who want good water, pure air fishing and hunting, to come. Hot and cold mineral baths. Cottages nearly furnished to rent from $1.50 per week. Provisions, hay, grain, etc., can be purchased on the grounds. One mile north of Howard Springs. Putah Postoffice, Money Order and daily mail. Address R. F. DOCKERY, Bonanza Springs, Putah Postoffice, Lake County, California.

SEIGLER SPRINGS LAKE COUNTY

ABUNDANCE of mineral springs, hot and cold plunge baths, large swimming tank of mineral water, good trout fishing and hunting. Round trip tickets at S. P. office $10. Entire new management. JOHN SPAULDING, Proprietor.

Highland Springs

THE GREAT SANITARIUM OF THE WEST

OPEN every day in the year. New hotel elegantly furnished Table unsurpassed. Lighted by electricity. **Thousands cured by its waters** Finest swimming tank, bowling alley, and dancing hall in Lake County, together with complete livery stable, gentle saddle-horses and ponies.

Over Thirty Kinds of Mineral Springs

Physician in attendance; superb climate; beautiful mountain scenery; trout, deer and small game plentiful; magnificent drives; baths in variety; lawn tennis and croquet.

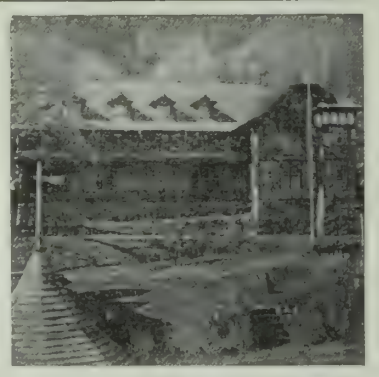
Reached by the shortest stage route into Lake County. Round trip fare from San Francisco, via Hopland, $8; via Calistoga, $9.

Hotel and cottage rates, $10 to $14 per week.

Take San Francisco and North Pacific Railway to Hopland, or Southern Pacific Railroad to Calistoga.

For further information, address J. CRAIG, Highland Springs, Lake County, Cal. or see L. D. CRAIG at 316 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

Highland Springs Mineral Waters on sale at the Oakland Pioneer Soda Water Company's, Thirteenth and Webster streets, Oakland, and by Ahrens, Pein & Bulliwinkle, 620 Post street, San Francisco.



Laurel Dell Lake

INCREASED facilities for comfort and pleasure; hotel, cottages, dining-room, stable and grounds lighted with gas; new dining-room; 130 foot lake frontage; new stable and livery; boating and bathing free. Terms—Cottages, $8 to $12; hotel, $10 to $12; new building at the lake, $12 to $14 per week. Route—S. F. and N. P. Railway; round trip, $9 50. Address H. WAMBOLD, Proprietor, Bertha P. O., Lake Co., Cal. Telephone connections to all points

DUNCAN SPRINGS HOPLAND Mendocino Co

TWO miles from railroad station; 101 miles from San Francisco; unequalled soda and magnesia springs; hospitable management; first-class table; hard-finished hotel; picturesque site and surroundings; two trains daily; long-distance telephone; terms $10 to $12 per week; housekeeping cottages $ 5 to $20 per month. Waters bottled by W. H. Bone, 605-607 Merchant street, S. F. Through fare $3 80. Send for circulars. Address O. HOWELL.

Sea Beach Hotel

SANTA CRUZ, CAL.

CALIFORNIA'S favorite resort Located on a flowering slope from the beach. Unsurpassed view of beach, bay and mountains Salmon fishing, tennis court, croquet grounds, and music. Reasonable rates. For terms, address J. B. PEAKES, proprietor. J. T. BROOKS, Chief Clerk.

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Good fishing and hunting. Charmingly situated. Rates $7 to $9 per week. Round trip tickets via S. F. and N. P. R. R. to Ukiah and stage routes. McCLELLAN & ORR, proprietors, Orr P. O., Mendocino County, Cal.

SUMMER HOME FARM Santa Cruz Mountains

First-class family resort; cottages, tents hunting and fishing; artificial lake for boating and swimming; long-distance telephone; campers' return tickets $2 50; hotel open all the year. Send for circulars to J. H. HAESTERS, Glenwood, Cal.

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NOW OPEN. Situated eight miles from Santa Cruz in the heart of the Santa Cruz mountains Climate perfect; good hunting and fishing; croquet and tennis lawns, billiard room bowling alley, bathing and boating. Buildings, grounds and river lighted by electricity. Round trip $3 00; 3½ hours from San Francisco. G. L. A. SMITH, Proprietor.

The Garden City Sanitarium

A WELL-EQUIPPED medical and surgical institution. All forms of water treatment, all forms of electricity, large Static machine, Sinusoidal, Galvanic and Faradic electricity. A corps of well-trained nurses of both sexes skilled in all forms of treatment and manipulations "Ostepathic Treatment" (called by its proper name, Massage and Manual Swedish Movement) is scientifically given. Rest Cure carried out in every detail. A fine line of health foods manufacturing and on sale. A quiet, home-like place; beautiful scenery; Mt. Hamilton and the famous Lick Observatory in view; one block from electric cars; fifteen minutes' walk from the centre of the city. Terms $8 to $20 per week, including medical attention and regular treatment. For further particulars, address THE GARDEN CITY SANITARIUM, San Jose, California.

Howard Springs

Lake County (Putah P. O.)

HOT and cold mineral springs; hot steam and plunge baths of great healing power—will cure rheumatism, nervous diseases, kidney troubles, etc. Terms, $10 and $12 per week. Special rates to families. Postoffice and telephone. Round trip tickets $10. at Southern Pacific office.

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WITH ITS SUPERB HOTEL, cozy cottages and tent grounds, bids all to enjoy its rejuvenating climate, fine scenery and pleasures. Finest surf-bathing, hot salt water baths, boating, salmon and other fishing, golf links and other amusements, drives, walks and bicycling, etc For accomodations at Hotel Capitola, address FRANK M. SMITH, the new manager, Capitola, Cal. For cottages and tent grounds, address FRANK REANIER, Superintendent Capitola. Write for folders

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CONDUCTED in a quiet, home-like manner. The best of tables, fine fishing and hunting. Inclosure of 25x.60 feet in shallow water for women and children. Rates $10 to $12 per week in hotel or cottages, according to location Ample accomodation. Round trip, good for six months, $9.50, via S. F. and N. P. to Ukiah, thence by stage from Palace Hotel. Address J. WILSON, Bertha P. O., Lake Co, Cal.

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NEW nineteen-passenger Yosemite stages, all outside seats, leave Calistoga daily, Sundays excepted, at 11:30 a m, direct to Harbin, Seigler, Adams, Howard, Anderson, Astorgs and Glenbrook. Passengers have half an hour for lunch at Calistoga. This line also runs direct to Middletown, Lower Lake, Kelseyville and Lakeport

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Steamers leave Broadway wharf San Francisco.

For Alaskan ports, 10 a. m. June 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, July 5; change to company's steamers at Seattle.

For B. C. and Puget Sound ports 10 a.m. June 5, 10, 15, 20, 25. 30, July 5, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, 2 p.m. June 3, 7. 15, 19, 23, 27, July 1, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Newport (Los Angeles) and Way Ports, 9 a. m. June 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29 July 3, and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 a.m. June 3, 7, 11, 15, 19. 23, 27, July 1, and every fourth day thereafter.

For Mexican ports, 10 a. m. 7th of each month.

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The company reserves the right to change, without previous notice, steamers, sailing dates, and hours of sailing.

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America Maru .....Saturday, July 22d
Hongkong Maru.....Thursday, August 17th

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Reserved Seats 25c.; Balcony 10c.; Opera Chairs and Box Seats 50c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday.

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New Settings and Wardrobe to the Period.

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Beginning Next Monday—Holiday Matinee Tuesday
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References—Welch & Co., San Francisco; Bank of Hawaii, Honolulu

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STOCKS AND BONDS Honolulu, H. I.

Real Estate, Custom House, Notary Public

"The Adventure of Lady Ursula" was not really a formidable offence against morals, though it might possibly have proved awkward had certain contingencies occurred less happily. She was a gay and frolicsome young lady, of noble birth necessarily, and her curiousity has been piqued by the misogony of Sir George Sylvester. Through remorse at the fatal consequences of a duel in which he had killed his best friend, Sir George has forsworn all duelling, and further, that he will never admit a woman across his threshold. It behooves Lady Ursula to break down this ridiculous embargo on her sex, and she wagers six pairs of silk stockings with Miss Dorothy Fenton, the fiancee of her brother, the Earl of Hassenden, that she will gain an entrance within the forbidden precincts. The failure of her stratagem, the awful consequences of the unexpected appearance of Lord Hassenden, form the foundation of subsequent events, for when Lady Ursula, falling into a pretended swoon in the garden of Sir George's mansion, asks admission and is politely accorded the hospitalities of the porter's lodge, the hot-headed brother declares the misogonist to be "no gentleman," and challenges him to combat. The challenge is accepted—in spite of the vow.

What is Lady Ursula to do? Sit by tamely while her beloved brother meets the noted swordsman just to avenge her whim? No, indeed. The affair must be explained to Sir George—but how? As a woman, she cannot enter his presence. Then, in man's clothes—as her brother, Walter Barrington, whom she resembles in face and form.

For subsequent developments you must go to the Columbia Theatre, where "Lady Ursula" is being enacted by the most talented and flexible actress we have had here since Ada Rehan last trod the boards at the Baldwin. Imagine, if you can, the type of maid who would dare sally forth in a quest so perilous. She must be charming, or else she is unpardonable ; frolicsome, gay and coquettish, or else her enterprise must lack inspiration ; loving, or she would never enter into so daring a venture. But with all her audacity, Lady Ursula is modest and of gentle breeding; the embarrassment of her position alternately horrifies and delights her. She is between fear and trembling at the risk of discovery, and joy at practicing her beguilements on the very person of the unapproachable mysogonist. All this Miss Anglin suggests and depicts with such rare subtlety and femininity that the character becomes a veritable living and breathing entity, a charming and natural human fact. Really it is a fascinating piece of acting. In the two scenes in which Lady Ursula and Sylvester have the stage, the work of the girl is delightful for its flexibility and cleverness. At the moment, as one watches the vivid play of expression across her mobile face, one forgets the art of the rendering; only when one remembers afterward that all this variety and grace and coquetry are but instruments to an effect, does one realize the skillfulness of the actress. One hesitates to use lightly the sacred word genius ; but if genius be indeed intuition, I am sure the term is rightly applied to Miss Anglin's acting. To teach any one to render the role as she gives it would be as impossible as to convert Henry Miller into a veritable dashing blade of a fellow for which nature never intended him.

In "The Liars" Miller had a role wherein he was the social philosopher and paternal adviser, which befitted him admirably. He can render the kindly and patient suitor or the brilliant worldling redeemed by a touch of sentiment. No one can suggest more easily the squire of dames, and his love making has long been above reproach. But he should have assigned the role of Sir George Sylvester to E. J. Morgan. About Miller as he appears in the second act, contented, good-natured, indeed genially philosophical, there is nothing to suggest the morbid gallant sulking remorsefully over the slaying of his dearest friend. This is a pleasant, genial young fellow, with a fine comfortable air, too sensible ever to get into a quarrel, or, if the worst had happened, far too reasonable ever to gloom over it. He, Sylvester, vowing never again to fight or love—impossible. To commence with, nature is against Mr. Miller. Then, his conception of the role seems to be erroneous. There was nothing deliberate about this Sir George. Miller is all deliberation. A hasty, fiery fellow, sobered and saddened by a deed which must appear to him, in his silent moments, a crime, who has just been insulted. Yet who so calm, so tranquil, as Miller discussing the impending duel with his crony—though to cross swords again he has broken his solemn vow. Transfer the role to Morgan and he will at once suggest you the moody gallant. Mayhap you will lose the fine love making of the third scene, but the duel itself will be twice as dramatic and the final declination a hundred times more effective. Imagine how Morgan would energize the role. See what he does with the empty lines of Hassenden. His superb earnestness exalts every situation he enters into. He actually convinces you of the seriousness of his predicament. Of his range there is yet no opportunity to judge. His opportunities have been secondary roles, which, indeed, his personality has elevated to prime importance. Reverse the situation, however, and place the tragic Morgan as Sir Christopher Deering in "The Liars." Why, he could not even play at it. He would make of the role a much less effective and unreal figure than Miller does of Sylvester. For Miller, however trammeled by his cultivated deliberateness of manner, is an accomplished actor, admirably drilled in stage craft.

"The Adventure of Lady Ursula" is virtually a two-part play and the best opportunities are all in the feminine role. It is deftly put together and is light, graceful and most entertaining. The background is full of color and detail ; the personalities have the charm and freshness which invariably distinguish Anthony Hope's creations in prose. The principal situation is original, though the last act is a bit forced. On Monday night the company seemed somewhat flustered ; the scenes were rather long drawn out. The result was the piece consumed over much time in rendering—a condition doubtless remedied ere this is read. Considering the all-round excellence of the presentation, the capable manner in which the minor roles were done, the fine work of Charles Walcott, Frank Lamb, Mrs. Whiffen and Jos Adelman, we may congratulate ourselves that we are only in the third week of the engagement, and that before us are a series of plays quite as interesting as "The Liars" and "Lady Ursula." C.

* *

Lewis Morrison and the Alcazar company are making the best, this week, of George Foster Platt's jumbled historical comedy, "Frederick the Great." The play has been much cut and somewhat improved since its appearance of last year, but the material, which includes some points of real excellence, would stand a thorough reorganization. The play needs pulling together, unifying—it needs the removal of certain farce situations, entirely out of place in real comedy, and it needs, above all else, some new dialogue for the love scenes, which are filled with expressions as trite as spring poetry.

This, by way of adverse criticism. On the other hand, the play is original, really amusing, and presents the supreme interest of character. It is an experiment in a class of play the American stage needs to-day, and it has succeeded more than moderately. I know of few situations of the sort more touching than that final scene where Frederick, having forgiven his enemy and given up his own love of a lifetime, goes gently back to his beloved flute, his one remaining friend. Morrison was a more than adequate Frederick. It is a character demanding a wide range of expression, from subtle comedy to heroic declamation ; he was quite equal to the task. Florence Roberts played the dashing and whimsical singer, La Barbarina, with her usual *verve*. White Whittlesly was an imposing, if somewhat stiff, Baron Von Trenk, for which he is not to be blamed a great deal, as the before-mentioned trite love talk falls mostly into his part. The scenery was good, costuming elaborate, and, what is better, in good taste.

* *

The romantic Irish opera, "Lily of Killarney," runs all this week at the Grand, with more than that company's usual finish and attention to detail. As ever, the chorus is the feature. The music of the opera, which, by the way, is inferior to the libretto, is eked out by some old Irish favorites, notably "Killarney" and "Believe me if all those endearing young charms." The dramatic work of Mr. Wolff as Danny Mann is the special feature. Miss Mason slips quite naturally from the soubrette part she carried so successfully last week to the romantic role of Erly. Though the fifteen weeks of their contract has not yet expired, the company has passed entirely into the hands of Walter Morosco, who has taken over Mr. Southwells' contracts, and will continue at the Grand indefinitely at the popular scale of prices inaugurated last week. Next week Mellocker's "Beggar Student."

* *

DRAMATIC NOTES

The new people at the Orpheum include Hayes & Litton, in a comedy sketch entitled "A Wise Guy," which is said to be very funny. J. Morie, the Tourist Juggler, and the Gardner Bros. in a musical comedy. The hold-overs are: The Pasquilis in a new repertoire; the Four O'Learys; the Farrells; Cressy & Dayne, and Melville & Stetson. A special matinee is announced for Tuesday, July 4th.

Next week the Alcazar company presents a double bill, Hugo's "Don Caesar de Bazan" and the first presentation of a one-act drama by Miss Charlotte Thompson, formerly of this city. The new play, which is tragic in tone, is said to possess literary merit and dramatic value. It gives Miss Roberts a strong role in Marguerite.

The Mechanics' Institute Exposition this year will have for one of its special features a Filipino village, show ng the village life of the natives, their habits and cvstoms. The United States Government has granted the Institute free transportation in Government transports for the natives, together with materials for the village, curios, war implements, live animals, etc. Another interesting feature will be a family of Pomo Indians from Mendocino County, who will build one of their native shacks, besides showing their native industries, such as basket weaving and arrow making. Following out the idea of making this a Colonial Exposition, the chief feature of the decoration of the Pavilion will be a line of tropical palms along the main aisle, which will give the effect of an Alameda as seen in the tropical countries. The Exposition will consist largely of manufacturing exhibits, showing the processes of our various local factories converting the raw material into the finished product. The music will be furnished by Bennett's Military Band. Alice Raymond, the lady cornetist, will appear with the band each concert. The Art Department will be under the charge of Henry Raschen, the well known artist.

LEGAL NOTICES

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES in and for the Northern District of California.
IN THE MATTER OF W. T. WATTERS, Bankrupt.

Take notice, that W. T. Watters, bankrupt above named, has been duly adjudicated a bankrupt under the Act of Congress of July 1, 1898, and that the first meeting of the creditors has been called to meet at the office of the undersigned, at room 94, Chronicle Building, San Francisco, California, on Saturday the 22d day of July, 1899, at the hour of 11 o'clock a.m., for the purpose of proving their claims against the estate of said bankrupt ; and that at the same time and place all creditors whose claims have been duly proven and allowed shall appoint one or three trustees of said estate.

Dated San Francisco, June 26, 1899

MILTON J. GREEN,
Referee in Bankruptcy
in and for the City and County of San Francisco

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT—GOULD & CURRY SILVER MINING COMPANY.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California ; location of works, Virginia City, Storey Co., Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the second day of June, 1899, an assessment (No. 86) of ten (10) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room No. 69, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the sixth day of July, 1899, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Thursday the 27th day of July, 1899, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors. ALFRED K. DURBROW, Secretary.

Office, room No. 69, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.

DIVIDEND NOTICE—SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION, 532 California street, corner Webb.—For the half year ending with the 30th of June, 1899, a dividend has been declared at the rate per annum of four (4) per cent on term deposits and three and one-third (3⅓) per cent on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, July 1, 1899. LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE — GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 526 California street.—For the half year ending June 30, 1899, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on term deposits and three and one-third (3⅓) per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, July 1, 1899.
GEORGE TOURNY, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE—MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO, 33 Post street.—For the half year ending June 30, 1899, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and six tenths (3.6) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, July 1, 1899.
GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE — CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION OF CALIFORNIA, 222 Sansome street, has declared for the six months ending June 30, 1899, a dividend of 6 per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, 7 per cent on one year term deposits, 10 per cent on Class "F" stock, and 14 per cent on Class "A" stock.
WILLIAM CORBIN, Secretary.

Dr. G. A. Danziger, Dentist, 22 Geary street

Dr. C. W. Decker, Dentist, 806 Market Street

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THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA

SAN FRANCISCO

Capital, $3,000 000 Surplus, $1,000,000
Profit and Loss Account, $2,159,928

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S. PRENTISS SMITH.....Assistant Cashier
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The German Savings and Loan Society

526 California Street

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....$2,162,146 40
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash.....1,000,000 00
Deposits December 31, 1898.....27,289,195 73

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First Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER
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San Francisco Savings Union

532 CALIFORNIA ST.

Deposits January 1, 1899.....$24,074,796
Paid Up Capital.....1,000,000
Reserve Fund.....199,265
Contingent Fund.....469,668

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Why They Were Married

"I shall take a carriage and drive over to Brighton by myself, if you won't come with me," said Patty, with a little kick of a very little foot.

"Then I shall go back to town at once via Newhaven," Tom said, thrusting his hands deep down in his jacket pockets and gazing gloomily out to sea.

"Oh, it's absurd!" The girl caught one of his arms and shook it, half playfully, half crossly. "It's ten thousand to one against that beastly old man's coming down to Brighton just now; and, even if he did come, it's another five hundred to one against his seeing us."

"Look here, Patty" (he took her by the shoulders, held her at arm's length from him and looked straight into her large and handsome violet eyes), look here my precious baby. I love you no end; you know that, don't you? But I am not going to run even a ten thousand to one chance of losing all my uncle's property just for one of your pretty little whims, see? And, upon my soul, I don't see what you've got to grumble at. You were jolly as a butterfly yesterday. You said so yourself. This is a delightful little place."

"It's the dullest little hole in the world," she returned.

It was scarcely the truth she told; for the couple were at Rottingdean, and, at the moment, were standing at the end of the curious little pier that looks as though it had been made with hairpins and matches. It was high tide, too, and a blue, brilliant, breezy day. Tom and Patty were both young and good-looking, and Tom had at least ten pounds in his pocket. There was really no reason why they should not have been superbly happy, except, of course, that people who do such wrong things as they had done never deserve to be anything but miserable. He was a very junior barrister; she, sometimes, had a place in the second row of the "Hilarity's" chorus. They had been the best of friends for a long time—I should think for at least two months; and he, having made an unexpected and unmerited fifty pound note, had brought her down to Rottingdean for a quiet few days in the beginning of a singularly fine October.

Tom had an uncle; and Tom's uncle had no son. But he had any amount of money. He also had a large stock of morals. Tom saw but little of the money, some hundred and fifty pounds a year. But he had to put up with a lot of the morals. Upon the readiness with which he received this latter, he was given clearly to understand, depended his final inheritance of the former. That inheritance could not now in the course of nature be very long delayed. For Mr. Thomas Prosser, senior, was in his seventy-eighth year; and his wife was his contemporary. For the greater part of his career he had been a most successful commercial traveler; first on other people's account and then on his own; and, in those days, he had acquired a habit of traveling and a dislike of a fixed place of residence. And so in the autumn of his days he spent his time in wandering from pillar to post, as it were, living largely at hotels. One never knew where one might not meet Mr. Thomas Prosser, senior. Of course, that uncertainty didn't matter a bit to most of us; but it mattered a good deal to Tom the younger. In such circumstances as the present it mattered tremendously.

The fact that the last time Tom had heard from his uncle, the old gentleman was staying at the Mount Ephriam Hotel in Tunbridge Wells gave him no sort of confidence that by this time he had not shifted his quarters to the Metropole at Brighton.

He had explained all this to Patty a day or two before, when she had clamored for Brighton or Eastbourne or some other place where there are local theatres for the evenings and crowded promenades for the afternoons; and he thought he had convinced her. The first two days at Rottingdean she had been charming. But on this, the third day, she had risen discontented and contumelious. She had a new hat, a hat that she thought would add distinction even to the King's-road, Brighton, on a sunny October day.

So the little quarrel continued for the next five minutes. Patty's voice grew shriller, her face less pretty to look upon. Tom showed signs of a really ugly temper. The situation was as strained as strained could be. But, when two really nice people fall out, a compromise is always possible. In this case the possibility became actual. After one or two more unkind things had been said on both sides, Tom produced his eirenikon.

"Look, here, dear," he said "tell you what. If you'll be a very, very good girl indeed for the rest of the day, I'll risk it and take you over to Brighton this evening, after dark."

Patty was not such a fool as she looked. She did look a fool, although an extremely pretty one. She was not without experience of the male character; for she had had one or two men acquaintances before she had made Tom's. She saw, with that "feminine intuition" we all talk about, that this was the young man's irreducible minimum of concession; so she climbed down at once.

"Why, you dear old darling," she cried turning to him an irresistible smile and half a dozen delicious dimples. "What more could I want? It will be heavenly. It's quite dark before dinner. So we'll go over and dine; and then we'll go on to the theatre. We'll drive back by moonlight," she added.

"Then that's all right," he said. "Now let's go in to lunch. These little discussions put no end of an edge on the appetite."

They turned shorewards, took hands and began to skip like the couple of merry children they were.

They didn't skip long. Suddenly Patty felt her hand pinched as though by a vice. She looked at Tom. He had gone livid; his very form (a fine, manly form it was) seemed to have become hollow and shrunken.

"Look there! See!" he ejaculated in a ghastly whisper.

Patty looked. All she saw was a tall, old gentleman with a white beard, in a light tweed suit, accompanied by a stout old lady, just pushing through the little iron gate that admitted visitors to the pier.

"Well, what of it?" she asked.

"It's uncle and Aunt Prosser, that's all!" said Tom and turned to the right about.

He rushed to the side and grasped the rail. "I'd better take a header and have done with it," he cried. "I can swim ashore; perhaps they won't notice anything."

"If you do I'll scream my heart out," Patty protested.

"There's no other way out of it," Tom went on in the quiet accents of despair. "There's no lower pier and not a boat in sight."

"Tom!" Patty clutched him by the shoulder, "There's only one thing to do. Quick, they're quite close now. Tell him we're married. Then let us both ask his forgiveness and throw ourselves on his mercy. We can decide what to do afterwards."

She was right. They were quite close; so close that when Tom looked round he saw recognition in his uncle's eye. The old man had preserved his sight wonderfully; he could still read the smallest print. For one half second Tom tottered on the perilious edge of indecision. But Patty's suggestion was the only one clearly before his mind; and he accepted it, *faute de mieux*.

"Take my arm," he said; and he walked boldly up to his relatives.

"My dear uncle and aunt," he exclaimed, effusively, "how thrice delighted I am to see you both. How did you know we were here? Let me present my dear wife to you!"

For a moment there was an awful silence. Then Patty, although only in the chorus had the soul of the leading lady, threw her arms round Mrs. Prosser's fat neck.

"Oh, aunt," she sobbed, "Tom's aunt and mine now, forgive us, forgive us, we did love each other so!"

"Let us return to your hotel or apartments, Tom," said Mr. Prosser, with nerve-shattering solemnity. "We can discuss this extraordinary proceeding better in private, you and I."

They did go back to the hotel; and Tom and his uncle had a long and painful interview. But Tom's explanation was too lengthy, too involved and much too truthful to be recorded here. The end of it, however, was peace on honorable terms.

When, a couple of hours later, Mr. and Mrs. Prosser's carriage had disappeared over the top of the little chalky hill road which leads to Brighton, Patty turned to Tom, with the prettiest pinkish blush in the world on her cheeks, and said:

"Tom, old boy, the best thing you can do now is to take me back to town and marry me at once."

"It's absolutely the only thing," Tom replied.—*The Critic.*

Neighbors.

They light so near when I am still,
A narrow aisle of air away;
Now up, now out, they plume and trill,
In mating-chase and quarrel-play.

When I am still, I'm blest to share
The joy of little, leaf-hid love,
And hold my silence as a snare
To lure a lyric from above.

I'm free to count—they swing so near—
The feathers in a ruffled crest;
And envy takes me for the cheer
The twig has in that warming breast.
—*Cecilia Beaux in The Century.*

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, } ss.
Lucas County.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of One Hundred Dollars for each and every case of catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence this 6th day of December, A.D. 1896.

[Seal] A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

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Sebastopol	1 80	Hopland	3 80
Guerneville	2 50	Ukiah	4 50
Windsor	1 95	Sonoma	1 00
Healdsburg	2 25	Glen Ellen	1 20
Lytton	2 40		

Return limit, Wednesday, July 5th

On Friday, June 30th, and Saturday, July 1st

Round trip tickets will be sold from San Francisco to all points north of San Rafael at the following reduced rates:

Petaluma	$1 50	Geyserville	$3 85
Santa Rosa	2 25	Cloverdale	4 50
Sebastopol	2 70	Sonoma	1 50
Guerneville	3 75	Glen Ellen	1 80
Windsor	2 95	Hopland	5 00
Healdsburg	3 40	Ukiah	5 00
Lytton	3 60		

Return limit, Wednesday, July 5th

For further information, apply at Ticket Office, 650 Market Street, Chronicle Building, or Tiburon Ferry, foot of Market Street. General Office, Mutual Life Building, 222 Sansome Street.

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NEW STORIES RE-TOLD

Gustaf Gustafson is the Swede janitor of an office building of Milwaukee, which, by the way, is thinking of changing its name to Little Sweden. One morning his employer came in and discovered him wearing a black eye and a face like a beefsteak, but smiling and apparently exultant. This was his cheerful answer to inquiries: "I haf sooch good joke on Yon Yonson, I haf to laugh, he be so good. I go down to de dance at Fisher's las' night, an' Yon he be dere, an' he be prat' dam droonk. He say to my gal Tina: 'You dance mit me?' an' she say: 'No, I no dance mit you. You go away; you be droonk.' An' he say to me: 'You come out here, Gustaf Gustafson; you gal Tina no dance mit me. I beat you' head, dam you!' He take me outside, he beat my faace, he hit me one, two time prat dam hard, he be jump on me, he—haw! haw! sooch good yoke, I haf to laugh—he call me blaame Norwegian scoundrel, an' I be Svede man all de time!"

In order to train students under his care in the art of extemporaneous discourse, it was the custom of the late Thomas Spurgeon to send the young men to the pulpit with sealed envelopes which they were required to expound at sight, or themes upon which they were to discourse. On one occasion a student, on opening his paper, found this subject and direction given him: "Apply the story of Zaccheus to your own circumstances and your call to the ministry." The student hesitated and then commenced: "My brethren, the subject on which I have to address you to-day is a comparison between Zaccheus and myself. Well, the first thing we read about Zaccheus is that he was small in stature, and I never felt so small as I do now. In the second place, we read that he was up a tree, which is very much my position now. And, thirdly, we read that Zaccheus made haste to come down, and in this I gladly and promptly follow his example."

Mr. Caine, the temperance advocate, visiting the Highlands of Scotland, employed a gillie who differed with him on the temperance question. At the close of the week, the hotel proprietor where he stopped sent up his bill, from which it appeared that each day Sandy had consumed, at his employer's expense, six-pennyworth of whisky. Mr. Caine had it out with the gillie. "I don't mind the sixpence," he concluded, "but I object on principle. After this I shall increase your wages by a shilling a day, so that you may buy your own whisky." Sandy turned it over in his head. "Mon," said he at length, "I'd sooner gang the same way." "But why?" inquired Caine. "Ye see, I like the wee drop o' whisky, but if you gie me a shilling a day I wouldn't have the heart to break it."

The brothers Sjornsen, whose name proclaims their nationality, were employed on the dam of a Northern lumber camp in floating logs over a waterfall. It was dangerous work, but they took it calmly and patiently, until one day Sjorn, the elder, drifted into the company's office. "I donk," he said, "you better send anooder man to help me on dat dam." "What's the matter?" "I donk my bruder Ole be goin' to qvit." "What's wrong?" "Vell, my bruder Ole he fall in de vater dis mornin' an' go over de dam, an' I haf not seen him since, an' I tonk he be goin' to qvit." Having thus done his whole duty to his employers, Sjorn returned to his work.

Dean Hole was once presiding at an agricultural dinner given to the men of his parish, among whom were a number of clodhoppers, noted for heavy, stolid looks and a capacity for drinking large quantities of ale. The Dean had a quarter of lamb set before him to carve, which he proceeded to do by cutting off the shoulder and placing it on a plate to his left. A farm laborer sitting next him, quietly surveying the proceeding, placed both elbows upon the table and blinked at the meat for quite two minutes. At last, after a loud guffaw, he pulled the plate quite in front of him, saying with a broad grin: "Well, maester, it's a biggish bit; but I'll wrastle wi' it."

In the California Hotel in San Francisco recently a waiter handed a new guest a *table d'hote* bill. The gentleman did not care for the set dinner, and selected what he wanted. "You don' keer for de tab dote dinnah, then, sah?" said the waiter. "I told you what I wanted," returned the gentleman. "You want dat off de tab dote bill?" queried the darkey. "I don't care. I suppose so. Anyway so that I get it." "Well, sah," replied the waiter, "ef you want it off de tab dote you has to have it all. Tab dote can't be selected from, sah! Tab dote is French, and means de whole hog, sah!"

For a Pacific Avenue reception an "extra" maid was engaged to assist the regular servant in passing tea and cake. The duty was entirely new to the "extra," who became rather excited, and bustled to and fro with more energy than grace. When about to retire, after going the round of the room, she suddenly stopped and innocently inquired of the regular housemaid, loudly enough for the whole company to hear: "Hev yeez fed them crathurs over there yet?"

A commercial traveler, stopping at a country hotel, asked to be called in time for the five o'clock train. In the wee sma' hours he was awakened by a loud knocking at the door. In response to his inquiry as to whether the hotel was on fire, the answer came: "It's the watchman going off duty. I thought I'd tell you that you've got nearly two hours to sleep yet. It's about two o'clock."

Gladstone, visiting at the house of a certain bishop, asked for a kiss from the host's tiny blue-eyed daughter. "No," said the child, "I won't tiss 'oo." "Why?" the bishop asked, smilingly. To the amazement of the company, the child replied: "Cause my nurse says 'oo is ruining the country."

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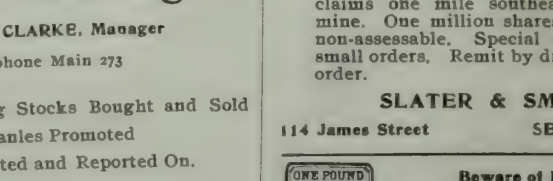

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THE WAVE

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ON THE UP GRADE TO BOLINAS: MOUNT TAMALPAIS IN THE DISTANCE

Photo by B. D. Bent

A Camp in the Forest

The Mira Monte Club Marshes

A Group of Youthful Nimrods

A Hunters Camp

On the Trail

A Mendocino Diana

On the Country Club Marshes

Hunting Wildcat in Siskiyou County

A High Shot

"Mayflower," Seattle—Elliott Bay Club

"White Star," Seattle—Elliott Bay Club

"Windward"—Tacoma Yacht Club

"Kelpie," Seattle—Kelpie Yacht Club

"Falcon," Seattle, and "Daphne," Olympia

"Rainier," Seattle

"Hornet"—Elliott Bay Yacht Club

"Calista"—Elliott Bay Yacht Club

"Halcyon"—Elliott Bay Yacht Club

"La Paloma," Port Angeles

YACHTING ON PUGET SOUND

Photos by Braas

Once more the Regents of the University have their feet tangled in the reins of government. After declaring unequivocally for a tax on students to fill in the gap between the institution's expenditure and the State's appropriation, they sat down before Governor Gage, last Saturday, and let him bully them for a good hour; then they obediently took back their resolutions with an apologetic air. They have no substitute to offer; neither has His Excellency. They don't know why they took the stand they did, except that the Governor argued and bullied and plead them into it, and wherein his stand is justified, no one can possibly see. He it was who placed the University in its present position. When the Legislature voted an appropriation sufficient to cover the deficit, he let the measure perish by withholding his signature; he declared, in his address before the Regents, that he was opposed to cutting salaries or in any way hampering the institution's usefulness, and yet he sits down on the only feasible method of relief. The State University is in a hole, and there are only three alternatives. The Regents must cut expenditures, they must obtain money for running expenses through the generosity of private citizens, or they must ask aid of the students. The first alternative, the one the Regents are heading for just now, is likely, as has already been pointed out by the press of the city, to hamper the institution where it comes nearest to the people—in the University Extension Departments and in the Experimental Stations established for the benefit of the farmers of this State. There is no hope, just now, that any wealthy private citizen is going to step in and help; Mrs. Hearst alone has shown a willingness to give substantial proofs of interest, and the expectation from her takes the shape of permanent buildings rather than temporary aid. The third alternative, the taxing of students, has been abandoned, without, it seems to me, any substantial grounds other than political expediency.

***

Dr. Wheeler intends, it is evident, to be chief in fact as well as in name, should he accept the presidency of the University of California. He is not committing the grievous error of retiring from Cornell and then wheedling and placating the Regents into following his policy. It must be established beforehand who is master. If he can obtain a clear definition of his powers and keep the Regents out of the institution, it will be, next to his coming, the most important event in the later history of the University. Small calibred politicians, with large ideas of their own importance, have too long lorded it over the Faculty. Too often has it happened that some important nonentity has been allowed to graft inchoate theories of education upon the curriculum. As long as the Regents may interfere at the dictation of their sweet will with the internal management of the institution, just so long will there be confusion and reversals of policy. The President must be head of the University. If he is less, then he is a nobody. It must be remembered that the Regencies are awarded by Governors of California to redeem political obligations, rarely for distinctive scholarship or merit.

***

It is all very well to talk of the University as being a part of the free public school system; it is not, except in a very limited and special sense. The public schools are intended to provide general and not special education for the masses. The University provides, in the main, special education to prepare its beneficiary for following some profession or some peculiar and expert employment. Therefore the student at the University is getting more, proportionately, than the pupil of the public schools. It will be answered that the State is maintaining the University largely for its own ends, so that the professions shall not be crowded with weak and incompetent and ill-educated persons, so that what is done in the higher branches of employment—law, medicine, journalism, engineering—shall be well and intelligently done. This, also, is true, but the question remains, Is not the advantage to the student himself great enough so that he can step in during a time of financial distress and help the University? I think so, especially considering the fact that every other State University of any standing requires some fee of students. Twenty dollars a year is not an amount that would prove a barrier to very many University men and women. It is the sum paid at Stanford, which has just as great a proportion of poor students as California; it is a sum that should not be grudged by any loyal student in this time of the University's need. To the plan of raising money by legislative action, Governor Gage has put himself on record as opposed. He is also against reducing expenses—he says; he certainly cannot be so visionary as to hope for relief from private citizens. Now that he has thwarted the only other plausible plan of relief, it remains to be seen what brilliant scheme this Napoleon of public finance has up his sleeve to render relief in the difficulty for which he himself is mainly responsible.

***

The squabbles in the committee charged with arranging the Fourth of July celebration, and the scandals that have developed in its deliberations, did not astonish anyone who is versed in the devious ways of politicians and the predatory habits of preceding Fourth of July committees. Membership thereon is an honorary distinction, but the citizens are privileged to disperse some $3,000 appropriated by the city, together with half as much more contributed from private sources. The working assumption is that the expenditures of money include a commission for someone—perhaps a lump sum for division among three or four men, who regard such earnings as proper perquisites. That one retien of the committee should approach Mr. A. S. Baldwin for money on behalf of himself and T. P. Robinson, because of the diversion of the pyrotechnical display to Glen Park, is not extraordinary. Had they done otherwise there would be basis for surprise. The disclosure, however, was remarkable, for generally the bribe is demanded and received, and no one is the wiser. Mr. Baldwin has courage and conviction, and is to be congratulated for his manliness in coming forward with his *exposé*. Though he lost the fireworks display, he gains the good will of honest citizens, which ought to be a compensation for the loss.

***

An interesting statement that of Assessor Dodge's, showing increased assessments. It was full of morals and extraordinarily significant as to past conditions. How have so many of our great business houses succeeded in evading payment of their just dues; why was it necessary to make so many changes? It seems to me, Dr. Dodge has given a superb demonstration of his zeal and honesty, and has made a record that will constitute a precedent forever. It is evident that he is not to be swerved from his duty, and that he has been above reproach in his negotiations with the merchants. Considering to what a degree their burdens have been increased, their compliance may seem extraordinary. The truth is, however, that the idea of an equitable assessment appealed to all of them, and they stood the raise because it was the very first time even handed justice had been meted out to all alike.

***

It is a well known fact that President Hill of the Great Northern Railroad contemplates building shipyards on the Sound. He needs vessels to carry the products of this country to Asia, and as he cannot buy them he must build. Just where his shipyards will be located has puzzled the people of the Sound region, but now it is said he has selected Blaine, the most northern town in the State of Washington. It is on the border between that State and British Columbia, and is a thriving little place with ample water about it to float the largest vessels. The wide Pacific is only a few miles distant; there are coal and iron mines in the vicinity, and the finest timber on the coast is found in the near-by forests. Blaine would be an ideal place for a shipyard. If Mr. Hill locates there it will mean much for the town.

***

Human life has always been cheap in frontier States because there is little restraint on the passions of people. It is cheap in Seattle now, not because the residents of the city are worse than other city folks, but because of the floating population that comes from everywhere. The gold excitement in Alaska has attracted them. Some remain in the city and others go north and are lost in the gold fields. There are bad men and bad women among them. Their past records are a blank to the people of Seattle. They are taken into homes, mix in society, and their real character is not discovered until they make it known by their own acts. There is a good field here for the study of degeneracy. Seattle is the first stopping place from Alaska. The rich and the discouraged and the desperate all come here together. They find congenial spirits to meet them. They can command whatever "game" they want. Very often they get too much of it, and the police records tell of the end. Among recent events are two strange tragedies. An unfortunate woman, a wife and a mother, placed herself in the power of an unscrupulous physician. She is dead. A poor devil, whose sole ambition was to get enough money to pay for drink, forgot to divide the proceeds of a robbery with his companion. He is dead. The police have not been able to find the murderer in either case.

***

And so the record of crime goes on. Seattle has a police force capable of looking after a city of its population, if it were situated in the interior, but not of looking after Seattle on the Sound. Criminals from other places are not known here. They do as they please. Time only and the bitter experience New York and Chicago have had will prepare the department to treat them. And yet the force is not to blame. The officers do the best they know. What they need is a few men from the great cities of the country to help them spot the wrongdoers. The town has a population of about 85,000, and, probably, ten thousand strangers pass in and out of its gates every week. It is not meant to give the impression that Seattle is worse than other Atlantic and Pacific coast cities, but that it has just woke up to the fact that it must use new methods to make life safe.

***

All sorts of predictions are being made as to the value of the gold that will come out of the Klondike and the American gold camps in Alaska this year. The figures are far into the millions, but whatever gold is brought out will come to Seattle. The local assay office will handle it and from there it will be distributed all over the United States and the rest of the world. The two principal Canadian banks, the Canadian Bank of Commerce and the Bank of British North America have directed that all their Klondike gold be sent to the Seattle assay office. Only one of these banks sent its gold there last year and this was the Bank of Commerce. The other financial institution patronized San Francisco. Recently, however, it arranged to have the work done in the Queen City, and the agent of the concern who made the deal says he believes that the first shipment will amount to $1,000,000. The other bank estimates that its first shipment will reach nearly $2,000,000, and as both importations will come on the same steamer, precious metal will pour into Seattle. Then there will be gold from the banks on the American side, and plenty of it. The first treasure-boat is expected this month.

***

The people of Spokane are going to make of the annual fruit fair a general exhibition. The growth of mining and stock-raising in that section calls for recognition this year, and in October the fair will open with exhibits of Washington's mining, stock-raising and dairying interests. A machinery hall will be the central feature. Here are to be exhibited, in miniature, all the processes of mineral extraction, from the hoisting of the ore to its reduction and smelting. Around this will be arranged specimens from every camp of the section. Next to this, stock-raising and dairying are to have the most attention. Blooded stock is the hobby of Mr. J. E. Smith, who is superintendent of the exhibit; he is taking special pains to make this a strong feature. Every Northwestern section, from Montana to Oregon, will send its cattle, hogs, sheep, poultry, and blooded horses. Spokane is a horsebreeding center, and the entries already promised assure a strong exhibit in that line, which may result in a regular horse show. The fruit fair has been, in previous years, a strong factor in encouraging agriculture; it is hoped that the present exposition, with its broader scope, may produce like results.

***

Western Washington mines are in demand. Only last week a deal by which $150,000 changed hands was consummated. Charles D. Lane, the millionaire California mining man was the purchaser of seven claims situated at the head of Slate Creek, in Whatcom County, Alvinza Hayward is Mr. Lane's partner in the deal. Directly after purchasing the property the new owners invested $50,000 in a stamp mill and other necessary machinery. Every effort will be made to have the mines working before the cold weather sets in, and this accomplished there will be no let-up. James J. Reilly, the expert who conducted the negotiations for the sale, is positive that the mines acquired by the Californians will prove to be a paying investment. The claims were located in 1896, and are within ten miles of the British Columbian line. The vein is said to be a continuation of the famous Republic lead. After Reilly told Mr. Lane of the property, the latter dispatched C. W. Tozier, who has seen service in South Africa and other mining districts, to the camp to make an investigation. Like Mr. Reilly, he pronounced the properties all right. The sale followed. These claims, however, are not the only ones in the district that are likely to have a large output. Minneapolis men have purchased two hundred and fifty acres near the mouth of the creek, and they have so much faith in their properties that they have invested $40,000 in the purchase of hydraulic machinery. There is plenty of free gold ore, and it assays at the lowest figure $20 per ton. Mr. Lane is also interested in Cape Nome. He has forty men in the district, and only last week sent a schooner-load of provisions to them. Thus far no returns have come from the new field, but he has confidence and believes that he will be well paid for his investments.

***

When, last week, Wisconsin led Cornell and Pennsylvania a merry chase down the Poughkeepsie course, losing only by accident, and when, two or three days later, Harvard's three crews showed clear water to their Yale opponents at New London, the public mind had a chance to reverse opinions once more on the question of the best rowing stroke. The tale began when "Bob" Cook went to Oxford to learn rowing and then came back to impart his knowledge to Yale. He took the regular English university stroke, modified it to suit some theories of his own, and taught it to old Eli's oarsmen. The Americans gradually and unconsciously modified this stroke until it resembled no more the Oxford stroke than American football resembles its English forerunner. Cornell, which had developed independently, got meanwhile a style of its own, a short, quick stroke, still more unlike the long swing taught in the English universities. Harvard vascillated between the two. This state of affairs continued until a few years ago, when Cornell, and later Yale, tried conclusions with English crews at Henley and were badly beaten. The sentiment in Yale and Harvard then swung towards the English views on stroke and the country followed; experts on every hand proclaimed the superiority of the English stroke. Harvard flopped completely; Yale modified her form so as to approach nearer to British ideas; Cornell alone clung to its distinctive stroke. The three crews met two years ago and Cornell had a walkaway, with Harvard, rowing the English stroke, as taught by an imported English coach, last by many lengths. Then did the eagle scream and the American sporting writer chortle, and then you could hear in the land the cry that the American stroke beat the world—"Yankeeland on top again, by gum." That was two years ago. This year Cornell, with a stroke made more Cornell-ey than ever, was not in the running with Pennsylvania and Wisconsin, both pulling a modified English stroke. And Harvard's three crews, Varsity, Sub and Freshman, showed a stern view of their English stroke—modified, it is true, but still on English principles—to Yale and her Bob Cook method.

***

Now the truth is that neither the results of a few years ago nor the results of this year are decisive at all. Stroke isn't the only thing in rowing. This didn't occur to the advocates of the American stroke in their hour of victory; it doesn't occur to the advocates of the British stroke in *theirs*. Style and finish, "teamwork," which means in rowing so working together that the power of every man shall be applied simultaneously with that of every other, that mysterious quality of the expert, "watermanship," and above all things, a basis of superiority in the individual strength, grit and skill of the oarsmen, all these count in a victory on the water. It would take ten years, at least, of intellingent observation on crews using the two methods to prove whether one or the other was the better. But the American sporting public, with our national genius for snap-judgment, will now probably see nothing in rowing, for another year at least, but the English stroke.

***

The British public is certainly getting educated as regards American geography since the projected Anglo-Saxon alliance clasped "hands across the sea." Time was when Niagara falls was put down as one of the wonders of the Yosemite, and the scene of the latest Sioux outbreak was supposed to be New Jersey. But now they are really getting within the range of facts. The *Strand Magazine*, in its latest "Illustrated Interview," says that the home of Ellen Beach Yaw "is four or five miles from Los Angeles, at the very foot of the Rocky Mountains." This is crawling nearer by some four or five thousand miles. The Rockies and Los Angeles are both in the West, anyway.

BOSWELL JR.

SOUTH PACIFIC FISHING

How the Natives of Polynesia Capture Deep Sea Fish by Night.

With the exception of the coast of New Zealand, I do not think there can be better deep-sea fishing grounds in the whole Pacific than the calm waters encompassing the many belts and clusters of the low-lying coral islands of Polynesia. Unlike the fortunate inhabitants of such mountainous but highly fertile groups as Samoa, the Society, Cook's and Austral Islands, the people of these low, sandy atolls literally depend upon the sea for their existence; for, beyond cocoanuts, the drupes of the pandanus palm, and a coarse vegetable called puraka (a species of gigantic taro), they have little else but fish to support existence. The result of these conditions is that they are very expert fishermen and divers, and the writer, during twenty-six years' experience of the Pacific Islands, was often lost in admiring wonder at their skill, courage and resourcefulness in the exercise of fishing, either in shallow water within the reef, or miles away from the land on the darkest nights, and using tackle of such weight, size and peculiar construction that the uninitiated beholder imagines he is living in the age of primeval man.

Flying-fish catching is, perhaps, the most exciting and exhilarating of all South Sea Islands' fishing. There are many methods; for they are caught both by day and night. In the Gilbert and Kingsmill Islands, lately annexed by Great Britain, their capture by day is effected by thin lines trailed astern by sailing canoes, and at night by the aid of torches with nets. In this latter manner, however, the light-skinned inhabitants of the Ellice Islands surpass their northern neighbors of the Gilberts. Let us imagine that just about sunset we are on one of the low-lying islands of the former group. The mission bell, or rather the wooden cylinder that does duty for such, has been rung for evening prayers. The evening is calm and quiet, and the smooth sea gives promise of a good night's sport, so the prayers are hurried through as quickly as possible. Ioane, the Samoan teacher, is an ardent fisherman himself, and the moment prayers are over he whips off his white shirt and pants, and ties a *titi*, or girdle of leaves, around his loins. Outside, and all along the white beach, numbers of men, women and girls are hurrying to and fro, getting the canoes ready. Upon the framework of each outrigger is placed a bundle of huge torches made of the dried leaves of the cocoanut palm. These torches are from six feet to ten feet in length, and are very easily and rapidly made by the women. So that they may not be wetted a sea breaking over them as the canoe crosses the reef, they are covered over with a coarse mat of cocoanut leaves, called a *kapau*. Each canoe takes four, or at the outside five men, two to paddle, one to steer, one to act as torch-bearer, and another to wield the scoop-net. All being in readiness, the canoes are lifted up, carried into the water, and the fishermen take their places in them, paddles in hand. Sometimes there are—even on little Nanomaga, one of the Ellice Islands, and which has only a population of 400 souls—as many as thirty or forty canoes engaged. Watching for a favorable opportunity, when a lull occurs in the break of the surf on the reef, the paddles are struck into the water, and the little fleet dash over into the deep water beyond. Upon each outrigger gleams a tiny spark of red fire. This is from a small torch made of the split spathe of the cocoanut, and is used to ignite the larger torches at the fitting moment.

The utmost silence prevails. Pipes are lit, and then a whispered consultation takes place. The fleet divides itself, one portion paddling slong the reef towards the south end of the island, and the other to the north. In a quarter of an hour each party has reached the position assigned to it. They are to work towards each other. Every now and then a flying fish leaps out of the water and flies away into the encompassing darkness, to fall with a splash hundreds of feet off. At last the canoes are in line, forming a semicircle.

Ta! ("Light up") is the steersman's whispered order.

The man who has hitherto paddled amidships lays his paddle down quietly and stands up, one foot on each gunwale, and a torch is passed up to him. Thrusting the burning end of the smaller torch into the crisp dry leaves, he blows steadily for a moment or two till they burst out into flame, and at the same instant from twenty other canoes a glare of light illuminates the ocean.

The moment the big torch is lit a native takes up his position in the bows. He holds in his hands a light pole of *pua* wood about fourteen feet in length, to one end of which is attached a round scoop-net stretched upon thin bent wood.

By this time all the torches are burning bravely, and the canoes advance. The bright flame reveals the surface of the water so clearly that the smallest speck upon its surface can be discerned. A quarter of a mile away on the starboard hand the white line of breakers rear and tumble upon the jagged edges of black reef; beyond lies the dim line of beach fringed by the long line of sleeping palms.

Presently the torch-bearer of one of the canoes on the seaward horn of the crescent gives a warning "hist!" and, giving his torch a shake, a shower of sparks fall. The flames burst out brighter than ever, and, as every other torch-holder follows his example, the paddlers and steersmen look over the side and the men forward hold their nets in readiness, and their keen eyes search the water ahead and on each side of them. In another moment the canoes are in among a swarm of flying fish, lying almost motionless upon the surface, dazzled by the blinding light.

With quick, lightening-like sweep, the man forward darts his scoop upon the water, and, swiftly reversing it, raises it again, and a cry of triumph escapes him. *Maté* (struck!) he cries. Inside the netting there is a gleam of burnished silver and blue, and, with a deft sweep, round comes the scoop, and half a dozen fish are dropped into the after part of the canoe, where they lie beating out their lives with outstretched fins and quivering tails.

There is no need for silence now, and shouts and cries of emulation from one canoe to another reach the ears of the women on shore, who call out in return. Splash, splash, and the deadly scoops sweep up the fish which lie grouped together in dozens, and then, realizing at last the fate that awaits them in that fierce, strange light, they leap and fly hither and thither in every direction, and seek refuge in the darkness.

Then, as if by magic, the sea is dark again, and in place of the loud laughter and shouts, a sudden silence. Every torch is out, the paddles are taken up again, and for a few minutes the canoes paddle quietly along with noiseless stroke. Away towards the northern end of the land a bright circle of lights appear, and faint cries are borne across the water as the other half of the fleet plies its scoops among the fish. Another ten minutes pass, and then again the torches of the southern fleet flame out, and the scoops strike the water and swirl about ahead, astern, and on each side. At last the leading man calls out:

"It is enough, friends. Our canoe is half filled. How is it with thee?"

"Enough, enough! Let us now fish for *tau-tau*."

So off they paddle shoreward, where the waiting women meet them on the beach, and fill their baskets with flying-fish. Then, keeping perhaps twenty or so for bait, each canoe once more paddles out into the darkness to fish for *tau-tau*, *palu* and *takuo* till the morning.

LOUIS BECKE.

THE "COLUMBIA" AFLOAT

Picturesque Launching of the New Cup-Defender.

With searchlights flashing and cannon booming, with all the town of Bristol and half of New York outside on bay and piers, this year's cup-defender crawled daintily into the Atlantic a week ahead of her rival. There was no flopping into the water with a splash or leaping into the ocean's arms or any of the other things that are supposed to occur at a launching. *Columbia* slipped into the element for which Iselin and Herreschoff designed her like a timid maid going in boating; first she touched the water with a dainty toe, paused and contemplated matters, and then glided forward with slow dignity until waves were around her slender waist and she was courtseying to the saluting crowd.

The launching occurred at night, as part of the game of secrecy Herreschoff had ben playing. It was a lovely evening, a little moon just peeping over the horizon — for good luck, I suppose — because *Columbia* had her right shoulder toward it — and the last suspicion of daylight making luminous the water. There was really no need of daylight, because the searchlights from a whole navy of yachts shone on that point where the word *Columbia*, gold on a white background, peeped from two gigantic, swinging doors. The youth and beauty of Bristol and the wealth and beauty of New York had waited a long, gay afternoon. The fleet lay so close inshore that you could see the white-coated stewards flying around on the decks and hear the light laughter of women.

Herreschoff's close watch on his pet seemed a little overdone, seeing that the public could look at her and pass judgment in a few hours; there was no need of his keeping the yards guarded like a jail, as he did. Someone discovered in the course of the afternoon that you could get a peep by rowing out in front of the float and looking through the doors. When Herreschoff observed this he sent a gasoline launch on patrol duty. Thenceforth the space around the doors was clear. A few privileged members of the New York Yacht Club were the only outsiders permitted to watch the workmen touching up paint and knocking out stays. It was by grace of one of these workmen that I gained admission to a dark corner and saw Mrs. Iselin perform the little ceremony. The last stay had fallen, the car which was to slide down the greased rails and buck its half-million-dollar burden into the waves was tested, the engine tooted a preparatory toot, and Nat Herreschoff, in new yachttng togs for the occasion, gave the signal. Mrs. Iselin looked a little nervous as she took the bottle in her hands, but it swung true on the ribbon, smashed with the regulation "pop," and everything was considered smooth and of good omen. As the white bows began to move seaward a little tug near the vantage point opened with the first salute. The noise swept from boat to boat; presently a yacht got her gun into action. When the defender rode the waves at last the racket resembled nothing so much as the homecoming of the Cuban transports last winter. A big American pennant was flung out from the staff as her bows crept into view, and the shore crowd applauded; a minute later a second staff went up with the burgee of the New York Yacht Club, and the yacht crowd on the water applauded.

To the inexpert eye there is little difference above water between *Columbia's* hull and *Defender's*, but even a layman could see the difference in the keel. When *Mayflower* was the cup defender a decade ago, America and England differed on points of construction. The Yankee boats were flat, centreboard craft, on the "skimming dish" plan; the Britishers pinned their faith to fin keel. The American type won invariably, but Yankee builders saw the good points of their rivals and evolved the "bulb keel" yacht of the *Defender* class. *Columbia* is an out-and-out fin-keeler, with the skimming dish type of hull. On the other side of the water they have also been making concessions, until *Shamrock* has copied the American hull as thoroughly as *Columbia* has the British keel. Consequently the rival yachts this year will resemble each other more closely than ever before; the difference will come in skill of handling and unimportant details of construction.

And now just a few details of construction, although I know that the telegraphic dispatches have preceded me in informing those interested as to actual measurements. It was a keen stroke, while we are speaking of information, this secrecy maintained by owner, builder and workman. It kept up public interest and without doubt had something to do with the immense crowd present at the launching (twice the number that ever attended any other). The principal change as compared with the *Defender* has been in the keel, as before stated. Next to that, one notices the greater overhang and the increase of beam, all tending to permit a greater area of sail. Twelve hundred feet of canvas is a big step in one year, yet the new cup defender is built to stand the increase. Her measurements are: 131 feet length over all; 89 feet 6 inches at the water line; 24 feet 2 inches beam, and 19 feet 10 inches draught, as against 124 feet length over all, 89 feet length at water line, 23 feet beam, and 19 feet draught of *Defender*. The other changes are mainly in the general substitution of steel for aluminum, which has been weighed and found wanting.

RAYMOND RUSH.

HAWAII FOR THE HUNTSMAN

Sport with Gun and Dog on the Island Paradise.

Field sport in the Hawaiian Islands is magnificent. Quail have been imported from California, and though they will not remain on the lee side of the islands, do well on the windward side, which makes the sport a little more difficult. Japanese and Chinese pheasants have also been imported and do well, having multiplied in sufficient numbers to permit shooting them. Domestic turkeys became so plentiful that the surplus took to the woods and went wild, and turkey-hunting has become quite a sport as well as a means of supplying food. In the mountains there are wild geese, most delicious in flavor, but as they occupy the higher regions of the mountains they are difficult to reach by the sportsmen. During the winter months, or what is known as the rainy season, the marshy pounds around the lowlands of the islands are filled with many species of wild ducks and fowl, and the sport is extremely fine. Numerous ducking clubs and preserves have been formed and it is not unusual for a few gentlemen from Honolulu in two days' outing to bag as many as one hundred ducks. On the northern side of the Island of Oahu there is a series of marshy ponds, near which is the most popular club on the islands, its membership being composed of many of the leading gentlemen of Honolulu. In the winter months also a kind of upland plover makes their way to the islands from their breeding ground to the north. The great distance to this breeding ground is shown by the impoverished condition the plover are in upon arrival on the islands, but only a week or so after landing they become so fat as to be dull and slow in flight compared with their rapid movement at first. They are a most deliciously flavored bird, and the sport in shooting them exceeds that of any other of a similar nature on the islands. They feed along the beach and marshes or outlying points, and the sportsman simply takes a stand on one of the projecting reefs while a dog is sent around to flush them, or in the absence of a dog an attendant is sent the rounds. As they fly from one place to another they nearly always cross the spit, and a good shot is obtained. Three sportsmen and two attendants bagged over five hundred in three days on the western end of the island where the field was not so frequently shot over. As the birds fly across the little water indentations to cross the reef or spit, they are very likely to fall in the water when shot. It is therefore uecessary to have a good retriever, of which there are many fine ones in Honolulu.

At other times during the year dove-shooting is the favorite sport in the field. These doves are a little larger than the ordinary dove of the United States and somewhat smaller than a pigeon, having a wreath of white mottled feathers on the top of the head. They fly with a swiftness equal to that of a blue-rock pigeon, and when coming towards a person are hard to kill. They feed along the rich rice bottoms and cultivated fields, and when flushed fly singly towards a certain cover of woods. Hence to enjoy the sport the marksman takes a stand, as much concealed as possible, near some opening through which the birds usually fly. Early in the morning they leave their roost, and late in the afternoon are again on the move, but in the middle of the day one person goes to a favorable spot on one side of the fields, and another to one on the opposite side, so that as the one fires he drives the birds to the other, and *vice versa*. The sport is very fine, and not too much work, and unless the wind is blowing hard can be indulged the entire day.

Of the large game, the little spotted deer have been introduced on the Island of Molokai, and become so numerous as to be an injury to the forests. In the mountains, however, there a great number of wild cattle and wild hogs on five of the islands, and the sport in chasing them, joined with the danger accompanying the hunt, is highly exciting and very interesting. The hunt is made on horseback, and the weapon is the rifle, hence it takes a good shot and cool judgment to be successful. A wounded bull is no insignificant foe, for he will attack man or beast when in that condition.

There are great numbers of wild goats in the mountains of all the islands, which are much hunted for sport. They are very destructive to vegetation, and in some places men are hired to exterminate them. The skins used to be exported, but the price is now so low that this is only done on a small scale.

[*From "The Real Hawaii," by Lucien Young. Doubleday & McClure, publishers.*]

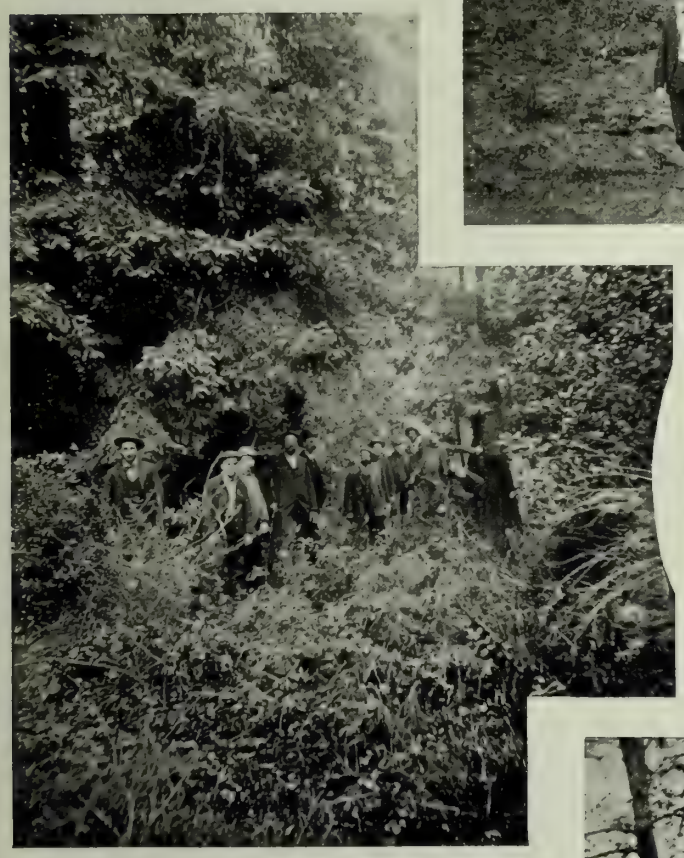
The Emperor of China has never ridden out, walked out or driven out, as other young men do. His outings have been to pray at the temple of Heaven, to offer sacrifice to the God of Agriculture, and to pray for rain. In a great jade palanquin carried by thirty-two men he has gone forth, and after long ritual observances has returned to sit down to a banquet in the immeasurable chamber of the Hall of Abstinence at 4 o'clock in the morning. Gentlemen in waiting duly serve His Imperial Majesty, but not till they have set up opposite to him the bronze statue bearing on its head the the inscription "Abstinence."

An unusual feature of the London season is the number of people who have taken apartments at the hotels instead of in houses, and also the number who have taken houses just outside of London. The Earl and Countess of De-la-Warr have anchored their steam yacht *Firefly* near Cleopatra's Needle, on the Thames Embankment. They intend staying there during the season and entertaining on board. The Earl says it is an ideal residence, with the cool river air and the fact that the yacht is in the very heart of fashionable London.

An amusing incident is reported by a Paris paper, illustrating the struggle between the Militarists and Anti-Militarists. A little boy, five or six years old, accompanied by a nursemaid, was walking on the Boulevard de Clichy, dressed in the sky-blue uniform of the Hussars. Four dirty street Arabs, meeting him, cried: "Ah, a forger! Are you to be transported? Assassin, when shall you be shot, General?" The boy and the nursemaid were rescued by the police from their tormentors.

BICYCLE PATHS AROUND LAKE WASHINGTON, NEAR SEATTLE

Photos by Wilse



OUTINGS IN MARIN COUNTY

Photos by B. D. Bent and E. R. Jackson

Clubhouse of the San Francisco Golf Club

General View of the San Rafael Links

Clubhouse at the San Rafael Links

The Presidio Links of the San Francisco Club

The Del Monte Links

San Rafael Golfers

At Del Monte

Panorama of the Catalina Links

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
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Makes the food more delicious and wholesome
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The great and glorious Fourth has passed, Diary dear. It was a day of tournaments and contests of all sorts. Myriads of pounds of powder went up in smoke, and half the world is out of town celebrating in some sort of a way. Monday I was in Burlingame, and had great fun watching the golf. The ladies did so well and played good games, though some of them have driven much better on their own links. I rather anticipated seeing more people there, but I suppose the tennis tournament at San Rafael had its own attraction. It is a little too far from Del Monte to run up for the day. The weather, however, was lovely. I never saw the country looking finer. The links were in splendid condition. Of course, the San Rafaelites and Oaklanders insist their links are the finest, but it is so difficult to decide. Those at Burlingame are well kept and the "greens and "putty holes" were just right. I am going to work hard to go in next year. Miss McBean, Miss Rowe, Ella Morgan and Mrs. Gilman Brown have each really devoted a great deal of time to the game, and this is the result.

It was quiet at Del Monte, but the children had a great deal of fun, and a great number of people from San Rafael and Castle Crags will go down now that July is here. The bathing in Monterey is among its greatest attractions, Leila says, and she feels infinitely more athletic since she has played golf and then tried the salt water. Leila also says that the town of Monterey is full of young artists. She knows a good many of them, who are awfully jolly fellows and ever so much nicer than the popular society young man of the day. The other day I wrote to Mamma, telling her I was getting *blase*, that even my crushes were being exhausted. My last is Tarn McGrue.

From the day that a young man starts out to seek his first position to the end of his business life, his health has a world to do with his success. When a young man applies to a business man for a position, his personal appearance has a deal to do with the outcome. "Personal appearance" does not mean dress alone. It does not mean exterior cleanliness alone. A young man may be clean, so far as soap and water will make him, but be disfigured by unsightly pimples, eruptions and ulcerations on the skin. These are due to impurities in the blood. The blood becomes impure because it is improperly nourished. Instead of receiving the life-giving elements of the food, it receives the foul emanations of indigestion, bilousness and costiveness.

The reason that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the best remedy for disorders of this description is that it goes right to first causes. It gives a man an appetite "like a horse." It facilitates the flow of digestive juices. It corrects all disorders of the digestion, and makes the assimilation of the life-giving elements of the food perfect. It invigorates the liver. It purifies and enriches the blood. It makes the muscles strong and active. It tones and steadies the nerves. It makes a young man look as he should—strong of body, alert of brain and clean and wholesome of skin. Medicine dealers sell it, and have nothing "just as good."

"I had eczema in its worst form," writes Austin Ramsey. Esq., of Saltillo, Huntingdon Co., Pa. "I tried three doctors but got no relief. I thought it would set me wild. it itched and burned so badly. The neighbors thought I would never be cured. I took your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and am now well."

I met Gerald Rathbone just before he went East—he was awfully nice to me. He would feel terribly, I suppose, were he and the Taylor boys to think I was not being true to them. That is very difficult when one is the really popular girl at a summer resort. Papa says there is no doubt of my being that. I missed the Tobin girls so much. One always connects them with San Mateo. Mrs. Joe, however, was en evidence, looking very stunning. She does contrive to get the prettiest gowns of any one I know. Mrs. George Pope, too, looked well, so did Carrie, though I do not think Carrie is as pretty in the summer as in the winter. I love to see the lawn gowns; they always remind me of scenes on the stage. Most of the girls wear white pique golf skirts. They look so pretty in the distance, though, were I a tall, sylph-like young person, I could never bring myself to wearing anything that spoiled the harmony of my graceful figure. As it is, I think I look "horrid cute" in my short skirts and high boots.

People in San Rafael have had quite a gay time giving luncheons this past week. Mrs. Boardman's was a great success. She has brought over all her china, napery and silver, and even her butler, so the affair was quite like one of those in the city which she gives so successfully. Mrs. Dodge gave one in honor of Jennie Blair, and had girls of all ages, so little Miss Cricket had a fine time. It was an awfully jolly affair, and I hope she may be tempted to give more during the season. Dorothy Patton came over yesterday to the hotel with her mother. Fritz Bottom will spend most of his time over at the hotel. Dorothy's hair and coloring are so lovely, especially when she wears a white gown. Therese Morgan also came over, and is most enthusiastic about golf. She went off first thing on Sunday morning to play. It will be sometime, however, ere she gets the swing that Ella has. Ben Holliday is also over in San Rafael, and Tarn McGrue, Laurie Van Winkle and he intend taking the girls driving a great deal this summer. Monday night Katherine Dillon took twenty-four people out to Pastori's to dinner. We had an awfully jolly time. She took particular pains to find out each girl's special crush, and invited him, so the dinner was a wonderful success. I do not know which enjoyed it most, the girls or the men, but I know I had one of the "happy day" of my life. At Pastori's, too, one gets things so awfully well cooked, and the surroundings are so delightful. The place was all illuminated with Chinese lanterns, and was a veritable fairyland. Papa said I could give one later in the season, and I am going to try and get all the girls to wear costumes. Mrs. Tevis and Aunt Sybil are helping me out, for I've been such a little angel since we came here that they think I need a reward.

Thearn Folger has spent most of his time being congratulated since Saturday last, and I am so delighted, too, that he and Mrs. Cunningham are to be married. I am so fond of Mrs. Cunningham; she is a dear, and I'd rather like Mrs. Folger as a mother-in-law. I think she is one of the nicest of the older ladies in San Rafael. Of course, she is not nicer than Mrs. Casserly. Mrs. Casserly is, all the girls say, the very nicest mother any girl ever had. I know my Aunt Sybil would have had that name had she married. Mrs. Dean is looking better since her arrival in San Rafael, and is able to take a little walk in the hotel porch. I think when Helen grows up she will be very handsome; she has such lovely skin and beautiful eyes.

I saw so many of the girls at the tennis on Tuesday, and those whom I think looked prettiest were Charlotte Ellinwood, Gene Ware, Linda Cadwalader, Bernie Drown and myself. I know I looked well, for Mrs. Morgan, who is difficult to please, so far as beauty is concerned, said she had never seen me looking better. Therese looks prettier in the evening, so does Dorothy Patton. Mrs. Bert Dibblee is quite winning me, and I expect yet to have a bad crush of her. She is so frank and bright, and I have always had a soft spot in my heart for Bert. Sam Boardman and Tarn McGrue, who unfortunately goes to Honolulu next week, are two of my summer crushes. All the girls have succumbed to Tarn's sweet winning ways. I think he is so much more a man of the world than most fellows about town. Cuyler Smith, of Atlanta, Georgia, gave a dinner to fourteen at the hotel on the Fourth. Ensign Emory Winship was there, and is such a fine fellow and so interesting, but I could not get him to tell me about his great deeds, he is so modest. I had never met any other hero except Hobson, and I like Mr. Winship better, but one cannot tell much about a man when one meets him at a german.

Alice Scott Brown is now Mrs. Dr. Reginald Knight Smith. Mrs. Scott wrote to Mamma and said Alice was very happy. Alice Ames, too, will soon be married and will have a very large wedding. I believe Mr. and Mrs. Robbins, as she will then be, are going to Paris to study, and eventually will make their home in Boston, where the Robbins own considerable property. Mable Reed and Mr. Duperu were married rather quietly last week and intend living in San Francisco upon their return from the South. I think Kate Clement the luckiest of girls in being the guest of the Fithians of Santa Barbara for a six months' yachting tour. The South Sea Islands are so interesting, too. I suppose even were I invited Mamma would find some excuse, for six months is a long time to be separated from one's relatives. I know of the dearest girl who is to have her engagement announced soon. Her name is Mai, but I cannot tell you any more about it at present. Marie Voorhies and Mrs. Malcolm Henry of Washington, who is staying with the Voorhies, gave a luncheon last Wednesday. We had a merry time; afterwards a few people came in to cards, and altogether it was a fine day, and we were quite repaid for our trip to town, for most of the guests were from Marin County.

Mr. Crooks is doing all in his power to revive the paper chase, and I believe there is to be one next Saturday. How I long for them! We did have such great fun last year, and Papa says he knows he can get me a good horse now. I shall write you all about it next week and tell you who came in first.

MISS CRICKET.

* *

A genuine country-club meet at Del Monte is to be the attraction for the month of August. The event is to include all the fashionable summer pastimes of the day, with the star feature a series of races under the auspices of the Pacific Coast Pony Racing and Steeplechase Association. The Del Monte golf links, in some respects the best and most interesting in the State, is to be the scene of an interesting tournament between California cracks and some clever Eastern and English players summering around the bay. The Burlingame Club is to bring down its champion polo team, and may face again their old opponents of the Riverside team. In addition, a series of yacht races in picturesque Monterey Bay has called out prospective entries from all the clubs of San Francisco Bay. But the races are the feature to which society is looking forward, and among them the interest centers on the struggle for the Del Monte cup and a special race between Mr. Martin's Unknown and Mr. Fithian's Finesse. The pony meet takes place on Saturday, August 26th; the other events will be decided on succeeding days.

* *

The weather at Deer Park Inn is delightful and the guests are getting up all manner of excursions and picnics, and are thoroughly enjoying the fine air of Tahoe. Quite a number of well-known people are established at the institution for the season, among them being A. Decourtieux, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Finn, Mr. J. R. D. Grubb, the Messrs. Heger and Miss Heger, Dr. and Miss Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Morton and family and many others.

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For health and strength: Damiana Bitters

The Original Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

The recent purchase of the controlling interest in the Exchange National Bank, of Spokane, Washington, by Clark & Sweeney, the mining capitalists, has attracted considerable attention in the financial circles of the Northwest. Messrs. Clark & Sweeney have amassed fortunes in mining in the Cœur d'Alenes, and have recently been investing heavily in business sites in the heart of the city of Spokane, and are now erecting a number of large buildings. Their investment in the Exchange National adds considerable strength to an institution already strong, practically making it one of the strongest moneyed concerns north of San Francisco. The capital stock of the bank is $250,000. Its resources from current business are $2,307,850, and it carries a surplus (undisturbed, except by increase) of $137,000.

This bank was established July 12, 1889, with but $100,000 capital stock, with Jacob Hoover as president, A. J. Ross as vice-president, and E. J. Dyer as cashier. As the results show, the bank has been carefully managed and now takes rank with the foremost banking houses of the Pacific Coast. It weathered the storm of the recent years, when so many financial crafts went down under the breakers. It has always had the confidence of the people, and has never experienced a "run." Mr. Hoover, its founder and manager, who was one of the ablest financiers in the banking world, died about two years ago. Mr. I. N. Peyton, one of the lucky Le Roi mining crowd, having purchased the interest held by the Holland Bank, was elected president. In the meantime Mr. A. J. Ross, the vice-president, died. Upon the recent sale of the principal share of his stock to Clark & Sweeney, Mr. Peyton resigned the presidency. Mr. E. J. Dyer, the faithful cashier, was made president, and will manage the bank. As yet his successor has not been selected, but it will probably be left with him to determine who his assistant is to be. Mr. Dyer has had many years' experience in banking, and is regarded as safe and highly capable.

Wanted — A superintendent for large free-milling property in Nova Scotia (60 stamps). State experience and salary. Apply to McCuaig, Rykert & Co., Montreal, Canada.

Poodle Dog Restaurant, northeast corner of Eddy and Mason streets. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone Main 429. Blanco & Brun, proprietors

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Bear in mind that this is the finest of all shampoos. Only 5 cents a package at

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Foot Powder

Relieves and Cures Hot, Swollen, Smarting, Aching, Sweating and Tired Feet. For sale by all First-Class Dealers or by mail for 25 cents.

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MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

A Positive Relief for PRICKLY HEAT, CHAFING, and SUNBURN, and all afflictions of the skin.

"A little higher in price, perhaps, than worthless substitutes, but a reason for it." Removes all odor of perspiration. Delightful after Shaving.

Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original.) Sample free. GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

GERMEA

The Ideal Breakfast Dish

YOUR TOILET ARTICLES

Are an insight into your character, and when rightly chosen, an evidence of good taste. **Dickey's Creme de Lis** is the favorite cosmetic among the elite. It eradicates wrinkles by keeping the skin soft and smooth, and creates a perfect complexion.

IMP'S SUBURBAN

An Unplaced Favorite and a Fast Race in the Classic Handicap.

A bunched field coming down upon a struggling mass of spectators, a little, lean black mare, going like a demon down the homestretch, a length in the lead, a disappointed jockey pounding and abusing a hopelessly beaten favorite, and a mad, howling grandstand—such was the finish of this year's Suburban, the most exciting and spectacnlar, as well as the fastest in the records of this classic handicap.

It was a historical Suburban in more ways than one. A mare won it, to begin with, a thing which never happened before in the fifteen years of the event. Then, there was the utter, sensational defeat of Banastar, the hot favorite, who bolted at the post, and was turned and sent after the field by his jockey, in a pitifully hopeless stern chase. And there was the crowd, and the Suburban is always like an intercollegiate football match in that the spectators are better worth seeing than the game. They filled every available inch of space in the paddock, stand, and ring; they spilled over the rails and fences. The massing of several thousand in the infield caused the breaking of a rail and the precipitation of some hundreds onto the homestretch as the horses finished. How the jockeys ever picked their way through that struggling mass is known only to the Providence which takes care of fools, children, and crowds. The betting ring was shamefully jammed. A wise New York law has so revised betting that odds cannot be posted, nor can bookmakers occupy stands above the crowd; consequently, he who would bet must deal with a bookmaker sitting on a low stool under a tangled scrimmage of bettors. Many small players, with money on Banastar, took a look at the battle and gave up the attempt, far which they were richer after the race. The stands were a-blossom with fair women, which means more than a complimentary allusion to the sex. Perhaps the lady of highest degree was not there—we Americans are still so close to our Puritan ideals that *le haute societe* is not entirely sure about the propriety of horseracing—but my dame of the exclusive set would not have raised the standard of looks a great deal. A wealth of beauty and a literal wealth in spring toilettes came in the mass that fought for places at the carriage entrance or even in the plebian crowd which jammed and overloaded the street cars until the conductors had to give up collecting fares.

But, after all, the race is the thing, and after that, the betting. Banastar's prices kept going up all day, until he went to the post a "sure-thing" favorite. I hear that Tammany was hard hit on him. Bannockburn was next in the popular favor, and he justified it by giving Imp a close rub. After that, the wise ones favored Ben Holliday, in spite of his heavy handicap. There was a fair following for Imp, at the odds—6 to 1. Clark's little black mare was generally regarded, however, as being in poor form from overwork, and the educated money went to Banastar, on the strength of his Brooklyn handicap showing.

The downfall of the favorite and of the Tammany contingent occurred right at the post. Banastar acted badly at the start; he and George Keene, who has a devil of a temper and is always expected to delay matters, spoiled break after break. Ben Holliday, also, was wearing himself out, throwing his big frame from side to side of the track; his chances were gone before the flag fell. At last, Fitzgerald signalled to a fairly even break, but the field was hardly away before Banastar deliberately whirled around and bolted. Maher pulled him almost on his haunches and followed, with the bunch 150 yards in front and all chances gone. Desperate, or pretending to be, he lashed the favorite brutally over the ears, but he might have spared himself the trouble; he never closed the gap, and Banastar was thirteenth in a field of thirteen. Imp held back all the way, never showing ahead until near the mile, and had it out with Bannockburn for the lead, winning by two lengths.

Jockey Maher was handled roughly, and, in my opinion, unjustly, by the judges and the owner of Banastar. The former suspended him indefinitely and fined him $200, and the latter ordered him away from his stables, on the presumption that he caused, willfully, the trouble at the post. But the boy has an excellent record, and he could have checked his mount so much more easily and secretly in the race, that the incident looks like a play, a grandstand play on the part of the judges, and spite on the part of the owner, who, by the way, holds Mayer to his year's contract, declaring: "If he does not ride for me, he shan't ride for anyone else."

SPORT IN THE NORTHWEST.

The sportsman who is going to "hunt Washington barren" wants to bring every variety of gun and rod and tackle and cartridge that can be found in market. He needs bamboo rods and multiplying reels and flies galore for the gamey trout of mountains and brook, rods of iron strength and steel bend with spoon and hook for the gigantic Pacific salmon, shotguns of all calibres, from the little fowling-piece to the ten-bore duck gun, and modern sporting rifies of all conceivable patterns for to slay the kingly game of the of the Olympia mountains. The fisherman, if he is a small-game angler and is conent with trout, has plenty to interest him in the mountain brooks and creeks. No State in the Union has a more plentiful natural supply, and the work of the National Fish Commission is adding rapidly to the population of these waters. A few years ago experiments were begun with Eastern brook trout. These energetic swimmers, tough, wiry citizens wherever found, have grown and thriven, until they head Washington trout for gameness and genuine "sporting" quality. The native trout, however, know their business, and some of the finest angling in the world is to be had in the cold waters of the northern creeks. The black bass is another good fish, and perch and whitefish sport in some localities. For real true excitement, with a thrill at both ends of it, there is nothing like salmon-fishing. Along the Columbia, where they are caught in nets by the million, in its tributary streams, in such mountain lakes as are accessible to fish from the sea, sport that is sport is waiting for the fisherman. In the big river, the canneries are so busy with netted salmon that the angler grows weary with the sight of them, but in the mountain creeks they are rarer and have that "gamey" action which belongs to all fish in cold waters.

Passing over quail, snipe, grouse, and even ducks, which are always plentiful, one finds in the Olympia Mountains some of the finest big game shooting left on this continent. It seems as though the big fellows, crowded up from the north and east, had collected in this corner between the sea and the great northern river to make their last stand. In this region, heavily wooded and only partly explored, the mule-deer waits to be chased out into light; the giant elk feeds among the higher mesas, and the great bear, king of the wilds is to be found wherever there are grubs and berries. Grizzlies, cinnamon and silver-tips, those biggest and fiercest of American bear, are scarcer than they used to be, but they may still be found by anyone who has lost a Bruin. The smaller black and brown bears are abundant, and hunting them with dogs is kingly sport. No one knows how rich in game these mountains are. Chain upon chain of little lakes, not half of them named, cover the surface, and some of the forests between do not know the tread of the white man. He who has the real explorer instinct can do no better than to pass a summer with gun and pack among these mysterious wilds.

A NOVICE AND A SALMON

Why an Inexperienced Angler Had Nothing to Show for His Catch.

In Camp, Santa Ynez River, June, 1899.—I have to-day performed a deed of deeds! I am as a hunter who has slain a bear after a lifetime spent in gunning for quail; nay, more, I have done the thing that Kipling claimed to have done and all the world refused him credit for, I have hooked and landed a Pacific salmon, a big, leaping, crazy bull-salmon, with a fly!

I know that your expert angler is going to turn up his nose in scorn, and call this a yarn of purest dye. As I am thirty miles from a camera, I have no picture of myself with rod, slain salmon and fly in the foreground—besides, there is another sad reason; my word is all I have to offer, set up with the testimony of Kipling and Admiral Beardslee for all the world to see. Both these august personages, I believe, claim the feat as theirs, putting to blush the Scotch Admiral's saying on Alaska: "Let the Yankees have the blank country; the salmon will no rise to the flee."

Thus it happened. I had grown weary of angling for trout with hook and worms; the charm of surreptitously shooting quail out of season for the pot had palled upon me, and I was for skulking in my tent with a worn-out copy of *Chimmie Fadden* and a useless deer-hound for company. Maid Marian, the energetic member in our camp, routed me out to take her fishing, and just for variety I decided on flies and leaders. What divinity drove me to it, I cannot say, for I had always lacked the true instincts of a sportsman; now, I am as wild and enthusiastic a follower of sport for sport's sake as ever tangled a line, and all because of that brilliant sharp-nosed old sinner who ought now to be hanging from the ridge-pole of my tent. Maid Marian drilled along, most of the morning, catching minnows with hook and worm, and I fished lazily when the spirit moved me, drawing out a trout, now and then. It was an indolent, easy midsummer day, with doves cooing monotonously in the branches and a *muchacho* quail noisily making love somewhere in the hills. Santa Ynez, a Mississippi in winter, is now a peaceful little needle of a stream, with pools shining under wayside roots, and occasional deltas where four inches of water try to cover a two-rod width of riverbed. A big fish that gets caught by summer in a pool of this stream, makes it his home until the fall rains bring him rescue or some Spanish ranchman comes along and shoots him.

I was lucky enough te get one or two big trout on my inexperienced line, and had lost a hook, bitten clean from the snell. I came, then, to a long, dark, mysterious pool eddying under a straight smooth rock. I had to push my way through drying underbrush of mezquite and six-foot fern in order to reach over from the bank and drop my flies on the surface. Ouce and again I played with that pool, when flash, splash! something jumped and took my fly.

Now, fish have as many ways of jumping at a fly as men of running or riding or swimming. There is the lazy, easy-going trout, who rolls over sideways, barely out of water, with no splash at all and no fuss; then, there is the business-like fellow, who comes at it quickly and sharply, sending himself upward head-on and dropping in on his front as he takes the fly; finally, there is the great, energetic one, who will fight for double his weight when he is hooked, and who jumps away up, with a flash of silver fins and whirling drops, clear out and above water and falls upon the fly with his eager, hungry jaws wide opened. But this jump was so large, and colossal and mammoth, that it was beyond classifying. It was the youthful play of some overgrown Percheron colt. The Thing dropped down toward the bottom like a cannon-ball. Then, my line went out a-humming, the fourteen-ounce split-bamboo bent double, and I knew that something extraordinary was on the end.

"What have you?" asked Maid Marian, untangling lines further up stream.

"A whale!" I shouted, and prepared to follow when the line should be exhausted, by sliding bodily down the rock and into the pool. Far up stream, he was churning and chopping the water into forty kinds of foam, and I stood with my nervous system in my tingling fingers, and wondered whether the pond or my line were the longer. Whrr! splash! the whale decided on the back track, whirled in a geyser, and sped down steam, after the line, which sang again as I rolled it back onto the reel. I caught foot after foot, as he marked his course up-stream by dazzling, brilliant somersaults. It was then that I took counsel with myself and knew that I had that fish, whatever he were, if the tackle only held, because my line was longer than the pool where the treacherous Santa Ynez held him prisoner. In that same moment of reckoning, I remembered that I had neither gaff, net nor spear, nothing but my bare hands and that frail trout tackle. Then I had no more time to think, for he was away again, holding to the bottom this time and skulking sullenly. Maid Marian, who had come up in the thought-ages since my victim struck, was urging me to keep the line taut and wear him out. Presently, he was upstream again, and then back and forth and back and forth we fought each other, "a good hour by Shrewsbury clock," until my beauty lay down and gave up. Inch by inch, I worked him toward me, to get myself between him and the bank, and shoved him and kicked him and hustled him, a beaten and exhausted foeman, onto the bank, where I fell on him football-wise. I pulled the hook from his dainty under jaw and sized him up—ten pounds at least, and a sure enough salmon—and Maid Marian and I clasped hands in congratulation.

And then—there was a flop, flop! on the stones, a splash, a black, faint streak over the pebbles—my darling, my only fly-caught Pacific salmon was back in his native element, gone forever, and with him the sporting triumph of a lifetime. I saw him just as he touched water, and followed in mad pursuit, in vain. He gave me one contemptuous whirl of his tail as he slid off into his cool prison, where he will stay, for all of me, until the fall freshets rescue him.

But he has attained his hideous object. I, who was content, only yesterday, to pot along lazily with hook and bait, so long as the frying-pan was kept simmering, am now a rod and reel enthusiast, doomed to follow the phantom of a fly-caught Pacific salmon until death or rheumatism ends my angling days. BLIRWIN.

A WHEEL IN SEATTLE.

Although Seattle is a city of hills, it is also a paradise for bicyclists. Nature has been kind enough to lay a level path about the hills and men have improved it, so that one may ride for miles and miles without being forced to pedal up an elevation. The new wheel path to Magnolia Bluff, where an army post will soon be located, promises to be the most popular in the city. It will run along the water front for nearly six miles. Thus far a large sum of money has been collected to pay for cindering it. There are a few small hills on this road, but they will only serve to make the wheelman more energetic. The view from the path will pay him for his extra labor. Almost from its very beginning it will run along a ridge high above the city, from which one may see the Olympia range on one side and the Cascade Mountains on the other. Mount Baker to the north and Mount Ranier to the south and east are plainly visible. But the mountains are not the only attraction. Although in the very heart of the city, the cindered speedway will pass through miniature forests of gigantic trees, over tiny streams and by bubbling springs. Cups will be placed at these drinking places, so that the thirsty may be satisfied.

The Lake Washington and Lake Union paths are beautiful, and their equal is not in America. This is saying a good deal, but it is true. Imagine speeding through a virgin forest with here and there glimpses of blue water showing between tree trunks, and you have the roads before your eyes. They wind in and out about Lake Union and along the shores of Lake Washington for a long distance, for Seattle is spread over a wide area. There is scenery similar to that seen in Alaska in summer, gullies and rocky gulches that are a feature of the Rocky Mountains, and grassy valleys that will remind one of early days in the country. And better than all, once the rider leaves the city streets he rides almost continually in the shade. The branches of the trees which line the sides of the path interlock overhead and their heavy foliage make a shade that the hand of man, not even that of the landscape gardener, cannot imitate. The paths are well cared for by the Good Roads Association, and there is not a wheelman in the city who does not contribute something to pay for keeping them in repair. Visitors from other cities who have seen the paths have expressed their admiration for them. There is nothing artificial about them except the cinders which are laid under foot to make riding easy. All else is just as nature made it.

YACHTING ON PUGET SOUND.

What more could any yachtsman ask of fate and the god of winds and waters than a calm, land-locked sound running into cozy bays and safe harbors shot with channels of deep, clear water, and sprinkled with wooded islands whose shores drop into unknown depths? And when you add to that a steady, balmy breeze that blows free, from April to October, you have a happy hunting ground where all good yachtsmen might well wish to go when they die.

Imagine an enchanted sea, whereon you may embark from a teeming, Western city, and cruise as long as you desire, from a day to a season, and never know two hours alike. Now, you are bowling along past wooded islands, with trees dipping to the water's edge, and banks so steep that you might tie up to those very trees; now, your keel or your centerboard is cutting the water down deep, blue channels, now you are scudding along beached shores, with villages and farmhouses in easy hail, and now you heave into view of some snow-capped giant peak, making white with its reflection the still water.

Then, consider the objective points for voyages, short or long. Besides the thousand pretty islands, there are the harbors of Victoria, of Seattle, of Vancouver, New Westminster, Nanimo, Port Angeles, Anacortes, Tacoma and Olympia. At each of these points there is now a yacht club, and the sport is growing in popularity. The Northwestern yachtsmen are just learning the value of organization, and clubs are springing up in all Sound cities. Seattle was first, with the Elliott Bay Club, organized in 1894, and now in flourishing condition. Its fleet of sloops and schooners, with Mr. Fred Lathe's 62-foot yawl *Olympic*, make up a little navy all alone. This year, the Sound Clubs, comprising organizations from all the towns of the region, got together July 4th, at Seattle, for a big regatta, with liberal prizes and tremendous enthusiasm. The swiftest boats in the bay region contested. But it is too early here to particularize over the event.

They say the forerunners of transatlantic yacht racing were the little meetings, held early in this century on Long Island Sound, by local yachtsmen from the Eastern towns. Who knows but that, someday, when the Nicaragua Canal brings New York and London a half-world nearer to us, a boat from some of these new Pacific clubs may help defend the America's cup against the British challengers?

Emma Nevada has lately been singing in London, and in order that her recent experiences in Barcelona might not be forgotten, she took with her a company composed of artists from that city.

Sunday Menu

HOTEL EL PASO de ROBLES

Green Turtle Lic au Cognac — Consomme
Relishes — Chile Sauce — Olives
Baked Flouders aux Fine Herbs
Pommes Duchess
Westphalia Ham, Champagne Sauce
Sweetbread Croquettes
Veal Chops, au Macedoine
Oysters, a la Poulette, en Caisses
Pineapple Fritters, Brandy Sauce
Prime Beef au Jus
Young Chicken Stuffed, Giblet Sauce
Mashed and Steamed New Potatoes
New Asparagus — New Green Peas
Shrimp Mayonnaise
Peach Pie — Chocolate Pie
Tapioca Pudding, Port Wine Sauce
Vanila Meringe — Tortoni Ice Cream
Assorted Cakes
Nuts and Raisins
American and Swiss Cheese
Fruit — Tea — Coffee — Milk

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Paso Robles. Cal. — 636 Market Street

Skagg's Hot Springs

Sonoma County, Cal.

ONLY four and a half hours from San Francisco and but nine miles of staging. Waters noted for their medicinal virtues; best natural bath in the State; swimming and boating; grand mountain scenery; good trout streams at door; photographers' room; telephone, telegraph, daily mail and express; first-class hotel and stage service; morning and afternoon stages. Round trip from San Francisco only $5.50; take Tiburon Ferry at 7:30 a.m. or 3:30 p.m. Terms $2 a day or $12 per week. References—Any guest of the past four years; patronage constantly increasing—last year unprecedented.
J. F. MULGREW, Proprietor.

GLENBROOK — LAKE COUNTY CAL.

Beautifully located, nearly three thousand feet above the sea. Home comforts, home cooking and in fact an ideal resort for a summer outing. Main hotel and cottages are now lighted with Acetylene gas throughout.

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If you want to hunt, If you want to fish,
If you want to recuperate,
If you want the best of recreation,
If you want pure air and sunshine,
If you want to enjoy an exhilarating climate,
You will find all at **Glenbrook**.

Postoffice (money order) and telephone connections everywhere. For rates pamphlets, etc.,
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Hotel Belvedere

Open the whole year round. For rates and particulars, address MRS. A. T. MOORE, Belvedere, Cal.

BONANZA SPRINGS — Lake County, Cal.

A NATURAL camping ground; five different mineral springs. We cater to campers only, and invite all who want good water, pure air fishing and hunting, to come. Hot and cold mineral baths. Cottages nearly furnished to rent from $1.50 per week. Provisions, hay, grain, etc., can be purchased on the grounds. One mile north of Howard Springs. Putah Postoffice, Money Order and daily mail. Address R. F. DOCKERY, Bonanza Springs, Putah Postoffice, Lake County, California.

SEIGLER SPRINGS — LAKE COUNTY

ABUNDANCE of mineral springs, hot and cold plunge baths, large swimming tank of mineral water, good trout fishing and hunting. Round trip tickets at S. P. office $10. Entire new management. JOHN SPAULDING, Proprietor.

Highland Springs

THE GREAT SANITARIUM OF THE WEST

OPEN every day in the year. New hotel elegantly furnished. Table unsurpassed. Lighted by electricity. **Thousands cured by its waters** Finest swimming tank, bowling alley, and dancing hall in Lake County, together with complete livery stable, gentle saddle-horses and ponies.

Over Thirty Kinds of Mineral Springs

Physician in attendance; superb climate; beautiful mountain scenery; trout, deer and small game plentiful; magnificent drives; baths in variety; lawn tennis and croquet.

Reached by the shortest stage route into Lake County. Round trip fare from San Francisco, via Hopland, $8; via Calistoga, $9.

Hotel and cottage rates, $10 to $14 per week.

Take San Francisco and North Pacific Railway to Hopland, or Southern Pacific Railroad to Calistoga.

For further information, address J. CRAIG, Highland Springs, Lake County, Cal., or see L. D. CRAIG at 316 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

Highland Springs Mineral Waters on sale at the Oakland Pioneer Soda Water Company's, Thirteenth and Webster streets, Oakland, and by Ahrens, Pein & Bulliwinkle, 620 Post street, San Francisco.

CAPITOLA

WITH ITS SUPERB HOTEL, cozy cottages and tent grounds, bids all to enjoy its rejuvenating climate, fine scenery and pleasures. Finest surf-bathing, hot salt water baths, boating, salmon and other fishing, golf links and other amusements, drives, walks and bicycling, etc. For accomodations at Hotel Capitola, address FRANK M. SMITH, the new manager, Capitola, Cal. For cottages and tent grounds, address FRANK REANIER, Superintendent, Capitola. Write for folders.

Blue Lakes Hotel

CONDUCTED in a quiet, home-like manner. The best of tables, fine fishing and hunting. Inclosure of 25x.60 feet in shallow water for women and children. Rates $10 to $12 per week in hotel or cottages, according to location. Ample accomodation. Round trip, good for six months, $9.50, via S. F. and N. P. to Ukiah, thence by stage from Palace Hotel. Address J. WILSON, Bertha P. O., Lake Co., Cal.

DUNCAN SPRINGS — HOPLAND Mendocino Co

TWO miles from railroad station; 101 miles from San Francisco; unequalled soda and magnesia springs; hospitable management; first-class table; hard-finished hotel; picturesque site and surroundings; two trains daily; long-distance telephone; terms $10 to $12 per week; housekeeping cottages $15 to $20 per month. Waters bottled by W. H. Bone, 605-607 Merchant street, S. F. Through fare $3.80. Send for circulars. Address O. HOWELL.

Deer Park Inn — LAKE TAHOE CAL.

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

A SUPERB resort in the Sierras, 6507 feet elevation. Modern comforts with wildness and grandeur on every side. Mineral springs, excellent table and cordial hospitality. Trout fishing not excelled anywhere. Rates $ o to $16 per week; round trip $13.50. Address J. B. SCOTT, Truckee, Cal.

Sea Beach Hotel

SANTA CRUZ, CAL

CALIFORNIA'S favorite resort. Located on a flowering slope from the beach. Unsurpassed view of beach, bay and mountains. Salmon fishing, tennis court, croquet grounds, and music. Reasonable rates. For terms, address J. B. PEAKES, proprietor. J. T. BROOKS, Chief Clerk.

ORR'S HOT SPRINGS

Hot mineral springs, sure cure for rheumatism and other skin diseases. Good fishing and hunting. Charmingly situated. Rates $7 to $9 per week. Round trip tickets via S. F. and N. P. R. R. to Ukiah and stage routes. McCLELLAN & ORR, proprietors, Orr P. O., Mendocino County, Cal.

SUMMER HOME FARM — Santa Cruz Mountains

First-class family resort; cottages, tents hunting and fishing; artificial lake for boating and swimming; long-distance telephone; campers' return tickets $2 50; hotel open all the year. Send for circulars to J. H. HAESTERS, Glenwood, Cal.

Hotel Ben Lomond

NOW OPEN. Situated eight miles from Santa Cruz in the heart of the Santa Cruz mountains Climate perfect; good hunting and fishing; croquet and tennis lawns, billiard room, bowling alley, bathing and boating. Buildings, grounds and river lighted by electricity. Round trip $3 00; 3½ hours from San Francisco. G. L. A. SMITH, Proprietor.

The Garden City Sanitarium

A WELL-EQUIPPED medical and surgical institution. All forms of water treatment, all forms of electricity, large Static machine, Sinusoidal, Galvanic and Faradic electricity. A corps of well-trained nurses of both sexes, skilled in all forms of treatments and manipulations. "Ostepathic Treatment" (called by its proper name, Massage and Manual Swedish Movement) is scientifically given Rest Cure carried out in every detail. A fine line of health foods manufacturing and on sale. A quiet, home-like place; beautiful scenery; Mt. Hamilton and the famous Lick Observatory in view; one block from electric cars; fifteen minutes' walk from the centre of the city. Terms $8 to $20 per week, including medical attention and regular treatment. For further particulars, address THE GARDEN CITY SANITARIUM, San Jose, California.

Howard Springs

Lake County (Putah P. O.)

HOT and cold mineral springs; hot steam and plunge baths of great healing power — will cure rheumatism, nervous diseases, kidney troubles, etc. Terms, $10 and $12 per week. Special rates to families. Postoffice and telephone. Round trip tickets $10, at Southern Pacific office.
Address MRS. R. J. BEEBY.

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SITUATED on the shore of Clear Lake. Special facilities for families and children; home cooking; boating, bathing, hunting and fishing. Pavilion on the lake, containing bowling alley and large dance hall for use of guests only. Acetylene gas used. FRANK & A. M. SCALES, Proprietors.

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THE Pride of Ben Lomond. Cool, hard-finished rooms; good table; croquet, boating, etc. Three blocks from depot. $8 per week. Address C. H. WILLIAMS, Proprietor, Ben Lomond, California.

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AT BEN LOMOND. Eight miles from Santa Cruz. Unsurpassed climate presents the best to be had as a summer resort; fine drives, bathing, boating, fishing. Special rates to families; charges moderate. Round trip $3.00. T. H. PETERSON, Ben Lomond.

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NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT—GOULD & CURRY SILVER MINING COMPANY.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Virginia City, Storey Co., Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the second day of June, 1899, an assessment (No. 86) of ten (10) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room No. 69, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the sixth day of July, 1899, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Thursday the 27th day of July, 1899, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors. ALFRED K. DURBROW, Secretary

Office, room No. 69, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.

DIVIDEND NOTICE—MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO, 33 Post street.—For the half year ending June 30, 1899, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and six tenths (3.6) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, July 1, 1899.

GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE — CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION OF CALIFORNIA, 222 Sansome street, has declared for the six months ending June 30, 1899, a dividend of 6 per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, 7 per cent on one year term deposits, 10 per cent on Class "F" stock, and 14 per cent on Class "A" stock.

WILLIAM CORBIN, Secretary.

No lack of entertainment in the monthlies this July. They are brim full of stories of peace and war, of sport and love. In the abundance are a few clever tales, but not more than a few. In "Transitional" (*Harper's*) there's an interesting infusion of realism in the clever description of a Jewish house full of girls. Unfortunately Zangwill, when he emerges from Ghetto settings, fails in the matter of plots. He lacks ability to handle the average circumstance artistically. I liked better the rendering of "The Lame Boy" in the *Atlantic*, in which there is suggested within brief compass a real character and a real environment, touched in artistically with one of those semi-tragedies with which life abounds. In a different vein is the Boyville story, "James Sears, a Naughty Person," by William Allen Wright in *McClure's*, a gay and natural tale, with the very feeling of boyhood in it. "The Luck of the Babe" is rather too Kiplingesque in construction, but entertains. "A Day in Wheat" is the best of the *Century's* set. It has a background and some verity, together with a character in it. Mary Hallock Foote's tale is a mining idyll; Gelett Burgess' "Romance Invaded" is a capital idea crisply worked out. Lloyd Osbourne's "South Sea Island Story" in the *Cosmopolitan* has a certain readableness, though not remotely related to literature. "The Hero of the Regiment" is an artificial situation laboriously worked out. There are others, but of even less distinction. In the whole not one really important story or one fraught with promise. Certainly there are no new names in this list. Nor is there much of adventure or romance. A Philadelphia weekly, the *Saturday Post*, has had within the past two months half a dozen stories with more life in them than any in this set, save "The Lame Boy" and White's Boyville yarn.

The *Atlantic* is up to its excellent average. It is full of valuable and suggestive material. Kropotkin's story of his escapes, the charmingly ingenuous letters between Lanier and Bayard Taylor, and the "Chinese Sketches" by Elizabeth Washburn are all rarely interesting. I find a daring generalization in "The True American Spirit in Literature," which is worth quoting. This spirit consists of "floods of light, meagre coloring, no atmosphere at all." Rather sweeping, you will admit. Apropos of fiction and fictionists, Henry Thurston Peck announces with clarion voice in the *Cosmopolitan* that Balzac was not only the greatest of Frenchmen but a greater creative genius than Shakespeare. Those who have hugged this idea may regret that the most Philistinic of literary critics should be the medium of its announcement, but at least the verdict is given currency. One always hears Mr. Peck. The *Century* has one of the most personal articles about Bret Harte I have ever met with. It is by Noah Brooks, and sketches with many intimate details the inception of the Californian's career, and his rapid rise to fame. How soon and how easily Harte did catch the eye of the world. In 1863 he was setting type in the *Golden Era* office, in 1868 he was chosen editor of the *Overland*, and in that same year he wrote "The Luck of Roaring Camp." Brooks tells of the pains Harte was accustomed to lavish upon his work, and how he would re-write a hundred times ere a phrase suited him. "Once assigned to the task of compiling an obituary article, not to exceed 'two sticks' in length, he actually filled a waste-basket with fragments of 'copy' he had torn up before he had produced the requisite amount of material. On another occasion Brooks found Harte in the *Alta* editorial rooms writing a note of appointment for a meeting at dinner. The poet started up on his friend's arrival and tore the note into fragments. In the waste-paper basket were three separate rejected attempts at a missive. It is told, too, that the female proofreader at Roman's, where the *Overland* was set up in olden times, protested at "The Luck of Roaring Camp" because of its immorality. The passage which had offended this most punctilious lady was in the scene where Kentucky, after reverently fondling the infant, said: "He wrastled with my finger, the d—d little cuss." It was proposed at first that the qualms of the virginal proofreader be stilled by the excision of the passage, but to this Harte refused to consent, and the story had to remain uncorrected until the return of Mr. Roman, who had been absent. He promptly squelched the proofreader.

Of good general articles there is not an abundance this month. "The Australian Horsemen," in *Harper's*, is too journalistic, though the illustrations are very spirited. *McClure's* has the two ideas in this line, "Soldier Police in the Northwest" and "The Automobile," both well done, especially the latter. The Lincoln installment is as readable as ever and Professor Newcomb's "Unsolved Problems of Astronomy" a valuable contribution. *Scribner's* "The Foreign Mail Service" is full of information cleverly detailed and with capital pictures. The *Century's* "Bird Rock" is notable for its photographs, quite wonderful, of a rocky islet in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. These pictures are unapproachable as examples of fine camera work and printing. Apropos of illustrations, Castaigne's "Punishment of Bessus" and Loeb's picture in Via Crucis," in this magazine, are notably good; nor is Eric Pape's "Christian Captive," in the *Cosmopolitan* much inferior.

The installment of Stevenson's correspondence in *Scribner's* is a finer reflex of the great writer's best manner than its predecessors. The letter to Henry James is charming. Whoever has read the *Awkward Age* will re-echo this gentle and most polite request: "Of course, I am not so dull as to ask you to desert your walk, but could you not, in one novel, to oblige a sincere admirer and to enrich his shelves with a beloved volume, could you not and might you not, cast your characters in a mould a little more abstract and academic, and pitch the incidents, I do not say in a stronger, but in a slightly more emphatic key—as it were in an episode from one of the old (so called) novels of adventure? I fear you will not, and I suppose I must sighingly admit you to be right. And yet, when I see, as it were, a book of *Tom Jones* handled with your exquisite precision and shot through with those side-lights of reflection in which you excel, I relinquish the dear vision with regret."

A striking manifestation of the sterling honesty of Stevenson's character is made in the episode of the *Pall Mall Gazette* story. It was the *Body Snatcher*, and was written to order, the price to be paid $200. For this Stevenson expected to give as good a story as he could write. The *Body Snatcher* he regarded as a failure, a makeshift. He decided to return a part of the sum. Henley evidently expostulated with him, and thus he writes:

Dear Lad—I have made up my mind about the *Pall Mall Gazette* and send you a copy, which please keep or return. As for not giving a reduction, what are we? Are we artists or city men? Why do we sneer at stockbrokers? O nary; I will not take the £40. I took that as a fair price for my best work; I was not able to produce my best; and I will be damned if I steal with my eyes open. *Sufficit.* This is my lookout. As for the paper being rich, certainly it is; but I am honorable. It is no more above me in money than the poor slaveys and cads from whom I look for honesty are below me. Am I Pepys, that because I can find the countenance of "some of our ablest merchants," that because —— and —— pour forth languid twaddle and get paid for it, I, too, should "cheerfally continue to steal?" I am not Pepys. I do not live much to God and honor; but I will not willfully turn my back on both. I am, like all the rest of us, fallen lower from the bright ideas I began with, falling into greed, into idleness, into middle-aged and slippered-fireside cowardice; but is if you, my bold blade, that I hear crying this sordid and rank twaddle in my ear? Preaching the dankest Grundyism and upholding the rank customs of our trade—you, who are so cruel hard upon the customs of the publishers? O man, look at the Beam in your own Eyes; and whatever else you do, do not plead Satan's cause, or plead it for all; either embrace the bad, or respect the good when you see a poor devil trying for it. If this is the hohesty of authors—to take what you can get and publishers are rich—take my name from the rolls of that association. 'Tis a caucus of weaker thieves, jealous of the stronger. —Ever yours, THE ROARING R. L. L.

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LONDON LETTER

London, June 15.—Lord De la Warr, the English nobleman who recently mildly shocked the aristocratic world by taking up hotel management, and doing it without losing caste either, has startled the fashionables with an entirely new, glorious idea. It lies now, this lordly idea, close by the Thames embankment, where you can see its red lights shining through the bright June nights London gets an abundance of this year. For this new departure is a summer house Lord De la Warr is occupying for the season, being no less than a yacht, a London mansion, and a house-boat rolled into one. He caught the idea, doubtless, from the houseboats on the Thames which smart people occupy during the regatta days, but he added to it by converting his own steam yacht *Firefly* into a veritable floating palace. They are almost as close to the gaiety and beauty and fashion of London as if they were housed in Grosvenor square, and they can drop round to His Lordship's pretty seaside home, Bexhill-on-Sea, whenever the spirit moves and social contingencies permit. London, conservative old London, doesn't take kindly to new ideas—if it were Paris, now, the Seine would be choked with smart steam yachts before the season was half over.

You can watch the De la Warr floating palace, if you take the trouble to row out from the boat landing at Charing Cross, in all its glories of polished brass, crimson awnings, and new paint. Charmingly domestic are the decks, with chairs, draperies, cushions, arranged with the feminine touch that shows the tasteful hand of Lady De la Warr. *On dit* that, between his lavish entertainment and the retinue of servants, headed by a French chef whose creations are high art, the establishment costs my lord a little more than would a London mansion, but then, it is a new thing, and that means a great deal these days. Myself, I have been privileged to watch the De la Warr blacks driven up to the carpeted landing to take away her ladyship, a dream in one of those frocks which must make ballast for the *Firefly*, they are so many and so varied.

All society turned out on Derby Day, as is its right. "Dear old Lunnon" is so beautifully inconsequential about sport. It makes no difference to them just who wins, the world of Piccadilly goes down to make merry. The rowing at Henley doesn't count for anything, it is the big, shimmery, water picnic. So, too, you go to the cricket matches just to take luncheon on the uncertain top of a coach, and bow to your next-carriage neighbor, and show you latest clothes. That is why all the smart set must go to the Derby, although it cares more for Ascot and Goodwood, where the costermonger and his donkey and the London mob are less in evidence. Then, if you are really in the swim, you go back and take "Derby tea" with those who have stayed at home just to keep open house. This year, all the fashionable region of Constitution Hill wore a holiday appearance, with decorated balconies, and shaded lights and gay summer toilets flashing back and forth in rainbow tints.

May I stop here for one or two of these frocks? The first one showered its splendor on me at the Derby from the summit of a ducal coach, and I was caught by its style and simplicity. It was of white glace silk, embroidered with little knots of blue. The skirt, in ultra-fashionable shape, had at the foot a flounce of blue silk eight inches deep in front and eighteen in the back. The blouse bodice, of the same material as the skirt, opened in a pointed shape in front, with small revers of dark blue silk, to show a chimisette of chiffon with the prevailing dark blue embroidery. A narrow dark blue belt was fastened behind with a buckle of dull silver. With this, my lady smiled beneath a hat of dark blue chip trimmed with white feathers and blue tulle, and she carried a parasol of white, dotted with blue.

I was a privileged spectator at the show of some lovely gowns just made on Bond street for a fair American. These are for the racing season at Paris. Strange, isn't it, that one should buy her dresses in London for the Paris season; but they tell me that English modistes are crowding the Parisians this year. The most fetching and elaborate costume in this display is of white glace silk again, this time under cream-colored lace. The skirt is powdered all over with small steel beads, surrounded by the tiniest rings of silver thread. An immense garland of roses, worked on the surface in black palinettes, winds round and round the skirt, terminating in one huge rose at the train. Filmy flounces, three inches in depth, of alternating black and white lace, are at the bottom of the skirt; above these is a festoon of rose pink satin veiled with black tulle, and each loop held in place by a rose of black palinettes, like that of the coil. The bodice, of the prevailing cream lace over white, has a twist of rose pink satin running diagonally from throat to waist. This, like the trimming of the skirt, is veiled with black tulle and twined about with the black roses. A deep collar of pink lace is covered with the cream-colored lace, which is tied in front in an immense cravat. A large, white chip hat trimmed with black plumes, curiously fringed with black palinettes and having a broad bandeau of pink roses just under the brim, completed this costume. The parasol is of pink satin with a rose design in black palinettes.

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DRAMATIC NOTES

It is agreeable to be able to announce the continued success of the Henry Miller Company at the Columbia. "Lady Ursula" has been played to crowded houses the week through. On Monday night next we are to see "Lord and Lady Algy," by R. C. Carton. This play is right up to date and has had a tremendous success in both London and New York. It is certainly well worth seeing, and I presume will prove as successful as its predecessors.

At the Orpheum next week Miss Minnie Palmer, the popular comedienne, will appear in a one-act cemedy, "Rose Pompon." She is assisted by Mr. Francis Jerrard. George Wilson, the clever monologue artist, is the second feature. The Rixfords, acrobats, should interest, and there are also Maxmillan & Shields, comedians. Miss Palmer should prove a great treat, as she is a competent and clever actress.

A brilliant production of "Carmen" is promised at the Grand Opera House next week. Hattie Belle Ladd is to undertake the role of the vivacious gypsy. The company has sung the opera in Philadelphia with great success, and a quantity of fine scenery will be used in the production. It will be an affair to look forward to.

"Camille" is to be revived at the Alcazar next week in swell style. It will give Florence Roberts an opportunity of playing the famous role, and White Whittlesley will do Armand. In this production last year Miss Roberts was a decided success.

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NEW STORIES RE-TOLD

At a dinner party in Savannah recently, General Wheeler, who was the guest of honor, was asked how it happened that the sleepy farms of the South produced such whirlwind fighters in such small packages. "Gentlemen," he replied, "I asked the same question once of an old 'cracker' woman, and her answer is the best explanation I know. I had occasion to make a saddle journey through the pine barrens of Georgia, where most everybody is a 'cracker' and mighty shiftless. One day, however, I rode into a little community that showed signs of thrift. I rode up to a cabin where a gaunt old woman stood in the doorway, and asked who owned these little farms that were so well kept. 'That little farm on the left belongs to my son Jabez,' said she, 'and the next one to my boy Zalim, and the next to my lad Jason, and the next is my boy Potiphar's place, and——' 'Hold on, sister,' said I. 'How did you manage to raise such a fine lot of boys way off here in the woods?' 'Wal, stranger,' she answered, 'I am a widdy woman, and all I had to raise 'em on was prayer and hickory, but I raised 'em powerful frequent.'"

A New Orleans lawyer was dining at the Cafe Riche, in Marseilles, when he heard at the next table a Hungarian relating to some French officers an extraordinary lynching episode that he alleged had occurred at a New Orleans hotel. A negro servant spilled a plate of soup on a lady's dress. The guests decided to lynch the fellow at once, but were persuaded by the director of the caravansary to wait until dinner was over, as he was short of help. Subsequently the culprit was strung up, the lady giving the word. This strange tale was too much for the lawyer, who rose from his seat and, accosting the Hungarian, asked in what year the incident had occurred. "Just eight months ago," replied the liar calmly, "while I was in the States." "I was in New Orleans myself all last year," responded the lawyer. "Perhaps Monsieur witnessed the hanging," interrupted one of the Frenchmen. "I just missed it," said the lawyer. "You see I was busy killing the French chef at the time for putting mustard in the blanc mange."

A parrot was sitting loose on a T-perch in a yard of the Western Addition and cackling softly to himself, when a small, nondescript yellow cur hove into view. "Sic him!" said Polly. The dog cocked up one ear and looked interested. "Sic him!" the parrot repeated. The dog looked around for something to sic, beheld the parrot and joined battle forthwith. For two minutes the region of the perch was a blur of feathers, hair, howls and cuss words. Then the dog retired, carrying off his dead and wounded. The parrot sized himself up. Half his feathers were gone, one foot was doubled up under him and one eye was closed. He limped back on the perch and was lost in thought for fully five minutes before he announced in a decisive tone: "Polly, you talk too much."

At one of the annual servant-hiring fairs in Gloucestershire, a farmer opened negotiotions with a lad who seemed suitable for his purpose. Various questions having been asked and answered, the farmer inquired at last: "Hast got a character from thy last place?" "No," replied the boy; "but my old gaffer be about somewhere, and I can get he to write I one." "Very well," was the reply, "thee get it and meet I here again at four o'clock." The time came, so did the farmer and the boy. "Hast got thy character?" was the query. The answer came short and sharp: "No; but I ha' got thine, and I bean't a-coming."

When Stevenson, the novelist, lived in Samoa he grew impatient at the begging habit which characterizes the Samoans. One day a native, for whom he had done many favors, asked him for a silk handkerchief which he wore round his neck. Stevenson, in disgust, gave it to the fellow and then asked, ironically: "Is there anything else you want?" The Samoan made a hasty survey of the room. "There is the piano," suggested Stevenson. "Yes," replied the native, "I know, but," he added apologetically, "I don't know how to play it."

A former bishop of Toronto, who had passed his youth in Scotland, flattered himself that not a trace of his origin could be detected in his speech or manner. One day he met a Scotchman, to whom he said abruptly: "Hoo lang hae ye been here?" "Aboot sax years," was the reply. "Hoot, mon!" said the bishop sharply. "Why hae ye na lost your accent like mysel'?"

At the time of Prince Leopold's marriage, Lady X. and Gladstone found themselves together looking down on half the most beautiful women in London in the fullest evening dress. "What a magnificent pageant!" said Gladstone. "Ah," replied Lady X., "ou this occasion I am not surprised at your being in favor of a bare majority."

Two old Scotch friends met and spoke of the days when they had been sweethearts. At last he said: "Ah, Jennie, an' I hae na loved anybody since you. I hae never forgotten you." "John," she replied, with a little moistening of the eyes, "you're just as big a leear as ever, an' I believe ye jist the same!"

Senator Vest was sitting with a friend in a St. Louis hotel. A servant brought up the card of a Mr. Wescott. Senator Vest read the name aloud, and then remarked to his friend: "I do not know the gentleman, but I judge from his name that he must be a relative of mine."

A picturesque tramp came to the back door of a farmhouse. "Kind lady," said he, "can you give a poor man a bite to eat? I worked my way through college." "Poor fellow" (she was growing sympathetic) "and where are you going now?" "Back to college."

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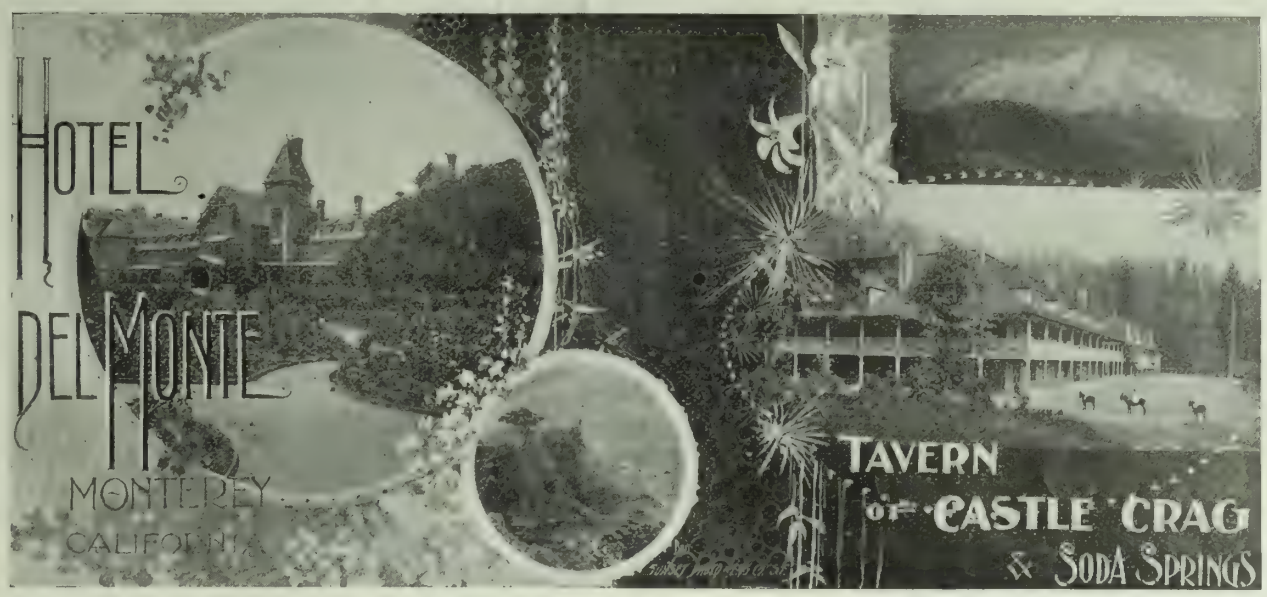

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The trade is supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 342 Geary street; east of the Rocky Mountains by the American News Company, New York.

The Wave is kept on file and is for sale at Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France; 31 Union Square, New York City; 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.; and 206 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

For advertising rates and on all other matters pertaining to city business, address The Wave, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

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SAN FRANCISCO—JULY 15, 1899—SEATTLE

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EVENTS CURRENT

Some Results at The Hague.

Prospects for results from the Peace Congress are brighter than they were some weeks ago, when Germany blocked the proposal for international arbitration. Two measures of importance have been acted upon this week. The first was rather a negative victory for American diplomacy in the matter of immunity for private property in time of war. The American delegates have all along made this this the chief feature of their position. It will be remembered that the United States refused to enter into the old agreement against privateering, because the measure did not provide for immunity to merchant shipping. The stand of our delegates was therefore a consistent one. Mr. White, who has been a prominent figure at The Hague, brought the measure before the Congress this week. The proposed reform was too strong, however, for the European delegates, and matters were compromised by an agreement to refer to it in a future conference, independent of the present one. The other tangible result was the formulation of a definite plan for a permanent Court of Arbitration. The report was made on Friday; the sub-committee entrusted with drawing up the plan has done it work thoroughly, so that only a few minor amendments were made when it was read before the Congress. The scheme is worked out even to the minutest details. At the conclusion of the present conference, the governmens represented shall, if the plan be adopted, each select not more than four persons of known competence to sit on a permanent Court of Arbitration. Each of these persons is to hold office for six years, and to be available for re-appointment. Upon occasion of any dispute between nations, the disputants are to choose any members of the Court they may agree upon to sit upon the case. The report recommends that the number be five, two appointed by each disputant, these to choose one more person to act as president of the temporary court. In case the powers involved cannot come to an agreement as to persons, another power is to be called in to make the selection. The parties to the agreement are to be bound to recommend arbitration to any nations which engage in a serious dispute, and such recommendation from powers not involved is never to be considered as an unfriendly act. The proposed agreement states definitely in the beginning that it is not to forbid war, but that the parties agreeing must submit their differences to the court before engaging in hostilities. The rest of the fifty-three articles which make up this instrument have reference to the constitution and installation of the Permanent Court and the methods of procedure before it. In consequence of the importance of this measure, the Congress has taken a recess until July 17, in order to enable delegates to consult their governments. It will be noted that the plan is something of a concession to Germany, the dissenting power, in that arbitration is to be semi-voluntary instead of compulsory, since the powers do not bind themselves to abide by the decisions of the Permanent Court.

A Compromise in Belgium.

Just as the situation in Belgium was becoming most threatening, the intervention of King Leopold and his counselors has averted, for the time being, the threatened revolution. It will be remembered that the obnoxious suffrage bill, the cause of all the trouble, was to come up for a vote on July 4 or 5. On the 3d, the King induced the Conservative leaders to consent to compromise measures. In that day's session of the Chamber of Deputies, therefore, the Conservative leaders withdrew their demand for an immediate vote and consented to arbitration. The Left concurring, it was agreed to leave the measure to a committee chosen from all the parties concerned, the Radicals only stipulating that, to prevent the Government playing for time, the length of the committee's deliberations should be limited. There is no certainty that the arbitrators will be able to come to an agreement, but the crisis is at least delayed for a fortnight. This compromise is really a victory for the Liberals, for the Conservatives have heretofore refused to budge from their first position. Should the decision of the arbitrators be against the extension of the suffrage, it is believed that the recent troubles will be renewed, as the demand for a universal franchise is growing among the people. It is thought, however, that the Government will not dare to make another attempt at forcing the bill on the country.

The Brazos Valley Floods.

A disastrous flood, caused by heavy rains and cloud bursts, has brought famine, ruin and death to the whole Brazos Valley in Texas. Early last week the river began rising, and overflowed its banks at Calvert, submerging thousands of acres of growing crops, and causing loss of life. Traffic had to be suspended in that section, owing to the destruction of railway bridges, and the estimated damage to property is $4,000,000. The rush of water continued to Sealey, a hundred miles further down, where the river broke loose again. The damage at this point is immense. Here there is a large negro population, which with the usual improvidence of the race had taken no precautions, consequently the sudden rise of the waters carried away their household goods and their livestock, and confined many of them to mounds above water, where they huddled together until rescued. Many were caught by the flood, and many more lost their lives in trying to cross the raging torrent. Reports regarding fatalities differ, but they can safely be set down at seventy-five, at least. An estimate of the loss of property is impossible, but it comes far up in the millions. The railroads alone place their damage at $3,000,000. The State authorities and the Government were appealed to for relief, since most of the inhabitants had lost all their possessions. The Secretary of War immediately forwarded 10,000 rations, which relieved, temporarily, the danger of famine. The large cities of Texas have sent funds and supplies sufficient, it is believed, to prevent excessive suffering. The great need at present seems to be for seed and agricultural implements, since by prompt planting crops may be gotten this year out of the devastated fields. The calamity, so unexpected that no provision could be made against it, emphasizes once more the necessity of providing the treacherous Southern rivers with dikes.

Flammarion Renounces Spiritualism.

At the very moment when Professor Hyslop and his associates in this country are almost on the point of proclaiming belief in the supernatural basis of the so-called spiritualistic phenomena, the cause of spiritualism has received a severe blow in another quarter by the defection of Cammile Flammarion, the most noted man that ever adopted that faith. Flammarion, who is the foremost "popular" scientist in his own time, took up with spiritualism some ten years ago, after a long series of experiments with occult subjects, by which he gradually became convinced of the truth of the supernatural. Shortly after his conversion, he published a book, *Lumen*, on the subject, and came out publicly for the cult. Now he has suddenly reversed his judgment, announces that the phenomena of so called spirit control can all be traced directly to auto-suggestion. The specific thing which had the greatest effect on his own change of attitude is the treatise, *Genese*, written by M. Kardee from information imparted by Flammarion while in a trance. Flammarion was supposed at that time to be under the control of M. Galle, a deceased astronomer; he now states that, although he was honest enough in his faith at the time, he believes that the facts imparted were merely a suggestion of his own thoughts For example, the "messages" transmitted, while claiming that M. Galle had perfect knowledge, made him state that Jupiter has four satellites and Saturn eight. This was the number accepted at the time by all astronomers. Since then, it has been discovered that Jupiter has five and Saturn nine. By this and other signs of like import, Flammarion believes that his own unconscious self was responsible for the statements he trsnsmitted while clairvoyant. Moreover, he declares that these supposed "spirit messages" are proven to his satisfaction to be in close concord with the ideas and impressions of the assembly wherein they are given out, although the persons receiving and transmitting may be perfectly honest and have no intent to deceive.

Dreyfus Awaits His Trial.

The main interest in the Dreyfus case still centers on the chief actor, who is quietly directing his defence from the prison at Rennes. The true state of affairs, the tremendous upheavals that followed his degradation have at last been revealed to him by his wife and his counsel. Sensational correspondents continue to make space by descriptions of his condition and his sufferings on Devil's Island. It is certain that he was badly mistreated. He himself complains bitterly; that the authorities recognize some justice in the complaint is proven by the removal from office of his former jailer. Mm. Labori and Demange, who will defend him before the court, hold daily consultations with the prisoner. His absolute acquittal is not so certain as it seemed a week ago. There are all sorts of reports abroad concerning information held by the prosecution. The most widely circulated tale is that Esterhazy traced the celebrated *bordereau* from the original copy made by Dreyfus, allowing some of the characteristics of his own handwriting to creep into the tracing, and that the original *bordereau*, never yet presented, is in the hands of the authorities. This inconsistent story is a fair sample of the rumors abroad. France is quiet at present. Even at Rennes, where the trial is to be held and where Anti-Semetic feeling is strong, there has been no demonstration, although the police are preparing to meet trouble at the parade of the garrison on July 14th. The exact date of the court martial is kept a profound secret, but it is known that it will occur between July 17th and August 10th. An interesting and somewhat amusing side issue was presented this week by correspondence between Count Castellane and the Prince of Monaco. The Prince, a friend and sympathizer of Madame Dreyfus, invited her to visit him with her husband as soon as the latter should be set free. Castellane, who is just now posing as champion of the French nobility and army, thereupon challenged him in a rather offensive letter, claiming that the Prince had insulted the noble blood of France by this invitation to a traitor. Monaco refused the challenge on the ground that Castellane, having a doubtful claim to his title of Count, is not his equal.

Kruger Grows Reasonable.

England has put on a bold front regarding the Transvaal situation, and Kruger has made some show of backing down. Early last week, Lord Lansdowne, Secretary of State for War, announced that preparations were complete to embark from 40,000 to 50,000 troops as soon as the situation rendered it necessary. At the same time, a number of officers were sent to Cape Colony with the avowed purpose of organizing and putting into shape the colonial troops. Further, unusual activity has been shown throughout England in the preparation of materials and munitions of war. This activity Secretary Chamberlain explains to the dissenting Liberals by stating that the Government desires to be prepared for any emergency whatsoever. The Transvaal authorities have given their first sign of backing down, by passing in the National Assembly a measure granting an additional member to several Uitlander districts, notably Pretoria. The Orange Free State has also thrown itself into the difficulty in the role of mediator, and proposed several compromise measures. One of these, comprising a revision of registration and a granting of the franchise after nine years' residence, was so far acceptable that a committee from the Volksraad, the Transvaal Senate, was appointed ro draft a bill to that effect, which is said to have a fair chance of passing. It was thought, at first, that such a measure would be acceptable to the Uitlanders but later advices indicate they are not at all satisfied with the proposed changes, believing that Kruger is not acting in good faith but is only playing for time so as to delay English action until the rains render campaigning impossible.

The Causes of the Transvaal Dispute.

A brief summary of the causes, little understood in this country, which led to the present Transvaal difficulty, may be of interest at this juncture. The Boers, emigrants and political outcasts from Holland, settled South Africa in the seventeenth century. They were the only whites, save a few French Huguenots, that dwelt in the section until 1795, when the first English settlers arrived. In 1806 the British took possession of what is now Cape Colony by force of arms and in 1814 it was made a possession of the British crown. There were, as yet, no Europeans in South Africa outside that section. Immigration from England followed, and the British soon were in a fair way to outnumber the Dutch. The first conflict between the two races came in the thirties, when the Colonial Government abolished slavery, an institution fostered and encouraged by the Boers. As a consequence, there occurred, in 1836, the "Great Trek," an exodus of all the Dutch colonists. They struck out North into the wilderness and founded the settlements which afterward became Natal, Orange Free State and Transvaal. Over the first two of these the English in time claimed sovereignty after some slight border warfare, in which Andries Pretorius, the Aguinaldo of the Boers, made them considerable trouble. In 1852 Pretorius took advantage of a troublesome war between the British and the Kaffirs to make a "pacific settlement," in which the Boers of Transvaal were granted the right to manage their own affairs and to govern themselves without interference from the British Government. Two years later the British Government granted like concessions to the Boers of the Orange territory. The Orange state prospered, but the Transvaal was kept in a continual state of civil strife by various ambitious politicians. In 1858 a sort of compromise was patched up and a constitution adopted. The internal disturbances continued, however, until 1877. In that year the Transvaal was not only involved in serious financial difficulties, but its inhabitants stood in danger of extermination by the natives, thus endangering the other South African whites. In that year, therefore, the British Ministry decided to intervene, and sent Sir Theophilus Shepstone as a special commissioner to inquire into affairs. He reported that the only means of restoring order was a British protectorate. Being empowered by the Home Government to do so, he issued a proclamation to that effect. Most of the settlers readily accepted annexation; a minority, headed by "Oom Paul," the present Kruger of international fame as a bluffer, alone refused. Kruger went to London in person to protest. The English Commission had promised reforms, but a big Kaffir war kept them busy for the remainder of that year, during which time the malcontents got together a formidable party. When the Kaffir war was settled, in 1879, the British proclaimed sovreignty and drew up a new constitution, which was declared unsatisfactory by many of those Boers who had formerly been friends to the British, and strengthened the position of Kruger & Co., who speedily organized an open rebellion. In our issue of two weeks ago this war was described at length. It is sufficient here to state that in a year's border warfare, never pushed by the English with sufficient vigor, the Boers almost wiped out the small British army of South Africa. A sufficient army was then sent to Cape Colony, but Gladstone and the Liberals, who had been all along opponents of the protectorate scheme, put an end to the war, leaving the Boers victorious. Thereupon, a treaty was drawn up, by which the Transvaal was virtually given independence under the name of the South African Republic, the only hold retained by England being a provision that the new republic could conclude no treaties, except with the Orange Free State, without England's consent. On this provision hangs England's sole legal claim to suzerainty. The country was immediately settled very extensively by British colonists and opened up by British capital, but the Boers alone held the reins of government, assuring themselves of permanence in control by the passing of ridiculously stringent naturalization laws. As it is at present, no foreign settler, or "Uitlander," may ever attain to full burgher rights. A little "bluff" at concession was made in 1890, by which a lower house of the National Assembly was created, membership in which might be attained after a residence of four years; but as the acts of this body are invariably overruled by the upper House, it has given no relief. To obtain even partial naturalization, the alien must have had residence for fifteen years. The tax measures are so arranged that the Boers escape, while the Uitlanders get their full benefit. Moreover, the British and American settlers number nearly four-fifths of the population and hold nine-tenths of the property.

A Lull in the Philippines.

Operations in the Philippines remain at an absolute standstill owing to the heavy rains. which are flooding the entire country. The American forces are experiencing great discomfort and some sickness as a consequence. Rumors of disaffection and desertion continue to come from the rebel army. It is stated on good authority that one of Aguinaldo's generals has been conferring with the American commanders, with a view to surrendering himself and forces. At home, the work of raising reinforcements goes forward. Ten regiments will be enlisted in this country, and two more are already being organized among the discharged soldiers in and around Manila. The officers for these forces are to be choseu for efficiency, the President states, and no other consideration is to influence their selection. Above the rank of captain, veterans of the Spanish War are to have the preference, and as many as possible will be taken from the regular army. All but two of the colonels and many majors and lieutenant-colonels are already named. Captains and lieutenants are to be taken from the various States proportionally to their Congressional representation. McKinley and Adjutant-General Corbin have been in continuous conference lately; the fact that Alger is not being consulted in the matter would indicate that the Secretary of War is regarded with disfavor. The summoning of Governor Roosevelt to Washington as a counsellor gave rise to a report that he was to be offered the War portfolio, but this he has strenuously denied, claiming he would under no circumstances accept the position. Preparations are under way to send improved munitions, especially artillery, for the fall campaign, which the President hopes to hurry along as soon as the rainfall abates.

The Famine Situation in Russia.

Particulars regarding the famine in Russia are meager, but they show an alarming state of affairs. In a population of eleven million people in the Eastern provinces, at least five million are in actual danger of death by starvation. Scurvy has set in, and is adding greatly to the mortality. The Russian government is singularly unfitted to cope with this state of affairs, because all authority is centered at St. Petersburg, and no independent responsibility is given to provincial governors, therefore the work of relief is slow and inadequate. Besides this, the traditionally corrupt Russian officials are believed to be misappropriating relief funds. Almost all the work, so far, has been carried on by private parties, notably several ladies of the Court On good authority it is stated that twenty million roubles or more are absolutely necessary, but so far the money raised by gift of the Emperor, by private subscription, and by the Red Cross, does not come to one-fifth of that amount. There is not much hope of government relief because there is a stringency in the national treasury. An English party which has been at work in the Tartar provinces sends back reports which corroborate the harrowing details first given out for publication. They state that one-half the land is uncultivated for lack of seed, and that not one child born in those districts this year is now alive.

A Prosecution for Polygamy.

One C. M. Owen of Salt Lake City has sworn out a warrant for the arrest of Angus Cannon, the Mormon leader, on the charge of unlawful cohabitatian. As Cannon is well known to have several wives, there will be no difficulty in establishing the charges. The issue of the warrant is regarded in some quarters as the initial step in a Gentile movement against polygamy, in which all the Mormon leaders are to figure, and in others as an attempt of certain sensational journals to get up a scare and lead an advertising crusade. In the event of extensive prosecutions it will be hard to obtain convictions, as the machinery of the courts is in the hands of Mormons and Utah juries will hardly convict on such charges. This is the first arrest of the kind made in Utah for several years. The Christian Endeavor Convention at Detroit has passed resolutions on the subject, calling on Congress to refuse Congressman Roberts, the polygamous representative recently elected in Salt Lake City, his seat, and asking for more stringent State laws and vigorous prosecution.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

FOR HONEST POLITICS.

If you are a Republican, and a self-respecting citizen of San Francisco, interested in its welfare, indignant at the political conditions here prevailing and anxious to remedy them, you have a duty to perform, and may contribute toward the material as well as the political good of your municipality.

In the advertising columns of the leading papers the following invitation is daily offered you:

VOTERS ATTENTION!

All Republicans and voters who are in favor of an honest administration of municipal affairs, and desire a voice in the selection of Delegates to the forthcoming Municipal Convention, will please send their names and residence addresses AT ONCE to

HENRY T. COTT,
Chairman Central Republican Committee.
Headquarters—Parlor Floor, Grand Hotel.
JAMES A. WILSON, Secretary.

Purpose—The classification into Districts and Precincts of such as are in sympathy with the above movement, for the purpose of organization.

Mr. Henry T. Scott, who stands sponsor for this invitation, is a highly respectable citizen, a man of courage and brains. He is identified with the progress and betterment of the State and city, and possesses a positive personality, capable of leadership in the right direction. Concerning the power back of the movement, we know nothing more than the meager outline furnished by the daily press. The man who is overly wise in politics, who is for the time against Bossism, may shake his head and sagely doubt the genuineness of the move, the ordinary citizen may question its feasibility and doubt its success, and so between suspicion and doubt the movement may fail to accomplish its full measure of good. If this happens, then, when election time rolls around, there will be no choice left to the Republican voter. He must bolt his party, refuse to vote, or endorse the ticket that will be named by the bosses. It will be too late to inaugurate a movement for decency "after a while." The time to lay such plans is *before* the conventions, not after them. Mr. Scott, who stands sponsor for the movement in question, is a resolute, determined man. He cannot afford to, and would not indulge in the petty and contemptible tricks of politics. His natural tendencies are of a different character. Before now, in the history of municipalities all over the union, modest beginnings, such as that which now invites the voters' participation, have revolutionized municipal politics. Heaven knows we need a local political revolution. The purpose of the call, as set forth in the advertisement, indicates that behind it there is the proper spirit of organization. It commences at the root, and calls upon all Republicans and voters who are in favor of an honest administration of public affairs to send in their names and addresses, so that for the purpose of organization they may be *classified into Districts and Precincts*. A postal card will do the work. The demands that may be made in the future upon the individuals so evincing their interest in good government are not likely to be onerous or disagreeable, while the good to result is likely to be incalculable.

This much is certain, the proposed organization is the only sign of hope or relief that appears in a horizon silhouetted with Bosses of the beetle-browed and ruffianly type. The movement does hold out a hope of party deliverance from them. If there is any better, more feasible plan, the daily press has not exploited it nor have they made any attacks upon this. There is a duty before the self-respecting Republican voter; let him add the influence of his name to this movement. He need not of necessity be the merchant or employer; he need not be old in the councils of the party. Whenever political revolutions of this sort have taken place, the chief work has devolved upon the young men. Some of whom in other cities have sprung rapidly to the front in governmental affairs. Give encouragement to the movement; it makes for good, and it is infinitely more important to labor in the field of politics before election, and before nominating conventions have met, than to waste energy on a party ticket—merely because it is a party ticket—nominated by the worst elements of the party.

AGUINALDO, BRYAN & CO.

Just now, it brings a sickening sensation to learn from the Eastern dispatches that an American audience greeted with "immense applause" the name of Aguinaldo and with "chilly silence" the mention of the name of Dewey. But the daily press assures us this was the case at a recent lecture in the East. Just now, it brings a tired feeling to read of the "prominent Democrat" who announces that "if Bryan is elected, the war will be ended and the troops withdrawn from the Philippines." There must be something radically wrong with the anti-expansionist whose conscience approves of Aguinaldo, and something worse with the politician who could give voice to such a speech. In America Aguinaldo is as interesting, among the sentimental element, as would be any other murderer upon whom sickly minded females are wont to bestow flowers and attention. They have builded him as a hero of a mold and type like unto Washington. Out of a treacherous, sneaking, villainous, blackmailing rascal they have fashioned and set up in the public parks of their private minds a high minded advocate of freedom and the liberty of man. But he is the direct reverse. He is a thrifty, heartless, professional revolutionist, whose business in life is to breed dissensions of which he is the leader—not for the purpose of delivering his people from tyranny and oppression, but to create a market for himself, to blackmail the government, and enrich Aguinaldo. He is distinguished from other murderers and fakers only by the wholesale character of his business. When the world is rid of him it will be enriched by his going. Only a few months ago he blackmailed poor old Spain and squeezed from her depleted treasury eight hundred thousand dollars to avoid a revolution. He urged the natives to rise up in arms and throw off the Spanish yoke, and in doing so selected an hour when Spain could not have spared the troops to put down another revolution. The natives, poor dumb driven creatures, responded in numbers sufficient to alarm the mother country, and meanwhile this thrifty patriot entered into negotiations to sell himself out and quell the threatened outbreak. The hero and his coconspirators netted eight huudred thousand dollars by the deal, and the ignorant native insurrectionist retired to his thatched house and rice fields. When Dewey conquered the Spanish fleet and Manila lay at the mercy of his guns, this very lovely Aguinaldo again became a Revolutionist, and fully expected that his services to America entitled him and his followers to loot and plunder the city, and as an incident thereto murder every Spaniard in Manila. When this programme was prevented by our troops, he was chagrined and angered that America should be so solicitous for the lives and property of its conquered enemies and so ungrateful to its allies. He then set up a claim for an independent government, not with a view possibly of establishing it so much as with a hope of blackmailing the United States into the payment of a large sum to insure peaceful occupation of the islands, for it was apparent after the war with Spain that the islands would go to America. This country did not submit to the blackmail or propose to purchase peace, hence the contest. It is noticeable that there is no general uprising of the inhabitants of the archipelago against American rule. The scene of all the disturbance is laid on one island, Luzon. The Philippine group embraces something like 1,400 islands, the inhabitants of which have no protest to offer, indeed, have sought the protection of our troops. It is only where Aguinaldo and his cabinet of blackmailers have influence that any resistance has been made. Probably nine-tenths of the poor devils who are bearing arms have no idea what they are fighting about, and would, if they could exercise their own choice, lay down their rifles and resume the ways of peace.

Our cheerful and murderous contemporary, the *Argonaut*, declares that "There appears no reason why the Americans could not have withdrawn from Manila the moment peace was declared." America would have presented a pitiable spectacle to the world had it been as wise as the *Argonaut's* editor. It would have been a base, a cowardly, an inhuman thing to do. Withdraw our troops, indeed! We would have left thousands of human beings at the mercy of a pitiless gang of savage desperados who had been supplied arms by Americans. A wholesale butchery, the looting and pillaging of a city, and the murdering of its inhabitants by the tacit consent of America would have offered a brilliant finale to this "war of humanity." A band of Apache Indians would have been more merciful than would these yellow devils led by Aguinaldo. It would have been an act of mercy, beside such a cowardly deed as withdrawing our troops, had Dewey in cold blood bombarded the city and killed every inhabitant thereof. "No reason why we should not withdraw our troops!" There was every reason dictated by humanity why the American troops should remain. There is not one good reason why they should be withdrawn. Meanwhile, let the Democrats circulate the story that if Bryan is elected the troops will be withdrawn; meanwhile, let the anti-expansionists encourage the Filipino to shoot down the American troops for a while longer—until after the next national campaign; meanwhile, let the politicians and sentimentalists urge Aguinaldo to stand by his guns until Bryan is elected, and perhaps he will contribute a portion of the eight hundred thousand dollars to the campaign fund of Democracy, perhaps some European Government anxious to secure the Philippines for itself will also contribute money to Bryan's election, and so by a bloodless battle at the American polls induct into office an administration willing to relinquish the islands to the natives, from whom they may easily wrested at some convenient future time.

The problem of making proper disposition of the volunteer troops returning from Manila does not concern this coastalone. It belongs to Pennsylvania, Minnesota, Kansas, Oregon and the States of the middle West as well. Very naturally and properly, San Francisco will give to the returning volunteers a cordial and hearty welcome. As a community it is difficult to do more, and it would be ungrateful to do less. The campaign which these soldiers of the Philippines have passed through has been one of hardships, and thinned regimental ranks testify that it has been one of dangers as well. Brave fellows who, but a few months ago, waved adieus to the throngs gathered at the piers, are now sleeping beneath the sod of the Philippines. With their surviving kin the Government must deal in the future, but as a government it will be difficult to provide for the several thousand idle men who will soon be mustered out of service.

It would seem as though no argument were necessary to induce employers to permit the returning volunteer to resume the place he resigned to take up arms for his country, yet if current rumor may be credited, argument of that sort will be necessary in some quarters. As a community, neither the city nor the State can provide employment or do much more than evince its appreciation of the bravery of these boys by a hearty public demonstration. Such a reception will do much to influence individual employers to a full sense of the obligations owing their former employes. In their home States another warm reception awaits the several regiments, and as no State is represented by more than one regiment, the absorbing of a thousand or more men into their former trades and professions will not present the difficulties that followed the mustering out of the soldiers after the Civil War.

The automobile has come to stay, and its coming will bring about a revolution in metropolitan and intra-mural transportation, the full scope of which it is difficult to realize just now. The first effort to naturally follow the introduction of this new vehicle will be better roads. Bicycles have already accomplished wonders in this direction, but there are further and greater improvements to follow. With better streets, except in the hilly portions of the city, the auto-mobile is likely to supplant the street car. It may receive and deliver its passengers at the curb, its speed will be as great as that of the trolley or cable lines, for both are restricted by law to eight miles per hour, and the automobile is capable of making fourteen miles per hour and over. If the motor omnibus becomes popular, then what becomes of municipal ownership of street-car lines? The problem is solved. With a satisfactory vehicle that requires no roadbed, no track, no cost of maintenance of way, a vehicle that can be bought and operated in large or small numbers by anyone, just as cabs are at present, where is the necessity or advisability of launching the municipality in the transportation business. In the matter of suburban passenger traffic, and express and freight, the automobile promises great changes. The residents of Burlingame, San Mateo, and similar towns along the peninsula, will have opened to them a new means of transportation, and private and public vehicles will, doubtless, line the roads leading out of the city. This revolution must operate to reduce freight, passenger and express rates on short hauls. Farmers may club together, purchase a machine, and play at the game of railroading. Interior merchants may, outward bound, carry the products of the farm to market and return laden with merchandise. On good roads it is claimed that fifty miles an hour may be made with the vehicle propelled by gasoline. It will ascend a twenty per cent grade and a vehicle weighing seven hundred pounds can be run for one hundred miles on five gallons of gasoline worth about fifty cents. While a tricycle weighing 150 pounds will run eighty miles on three pints of the same fluid.

One of the effects of the new motor will be to increase the popularity of suburban towns that may be conveniently reached by land. Towns situated with reference to the larger cities, similar to Oakland, may lose none of their advantages, but it is certain that villages like San Mateo, particularly where there is a marked change of climate for the better, will profit largely and witness a vigorous growth. The automobile will satisfactorily solve some of the transportation problems, and may put to rest the agitation for municipal ownership of at least one class of business.

The other day a woman drove into Zola's street with a gigantic bouquet in the vehicle which she had chartered. Having asked a policeman where Zola lived, she was directed to the house, and, alighting before it, she took the flowers to the chief door of No. 21 bis, untied them, and scattered the blossoms before the place. Then she reentered her vehicle and drove away.

Mlle. Cecile Chaminade is said to have planned a curious tour in this country for next season. She will appear only in private houses or at recitals of a semi-private nature given in small halls. Her compositions are known to every amateur with the least knowledge of music figures. She is the most widely known of any of the women composers.

Erecting a Trolley-Pole

Building the Smokestack

Transporting Poles

Tracklaying

The First Car

Government Officials and Military Authorities at the Opening

General View of Car and Power Houses

GENERAL VIEW OF THE ELECTRIC RAILWAY AT SEOUL, KOREA

Photos by H. R. Bostwick

KITCHENER THE HERO

A Near View of the Latest Social Lion of London.

It was not by any scheming of my own that I obtained, this week, my long-desired view of Sir Herbert Kitchener, the hero of the hour. Having schemed for a view of the House of Commons in action, if any such word can be applied to the slow motion of that British institution, I was overjoyed at receiving an invitation from my friend the "Honorable," who will be a Peer some day if he lives long enough, to witness a debate from the Peers' gallery. This is a privilege seldom extended to a mere commoner, least of all to one of the "Lesser breeds without the Law," and I was correspondingly elated. I would have been still more jubilant had I known that I was to witness a very exciting day in the House.

It was the evening of the debate over Lord Kitchener's proposed pension. This I knew before I went. At first view, the gathering was uninteresting enough. Heavy English stolidity—that is, I suppose, the natural impression, for an American, of the faces and speech and bearing of the British Parliament They were droning along monotonously when a heavy, clerical-looking man arose to speak. I cannot say that he produced any particular impression upon me as he stood there. "Dr. Wallace," said my friend, naming him as he had the other members who took the floor. The speaker had been on his feet perhaps five minutes, when he stopped, hesitated, grasped at the desk as though about to sit down, and sank to the floor. Over the audience passed that intense, aching stillness of a startled crowd; then came the shuffling of feet as the members crowded about him, but still no sound of a human voice except that of someone calling to them to stand back. Then people seemed to get their tongues, and the scene was one of confusion. They carried him out presently; five minutes later the house was at its business again. It was not until we left the gallery, at the close of debate, that we knew that we had seen a man dying. It was brutal, almost, in its abruptness—only five minutes to spare for him, and the machinery of government went on—without him.

They had settled down to work again, and John Morley was making rags of Kitchener's record in the Mahdi matter, when my friend the "Honorable" caught my arm and nodded toward a seat at our left.

"There he is," said he.

I followed his glance, and recognized Kitchener at once from his resemblance to the newspaper pictures. He sat leaning forward, with his heavy brows contracted into a frown. Thenceforth there was no attention to the speeches from me, save as they related to his varying expressions. They may speak as they will about the Sirdar's stolidity and his indifference to public opinion. I who watched him through that evening know that he really cared when Morley reproached him with the destruction of the Mahdi's remains, and that he was pleased, even to smiles, at Balfour's clever defence. That smile was the most wonderful and illuminating I saw in his face that evening. I can remember only one thing just like it — the expression I once saw on the face of a pugilist just about to give the *coup* to an opponent. It didn't fit his face, somehow, that square jaw and strong chin, and wide but thin-lipped mouth, full forehead, and thick brows. Kitchener's head and face give one the impression of massiveness — a point missed by the newspaper portraits. The head would be leonine but for the closely-cropped hair. But it does not overtop the body for all its massiveness, perhaps because it is set on a firm, strong neck, bronzed, like his face, by years of desert sun. His eyes — the glittering blue Kitchener eye, made famous by the British press — are the only indication of a certain fierceness underneath. I should not like to look into those with an evil conscience, so strong and clear and honest shines the will behind them.

Balfour and the other admirers of the Sirdar had expected to railroad the measure; the opposition from the Liberals was a little unexpected, and seemed most unwelcome to Kitchener, as I watched him. His heavy frown deepened when Campbell-Bannerman, the Liberal leader, characterized the scattering of the Mahdi's ashes as "desecration." When the debate waxed warm, and the house got into a flurry, he leaned back again and seemed just a trifle amused. That same flurry was a bit of comedy. The debate was dragging on, the evening was warm, and everything that need have been said was probably said long before. The body was called to order much as I have seen the American Congress disciplined. Presently they brought the matter to a vote and Kitchener had his pension and his vindication. The great man let loose an expression of gratification for just one moment, and then raised his great, long-limbed body, and was away.

"What do you think of his listening to the debate over himself?" I asked the Honorable.

"Deuced bad form," said he, shortly, which is a damning verdict in England.

As fate would have it, I saw the hero twice again this week, and under far different circumstances — first at Lord Salisbury's garden party at Hatfield House, and again at Lady Rothschild's ball. He was the central figure, the star performer, in both these festivities, although Royalty bestowed its presence on the former and the brains of the land thronged to the latter. They say that one generally goes to a Hatfield House garden-party to be splendidly bored. Lord Salisbury, as much a dabbler in chemistry as in politics, is a student by preference, and his lady and her sons are also serious rather than gay; so that you must take your pleasures sadly, and not look for any great splendor. But under this administration there has been a dearth of Foreign Office receptions, and the Hatfield hospitality this year was much more elaborate, they tell me, than on any past occasion. Lady Salisbury's old illness, which has kept her an invalid for so many years, prevented her assuming her office of hostess; the Princess of Wales was also absent, but with these exceptions everybody that is anybody was there. Aristocracy, power, brains, fashion—but amongst them all, everyone turned to Kitchener, who outshone even royalty itself. It would be harsh to say that the ladies followed in his train, dear me, no, but there are ways of making opportunities, and the Sirdar did not languish for want of feminine society. The tremendous fascination he possesses for women has already been commented on pretty extensively. I am cynical enough to believe that the feeling in these noble ladies comes from the same deep source in the feminine nature as does the nurse-girl's partiality for his own Tommy Atkins. I will also venture that he is not unmoved by their attentions any more than he was indifferent to the House of Commons' views on his victory. We ordinary mortals did not have much chance to feast our eyes, because the Prince's set held him most of the afternoon. The crowd had to amuse themselves as best they could, in the beautiful, terraced gardens of Hatfield House, with their delicious old-fashioned shrubbery. He was seen just once after the Prince's summons called him within; that was at tea, served in a huge tent on the principal terrace. I doubt if this, the old home of the Cecils, ever held a more thoroughly lionized individual since the day when the first Lord Cecil received it of Queen Elizabeth.

The hero was in plain evening dress at Lady Rothschild's, but the glamor of his presence outshone that of the Rothschild palace. From the aristocratic splendor of the Hatfield House affair to this plutocratic splendor was a far cry. There is not a corner in this financial king's residence that does not bear evidence of wealth, overwhelming wealth; yet it cannot be said, after all, that it is obstrusive. The saving touch of taste is on everything. That evening, half smart London crowded the great ballroom with its priceless painting and tapestries. By the way, when you speak of this apartment, you always remember the curtains; sage-green satin they are, with heavy embroidery, and so precious that the blinds are always drawn for fear of the effect of sunlight. The dining-room, and the corridors leading to it, were decorated with little peach and apricot trees, the fruit all growing, and on the buffet were orchids worth a prince's ransom. There were gems and jewels beyond number; Lady Rothschild's dress was ablaze with them, and through all this splendor moved the man who has starved and fought on the burning desert—for this and what goes with it. There was no royal enclosure to fence him from women this time, and as he led his train down the ballroom, I wondered if he really cared for all that sort of thing, whether he would not prefer to be starving and burning and commanding for just the chance of another day with the line of brown fanatics breaking under the fire of his machine-guns and the stand of his Highlanders.

AMOS SHELDON.

ABANDONED TITLES

Why Some of the Nobility Have Given Up Their Hereditary Rank.

"I half agree, sometimes, in your opera-bouffe attitude toward European nobility," said the Count.

The Count isn't much of a Count, by the way. Some four or five elder sons separate him from the small German estate that might be his in event of a landslide. Moreover, he doesn't hunt heiresses nor try to flaunt his title before adoring Americans. He is plain "Mr." in this country, and is mixed, *sub rosa*, in a German-American land company. An English tutor gave him his knowledge of the tongue, and long association with Western men has made him an American — externally.

"The Countesses in 'The Beggar Student' who have only one handkerchief between them, and a younger daughter forever hungry, aren't so rare in the European nobility as you might think," he continued. "Myself, I have seen a job lot of Roman Princesses trying to keep up appearances with the interest on nothing and a barn-like palace. Their long suit in the way of 'putting up a front,' as my American self would express it, was to drive out afternoons in great state, with Parisian hats and stylish waists and irreproachable gloves. But the keenest revenge an enemy might devise would be to get them on the ground, because their skirts and shoes were — well, not at all open to inspection. I have seen the trick tried, but I never saw any inducement strong enough to persuade the noble ladies out of their carriage.

"The worst about a small title in a small European kingdom is that it keeps spreading. The younger sons of a German Count, for example, are all Counts, although the elder gets the estates; therefore I have my title, while in England I would be an 'Honorable' or just a 'Mister,' with a chance to get out to the colonies and make a career for myself. But in the Fatherland pride of birth and contempt for vulgar trade or professional life goes with the name. That is why the army is full of them. It is about the only honorable career possible, and that is why so many of them are fortune-hunters — they can't help it. You Americans, who don't know conditions, can't see their reasons for not cutting loose and throwing the whole thing over, but the aristocratic idea is bred in the bones of all of us — in mine as much as in anyone's, I suppose, for all that I have mixed with Americans. Yet they do cut loose once in a while, and some of the cases make good stories. The best and biggest one would make a comic opera all by itself. You know the hero in this country — Prince Isenburg-Birstein — who cut a swath for a while in American society some seven or eight years ago. Perhaps you remember how he went from heiress to heiress, offering his left hand in marriage, and getting invariably refused. By the conditions of his title he could not marry an untitled foreigner in regular fashion; it must be a morganatic marriage or none at all. The pork aristocracy of Chicago wasn't looking for such matches, seeing that the children of a left-handed union don't inherit. So the Prince went back to his expectations and his debts. His father died soon after, and the liabilities of the estate were so far in advance of the assets that he had no visible means of support. Pride wouldn't let him drag the title into commerce, and besides no firm would have been reckless enough to take him in. A nobleman of his grade isn't responsible to German law, you know, so that he might have embezzled as he pleased and his employers would have had no recourse. But he had to make a living somehow, and it ended in his turning the title, estate, debts and all over to a nephew with money enough to support it. Then he began at the bottom in a banking-house, and is doing fairly well, they say. It was a pretty plucky thing to do from a German standpoint. The funny thing about the whole business is that, although he renounced his military title of Captain of Hussars, he is now really liable to military service, which he wouldn't have been if he'd kept his job as Prince.

"Only last year, a Count Fink von Finkenstein—wouldn't that name be a card in comic opera?—got into the courts over a question of this kind. He was a fiery, impetuous sort of young fellow, as I have cause to remember. See that?"—he lifted an end of his long, blonde moustache, and showed a crescent-shaped scar at the corner of his mouth. "That is my souvenir of him. Student duel, you know. This one was for real business, too. A woman made the trouble for him. She was of less than doubtful character, but Count von Finkenstein was determined to marry her, against the wishes of his relatives and of the German paternal government. It was a case of the woman or the title, and he took the woman. He got tired of her or she of him, of course, and when she threw him over altogether he began to use the title again, for purely commercial purposes. There was a huge scandal over the matter; the outraged relatives appealed to the courts, and he is now forbidden by law to be anything but Herr Muller, a name that is about as common in Germany as Smith in this country.

"Then, there are a few cases with a mystery to them. No one but those in the inner circle know why Archduke John of Austria asked to become plain John Orth. Some say that he was forced into the position because of plots and conspiracies, and they talk about a woman in the case. Anyway, he gave up everything, married a commoner, went to sea as a merchant skipper, and has not been heard from since. Neither does anyone know why Count Henry von Stolberg Wernigrode threw over *his* titles and appurtenances to be Henry Stoppelburg. Maybe he, too, had been plotting, because the Emperor was extremely prompt about granting permission. There are many others. Some of them do it for political motives. You know, doubtless, of Henri Rochefort, the Parisian journalist? Maybe you don't know that he could call himself Marquis de Rochefort-Lucay if he cared to. But it would not look well for a violent Republican to wear a handle like that to his name, so he formally renounced the title when it came his way. So did the Duke of Galliera, who became a Socialist, turned his inheritance over to Genoa, and went to teach mathematics. He goes by the name of Professor Ferrari, and is an authority on postage stamps as well as a Socialist leader. A freak case, from the European point of view, was Princess Pauline of Wurtemberg. She married a Dr. Williams and became a commoner to do it, and went in for the woman's emancipation. You're aware that I have the German idea about talking women, so I'll drop her case. They say she's a Socialist now, and wears red shirt waists.

"Things are different in England. Titles are rarer and bring more money with them, but there is one case there where a man gave up a title because he was too much of a gentleman to defame his mother. You know, maybe, that I don't think any too much of the run of our privileged nobility in Germany or anywhere. For downright, decadent blackguards, commend me to noble blood when it degenerates, but when they are of good stuff, then there is something in them — you'll pardon me if I say that it's something that you don't have, yet, over here. A man like this one makes up for a whole raft of blacklegs and swindlers with their family portraits in pawn. He was adjudged by the English courts the sixth Earl of Berkeley. His father and mother had been secretly married, and had had several sons before the marriage was repeated and openly acknowledged. He was the first son born after the second marriage, and upon his father's death the courts decided that he was the rightful heir, on the grounds that the first—the secret—marriage was illegal. He fought the decision to the highest courts, and since there was no appeal, he refused both title and estate. All this because the decision cast a stain on his mother's name. He died plain Mr. Berkeley, treating as an insult any attempt to address him by the title. More than that, they say that his reason for never marrying was that he didn't want the question renewed by a continuance of his line. So that he wasn't a nobleman in title, but there are other escutcheons"—— The Count broke off here, and looked fixedly out of the club windows, so that we couldn't see his face and accuse him of any German sentimentality.

ETIENNE MARCEL.

TROLLEY CARS IN SEOUL.

Truly the world wags on. Imagine it—an electric railway in Seoul, Korea! That is the very latest — in Korea, whose ruler is the "sick man" of the Orient. Think of overhead wires and trolley cars in that region of antiquities, pagodas and tall, comical headgear. Just how the system appears may be gathered from the accompanying photos, while the character of the system and the difficulties of installation and operation are to be realized from the following letter from H. R. Bostwick, formerly of San Francisco, who is manager of the Seoul Electric Company:

"The road is a ten-mile, overhead system electric trolley line, was constructed by Colloran & Bostwick, general contractors, and is equipped entirely with American machinery, cars and rails. It runs from the west gate of the city through the east gate to the tomb of the late Empress, whose murder some few years ago was chronicled all over the world. The company owning the road is composed entirely of Koreans, the capital was subscribed entirely by Koreans, and in operating the road it is proposed that Koreans shall supplant the foreign employes now engaged as soon as they become sufficiently proficient. For the present the Korean Company have secured the services of the American contractors to operate the road.

"The natives cannot explain to their satisfaction what moves the cars, but have finally reached the conclusion that it is some direct intervention of the Deity. Others imagine that the trolley wire is attached to the trolley pole and drags the car along. The lack of rain, from which the country is suffering at present, is attributed to the electric railway, and the ignorant and superstitious natives state that the power house is built directly over the abode of the great Rain Dragon, and that the weight of the machinery has injured his spine, and that no rain will fall till the power house is removed. As a consequence, we have at present a regiment of Korean soldiers stationed at the power house to prevent violence."

The Richmond *Times* doesn't believe that lynching prevents crime. "In spite of the fact," it says, "that Sam Hose was burned at the stake in Georgia, his horrible crime continues to be committed by negroes in Georgia, and even in that part of Georgia where Hose was burned. We have recorded within the last two weeks more than half a dozen such cases, and in yesterday's *Times* we recorded three more. The things seem to get worse instead of better."

THINGS AND PEOPLE

Any one with an eye for the beautiful and effective had to realize, in witnessing the Fourth of July parade in San Francisco, how thoroughly we were outdone by the stranger within our gates. The despised Chinese, placed at the rear of the procession because no white organization would march behind them, were so far the star feature that the rest were simply nowhere. There is a marvelous faculty born in the Celestial artist of mixing in combinations tints which the Aryan cannot manage without jarring discord. Who but a Chinaman dare mingle blue and green? Yet in the soft, dead tints of Chinese brocades, these two dwell together in harmony. In all that blaze of color there was not one combination that hurt the eyes. The unknown Chinamen directing matters were artists — would that I could say as much for the Fourth of July Committee who were responsible for the remainder! I do not care to point out to their confusion organizations that were trying with all their inartistic souls to bring beauty out of the unbeautiful, but after American maidens sitting stiff and important in bunchy white, and Turners in gymnasium suits and derby hats, and volunteers in campaign uniforms with white gloves, and childish mascots most horribly gotten up in red, white and blue stockings, the despised tailenders came as a salve to one's bruised artistic sense. We Occidentals simply could not have done it; generations upon generations of Oriental people who have made the pageant an art had to be behind such a display. To see the way the costuming was managed, in detail and effect, to see the way the performers acted and felt their parts, from the gravest soldier in ancient uniform to six-year-old Peachblossom of the Lily Feet, laughing from her stiff brocades with baby unconsciousness, was to realize a something beyond our achievement.

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By what oversight or prejudice have San Franciscans failed to realize the possibilities in the Chinese for purposes of display? Is it the worn-out survival of the old sand-lot days? Or merely lack of enterprise? New Orleans has a large French population, whose participation in the Mardi Gras festival has made that celebration a source of fame and profit to the city. Nearer home, Denver uses the Cowboys and Indians of the Rocky Mountain region in an annual Festival of Mountain and Plain, and the southern cities of California maintain, in their fiestas and flower festivals, a picturesque survival of Spanish days. Twice have the Chinese of San Francisco been given a chance to exhibit, in a small way, and both times they have completely eclipsed the Americans. In that far-off Utopian day when committees on national holidays get time to spare from watching the public treasury for a chance at the sack and from passing votes of exhoneration which do not exhonerate, they may have time to realize that San Francisco possesses material for pageants far beyond anything known to this country.

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A striking contrast of the Fourth of July parade in Seattle was that between the "kid" militia and the sturdy, middle-ageds sailor of the *Iowa*. Beside the sober, bronzed heroes of the late unpleasantness, the militia looked like a Sunday-school class. But the local soldier boys drilled well, with a swing and life that belonged to youth. There is a certain fresh enthusiasm about these young military men totally lacking in those who make war a real business. I grant they are not such effective fighting machines, but they have their place in the game. If you doubt it, look at the Washington Volunteers in Manila, just as young and giddy as these, but heroes of a dozen dashing charges that astonished veterans. There was hardly a man anywhere near thirty in all the militia companies; among the jackies, on the other hand, there were many grizzled heads and wrinkled faces. What is the fascination in the service which makes men renounce willingly family connections and shore comforts to wander over the world with a changing ship's crew for his family and a rolling deck for his home? One would think that the fascination would wear off when youth is past; that it does not, is proven by the number of middle-aged men in the *Iowa's* crew.

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The sailor boys were the principal attraction, but there was amusement enough in the crowded streets. For two nights thousands of electric lights turned the city into fairyland. There was never a jollier crowd in the Queen City than the one that packed every main thoroughfare the night of the Fourth. There was all sorts of fun agoing, fun such as you can have in Seattle alone, for nature has been kind in so making the surroundings that both land and water are available for sport. There was only one thing to mar the festivities—a lack of hotel aceommodation, which Seattle should remedy.

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A golden stream is pouring into Seattle from Alaska. Every ship down has as part of her cargo boxes and cans of gold dust. The vessels are unloaded with great rapidity and reloaded, and back they go to the land of treasure. It is not uncommon for three and four steamers to leave port for the North in one day. The scenes on the docks are interesting enough for anyone. Returning Klondikers are usually a happy lot. The percentage of those who fail is so small that it is scarcely noticeable among the happy faces seen leaving the ships. The men have made fortunes small and large, and they are contented. Down the gang plank they tramp, carrying their tin cans and boxes filled with the precious dust. Then there is a rush for cabs and wagons, for the miners scarcely ever walk to their stopping-places. They have enough of that in the North, and, besides, are possessed of enough vanity to "show off" just a little. Two steamers left last week on the same day for Skagway. They were the swift *City of Seattle* and the equally rapid *Humboldt*. Everybody expected that the two vessels would race, but they were disappointed, for their officers were instructed to make the trip on schedule time, just as if they had started on different days. The *City of Seattle* formerly plied on the Atlantic Coast and up and down the Hudson river. She practically make a river trip on the Alaskan route. But all this is straying from the thread of the story of Alaska gold. It will continue to come in all summer and until late in the fall. The larger portion of it will be handled by the local assay office, and its records will show nearly the total amount taken out. Miners, like men engaged in other occupation, grumble occasionally. Some of them have grumbled at the Seattle Assay Office. Their "kick" was published in one of the dailies and a prompt explanation was made by the assayer in charge. He said that the Government made the same rules for all the assay offices, but that some gold would bring more than other gold, even though taken from the same creek.

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A little over two years ago Seattle was very little known to Eastern people. Tacoma and Olympia were more often spoken of. Now it is Seattle everywhere. All sorts of conventions have been held there this summer and are going to be held there before fall. The Klondike boom is responsible for bringing the city into prominence. Canadian editors were there a few weeks ago, and more editors from all over the country are due; among others, the Missouri editors, who will be there next month. Editors are kings of visitors. When they return home they tell, through the columns of their papers, what they saw, and the town they have visited is benefitted. Seattle is no longer thought of as a little place that ships hops. It is now a full-fledged metropolitan seaport, and a new city is being built on the empty lots that made the place look so green and beautiful from the water front.

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Long before Admiral Dewey reaches New York, the silver service to be presented to his flagship, the *Olympia*, will be spread before him, and he and the other officers of the vessel will have the pleasure of using the beautiful silver which the people of the State of Washington have had manufactured as a token of their regard for the officers of the ship which is named after its capital city. The service was received in Seattle last week, and is now on exhibition in the large display windows of Graham & Moore. The set continued on exhibition until July 10th, and thousands of people saw it. It was ordered through Graham & Moore of Seattle, and every piece is a work of art. Silver mined in Washington was used exclusively. The punch bowl is probably the most beautiful piece. It is surmounted by a statue of Victory, designed by Douglas Tilden, the sculptor, and bears the inscription: "United States cruiser *Olympia*. Presented in the year 1899, by the people of the State of Washington, in recognition of the splendid services of the gallant ship named in honor of the capital city of our State."

SILVER PLATE PRESENTED TO ADMIRAL DEWEY AND THE OFFICERS OF THE "OLYMPIA" BY THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF WASHINGTON *Taber, photo*

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The name of every man on the vessel during the great naval battle is engraved on the tray. There are thirty pieces altogether, and they are said to be the finest ever turned out by a silversmith. There is also on exhibition a die of the chilled plate from which was cast the face of George Washington on the pieces. The set will be shipped to New York, whence it will be dispatched on a government boat which will meet the *Olympia* somewhere in the Mediterranean. This will give the fighting Admiral an opportunity to see the beautiful present and use it, for when his ship reaches New York he will be relieved from active duty. The set consists of ninety-nine pieces, and its cost was $7,050. It was manufactured by George C. Shreve & Co., of San Francisco.

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There are sites for a hundred villages on the shores of Lake Washington, and when the population of the State increases they will be established. This is not far distant. Seattle claims a population of 80,000, but it really has more. There is scarcely an empty dwelling to be found in the city and rooms are at a premium. Houses are going up everywhere, and yet the demand cannot be supplied. Lake Washington is only six miles from the Sound, and it is about the same distance across its waters from Seattle to the opposite shores. Viewed from Seattle, they present a dense growth of trees with here and there a clearing and the top of a summer residence peeping out. There is one public ferry, but with the increase of population will come more steamers, and the shores of the lake will be lined with cottages. It is an ideal place to live, and is not farther from the business center of the city than Oakland is from San Francisco, or Staten Island from New York City. Enterprising speculators have some of the land, but there is plenty left for those who have an eye for a beautiful place of residence.

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The tiny crafts that run from port to port on Puget Sound always give people from the Atlantic Coast a scare, but they testify to the pacific nature of the Sound. It is a calm body of water that seldom gets ruffled, and when it does, a run of a few miles will bring a vessel to a safe port. Tiny boats, as mentioned here, is not meant to convey the impression that all the Sound boats are small affairs, for they are not. Big liners that rival those on the Atlantic may be seen any day, but the vessels that run to the near-by ports and islands remind one of excursion steamers on the Harlem river in New York. Few of them are larger than ordinary Eastern tugboats. They carry passengers and farm products to the city, and they are always busy. Some of these toy boats have been towed around the Horn, and it is surely a miracle how they made this dangerous trip. But they are here, and Eastern people do not rest much on their first trip on them. A little time wears off this fear, however.

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An effort is being made to dismiss finally the Welburn case. If the Department of Justice in Washington agrees with United States District Attorney Coombs, that conviction is impossible, it will be sorely against the will of Special Agent Thomas, who, to spare his own blushes, has conspired to saddle the mal-administration of the Internal Revenue office on the unfortunate ex-Collector. The disagreement of the jury, recently, exhibited the impression the rehearsal of the evidence made on the average man's mind. To secure a conviction every effort was exhausted, but the rank favoritism and animosity of the prosecution were so palpable that they defeated their object. I do not say that Welburn is blameless, but his deputies and the Special Agent who connived and assisted at the irregularities are equally culpable. By Gavin McNab and Frank Gould, the the lawyers for Welburn, the case was excellently handled, and Mr. McNab's exposé of the doings of the conspirators was masterly.

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In San Francisco politics there are several interesting manifestations of life. The movement against Kelly and Crimmins is gaining force and attracting to itself independent Republican support. The rascally blanket ticket scheme is destined to defeat, and it would not surprise me if the Scott combination controlled the forthcoming convention. There is, throughout the party, a strong antagonism to the dominance of the saloon combination that so long has ruled, just as there was in the Democratic party against the sway of Rainey. The difficulty is in finding a leader, a man who knows enough about politics and their making to direct organization and a contest. Not a shred of credit, sentiment or respectability now clings to the machine, and given any rallying cry, it will be swept out of control at the forthcoming primary.

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In the Democracy the Committee of One Hundred is palpably in the lead. The Buckley element has no strength whatever—it is a joke. The disturbing element is the *Examiner*, which is doing its best to galvanize Raineyism into life and graft it again on the party. Wherever there is a meeting of Raineyites there is an *Examiner* reporter, and though the gathering is but a handful, it is blazoned forth next morning as an event. In spite of all this the party is united. I am told that certain of the leaders of the Reform forces talk of sending a round robin to W. R. Hearst, apprising him of the extraordinary association which exists between his journal and the political crooks. It is said he is already seriously alarmed on the subject, and it would need but little to bring about a reversal of the *Examiner's* hostility to the dominant element. In so far as the convention is concerned, there is little doubt but that Mayor Phelan, Assessor Dodge and City Attorney Franklin K. Lane will be renominated by acclamation.

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It is an opportune moment, now that the athletes of Yale and Harvard are again on their way to meet those of Oxford and Cambridge, to review the influence of these trans-Atlantic meetings upon American sport and sportsmen. Time was when American amateur sport outside the colleges was tinged through and through with professionalism, and when even the colleges were given to methods certainly questionable. American athletics were yet in their infancy; it was not certain but that football and track athletics were fads to be outworn and thrown aside. This, probably, as much as anything, caused the collegians of this country to play "dirty ball," to howl over decisions, to play masked professionals, and athletics were not old or well-established enough to have their code of ethics Then the first international athletic meetings occurred, and the American undergraduate had an opportunity to observe the methods on the other side, where sport is so ancient that its traditions have had time to crystallize, where there is no temptation to professionalism because the individual athletes come from the leisure classes, and where a great gulf is fixed be-

tween amateur and professional sporting ethics. He saw all this, he heard a little wholesome criticism on American athletic methods, and he came back to his own country a bit dissatisfied with things, which dissatisfaction is the first step in progress. Substantial results followed — the weeding-out of professionalism, the restriction of games to college grounds, the lifting of sporting ideals all around. I doubt if the manly, impartial and dignified tone of the Yale-Harvard contests of the last two years would have been possible had not Oxford and Cambridge shown the way. The improvement, too, has been most manifest in those colleges which have come most directly under English influence. Harvard and Yale lead for sportsmanship, Cornell follows; Pennsylvania, which has never sent a team across the water, is—— well, not always above suspicion. The Middle Western colleges still go in for masked professionals and riots at games and an "anything-to-win" policy.

And at home? In spite of some few admitted slips, in spite of the fact that intercollegiate baseball is frankly tainted with professionalism (and baseball is the hardest sport to cleanse of that taint), we of the Pacific Coast have cause for congratulation over the purity of amateur athletics in general and college athletics in particular. Perhaps two watchful and fair faculty committees have had something to do with the way Stanford and California have behaved, but the fact remains that there has been no field rioting, there has been little "yaaping" over decisions, and, always barring baseball, almost no professionalism. One improvement I would suggest: the time is at hand when college games in California should be played on college grounds. The huge advertising of the sporting undergraduate which he gets in the annual football parade before the public of San Francisco, is a harmful thing for a youth of college age. Those four years should be quiet years, set aside for earnest preparation for intellectual usefulness. The publicity given to certain undergraduates because of their athletic ability may be, often is, a drag upon their careers, pleasant as it seems at the time. Besides taking their attention away from the real objects of a University education, it tends to give them an exaggerated idea of their own importance, and heaven knows that the average college graduate needs no addition to his conceit. I am thoroughly aware of the fact that the reason for keeping the contests in the city is a financial one. College sport has a long business side, and a necessary one, since the American student is not able, like his British brother, to put up for his own training expenses. However, even at the cost of a reduction of the scale of training to which our athletes have been accustomed, it would still pay to take the contests away from the city and back to the college grounds, just as Yale and Harvard have done.

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New Whatcom, Wash.

OFFICERS OF THE FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS OF THE STATE OF WASHINGTON

WOMEN'S CLUBS

What These Organizations Have Accomplished in Washington.

It would be a waste of space to dilate on the influence of women's clubs in the civic life of this country. The target, at first, for much "superior" male joking, they have come to be a factor and a force in every enterprising community. The State of Washington is decidedly in the movement, as was shown by the large and enthusiastic convention held recently in Seattle. The State Federation numbered among its delegates, on this occasion, representatives from all the important cities of the State, including business, professional and literary women and workers in every line of philanthropic endeavor. The gathering was notable, also, for more than mere attendance. There was an earnest desire expressed for organized effort, and the Federation, for perhaps the first time, has found itself in a position to do united and harmonious work.

Much of this is due to the retiring President, Mrs. Amy P. S. Stacy of Tacoma, who has been head of the Federation for nearly three years. A woman of rare tact, a faithful and consistent church worker, she has, in her term of office, bound together the varying elements of the Federation and made progression possible. With her work the present Honorary President, Mrs. A. H. H. Stuart has been intimately associated. Mrs. Stuart is a business woman of Olympia, an organizer and charter member of the Woman's Club of that city, and has served the State as Chairman of the State Emigration Society. Her business ability has been of great service in her position of Auditor, in which office she has remained since the foundation of the Federation. Both these ladies will serve, the coming year, on the Board of Directors. The new President, Mrs. Kate J. Holmes, is serving her third term as President of the Woman's Century Club of Seattle. Her services in building up this flourishing club, her activity in influencing female legislation, have fitted her for the larger usefulness of her new position.

So much for the Federation. The clubs that compose it flourish in every city of the State. Seattle clubs formed a Federation, this year—a wheel within a wheel—for the entertainment of the greater Federation. The leading clubs of the Queen City are the Woman's Century, the P. E. O and the Wednesday Afternoon. From the first named of these comes this year's State President. Two of its active workers are Dr. Sarah Kendall, a physician who might have held, this year, the highest office in club circles had not her practice prevented, and Mrs. Homer Hill, who leads the suffrage movement in Washington, and whose endeavor among working-girls is of more than local fame. The P. E. O. sisterhood, a literary club which has also accomplished much in philanthropic work, has a large and flourishing membership with Mrs. E. P. Tremper at the head. Mrs. C. C. Maring, Corresponding Secretary of the W. S. F. W. C., makes this her club home. The Wednesday Afternoon Club has among its members Mrs. H. D. Tucker, who organized and presided over the City Federation.

A. H. H. STUART
Honorary President of Washington State Federation of Women's Clubs

The Olympia Woman's Club has the honor of being the first literary club for women in the State. From this purpose, the organization has branched out into benevolent and philanthropic work of all kinds. Under its auspices, Mrs. Ella S. Stork has put into operation the boy's club idea. Her club of boys and young men, though hampered by lack of funds and appliances, will compare favorably in every respect with those of the Eastern cities. Tacoma, the home of the Federation's honored retiring President, sent another prominent figure to the convention in the person of Mrs. A. B. Bull, whose forceful addresses were a strong feature of this year's gathering. She is head of the Woman's Shakespeare Club, and she brought with her a trained demi-chorus from the St. Cecilia Musical Club. Their singing was a pleasant diversion of the convention.

Spokane, with a half-dozen flourishing societies, probably heads the list of North Pacific cities for numbers. There is the Spokane Sorosis, presided over by Mrs. Lida M. Ashenfelter, the Froebel Club, given over, as its name suggests, to Kindergarten work, and the Twentieth Century Club, led by Mrs. A. J. Ross. The Cultus Club, literary in character, is about to issue a little book of verse, written by members. Last, but not least, is the Floral Association, combining the features of a Flower Mission with practical encouragement of the growing of shrubs and trees. Its beautiful "Aster Shows," and its distribution of flowers among the poor and sick of the city give proof of its successful work. Mrs. Z. A. Pfile is President, and Mrs. A. G. Kellum, Secretary.

Everett has an organization on wholly unique lines in a large and earnest woman's Book Club. It has accomplished the establishment of a City Library and of libraries in the city schools. The "curfew ordinance" and the savings bank system in the public schools are also the work of this energetic club, whose counsels are directed by Mrs. C. C. Brown, first vice-president of the State Federation. Then there is the Fortnightly Club of Pullman, a large and influential one for the size of the city where it is located. New Whatcom's Woman's Club claims as an honorary member the best-known if not, indeed, the ablest woman in the Northwest, in the person of Mrs. Ella Higginson, author of stories and verses known and admired the country over.

Finally, North Yakima with its club of fifty enterprising members, is to be the meeting-place of next year's convention. The cordial invitation extended by the members from this city was just as cordially accepted, and club affairs are consequently booming that city. Mrs. J. H. Snively, the President of this flourishing organization, is assisted in her work by the following officers: Mrs. J. W. Young, First Vice-President; Mrs. W. F. Prosser, Second Vice-President; Mrs. A. B. Scudder, Recording Secretary; Mrs. H. M. Bartlett, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. A. B. Weed, Treasurer; Mrs. G. W. Caref, Custodian.

Insurgent Trenches on Railroad near Malalos

After the Fighting Outside Malalos

View of Country Between Malabon and Caloocan, where Many Battles Were Fought

Wounded Filipinos in the American Lines

Flag Marking Spot Where Major McConvil'e of Idaho was Killed

The American Firing Line in the Advance on Malalos

THE CAMPAIGN IN THE PHILIPPINES

Photos by Douglas Young

The Morning Market, Johannisburg

A Boer Company in the Magato War

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THE TROUBLE IN THE TRANSVAAL: SCENES IN JOHANNISBURG AND THE SURROUNDING COUNTRY

INCIDENTS OF THE GOLF TOURNAMENT AND RACING MEET AT THE BURLINGAME COUNTRY CLUB

Photos by Wood & Backus

SPORT AT BURLINGAME

A Brisk Day's Racing with Ponies and Mules.

To the average citizen the word Burlingame, or, as he mockingly pronounces it, "B'lingum," is suggestive of "Cholly-boys" and Anglomania. Just what a "Cholly-boy" is can not be determined, but it is supposed to resemble strongly a comic-weekly dude. After conscientious search for this *rara avis* at Burlingame, it was not to be found. There were gentlemen with baggy breeches and tight boots, and there were many smart rigs. Also, there was a Prince and some Barons, but there was also a spirit of sportsmanship and of democracy of the kind to be found only on racetracks, where all men are equal except those with good information. If a readiness to take chances of life and limb merely for the fun of the thing be Anglomania, one may be forgiven for hoping that it will prove contagious.

The chief beauty about polo pony-raciag as practiced at Burlingame is the disregard of schedule. If a rider happens to be short of weight, it does not matter. If the entries are closed and some enthusiastic spectator desires to enter his steed, the judges have no objection, and a rider may be had for the asking. There was a large number of spectators, varying from the gentleman in the bell-crowned white hat, who tooled a drag, to the small boy who expressed the cheerful hope that "some felly'd fall off 'n hurt hisself." Admission, as at all Burlingame events, was free.

The Corbett track, on which the races were run, was dusty, and wide enough for five horses at a pinch. Hence, in the opening three-sixteenths scramble, the seven riders had a chance to display their ingenuity in breaking away even. The start was a standing one, devil take the hindmost, but the race was well run. Peanuts, ridden by Ollie Tobin, was first in a drive, Merrylegs, with Charles Dunphy up, second, and Dandy, piloted by Walter Hobart, third. The five-eighths was won by Walter Hobart on Camanche, Charles Dunphy taking the place with Killarney from F. J. Carolan by hard riding. The third race, a mile, was an easy first and second for Prince Poniatowski's Yucatan and Master Lee, ridden by Charles Dunphy and F. J. Carolan, respectively; Brag, H. D. Walter up, finished third. The fourth race, one-half mile, was won by Brandy, Walter Hobart up, Killarney, Charles Dunphy up, second, and Peanuts, Ollie Tobin up, third.

The fifth was, so to speak, "the event of the evening," etc. It was the three-sixteenths for mules, and the long-eared humming birds put up an exciting and entertaining contest. The prize was not alone to the fleet of foot but to the determined of character, and the determination shown by Peter Martin's mule and that ridden by F. J. Carolan left nothing to be desired. To begin with, there was Walter Hobart's exhibition of ground-and-lofty tumbling; then there was the start, which was picturesque, and finally there was the finish. Mr. Hobart's mule, having arbitrated his difficulties with his rider, won handily; J. Tobin's mule second, and A. von Shroeder's third, with Peter Martin's mule, guided by a halter and urged to exertion by a thick club, in the near vicinity.

The last race was one and a quarter miles over five hurdles, in which Dr. Tevis, ridden by Baron A. von Shroeder, defeated Jubilee, ridden by Ollie Tobin. The race was a pretty and spirited one, the hurdling clever and the "hiking" effective. After the races there were three rattling periods of polo, the teams, three on a side, being as follows: Blues—E. Tobin, Dunphy, Driscoll. Blues—Hobart, O. Tobin, Peter Martin.

Altogether, the men of the Burlingame Club are to be congratulated on the hearty and healthy spirit which prevails among them. The riders rode for glory and the fun of the thing. To anyone who has ever ridden a hurdle race, or endeavored to guide the wandering steps of an active and conscientious mule, the fun of the thing will appear not without its spice of interest. To those who have seen polo and know what a lively game means, the spirit which animates performers will appeal. Polo and pony racing are not games for young ladies and elderly gentlemen with torpid livers; they require a clear head, a steady hand and, above all, a stout heart. They are expensive and bring no return except pleasure and some local glory, but they are manly and gentlemanly, and as such there ought to be and is room for them in California.

HENRY RAYMOND.

Poodle Dog Restaurant, northeast corner of Eddy and Mason streets. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone Main 429. Blanco & Brun, proprietors

Notwithstanding the quietness that is prevailing in the hearts and homes of all my friends, Diary dear, I am managing to enjoy myself. Now is the time for the winter debutante to begin to make friends with the right people. I never had any of that sort of thing to do, for Leila had been a popular and quite untalked-of girl, so my first year was plain sailing. I had gone to school, too, with several of the girls who made their debut at the same time. Consequently, I was invited to receive at their teas, and I did so enjoy myself. Ethel Hager is the jolliest of the debutantes of this year. She is so witty and bright, and is very full of tact. Emily, I suppose, will entertain a good deal for her, and Ethel should be a great success. Emily, Ethel and Ella Morgan expend to spend this month at Del Monte. Mary Scott has no sister, so things will not be quite so easy for her. Of course, Mrs. Henry is a woman of the world, has entertained a great deal, and thoroughly understands men and women, and has as impregnable a social position as anyone here, but there are so many details that, unless a girl has a sister, she must learn for herself. I know, at the commencement of my first season, Leila said to me: "Cricket, dear, you must not drink champagne at the cotillions, nor at dinners, for, if afterwards you are gay, your friends will say, in the most insinuating manner possible, 'Champagne is so insidious, and young girls do not realize it.'" Now, if Mamma had said that to me, I should have put it down to being too careful, but with Leila I never thought of that. I knew it was what she had learned from experience. Then again, cognizant of the fact that I would be popular, and sure to be rushed by a few fellows, she warned me against sitting out dances at any of the parties, and begged me to be sweet to the married women. I did try to follow her advice and had a splendid season, though I remember one month going to fourteen dinners and at each one being put next to the same man.

Mary Crocker is to make her debut in New York, Mrs. Alexander chaperoning her. I know she will be a success, for she is so sweet. Her aunt will entertain, and entertaining counts a whole lot. Georgia Hopkins' path has already been strewn with flowers, for Helen and Edna are general favorites. I hope this will be a gay winter, for I have unfortunately to remain here with Papa and Aunt Sybil. Mamma and Leila sail for Japan and China, and then will go to Europe in August. I shall miss Leila, but Mamma, I think, will enjoy herself infinitely more without the strain of my chatter continuously buzzing in her ear.

There will be a good number of golf luncheons at the Presidio Links this winter, and I think also at Burlingame and Oakland. It is so jolly to have girl luncheons away from home, and saves one's own cook so much worry and anxiety. Dinners are different. There are, in the first place, men, and cooks invariably prefer to get up a fine dinner for men, who are half way epicures, than for any sort of a woman. I know our Jim is so fine for a big dinner, whereas, if I suggest a luncheon, he says, "You go University Club. No likee luncheon." That is one reason why I do go there so frequently, and really I don't find it any more expensive.

Oakland people were charmed that Alice Moffitt won the contest at Burlingame. She played well and looked so happy when she was told her score. For my part, I was disappointed that Mrs. Gilman Brown did not come in first. She has such a fine swing, and has done more for golf in San Rafael than anyone else there. Eleanor Morrow of San Rafael

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promises to be a fine player. In the ladies' contest, recently given there, she came in first, and she really has not been playing such a long time. San Rafael was the gayest of all resorts on the Fourth. The hotel people all joined in the procession. The Warfields decorated a bus with flags and colored bunting, and Therese Morgan, Cora Smedburg, Eleanor Morrow, Clarence Follis, Emerson Warfield and a few others got on top with American flags, and back of them came the Johnson drag. It was beautifully decorated with hydrangeas of the most beautiful colors. Mr. Frank Johnson drove and Mrs. Fred Green sat beside him. Inside were Mrs. Johnson, Dorothy Patton, Della Dibblee, Lily O'Connor and Katherine Dillon, all dressed in white or blue, with white hats and red parasols. The Van Winkles had Tarn McGrew, Jennie Blair and Fritz Bottom. The Tompkinses had May Bell Gwin and Dr. Philip King Brown, and then came the Oxnards and Bottoms, and ever so many others that I have forgotten. It was awfully fine for the people of San Rafael, for it added so much to their procession. There was general disappointment that Hardy had to lose the tennis match, for he played a fine line game, but he does not seem to possess the same self-possession that Whitney has. It was a quick match, and the courts were quite crowded with people.

The few days after the Fourth most people rest, but not so at Burlingame. The weather was perfectly lovely, and I do not think I ever saw so many playing polo. The links, too, have been pretty well patronized.

Helen Thornton was married on Wednesday to Monsieur Schassi in London. He is an awfully nice Frenchman, who is said to be very distinguished looking and has a chateau near Saint Germain. Helen is simply wildly happy, though she wrote me a few weeks ago that she hated to give up her girl friends, but she could not resist the life and pleasure of Paris. I think Helen will be very happy married to a Frenchman, for she has lived there so long and has known French people very intimately. She is a dear girl and we shall all miss her very much.

I hope, Diary dear, to be more entertaining next week, but this is just the calm after the storm. MISS CRICKET.

* *

The grounds and piazzas of the Hotel Belvedere never looked so pretty as on the eve of the Glorious Fourth, when the hotel gave its masquerade. Under a wilderness of Japanese lanterns, the guests and their visitors romped and frolicked until the midnight boat came to drag away the pilgrims from San Francisco. This did not stop the fun of the guests, however, and they kept it up till the small hours. Among the late arrivals are: Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Dimond, Miss Ethel Dimond, Mr. Alan Dimond, General W. H. L. Barnes and Dr. and Mrs. G. E. Kenyon of San Francisco, Mrs. Geo. W. Cope and the Misses Hazel and Vera Cope of Alameda and W. E. Osborne of New York City.

From the day that a young man starts out to seek his first position to the end of his business life, his health has a world to do with his success. When a young man applies to a business man for a position, his personal appearance has a deal to do with the outcome. "Personal appearance" does not mean dress alone. It does not mean exterior cleanliness alone. A young man may be clean, so far as soap and water will make him, but be disfigured by unsightly pimples, eruptions and ulcerations on the skin. These are due to impurities in the blood. The blood becomes impure because it is improperly nourished. Instead of receiving the life-giving elements of the food, it receives the foul emanations of indigestion, bilousness and costiveness.

The reason that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the best remedy for disorders of this description is that it goes right to first causes. It gives a man an appetite "like a horse." It facilitates the flow of digestive juices. It corrects all disorders of the digestion, and makes the assimilation of the life-giving elements of the food perfect. It invigorates the liver. It purifies and enriches the blood. It makes the muscles strong and active. It tones and steadies the nerves. It makes a young man look as he should—strong of body, alert of brain and clean and wholesome of skin. Medicine dealers sell it, and have nothing "just as good."

"I had eczema in its worst form," writes Austin Ramsey, Esq., of Saltillo, Huntingdon Co., Pa. "I tried three doctors but got no relief. I thought it would set me wild it itched and burned so badly. The neighbors thought I would never be cured. I took your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and am now well."

ROUGE ET NOIR

An Entertaining Volume on Gambling and Stock Speculation.

The author of *The Gambling World* (Dodd, Mead & Co.) undoubtedly has had experience. From the tone of his criticism, it is evident he has suffered many an outrage at the hands of the fickle jade fortune. There is personal feeling in the unmerciful scoring he inflicts on the credulity and self-delusion of the average punter. Indeed, however, he holds up to denunciation all ventures in chance from stock speculation to life insurance. Let not the casual reader imagine "Rouge et Noir" (the author's *nom de plume*) is a moralist. Not for a moment. He does not consider it immoral to "have a bit on"; frankly he explains his misadventures—but he declares the indulgence a waste of time, a senseless vice. Listen to the rhodomontade for instance:

But if men are deceived by professional swindlers, by greedy rogues and false friends, they are more grossly deceived by their own stupidity, their own passions, by themselves, in fact. To what paltry pursuits they devote themselves, on what evanescent interests they make their happiness dependent. They grow enthusiastic over a wretched footrace run by two or more cads, dressed in dirty drawers, in the neighborhood of some public house; over a horserace they go mad, grow into perfect maniacs over a boatrace, and howl and yell themselves into a state of insane frenzy over an athletic or football match at the Oval. And when the contest—always stupid and often revolting in itself—is over, what then? What good has been gained, what benefit conferred on the world? Money has changed hands between fools or rogues, and the sporting papers have had a tremendous sale.

How is that? No discount on the vigor of that vituperation. Nor does our author stop there. He declares all England infected by the gambling mania. Not foreign competition is it that ruins the trade of England, but betting. Civilization forsooth—"a hollow sham where every art of deceit and treachery is refined to the highest degree." He goes further. He swings a clubbed pen with both hands, and one might well blush after reading these chronicles at admitting "having a bit on" anywhere. But it is at the latter end of his volume that "Rouge et Noir" becomes so ardent. In the beginning he is more entertaining. There is something about all forms of gambling and speculative manias past and present. From John Law to dealings in industrials he ranges, and much curious information is conveyed. He wastes not, nor does he mince words, and can give you in a nutshell episodes it would take Justin McCarthy half a volume to convey. His anecdotes, however, are invariably of the "grouse in the gunroom" order. One might as well try to avoid death as the point of them.

So experienced a punter as "Rouge et Noir" has undoubtedly experimented with all the systems in existence, and I turned with interest to the chapter in which he deals with this branch of the subject:

"Thousands of men," he says, "and some of them clever mathematicians, too, have racked their brains to discover a method of playing which should ensure a certain gain, were it ever so small, on their daily operations at the roullette table. But no such system is possible. If it were, it would have been discovered long ago. That the tables still flourish is proof enough, for no bank could stand against an infallible system."

Pure mathematics denies that either luck or chance exist. It has a theory of probabilities that was invented by Pascal. Here is the proposition, duly formulated, by which the scientists reason:

If an event may take place in different ways, and each of these be equally liable to happen, the probability that it will take place in a specified way is properly represented by 1-n, certainty being represented by unity; or, which is the same thing, if the value of certainty be unity, the value of the expectation that the event will happen in a specified way is 1-n.

Somewhat complex for those whose minds are not mathematical. This is easier:

Three white and two black balls being placed in a bag, what is the probability of drawing a white ball rather than a black one? There are five chances, three in favor of white and two in favor of black balls, represented by 1-5. The chance of drawing a white ball is represented by 3-5, and the chance of a black ball by 2-5. The mathematical probability is thus represented by a fraction whose numerator expresses the favorable chances, and the denominator the total number of possible chances.

The difficulty of it is, as our author sagely observes, "white or black balls will come out perversely in opposition to the rule laid down by the theory of chances. Why? Because in calculating averages, vast numbers are employed, whereas, in a game of chance, the experience is limited. You may bet one to four to drawing spade, heart, diamond or club, but there are ten million chances against drawing an ace nine times in succession. When two persons set out to play against one another, the chances are equal for both, theoretically, though it may turn out that the one nearly always wins, and the other nearly always loses. Why so? Because the possibilities of any number or card turning up are unlimited, while the number of throws is limited. However, "Rouge et Noir" was not always as wise as this. He had a system once, and this is the story of it:

"A good many years ago I was foolish enough to believe in a system I had tried at home and found to answer admirably. I did not know then that you always win as long as you play with counters or beans, but such is the cussedness of fate! Well, I went to Monte Carlo with a capital of £1,000, and played according to my system, but not so much because of real faith in the system as because its adoption saved me the trouble of calculating my chances and arranging my misses at every stake. My standard stake was one louis; if I lost I doubled my stake, and so on through the whole martingale up to to the maximum of 6,000f. Now, almost every day I was driven up to the maximum, but then, as the sum I could win, supposing I was lucky, was too small to justify the risk I had to run, I always got the bank's consent to stake a higher sum than the maximum, and so staked 7,000f., 8,000f. and 9,000f. And on every occasion I was fortunate enough to win the increased maximum, and for six days I retired from the rooms with a clear gain of from £90 to £130. I staked on rouge or noir only, but varied the position of my stake according to my prearranged system, which I now began to look upon as having something in it. But I triumphed too soon. On the seventh day—it was a Sunday—when out of the trade winds of good fortune, I was driven into and passed through a perfect hurricane of ill luck, for in less than three-quarters of an hour I lost not only the winnings of the whole week—though still playing according to my system—but some £400 besides, for twice within the short time mentioned I was driven to stake the maximum of 8,000f., and lost it both times. I then risked 1,000f. and won; I staked another note of the same amount and lost.

"A lady who sat next to me and had been watching my play for some days, said to me:

"'You have stayed too long; you have wearied your luck. Go away and come back in a week; you will then be lucky again.'

"I took the first part of her advice, but not the second, for I did not go back. A clerical-looking gentleman who, it appears, had seen me lose, came up to me as I was lighting a cigar outside, and told me it was a punishment for profaning the Lord's day. I replied:

"Well, the banker profaned it, too, and yet he is favored. Why should I alone be punished? And," I continued, "it seems to me rather strange that one of your cloth should enter so wicked a place on the Lord's day."

That shut him up.

An example of a system that was not a system is that of two Russians, brothers, who played one season at Homburg and won a half million francs. One of them watched the play without staking and noticed the frequent recurrence of the same numbers. He discovered it was due to the fact that in cleaning the roulette the servant was obliged to press heavily on certain parts which took a polish with difficulty. This caused depressions in the brass imperceptible to the eye, but palpable in results. The rolling ball was driven from its course by these indentations, hence certain numbers were sure to win. On this knowledge the brothers regulated their play, winning a thousand francs a day and then turning up two days' later. The astounding success of Charles Wells in 1890 is mentioned, and is explained by the fact that Wells played boldly and remained cool. He kept on with double stakes, following up the table assiduously with the maximum whether he won or lost, and dropping his stakes to smaller amounts when the cards or colors were persistently intermittent. Thus he gained about $150,000, but next season lost and finished his career in prison.

After making a liberal discount for the peculiarities of Rouge et Noir, it must be admitted he has made a most readable and informative book. His attitude of robust denunciation is hardly the proper tone for such a series of exposes as are here attempted; the average man is liable to make allowances for the somewhat prejudiced individuality which is so generously exhibited. For all that the author is not so very far wrong, and in San Francisco his crusade might, if directed in the proper quarter, have notable results. C.

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with local applications, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medieine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

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Whist and Woman.

When Dolly played a game of whist
A dozen years ago,
On leading high she would insist,
Instead of leading low;
She dearly loved a singleton,
And never led a trump,
But saved them till the hand was done
And lost them in a lump.

She ne'er declared her longest suit,
She led up to the strong,
She loved finessing, past dispute,
But always finessed wrong;
She trumped my trick (with such a smile),
She ne'er returned my lead,
Revoked, misdealt—but all the while
She "just loved whist, indeed."

Well, all that's past; and Dorothy,
When she plays whist to-day,
Does it with high proficiency
In a superior way;
She knows her Fish-r Ames by heart,
A long suit she adores,
Her partner's hand of hers is part,
She signals, echoes, scores.

She leads the fourth best card by rule.
The talisman of yore,
Is but a trump—a useful tool,
But treasured up no more;
A cross-ruff is her highest joy,
Revoking is a crime
Whist parties all her thoughts employ
And fill up all her time.

'Tis sweet, indeed, to view the change,
To see the earnest maid
O'er Pole's domain ambitious range
And cast him in the shade;
Yet sometimes—being but a man,
A mere misogynist—
I sigh for Dolly's smile and fan,
And Dolly's game of whist

—*Scribner's Magazine.*

When We Grow Old.

When we grow old, dear love, and from my eyes
The light and brilliance of my hot youth dies,
And all the fairness you are praising now
Casts but its wraith o'er lip and cheek and brow,
While one by one our golden visions flee—
I ask you—will you love me faithfully
When we grow old?

When time shall turn these sunny locks to gray,
From my trim form all beauty take away,
When grace and ease and elegance are gone,
And naught is left Love's fires to feed upon,
You, whom I chose my king among all men,
Still your heart's queen, shall I be reigning then—
When we grow old?

God keep you ever happy by my side!
Though age may stem this fevered passion tide,
When worn and weary down Life's vale we stray,
Be my heart's anchor as you are to-day;
Be my true love that shall the closer cling
Through all the changes coming years may bring;
Our faith upheld—count this our lasting gain
That we so live that Love undimmed remain
When we grow old!

—*Annie G. Hopkins in Pall Mall Magazine.*

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The California Hotel is the only modern-built, absolutely fire-proof hotel in San Francisco. It is strictly first-class in every respect. Many of our best families make it their permanent home, while it is undoubtedly the favorite stopping place for tourists from all parts of the world and for our army and navy officers. General R. H. Warfield is the manager, and he has drawn about him an able corps of gentlemanly assistants, all of whom study the comfort of guests, and who are thoroughly acquainted with all the details attached to the managing of a large and first-class house. San Francisco may well feel proud of her only fire-proof hotel—the California Hotel.

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J. F. MULGREW, Proprietor.

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If you want the best of recreation,
If you want pure air and sunshine,
If you want to enjoy an exhilarating climate,
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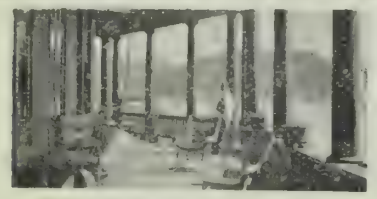

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Hotel and cottage rates, $10 to $14 per week.

Take San Francisco and North Pacific Railway to Hopland, or Southern Pacific Railroad to Calistoga.

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SCIENTIFIC NOTES

A new and expeditious method of driving piles is described in the instructions for the Russian Engineer Corps. On two sides of the pile to be driven are made longitudinal grooves of sufficient width and depth to receive ordinary gas pipes one inch in diameter, terminating in nozzles turned toward the point of the pile. The pipes are held in place by light staples, and to their upper ends are attached rubber tubes connected with a force pump capable of delivering water under a pressure of seventy-one pounds per square inch. It is said that the outflow of this water at the point of the pile causes the latter to sink three or four times more rapidly than it would under the action of a pile driver. A few blows are given, however, when the pile has reached the desired depth, to secure the necessary consolidation, when the gas pipes are withdrawn.

A number of experiments have been completed in Zurich, Switzerland, with ball bearings for street railways. They were all unsuccessful until M. Schuppiser arranged balls to take the side pressure as well as the weight. The arrangement consisted of two rows of sixteen balls each, nineteen millimetres in diameter, for carrying weight, and two rows of twenty-six balls, each twelve millimetres in diameter, for taking the side pressure. The bearings are arranged so that they may be moved into four new positions so as to distribute the wear. On one line the saving of power was found to be 20 per cent, and when the grade was small 37.8 per cent. On another line an average of 24 per cent saving was obtained. Previous experiments on this side of the Atlantic have not been very successful.

The French Government has tried to produce a harmless match with phosphorus, and its engineers, MM. Sevene and Cohen, have partly succeeded. They use sesquisulphide of phosphorus for the deleterious white phosphorus. It is made by combining sulphur and amorphous phosphorus, and emits no vapors at ordinary temperatures. To make the matches more inflammable chlorate of potash is added to the paste, which consists of sesquisulphide of phosphorus, 6 parts; chlorate of potash, 24; white zinc, 6; red ochre, 6; powdered glass, 6; glue, 18; and water, 34 parts. This formula varies a little according as the paste is for wax, paraffined, or sulphur matches.

A French aeronaut has invented a balloon bridge, which is not a bridge sustained by balloons in the air, but supported by small balloons or air bags on the surface of the water. For a river one hundred yards wide two hundred bags are required, and one hundred men can build the bridge in less than an hour. A platform of twenty-one wooden rafts, end to end, and tied by ropes, is laid upon the bags. This new pontoon is actually in use in the French army.

Dr. Issutschenko, a Russian physician, has announced that he has discovered a microbe pathogenic of rats. An epidemic having broken out among rats kept for experimental purposes in the government agricultural laboratory, bacilli were isolated from the liver and spleen of the affected animals, and they proved very fatal to rats and mice. Further developments will be looked for with interest.

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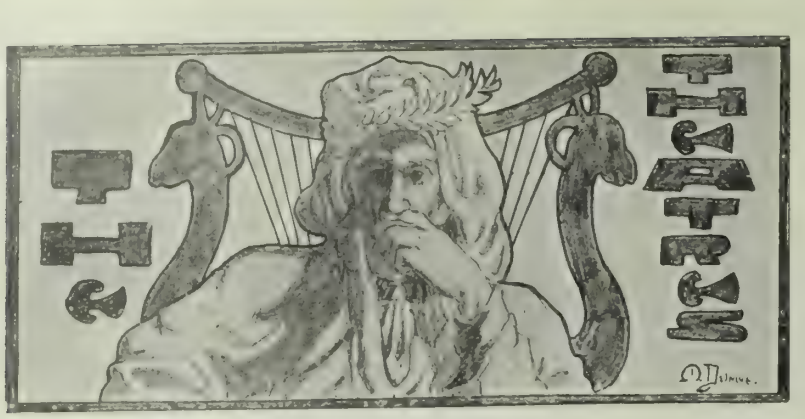

In presenting "Lord and Lady Algy" in London, the acquaintance of the audience with the types represented may be taken for granted. There, the horsey, impecunious aristocrat is a familiar figure. The son of a nobleman, moving in the highest society, educated at Eton and Oxford, but without duty or vocation, he makes an occupation of horse-racing, associates with jockeys, and interlands his conversation with the slang of the stables and the gossip of the hunting-field. He talks and thinks horse, and his ideal woman is she who is capable of sustaining her end of this chatter. The type is distinctly and characteristically English. There are scores of Lord and Lady Algys in the London swim; they abound in the counties, and you will find numbers of them at Ascot or Goodwood. But in America we know them not as yet. The hunting set of New York and Boston supplies a few prototypes, perhaps, but most of the men who follow the hounds at Westchester or at Brookline on Saturdays or Sundays are in business the rest of the week. An American who does nothing is really out of it. An Englishman whose income permits him a life of elegant leisure is none the less esteemed for all his idleness.

So the English understand my Lord and Lady Algy. In the States it is only an interesting, rather amusing comedy, in which all the *dramatis personæ* are titled, and the situations, though sufficiently proper, are suggestive enough to be spicy and striking enough to be novel.

In New York this comedy made a hit so great that it will be put on again in the autumn. Not having witnessed the presentation there it is impossible for the writer to draw comparisons between Henry Miller's conception of Lord Algy's role and that of Faversham. I can readily believe, however, that the other parts were not done better at the Empire than at the Columbia. For instance, Charles Walcott as the Duke of Droneborough—a genuine, authentic figure, who realized one's conception of the distinguished and irascible nobleman. He was not the Walcott of "The Liars," and decidedly not the Walcott of "Lady Ursula," but a new personage, who acceptably deliniated and individualized the character assigned to him. In a lesser degree, this is true also of Guy Standing (Marquis of Quarmby, the Duke's eldest son); he suggested the type his role called for—the young nobleman in public life, who observes the conventionalities, sins on the sly and is quite satisfied to have his younger brother or anyone else shoulder the burden of his wrongdoing.

When one comes to consider Henry Miller's Lord Algy, the verdict must be different. Allowing for unavoidable imperfections in the performance on Monday night, it was evident that this very correct and agreeable actor had no conception of the personality of the sporting aristocrat. He could realize and suggest the relation between the man and his wife, but he did not touch the type at all. Your Algys are not of the regulated and debonair manner of Miller. Rather do they wear the slangy air of Denton, as portrayed by O. L. Willard. In the first act, Miller was too constrained. In the second, he presented an exaggerated form of bibulousness out of harmony with the exigencies of the part. It was a delicious opportunity for comedy, and Miller really lost for a time that sense of his own identity that is the bane of his art, but he was far too drunk. Instead of being delightfully and humorously tipsy, he was uproariously intoxicated, so intoxicated that, had he so appeared in society, he would at once have been led home by his friends. The fact, however, that he could really emerge from the constraining bonds of his well-drilled personality is the best sign of his talent that Miller has yet given us. In "The Liars" he is successful because the role fitted his individuality. In "Lady Ursula" he was cast quite out of his line, and again in this play he essays a part beyond the limit of his experience. John Drew could do it. I believe Faversham rendered it admirably in the New York production, but he is an Englishman, and he knows several Algeron Chetlands.

In criticizing Miller, it must be remembered that he is dealing in San Francisco with a set of players who are new to their roles, and who are not accustomed to quick changes. As members of Eastern troupes, they are habituated to long runs, and really learn their parts after they begin to play them. During this engagement the leading members of the company are subjecting themselves to the hardest kind of work—constant rehearsals and regular performances. Most especially Miller, who has devoted himself with most commendable assiduity to preparing for each production, to the detriment, perhaps, of his own work. The wear and tear has been too much for Miss Anglin, who, in the role of Lady Algy, was obviously struggling against physical disability. Yet the piquancy and charm of her personality and her undeniable talent and flexibility made her exposition acceptable and artistic, if less robust and racy than is befitting the role. Blanche Burton, as Mrs. Tudway, has an ungrateful makeshift of a part that she enacts with all the grace there is opportunity for. Brabazon Tudway was over-acted in the second act, but in the third was better, especially in the effusiveness of his toadyism. Especial commendation is due Frank Lamb's Swepson and young Whiffen's Mawley Jemmett.

As for the play—it is full of opportunities for the principal roles. A better part than that of

MANOLA MOULD
With Blanche Bates and Company at the California.

Lord Algy it would be difficult to find, but it is a character actor's role, not a leading man's. It is a tribute to Mr. Miller's cleverness that he is able to give so agreeable a performance. Though he be not the part, he is always a figure, and his personality is so strong that he never falls short of his responsibilities. In spite of all blemishes and imperfections, "Lord and Lady Algy" is thoroughly interesting, and the mounting is delightful. Altogether it is a most creditable production. C.

* *

It is still Hayes and Lytton, and only Hayes and Lytton, at the Orpheum; that marvelous pair, who outdo for coarseness May Irwin when she is at her worst and the Rays and—any standard the stage offers for frank, honest, heavy-weight vulgarity—and who keep you laughing through it all in spite of your better nature. The highest point, artistically, of the whole performance is when Cock Eyed Hogan discovers, in a moment of financial embarrassment, that his stolen coat is full of money; the lowest—Heaven save the mark, I am so bewildered with memories of humor depending on eating with the mouth full and sitting down sidewise to avoid splitting a pair of tight trousers, and shampooing with champagne, and smiting a smiling supe with loose celery, that I pause in bewilderment to suspend judgment.

Minnie Palmer, of "My Sweetheart" fame, is the most interesting of the new people. She brings a sketch, "Rose Pompon," really far above the run of vaudeville "playettes." An actress with the natural charm to really seem the siren who sings and dances and smiles her way into the graces of the old soldier would be a great deal more convincing; as it is, Miss Palmer plays the part quite acceptably, especially in the serious work which begins and ends the sketch.

Dr. G. A. Danziger, Dentist, 22 Geary street

Dr. C. W. Decker, Dentist, 806 Market Street

"Camille," with Florence Roberts in the title part, has been playing to good houses at the Alcazar. Emotional parts suit Miss Roberts. Her portrayal of the consumptive heroine was the best performance she has given us. Next week she will have another opportunity in the same line as Mercy Merrick in "The New Magdalen," and old favorite which we have not had here for several years.

* *

DRAMATIC NOTES

The return of the Frawley combination, headed by Blanche Bates, to the California, is an event of considerable moment. Since her departure from San Francisco, Miss Bates has gained considerable prominence and figures now as one of the leading actresses of the country. Her experience in the East, it is said, has ripened and matured her art, and it will be a vastly more accomplished actress who appears at the California to-night than she who left here last season. There are some remarkably pretty women in the new company, among them Miss Manola Mould, whose portrait appears on this page.

Four new acts at the Orpheum next week. Kilpatrick & Barber, trick bicyclists, direct from England, promise thrilling novelties; Les Browns, the only one-legged male and female jumpers, dancers and instrumentalists in the world, are direct from Paris; Signor and Signora de Pasquaili will present several new operatic selections, and Houdini, the man who defies handcuffs and ropes, promises something sensational and will incidentally demonstrate the absurdity of an alleged expose of his various tricks. The holdovers from last week will be Minnie Palmer, in new specialties; the Rixfords; Hayes & Lytton, in a new act; George Wilson, the monologist, and Millian & Shields, the tragic comedians.

At the Grand Opera House, next week, "Olivette" will be given on a grand scale. An event will be the debut of Miss Mindel Dreyfuss, a San Francisco girl, who makes her appearance as Veloutin. She has a fine soprano voice and has made quite a reputation in amateur theatricals. Otherwise Miss Mason will be Olivette, Arthur Wooley, De Merrimac, and William Wolff, Cocquelot.

"Lord and Lady Algy" will run another week at the Columbia. Subsequently, we are to see "Brother Officers," which is to have its initial presentation in America next week. The play is said to have had a great success in England, and considerable interest is attached to the production. The designs for the scenery and costumes have just arrived from London.

FINANCE

A Brief Review of the Week's Dealings—Development of the Market.

Tuesday, July 11th.

At writing, the Stock Exchange has been in session but two days after its week's vacation. There are some advances to be noted, but of no great moment. Oakland Gas sold at 48, an advance of one dollar per share. Oceanic has advanced, the latest quotation being 89¾; Market Street Railway is 61¾; Spring Valley, 102. Sugar stocks remain about even. Hawaiian, 99½; Hutchinson, 33⅝; Onomea, 40½; Paauhau, 45⅛.

Undoubtedly the new Cannery Combine is a pretty strong institution. Final organization will be perfected on Saturday next. Since incorporation, appraisers have been sent around to visit the various plants on which options had been obtained, and while some canneries have been rejected, the majority will be accepted upon the basis originally agreed upon. The combine has plenty of money behind it, and the strongest and ablest men in the business directing its operations. Its purpose will be to equalize conditions and protect the market. Some twenty plants are not in the combine, the largest of them the California Canneries Company, an English concern, but there is little doubt they will agree to act together in the future, for such will certainly be to their interest.

It is too early yet to speak of the important proposition advanced by Henry J. Crocker to purchase the grape output of the State at $14 per ton, but it is a brainy idea requiring, however, an immense capital to carry it through. It seems generally to be accepted as an intelligent solution of disturbed conditions in the wine business.

A rose to the living is more
Than sumptuous wreaths to the dead,
In filling love's infinite store.
A rose to the living is more,
If graciously given before
The hungering spirit is fled.
A rose to the living is more
Than sumptuous wreaths to the dead.
—*Nixon Waterman.*

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Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Hayes Larkin and Ninth. American or European plan. Ira R. and James H. Doolittle.

With all that is being said and written about the Philippines, there is a dearth of real information. The first attempt to relieve this want comes in the form of a modest pamphlet of 50 pages, containing a synopsis of all that is known about the islands. *Facts About the Philippines* it is called, and the author is John W. Taylor, ex-Superintendent of Schools of San Francisco. In the ten chapters of this little book he has condensed all that it is necessary to know concerning the history, geography, politics and customs of our new possession. It is written with a view to use as a school text-book, but it will be a valuable reference work for any library, not only on account of its intrinsic value, but because it is the only treatise on the subject.

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Signor and Signora Pasquali in New Selections
Houdini, the Man of Mystery
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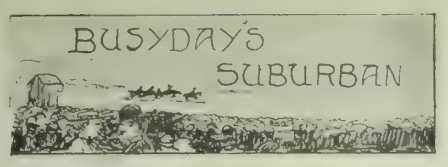

"Touts," said Busyday, oracularly, to his companion on a train bound for the Bay on Suburban day, "are the derned nuisances of the racing game. You want to watch out for them. If by chance you should get separated from me in the crowd, don't you let any of the sharp-eyed, soft-voiced ducks talk you into playing this or that one. Just you stick to those selections I wrote out for you on that piece of paper. They're the logical winners. A friend of mine, whose brother is a bookmaker, handicapped 'em for me, and I'm going to play every one of 'em myself. That's the only way to win; stick to your selections, and don't let yourself be touted. The man who listens to touts smokes a pipe. Understand?"

"Uh huh," replied Busyday's friend, who was from Busyday's native town out West. He had never seen a horse race in his life, whereas Busyday was an old-timer and learned at the game, having seen three Handicaps and two Suburbans run.

It came to pass that Busyday and his visiting townsman were separated before they had got off the train. Their car was jammed, and in the confusion of getting off they made their exits from different doors. Busyday frantically yelled out his friend's name as soon as he found himself alone on the platform, but of course he got no reply. His friend was engulfed in the crowd.

Busyday roamed around the grandstand and the betting ring for ten minutes before the slates went up for the first race, trying to catch sight of his friend, but it was no use. His townsman wasn't visible anywhere. Then a sudden swirling and eddying in the betting ring told him that the prices were up for the first race.

"I'll have to pass the old boy up until I get this bet down," said Busyday to himself, pulling out of his pocket the slip of paper that the handicapper had given him the evening before. "Let's see, what one of 'em have I got to win this? Oh, yes; Peaceful—good name, but it doesn't sound as if a horse with a name like that could run much. S'pose, though, this handicapping chap knows what he is doing, and so I'll just put my first ten up on Peaceful to win. Hey? How's that?"

There was a soft, persuasive buzz right in Busyday's ear.

"D'ye notice all the suckers breakin' their necks t' land on that Peaceful dead one?" were the words that formed the buzz.

Busyday jerked his head around suddenly, and he found within four inches of his ear the countenance of a young-old man with red hair, a freckled skin, and a pale blue, shifty eye.

"Dead one?" echoed Busyday, the red-haired young-old man smiling amiably in his face.

"Libster," said he of the pale blue, shifty eye, looking entirely disinterested. "Out-and-out libster. Crab. Run about a dozen sprints, and still a merry maiden. And look at the chants th' mutts had to win! Leads th' percession into th' stretch every whirl, and then chucks it. A proper dog, Cap. That's on the dead. Worst quitter on th' grounds."

"Um," said Busyday, stroking his chin and wondering why his handicapper had picked Peaceful.

"I got th' baby," buzzed the freckle-faced, old-young man, after a silence.

"Hey?" asked Busyday.

"For a pipe," said the shifty-eyed one. "Say, I don't git out o' me Waldorf bunk at three o'clock every mornin' for me health."

"Is that so?" inquired Busyday, just for the sake of saying something.

"Not on yer dinner-pail," said the aged youth with the shifty eye. "I light out fer th' tracks t' watch 'em at their early mornin' works I'm a railbird, all right, but I know where th' dough is. I seen this baby that I'm tellin' you about do the five-eighths in a minute flat th' other mornin', an' if he ain't a moral fer this, here's my lid an' you can eat it," whereupon the shifty-eyed one removed his 50-cent straw hat and offered it to Busyday.

"What's the name of this wonder?" inquired Busyday, trying to work up a superior smile.

The aged youth bent over, placed his mouth within a quarter of an inch of Busyday's ear, and whispered:

"Stuart. He'll walk."

"Oh, well, then, I'll waste a ten-spot on Stuart," said Busyday, trying to say it languidly, as if he didn't take much stock in himself or anybody else. Then he plunged into the vortex around one of the bookmakers' elevated chairs, got his feet trod upon, his hat jammed down over his eyes, and his ribs treated to an all-hands elbow massage, and finally succeeded in passing up his ten-dollar bill on Stuart to win.

"Stuart, thirty-five to ten," droned the bookmaker to the sheetwriter, and then Busyday found himself beaten to the outskirts of the crowd.

"You on?" he heard in his ear, and, turning, he saw the freckle-faced one smiling up at him.

"Yep—dropped ten on it," replied Busyday. "Kind o' liked Stuart myself when I saw him entered."

Then Busyday steered for the lawn to see the finish of the race. He was trying to get some sense out of the list of owners' colors on his programme, so as to be able to distinguish his horse as they raced under the wire, when a calm man next to him, with a pair of field-glasses to his eyes, mumbled:

"They're off!"

There was a big shout all round.

"Lady Uncas out in front," said the calm man coolly. "She'll curl up. She seems to be staying, though, at that. Nope, she's collared. Stuart's nailed her. He walks," and the calm man put down his glasses as the horses galloped past the sixteenth pole.

Stuart came in all alone, and Peaceful was back in the ruck.

"Somethin' easy—like findin' it, hey?" he heard buzzed into his ear as soon as he put his foot into the betting ring, and there was the old-faced young man, grinning complaisantly up at him.

Busyday handed to the shifty-eyed one, who stuck to him right up to the paying-off line, buzzing learned all the time about the race just run, a $10 bill out of his $35 winning.

"Th' next," said the red-haired wiseacre of the rail when Busyday had fought himself away from the cashing crowd, "is what you might call a one-hoss race. A one-hoss race, right."

"Lambent, of course?" said Busyday, looking at his piece of paper with the selections on it. Lambent was his handicapper's selection.

"Who, Lambent?" and the shifty-eyed smiled some more. "I'm goin' t' match her in a sweepstakes against me old aunt, and back me aunt off th' boards fer a hog killin. There's on'y one in this. Skinch. You can tap on it."

"Which one?" asked Busyday in a wabbly tone.

"Swiftmas," he whispered. "Been saved up for a good thing, right. If he don't buck-jump in, here's me lid," and once more he extended his half-dollar straw hat for Busyday's mastication.

"Well," said Busyday to himself between his teeth as he made his way through the jostling crowd to one of the bookmakers' stands, "I guess I'm a weak and erring brother, all right, but danged if I don't play that redhead once more, anyhow," and he got $40 for his $20 on Swiftmas to win. Swiftmas won by a head.

The freckled-faced old youth got $15 out of Busyday's $40 winning, and then he looked Busyday over carefully.

"Well," said the red-haired old youth, "this is where you pass me up, ain'd it, so?"

"Well," said Busyday, "I came down to play Banastar, and I think I'll have to stay with that hunch, if you're agreeable."

"Cert'nly," said the shifty-eyed, with an expression more of sorrow than of anger on his lined face. "Go ahead. Help yourself. Have all th' fun that's comin' t' you."

"Look a-here," said Busyday, "what the dickens are you giving us, anyhow? Don't you think Banastar'll win the Suburban?"

"Cap," said the aged youth, spitting dryly, and for the first time looking Busyday squarely in the eye, "there's a mare in this bunch that'll run rings around all th' Banastars from here to Hoboken an' back. She kin fall down an' win. She kin take naps between poles and walk. She's a piperino, if ever one was pushed up for geezers to nibble at. But I'm not a-switchin' you, un'stand?"

"Mare, hey?" said Busyday, looking over his programme. "You mean that Imp?"

"Ain'd it?" said the freckle-faced. "Well, I guess yah."

"Dog-goned if I know what to do," mused Busyday. "Here I've been shouting Banastar ever since the Handicap, and I promised my wife faithfully that I'd play Banastar. Say," addressing the freckle-faced, who stood by sorrowfully regarding him, "is this Imp fast enough, that's what I want to know? Won't Banastar beat her on speed?"

The aged youth held up one thumb vertically and indicated it with the forefinger of his other hand.

"De Empire State Express," said he.

Then he held up his other thumb.

"Steam roller," said he. "Take yer pick."

Busyday made a sudden dive for a bookmaker's line. Ten seconds later the bookmaker was taking his five twenties and droning out, "Six hundred to one hundred on Imp to win."

Busyday was lighting the last of his three-for-fifty cigars over in a corner of the betting-ring when the well-known buzz reached his ears again.

"On?" inquired the buzz. "Good and hard?"

"Yep," said the Busyday. "Hundred."

The race is turf history. As Busyday handed the tout two crisp $100 bills the freckle-faced remarked:

"An' you ain't th' on'y collect I make on this, Cap. I got a hayseed on th' mare for $300, an' I had him on all th' rest o' them good things, at that."

"Well, so long, Red," said Busyday. "I'm getting back to town to dinner. Next time I come down I'll give you my trade if I see you around."

Then Busyday went up into the stand to take a final look around for his townsman. He didn't see him, and he started for the gate. Just as he got outside the gate he saw his fellow townsman and guest stepping into a hack. His fellow townsman and guest looked pretty jaunty, but Busyday didn't notice it.

"Hey, there, old man," he called after his friend, and the latter looked around.

"Oh, here you are," said Busyday's friend, with an expensive cigar stuck at an angle of forty-five degrees in one corner of his mouth. "Trimmed?"

"Nope," said Busyday. "I landed on a few little good things that occurred to me after I got to looking at the programme, and I win 'bout a thousand. Poor old jay, I suppose they put you out o' business, eh?"

"Not by a long sight!" said his friend. "I ran into a freckled-facked, red-headed duck as soon as I got into the grounds. I lost that piece o' paper you gave me with the wadyoucallem—selections—on it and so I played what this red-headed chap told me to. Copped out 'bout $2800 altogether. Had $300 on Imp to win the big race."

Then Busyday knew to whom the freckle-faced had referred when he spoke of a hayseed.—*New York Sun.*

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LEGAL NOTICES

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT—GOULD & CURRY SILVER MINING COMPANY.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Virginia City, Storey Co., Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the second day of June, 1899, an assessment (No. 86) of ten (10) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room No. 69, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the sixth day of July, 1899, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Thursnesday the 27th day of July, 1899, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors. ALFRED K. DURBROW, Secretary.

Office, room No. 69, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.

OFFICE OF THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, corner Market, McAllister and Jones streets, San Francisco, June 28, 1899.—At a regular meeting of the Board of Directors of this Society, held this day, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one-third (3⅓) per cent per annum on all deposits for the six months ending June 30, 1899, free from all taxes, and payable on and after July 1, 1899.

ROBERT J. TOBIN, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE — SECURITY SAVINGS BANK, 222 Montgomery street, Mills Building.—For the half year ending June 30, 1899, dividends on term deposits at the rate of three and six tenths (3.6) per cent per annum and on ordinary deposits at the rate of three (3) per cent per annum, free of taxes, will be payable on and after July 1, 1899.

S. L. ABBOTT JR., Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE—MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO, 33 Post street.—For the half year ending June 30, 1899, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and six tenths (3.6) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, July 1, 1899.

GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE — CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION OF CALIFORNIA, 222 Sansome street, has declared for the six months ending June 30, 1899, a dividend of 6 per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, 7 per cent on one year term deposits, 10 per cent on Class "F" stock, and 14 per cent on Class "A" stock.

WILLIAM CORBIN, Secretary.

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NEW STORIES RE-TOLD

A youthful graduate of the Harvard Law School came West and opened an office in a small frontier town. His first client was a man accused of stealing a horse. The case came to trial before an old judge and a jury composed of bewhiskered ranchers, and though there was no doubt of the guilt of the defendant, he had a regiment of friends who swore he was forty miles off when the horse was stolen. This evidence the prosecution was unable to break down, and the young lawyer plumed himself on a certain acquittal. The jury retired and five minutes later were back in court. "Have you agreed on a verdict?" asked the Judge. "We hev," answered the foreman, as he shifted a gun he carried on his hip. "We find the defendant not guilty, an' recommend the defendant's lawyer, owin' to his youth an' innocence, to the mercy of the court."

General Henderson, who is to succeed T. B. Reed as Speaker, was at a dinner party in Washington, given to a number of diplomats and members of Congress. The convention turned on the renewed friendliness between South and North, kindled by the war with Spain. This reconciliation was the theme of Henderson's speech. "No foreign nation can understand," he said, "how true and firm is the friendship and love existing between the North and South, but I will show you how we now feel." Leaving his place at the table, he walked around to where General Joe Wheeler was seated, and, picking up the little Alabaman, kissed him vigorously. Turning to the guests, the speaker continued, "This shows better than I can explain in words the present relations between the Northern and Southern soldier."

A political candidate, on paying a second visit to the house of a doubtful voter of the peasant class, was very pleased, but somewhat surprised, on hearing from the elector that he would support him. "Glad to hear it," said the candidate. "I thought you were against me." "Sure, I was at first," rejoined the peasant. "Whin the other day ye called here and stood by that pigsty and talked for half an hour ye didn't budge me an inch. But after ye had gone away, sor, I got to thinkin' how ye'd reached yer hand over the rail and scratched the pig's back till he lay down wid the pleasure of it, I made up my mind thin that whin a man was so sociable as that wid a poor fellow-creathure I wasn't the bhoy to vote agin him."

Dr. Edward Bedloe, of Philadelphia, was appointed United States Consul to Amoy in China by President Harrison. He saw fit during his term to take rather a long vacation, which he spent in Washington, being largely in evidence in social and political circles. About this time the Gridiron Club gave a dinner, and both the President and the Consul were guests. The Doctor told a few stories early in the evening, and later on the President made a speech. "I was charmed," he said, in his soft, graceful way, "to hear the clever anecdotes from our distinguished Consul to——I mean from Amoy." Then he passed on to other topics, but the Doctor took the hint, and the next steamer carried him back to his post.

A celebrated judge was once trying a case where the accused could only understand Irish, and an interpreter was accordingly sworn. The prisoner said something to the interpreter and the latter replied. "What does he say?" demanded the judge. "Nothing, my lord." "How dare you say that, when we all heard him? Come, what was it? If you don't answer, I'll commit you, sir." "Well, my lord, you'll excuse me, but he said, 'Who's that ould woman with the red bed curtain round her sitting up there?'" "And what did you say?" said the judge, looking a little uncomfortable. "I said, 'Whist, ye spalpeen, that's the ould boy that's going to hang yez!'"

A soldier had created a disturbance in the barracks and had struck another. The assailant was duly summoned to trial by court-martial, and the proceedings were conducted with all due solemnity. The judge-advocate was drawing from the victim of the assault, a blunt old Irishman, his version of the affair, and seemed inclined to treat the fight as a sort of military operation which necessitated the use of military and strategic terms. So when he finally asked: "And now, Casey, where did he hit you?" the court thrilled with horror and the ladies didn't seem just at ease. But Casey was equal to the emergency. "Sure, sor, he hit me on the bunk."

In the loot of Tondo, one of the military operations near Manila, a corporal of the 23d Regulars raked a small safe out of some ruins after a fire. It was empty. Soon afterwards he met a Chinese merchant. "Lookee here, John. How muchee you give for safee? Bellee nicee. Mucho wano safee?" says the corporal, with much gesticulation and contortion. "I really don't need a safe," quietly replied the benighted Chinaman, "but I suppose you boys need some beer money, so what do you say to $1 for it?"

Congressman Sherman of New York, one of the leading contestants for the Speakership, has a ready wit. At a recent State Convention, one of the ushers was vainly trying to open a pathway through the crowd which blocked the aisle leading to Mr. Sherman's seat. Finally he called out: "Make way for Mr. Sherman." "Never mind," shouted the Congressman, "Mr. Sherman can make his own way." In the general laugh that followed he found his seat.

Ambassador Choate, many years ago, by a mischance missed a train at a country town to which he had gone to visit an invalid client, and turned into a restaurant for lunch. He asked the solitary waiter what there was to eat. "Everything," roared the waiter. "Bring it in," was Mr. Choate's reply. "One order of hash," yelled the waiter.

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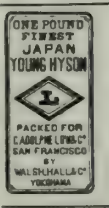

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THE WAVE

VOL. XX. No. 4 SAN FRANCISCO — JULY 22, 1899 — SEATTLE PRICE 10 CENTS

RETURN OF THE OREGON VOLUNTEERS

Photo by Oscar Maurer

THE WAVE

Is published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal, and Colman Building, Seattle, Wash.

Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months, $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

The trade is supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 342 Geary street; east of the Rocky Mountains by the American News Company, New York.

The Wave is kept on file and is for sale at Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France; 31 Union Square, New York City; 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.; and 206 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

For advertising rates and on all other matters pertaining to city business, address The Wave, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

All business matters pertaining to the Northwest should be addressed to Trevor Corry, Colman Building, Seattle, Wash.

Eastern representative, D. M. Foltz, 34 Park Row, New York.

THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY
PROPRIETORS

SAN FRANCISCO—JULY 22, 1899—SEATTLE

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EVENTS CURRENT

Newspaper Correspondents Score Otis.

The crisis in Major-General Otis' management of Philippine affairs came this week. The country was brought to a realization of his huge incompetency, which The Wave has been urging since last November, by a signed protest from the newspaper correspondents at the front. Following is the text of the protest, which pretty well covers the ground:

The undersigned, being all staff correspondents of American newspapers stationed at Manila, unite in the following statement:

We believe that from official dispatches made public in Washington the people of the United States have not received a correct impression of the situation in the Philippines, but that these dispatches have presented an ultra optimistic view that is not shared by the general officers in the field. We believe that the dispatches incorrectly represent the existing condition among the Philippines in respect to dissensions and demoralization, resulting from the American campaign, and to the brigand character of their army.

We believe the dispatches err in the declaration "that the situation is well in hand," and the assumption that the insurrection can be speedily ended without a greatly increased force.

We think the tenacity of the Filipino purpose has been underestimated, and that the statements are unfounded that volunteers are willing to engage in further service.

The censorship has compelled us to participate in this misrepresentation by excising or altering uncontroverted statements of facts, on the plea, as General Otis stated, "that they would alarm the people at home," or "have the people of the United States by the ears."

Specifications: Prohibition of hospital reports; suppression of full reports of field operations in the event of failure; numbers of heat prostrations in the field; systematic minimization of naval operations and suppression of complete reports of the situation.

In the same connection comes testimony from James Creelman, who, though ordinarily unworthy of credence, may be credited in this connection, seeing his statement is corroborated from more reliable sources. Besides reiterating the charges concerning press censorship, he goes on to denounce the conduct of the entire campaign. He tells how whole regiments have lain for weeks and been potted by the insurgents when a decisive advance would have cleared out the enemy at the front. He charges that, before the first rebel attack on Manila, Otis, without a word of protest, permitted Aguinaldo to intrench himself, and this against the advice of his own officers. "The most extraordinary thing," he concludes, "is that, up to the time I left Manila, which was after the capture of Malolos and Santa Cruz, General Otis had not once been to the front." As might be expected, these documents have stirred official circles to the depths. President McKinley seems to maintain his unreasoning attitude of confidence toward Otis. One or two high army officials express indignation, but they seem to be moved by a feeling of injured professional pride at finding an officer criticized by civilians rather than by any confidence in Otis himself. General Miles, keeping silence regarding the conduct of affairs, gives it out that he sees no necessity for a press censorship. At the front, there is still no movement. The men lie inactive in their flooded camps. Sickness is on the increase, by the admission even of the official dispatches. For perhaps the twentieth time, the First California is reported to have embarked at Negros for the return voyage. It is stated that McKinley holds information regarding a proposition for surrender made by Aguinaldo. As this news comes by official dispatch from Otis, it is probably unreliable.

Return of the Oregon Troops.

The Second Oregon Volunteers, the first regiment to return from the Philippines, came through the Golden Gate on Wednesday, July 12, in the transports *Newport* and *Ohio*. With them arrived one company of the California Signal Corps. There were 1,082 Oregon men on the two transports. They left fifty-eight dead behind them as the result of disease or Filipino bullets. The men looked weary and old; the strain of the long campaign showed on their faces. San Francisco could not have welcomed them more royally had they been California men. The regiment was under orders to proceed to Portland to be mustered out, but by unanimous vote they requested that the mustering out occur in San Francisco. The request was telegraphed to Washington, where it was granted. Accordingly, they came ashore on Friday morning, to meet almost the entire population of the city, and marched into camp at the Presidio. That night they were given a banquet at Mechanics' Pavilion, were entertained at the theatres, and were given by Mayor Phelan the freedom of the city. Portland is somewhat disgusted over their decision in favor of mustering out in San Francisco, but the men did not make the decision through lack of patriotism. Their travel pay from the Golden Gate to Portland is about thirty dollars in excess of the actual cost of transportation, and most of them need the money. Mustering out will take about three weeks; at the end of that time, they will probably return to Oregon in a body. There has been some suffering in the ranks, since their arrival, because of lack of blankets and overcoats. This deficiency the Government has taken measures to remedy.

National Educators in Los Angeles.

The thirty-eighth annual convention of the National Educational Association brought nearly fifteen thousand teachers to Los Angeles last week. The metropolis of Southern California was crowded to the utmost limit, but stood the strain nobly. There is more or less similarity about all teachers' institutes and conventions; the great majority of the papers and discussions are purely technical in character and have no interest for outsiders. Nevertheless, there were one or two very interesting addresses. There was also a notable tendency, in all the sentiments expressed by those who spoke to the convention, toward calm conservatism. Less than a decade ago, gatherings of educators expected to be startled by papers advocating great reforms and changes, and one or two speeches decidedly on the "freak" order were features of nearly every convention. Education in this country has, happily, gotten past that point, probably because the adoption of some of these radical measures has pretty thoroughly reformed the old methods. Another significant feature of this convention was the reception accorded to its most notable address, that of Bishop Montgomery. He spoke openly in favor of recognizing the religious element in education, and maintained that this could be done by Church scools alone. Not long ago, such sentiments uttered before a body of teachers, four-fifths of whom are connected with the public schools, would have raised a veritable storm. The moderation with which the educators commented on this address in discussion, the hearty accord given to his ideas by many public-school delegates, showed clearly the cooling of opinion on "the little red schoolhouse." Next to this, probably the most interesting feature, to outsiders, was the educational policy for our new possessions outlined by Dr. W. T. Harris, United States Commissioner of Education. Indeed, the convention gave up its first evening to discussion of ways and means for education in Hawaii, Porto Rico, Cuba and the Philippines. The final session occurred on July 14th, after which date the teachers scattered to the various resorts of California. The convention is said to have been a record-breaker in point of attendance. Charlestown, S. C., will be the place of meeting next year.

The Transvaal Trouble.

The Transvaal situation is now really more threatening than ever before. A week ago, when the Volksraad apparently put himself on record as willing to make concessions, it seemed as though the complicatian was in a fair way to settlement, but the unanimous popular refusal of the British, both in Africa and in England, to accept any such terms as the Boers proposed, has again placed the two peoples in the position of prospective enemies. The publication of Kruger's terms in Capetown drew a storm of criticism from English residents. The Afrikander party, composed of sympathizers of the Boers, took a conciliatory tone and advocated acceptance of the terms. As a consequence, there was much heated controversy at the Cape and talk of impeachment proceedings against Cape Premier Schreiner, leader of that party. This was followed by a pro-Boer agitation on the part of the Afrikanders, who went so far as to break into a Loyalist meeting, dragging the chairman from his seat and putting an end to the proceedings. Business of the Uitlander merchants and commercial companies in Transvaal is almost at a standstill. It is certain that the Home Government will now take an absolutely firm stand for British rights. The ministry, to a man, has declared itself opposed to any further concessions, even at the price of war. Two batteries of artillery and thirty machine guns, with other munitions of war, were shipped to the Cape the past week. Semi-official advices state that the Government is considering the sending of a definite ultimation to Kruger. On his side, Oom Paul is making no further move. His defiant attitude was illustrated by his refusal to submit to Chamberlain's examination, pending action, the new franchise bill. The Volksraad has passed the first two clauses of that measure, thus indicating, seemingly, that it is their final stand. Many persons well-informed on South African affairs are of the opinion that Dr. Leyd, Kruger's European agent, has much to do with this obstinate stand. They allege that Leyd has persuaded Oom Paul that England is not in a position to make war on the Boer Republic, and that there will be, in the near future, a shifting of European alliances which will bring him assistance if he can only hold out. Chamberlain gives his idea of the gravity of affairs in this significant utterance: "It is a question of the entire future of British rule in South Africa."

Race Admixture in South Africa.

Last week The Wave gave a summary of the causes which have led up to the present state of affairs in South Africa. The activity of the Afrikander party in Cape Colony during the past week makes desirable some account of the elements of the strangely mixed South Africae population. The peculiar paradox is presented there of two nations in each of which the ruling element is the minority. We have already shown that Transvaal, governed by the Boers, has a population one-fifth Boer and four-fifths English or American. On the other hand, the majority of citizens in the two British colonies is of Boer extraction. The British and Americans are generally an enlightened and educated class, the Boers are crafty but unenlightened peasants. By every instinct, thought and training the two races are inimical. The Boers are not of unmixed Dutch extraction by any means; French Huguenot blood enters largely into the compensation of that people, and there is also an admixture of German and Pole. The inferior races in this district are the pure and half-breed Negroes, still in a state of semi-savagery, and the Malays, a fairly thrifty race of Mohammedans.

Status of the Boundary Dispute.

The Commissioners appointed to settle the matter of a temporary boundary between Alaska and Canada, are dragging along with their work, and there are certain signs of impatience on both sides. The American miners of Alaska chaff and complain under British rule in the disputed territory, while the Canadians are impatient and immoderate in their statements, and the British press, particularly the anti-American wing, has been making threatening comment. "England will not back down" is the tone of these articles. The Joint High Commission, appointed by the two governments to settle disputes over Canadian-American affairs, was to have met on August 2d this year. It is expected that, owing to the failure to arrange for a temporary boundary, the session will have to be postponed. Secretary Hay and Lord Salisbury are still negotiating over a *modus vivendi;* the full text of their negotiations will be published this week. This step is to be taken in order to silence the British press, which, Ambassador Choate believes, is willfully misrepresenting the American position. The State Department has asked that a garrison be sent to Pyramid City. This is claimed by some British papers to be a violation of the agreement made at the beginning of the negotiations, to send no more troops to posts within our jurisdiction pending the establishment of a temporary agreement. The Department justifies its action by declaring that this agreement was entered into with an understanding that the *modus vivendi* was to be drawn up without delay. As such delay has occurred, our officials contend that the agreement has no further force.

Street Car Strike in Brooklyn.

On Sunday, July 16th, a general strike of trolley-car conductors and motormen was inaugurated in Brooklyn. The strike had been pretty thoroughly organized, though by no means all the carmen went out. The men commenced proceedings quietly, simply taking their cars into the barns at the conclusion of their Saturday night and Sunday morning runs, and turning in the company's property in their possession. The trouble has arisen about overtime. The strikers claim that they are daily required to work many minutes over the ten hours for which they are paid. They want pay in proportion to their regular wages for all work over time, and in addition to that, a rearrangement of the time schedule to prevent "stealing time" by the company. Most of the suburban trolley lines are not running at all, though some of the city lines run at irregular intervals. Both sides express confidence of ultimate victory. The number of strikers is estimated from 1000 to 4500.

The International Woman's Congress.

Women from every land under the sun crowded the Woman's Congress at London, which ended its labors early this month. In the papers read before this important convocation almost every subject of public interest, from horticulture to international arbitration, was discussed. The Congress was not especially vociferous regarding female suffrage, although the political section, with Miss Anthony as the moving spirit, expressed itself in favor of granting the ballot to women. Miss Anthony, by the way, was the most prominent figure in the gathering. When she arose to speak, she was greeted with an ovation. Probably the most interesting discussion in the entire nine days' work of the assemblage was that upon the advisability of marriage for professional women. One thing that was noted by the flippant newspaper correspondents was the fact that the modern woman of advanced views has not outgrown the feminine love of good clothes. The delegates, barring one or two of the suffrage orators, were all well gowned, and dress reform seemed a dead issue.

The Dreyfus Case.

France got past the national holiday, which was expected to bring riots and disturbances, without any serious trouble. Dreyfus has finished preparing his case, and the French people are waiting. His letters to his wife, written during the entire period of his imprisonment, have been shown to several friendly correspondents and journalists, among them M. Zola, and seem to have produced an intense feeling of pity in all who have read them. They are to be published after the trial. The stories lately circulated to the effect that the Government had new charges of treason "up its sleeve" have been settled by the decision of the army authorities to admit no evidence not bearing on the original charge. The general feeling is very favorable to the prisoner, whose acquittal is regarded as more than probable. The exact time for the trial has not been announced. Paul Deroulade, the Republican leader, has made a good deal of noise in Paris this week by his incendiary speeches calling for popular election of the President, legislative revision and anti-Semetic laws.

Proposed Changes in the Revenue Laws.

The successful application of the war revenue tax has led the Internal Revenue Bureau to contemplate extending the tax in other directions. It has been suggested that certain articles might be taxed in this way without greatly increasing the public burdens. There is no reason, for example, why the sale of all patent-protected articles should not be assessed. Many of them produce an enormous profit, but go scot free of duty. Telephone improvements and many electrical devices are mentioned in this connection. The next annual report of the bureau will probably recommend some such exactions, and will certainly ask for the clearing away of certain obscurities which cloud the law's application. For example, there is doubt of the liability of mutual insurance companies. Under the law as it now stands, it is doubtful if they are liable to taxotion, through the wording of the exemption clause, which was framed not to exempt them, but to protect local companies doing a strictly local business.

Again, there is an obscurity in section 20 of the Act. This has furnished to the manufacturers of coal tar a loophole of escape. A serious inequality of the Act now in force is the yearly taxation of $50 each on banks. Bankers claim that the Act discriminates against their business by exempting the express and telegraph companies doing an exchange business. It is not improbable, therefore, that Congress will be asked to put a tax equal to the bank tax on all express and telegraph offices in the larger towns. It is also probable that there will be in the report a recommendation for a thorough revision of the old Internal revenue laws.

The New Treaty with Japan. The new treaties between Japan and the other powers, including the United States and all the European nations, went into effect this month. The immediate result of this new condition of affairs will be the free admission of Caucasians to all points of the empire. Hitherto even tourists could not venture outside the five treaty ports without special passports. Now foreigners may circulate freely and may purchase property and carry on commerce anywhere. There is much doubt expressed, however, as to the provision which places aliens under the jurisdiction of Japanese law. The well-known treachery and moral unreliability of this people are likely to render uncertain the position of foreigners who may run afoul of their courts. The change is at best an experiment. It remains to be seen whether the Crysanthemum Kingdom has advanced in European ideas sufficiently to insure European administration of justice. It is to be explained that hitherto consuls have exercised an extra-territorial jurisdiction over travelers and settlers from their own respective nations, and that foreigners have not been amenable to Japanese laws.

The Alleged Kissing Bug. The East has had a mild sensation the past month over the ravages of an alleged dangerous "kissing bug," which is supposed to bite and poison its victims in the night. It has been identified by the scientists as the *melanolestes*, a family of the *hemeptera*, or half-winged bugs. Of course, a pest which does its stinging in the night furnishes good stuff for the sensational press, so we have had a great deal lately about its ravages. The truth, as laid down by scientists, is that the *melanolestes* has always existed in the Atlantic and Pacific States. The bite is no more harmful, in these latitudes, than that of a spider, althongh certain tropical species are really dangerous. The sole cause for any increase in their victims this year is that the winter has broken up rather suddenly, preserving many of the larvæ, which are generally hatched out and then destroyed by alternate heat and frost. The sensational press of the Coast took up the cue from its Eastern contemporaries, and we have had a number of victims this week. Professor Charles Foutz, Entomologist of the Academy of Scientists, thus sums up the concensus of scientific opinion: "We have always had this so called 'kissing bug,' and always will have. The bite or sting varies in severity from that of a bee to that of a spider. I myself have been bitten twice. I simply sucked the wound, put on a little ammonia, and thought nothing more of it. Out of the population around the Bay perhaps eight or ten are bitten every year. A great many more are bitten by spiders, but we never hear any sensational stories about them. The bite cannot seriously harm any one in good condition; it might possibly kill one whose blood was bad, but almost any insect bite will do that."

EDITORIAL COMMENT

OTIS THE INCOMPETENT.

The expressed opinion of all the returning Oregon volunteers supports the position The Wave has taken in regard to the competence of General Otis. Beyond the reach of army censorship and about to leave the government service, they are now willing to state the universal disgust which all the troops, officers and privates feel for this champion dawdler of all times. Their sentiments are those of the majority. Admiral Dewey, of all men the most reluctant to give a derogatory opinion, lately described him to one of our correspondents as "a man of small calibre." Ask any returned soldier, any officer of the regular army, for his opinion of Otis. He will tell you that the military Governor of the Island of Luzon knows to a dot just what are the daily receipts in the custom house, just how many postage stamps the department is consuming, just how much the weekly rations are costing, but as a military commander—— and then your informant will stop to laugh or to swear. How many times Otis has stopped decisive advances by withdrawing troops in the moment of victory, only his officers know. He holds the cable censorship, and his work with the typewriter crowds Weyler's record. The Oregon volunteers bring back the nickname of the soldiers, "Old Well-in-Hand Otis." When the army was in all possible danger at Malabon, owing to his lack of foresight, when again it missed all the advantages Lawton had gained through his recall of the latter's column, he was keeping the wires hot with dispatches describing how he "had the situation well in hand."

What is the matter with President McKinley? Is it a political pull, or is it a misconception of the whole Philippine situation that makes him keep in command this incompetent head clerk? How long are Otis' methods to make us the laughing-stock of European nations? How much longer is he going to sit a drag upon the heroism and efficiency of the American volunteer? Already they are remarking in Europe that the United States, with a force larger than the old Spanish army, is being held off, as Spain never was, by the insurgents. While the President is preparing to put a new and efficient volunteer army in the field, and is making every effort to officer it with competent men and to provide it with modern equipment, the cause of our Philippine failure dawdles on in his position. In the name of all that is sensible, why does the Government retain in command a general who has proven himself incompetent to direct even a company? Ten thousand, and yet a hundred thousand fresh troops will be of no use to us, if their motions are retarded by Chief Clerk Otis. Give him control of the issue of postage stamps at Manila, put him in charge of the commissary department, give him any place or decorative emolument at any fancy salary, it will be money well spent if it bribes him to leave the army alone.

A SENTIMENTAL FALLACY.

The *Argonaut* takes pride in its attitude that the "American troops should have been withdrawn from Manila the moment peace was declared with Spain." Bishop Thoburn, who was residing in Manila at this time, ought to be quite familiar with conditions then prevailing. Hence, he very naturally does not agree with our sentimental blood-spilling contemporary. He declares, and justifies his statement with facts, "there is no doubt that the outbreak between the Americans and Filipinos was intended by the Filipinos to include a general massacre in the city of Manila." The servants of the Bishop, who were pressed into army service by Aguinaldo, warned him of the danger. Five thousand murderous knives were found hidden away by the belligerents. "Anarchy and assassination would have followed the withdrawal of the United States forces," says the Bishop, and this is the condition there to-day. Still the *Argonaut* and a select number of "thoughtful" Americans; Mr. Bryan and a horde of hungry, heedless politicians; spinster maidens and a drove of sickly sentimentalists, are berating the administration for its course, and demanding something radically different. They are lending encouragement to Aguinaldo by approving his claim for independence; they are conspiring to the murder of American troops by encouraging the hope among the Filipinos that the people of this country are opposed to the administration, and will reverse the nation's policy at the next national election.

What kind of self-conceited Americans are they who busy themselves developing midnight theories and wise arguments antagonistic to the administration at an hour like the present? What character of citizen is he who would knowingly contribute toward prolonging the war, would lend encouragement to his country's enemy and jeopardize our soldiers' lives, for purely party gain? What manner of man is he who sets these infernal theories and contentions down in writing, and, polishing off his unpatriotic and treasonable sentences, has them printed and mailed for distribution among our volunteers and soldiers? There is either something dead or hopelessly diseased about the conscience or thinking apparatus of such a creature, or vanity and self-conceit has taken possession of his entire being—conscience and all. There are some men so constituted.

The administration is not infallible. Its course may not be of the wisest, but so far it is difficult to discover where the stream of events could have been stemmed or turned with honor. The army in the Philippines is following our flag. The war was not one sought by the administration. The situation in the Orient was not created by the administration; it was, in a great measure, forced upon it, as was the war with Spain. Our army in the Philippines represents in every sense the national strength and honor; our intermeddling, theorizing, "wouldn't-do-it-that-way," fault-finding citizens represent our nation's weakness and dishonor, if you please.

So long as our war with Spain rendered it necessary to break the backbone of Spanish power in the Orient and on the Pacific, and so long as this movement on our part placed Manila and its inhabitants at the mercy of the Tagalos, it was our bounden and sacred duty to maintain and augment our forces at this point.

In the trenches outside of Manila, when the *Argonaut*, Mr. Atkinson and Mr. Valentine and Mr. Bryan would have withdrawn the American forces, lay a hungry lot of human jackals waiting for the signal when they might rush into the unhappy city and begin the slaughter. Their grimy hands itched to get at the throats of the women and children, itched to tear the jewelry from the ears and rings from the fingers of their helpless victims; they longed for the hour when the American troops would be ordered withdrawn; longed for the time when they could pillage and ransack the homes of the rich, despoil and murder the women and children; longed for the hour when, with torch in one hand and knife in the other, they might pitilessly murder shrieking, helpless inhabitants Out in the trenches they laid in waiting, hungry-eyed, hopeful of loot, dreaming of the hour that would bring to their savage souls a glut of blood and plunder. Shame on the American who would argue us into a shameful course that would lead up to such horrible results. Shame on the American who, for the sake of party politics, would encourage insubordination in the ranks of our own army and hope in the breasts of our antagonists. Shame on the American whose affection for his own theories of government are stronger than his patriotism. Yet the *Aagonaut* would have the troops withdrawn.

THE LABOR TRUST.

There is a spirit of unrest noticeable in the ranks of labor throughout the United States. It may be indicative of national prosperity, for strikes are unknown during periods of depression, or it may be a move on the political chessboard, instigated by the leaders of labor, who are not above such tricks. The strike at Homestead, several years ago, operated to President Harrison's disadvantage and secured his defeat for a second term. It is pretty generally recognized in politics that dissatisfaction and prolonged strikes on the eve of an election are liable to disadvantage the Administration. Indeed, empty granaries, droughts, and low prices all wield an influence antagonistic to the party in power. Perhaps labor is trying its hand at politics, so as to dislodge Mr. McKinley. That labor has been "worked" against expansion is evident to a novice, but perhaps the present outbreak of strikes is merely the result of a natural outburst of devilishness. The Labor Trust, however, received a severe setback in New York a few days ago. Judge Truax held it to be unlawful for unions to force non-members out of work. He enjoined the Enterprise Association and the Progress Association—societies of steamfitters and helpers—from interfering with the members of the National Protective Association of Steam Fitters and Helpers, and preventing them from procuring and retaining work.

The original Labor Trust has always regarded itself as supreme in matters in, as well as out of, labor, and this decision will fall with sickening emphasis upon these pretensions. Plain and irresistible as these conclusions of law must be, there is not the slightest doubt that Judge Truax will be heartily denounced by labor as a hired tool of capital. It seems that the two defendant associations had instructed their walking delegate to prevent the members of the National Association from obtaining work except upon a few small jobs where their own members were not employed. The walking delegate was to and did, inform contractors that unless the National Association men were discharged, a strike would be enforced among the laborers and other workmen on the building. These threats did, in many instances, intimidate contractors, and as a result the National members were discharged. The Justice held that such proceedings amounted to a conspiracy. He held further, practically, that no individual or association of individuals has the right, wantonly, to so interferfere with a man in the exercise of his craft, business or profession, as to prevent him from earning his livelihood in that profession, craft or business. This decision will cause no surprise except in the ranks of labor, where there has been gathered together and fulminated a remarkably crude and distorted mess of ideas concerning that which labor is pleased to designate as its "rights." Labor has no "rights" superior to those of the ordinary citizen. The "rights" of labor, whatever they may be, belong to non-union men as well as to union men. They are "rights" common to all mankind in free America. The mere forming of an association, the adoption ef a corporate seal and the election of a president and a secretary do not invest the Union with any peculiar privileges or special immunities. They may meet and resolve, they may provide a scale of wages below which they may refuse to work, they may care for their sick and dead, but lawfully they may not prevent a non-member from earning a living at his trade. For some years the Labor Trust has played a pretty free hand, and backed up by a nickel loving press it has succeeded where it should have failed. Because of its voting strength, it has been able, through the help of cowardly office holders and politicians, to trample on the law in some cases, and escape all punishment for its transgressions. Like its prototype, the Manufacturing Trust, it promises to outrun public patience, and force matters to an issue where stringent laws will result. There is not upon the statute books, here or elsewhere in America, a stringent and seemingly harsh regulation that has not growu out of the abuse of a lax and beneficent law. It is so with human nature. It needs a regulating hand. Capital is blundering into the same error, and both labor and capital must eventually come before the same tribunal for regulation.

A POSSIBLE SOLUTION.

When the Industrial Commission began their session on trusts, the public at large, particularly the rural public, expected them to grapple with the trust evil and throttle it. The public at large sees only the obvious and glaring side of any question. Buried forces, of which any given evil may be only a result, are beyond the comprehension of the average newspaper reader. Consequently it was a surprise when witnesses before that body publicly announced that farmers and dairy-owners and managers of like enterprises were forming combinations of the same character as the oil trust or the sugar trust or the grain trust, the only essential difference being that a farmer's trust was a combination of many small units instead of that of a few great ones. The public, which has without hesitation accepted trusts as an evil because the papers said so, was further mildly shocked when witnesses proved by figures that wages under the trust system were not lower for the same branches of employment than under the independent system.

The American amateur statesman cannot be convinced that a thing is not necessarily an evil because it has the name "capital" tacked to it, or because it is in the interest of capital. Moreover, he does not consider the fact that the first trusts were not formed by capitalists at all, but by laboring men. Long before there was any thought of combining large concerns, workingmen were forming trusts of the most rampant variety; for what is a labor union but a trust? Consider its organization. It is a combination of persons controlling a commodity and formed for the purpose of raising, eventually, the price of that commodity. The commodity in question is labor — a thing rated in any commercial system as an article of merchandise. Does not this definition cover capitalized trusts as well? Yet these trusts work toward their ends through the ordinary methods of commerce, while labor unions have not scrupled to employ fire and riot and murder as means to their ends. The logic that applies to a trust composed of a few large units, such as the sugar trust or the oil trust, has to be applied to the Brotherhood of Railway Engineers or the miner's unions. You cannot praise or condemn the one without including the other. More than that, such institutions as department stores or farmer's unions are in exactly the same class. If you pass laws against any of these, you must in justice legislate against them all.

The fact is, that these phenomena of industrial organization may be the first beginning of a new era, wherein men are to compete as bodies and not as individuals. Industrialism has been compared to warfare. To carry out the comparison, this era of massing interests is like the time when men, instead of fighting in mobs for some common ill-defined object, organized themselves, for greater efficiency, into armies. This great movement in industry, of which trusts and labor union and department stores are the most apparent phases, is on lines exactly similar. Instead of individual farmers fighting individual middlemen and individual middlemen struggling with individual capitalists, the chances are that we will have armies of farmers or middlemen or capitalists fighting together against common opponents. Capitalists did not, as has already been shown, begin it. It was only when they got into the movement that the howl went up. It remains to be shown that this massing of interests all atong the line is an evil. Some ill results have been proven, it is true, but in the early years of any industrial change there have always been misery, oppression and hardship, and always will be. The darkest days the English workingmen ever knew were in the years when machinery first came in to revolutonize industry. It was a period of Egyptian bondage for the laborer and of bitter financial distress for managers and owners of small concerns. Yet matters righted themselves, and no one to-day is so foolish as to claim that England is the worse off because of the introduction of machinery. In a manner exactly similar, the oppression caused by capital in process of organization, the unquiet of labor in the same process may be, doubtless are, only the birth-pains of a new economic era. The American people, prone to cross their political bridges in advance, will do well to give this phase of the question their careful consideration, before proceeding to premature and half-baked legislation.

Colonel Summers, of the Oregon Regiment

On the Way to Camp

The "Newport" at Anchor

Colonel Summers and Staff

The Regiment Being Reviewed by Major-General Shafter and Governor Geer of Oregon

Arrival of the "Ohio"

The Regimental Flags

ARRIVAL OF THE OREGON REGIMENT FROM MANILA

PASSING OF BOHEMIA

How the Infux of Outsiders Has Spoiled the Latin Quarter of New York.

New York, July 12th.—Society has come in at the door and Bohemia has gone out at the window. There is no more Bohemia in New York, since Mrs. Grundy took to chaperoning parties in search of the *outre*, and the hysterical Sunday newspaper woman began to make space out of the foreign quarters. A dozen years ago, you might find in nooks and corners of New York a hundred cozy little restaurants that smacked of the Old World. It was here that those who began a new life with each day were wont to dine unmolested. Then, society took to the thrillingly unconventional, and the great *bourgeois* class which trails society at a respectful distance, followed in hunting down the Bohemian resorts. One by one, the places became Americanized and ruined. A little café in the heart of the Latin quarter is a fair sample. Ten years ago, it was as like as may be to a half-dozen waterfront restaurants in San Francisco. Seventy-five cents they used to charge for a dinner with plenty of garlic and "dago red." On the smoky walls were scribbled names since famous the country over, artists, authors, journalists. Its Sunday night symposia were wild and festive occasions, where a negro accompanied popular songs for the nickels thrown into his banjo, and everybody, male and female, knew everybody else before the evening was over. Then came society a-peeping; then followed its cheap imitators. People plaintly not of the place came in droves and made themselves ridiculous by trying to disguise their manners in a cheap swagger. The proprietor reaped a small fortune. Failing to understand the causes of this rise in the world, he enlarged and improved and Americanized the place. The homely, Old World furnishings gave place to barbarous "decorations" of a cheap Bowery concern; the negro and his banjo was supplanted by an orchestra which murdered Sousa's marches; the old "six-bit *table d'hote*" San Francisco knows and loves was changed to a fearsome Italian attempt at a two-dollar American dinner, and lo, the patrons came no more. They had gone on to ruin some other Latin hostelry in the same fashion.

Some Italian or French restaurant keeper should have the enterprise to open a Bohemian place of the old style, and keep it Bohemian. It would really pay him. He would have trouble keeping down the invading army of Americans, but he could have the assurance that the fad will soon die out. This sort of thing isn't native to society nor to the *bourgoisie* either. In a year or two, there will be fads of a new stripe, and highly colored newspaper stories of new discoveries of resorts in the foreign quarter will be too old to be saleable. Then, perhaps, Bohemia will drag itself out into the light again. As it is, no one but young dry goods clerks pretend to the title any more, it is growing so common. I hear that San Francisco had an epidemic of this society "slumming" a year or so ago. However, as an exiled San Franciscan and an old frequenter of her foreign restaurants, I should say that Bohemia had nothing to fear in the City of a Hundred Nations. The foreign population is so large, and people regard the Latin resort in such a matter-of-fact way, that a few sensation hunters cannot harm it; "Mike and Mag" of the returning butcher's picnic came much nearer working its ruin, but the four-bit *table d'hote* survived even that strain.

There is quite another sort of Bohemia — the kind that drinks champagne instead of beer — which is also having its day. This sort smacks of the tenderloin, is filled with women who look like actresses but are not, and is the pest of the roof-gardens. The winter hotel proprietor long ago gave up fighting the woman of suspicious antecedents and her male companion. It is not easy to draw the line. Some big mistakes were made, to their own cost, by clerks and proprietors, before they found it the part of wisdom to admit to their cafes and grill rooms all people who were well dressed and outwardly respectable. But the roof-gardens of last summer drew so much attention from sensational clergymen that the hotel people are casting about for means to regulate their guests. Be it known that these same roof-gardens are the only cool places in the hot August nights of New York. Last summer one had only to take the elevator to gain admittance. As a consequence these resorts became "not nice," to say the least. There is a story abroad of one night when a certain variety actress and her party had, to prevent scandal, to be surrounded with screens by the management. Now, the money of these people is as good as that of anyone else, but a hotel does not exist by roof-gardens alone and the reputation these places acquired last year, being such that no honest man would wittingly take an honest woman to one of them, seriously damaged their steady patronage. This year, therefore, admission is to be by ticket. I doubt very much if the management is anxious to root out the objectionable class entirely. A little spice of naughtiness draws respectable people instead of repelling them. This is partly due to that weakness of good women, the love for seeing their over-gay sisters in the glory of their war paint, and partly owing to the out-of-town patron, who is displeased with New York if he doesn't find it somewhat wicked. A balance of the two elements arranged to suit everybody will be the aim of the hotel proprietor this year.

Speaking of restaurants and hotels, how many know the history of that delight of all gourmets, the diamond-backed terrapin? The approaching extermination of the species is brought to our attention by the market price, which has risen to $160 a dozen, and by new laws just passed in Maryland regarding their taking. Yet it was little over fifty years ago that the same State of Maryland had laws forbidding slave-owners to feed too much terrapin to their negroes! In those days, the succulent reptile was cooked up for fowls and swine, and brought a dollar a wagon-load. The old Revolutionary historians chronicle as one of the privations of the Continental army the fact that Washington and Lafayette had to live on terrapin before Yorktown. Some Southern planter discovered it as a delicacy and spread its fame; then Baltimore and Washington made the acquaintance of terrapin stew. Thenceforth the despised reptiles arose in value and diminished in number. To-day, the principal supply comes from a large terrapin farm, the only one in the world, which A. T. La Valette had the foresight to found before stock grew too dear. Outside this farm, they bid fair to be extinct before very many years. In "turtle season" an army of hunters swarm over the famous eastern shore of Maryland, greedily searching for terrapin, young and old, and their eggs. Already they are extinct in many localities, and a few more seasons will doubtless bring their finish. Even now an expert hunter with trained dogs must walk day after day over the marshes of Maryland and Virginia before he can draw from its hiding-place in the mud a single precious diamond-back.

DRAYTON.

BOOM IN SUGAR STOCK

Honolulu Experiences Considerable Financial Excitement.

Would you believe it? Staid old Honolulu, sober old Honolulu, she of the early missionaries and the regular church attendance, she who has only lately dared break away from the Presbyterian traditions and reluctantly accept a theatre in her Puritanic midst, has had a stock market flurry! Annexation did it.

Since the time that Uncle Sam adopted the little brown islands, the market value of Hawaiian sugar plantations has increased a hundred per cent. There were then sixty separate plantations, worth at least $25,000,000. Since then, their value has doubled, and the holders of sugar stocks grew prosperous. Then, just as in any boom, there arose a craze. Stock of certain favorite plantations went up, up, and away up. Of course, the wise ones began to unload when things got near the top, and of course there was a sudden flurry which left many innocents stranded. Stories are told of people who have realizen small fortunes by having the "nerve" to subscribe for stocks of newly incorporated companies, paying only a deposit in order to hold them, unloading in a day or two, when the market rose, and paying for the original transaction on the receipts. One bright young Kanaka genius, without a cent of capital, made $2,500 in this way by "standing off" the company on the first payment. The stock of this same concern (Kihee) rose at one time to $20 premium, and then dropped back to $5, near which point it rested, and the people who had mortgaged their homes to invest felt that they had truly been mixed in a South Sea Bubble. The excitement is fast subsiding, and Honolulu is settling back into the normal. But if the old missionarles could have looked down and beheld the town to which they brought Christianity and Mother Hubbard clothes engaged in "stock gambling!"

The rise has been justified by steady growth all along the line of the sugar industry. While Honolulu is crowded with men, followers of the annexation movement, looking for polite employment, the rural plantations are taking on laborers at a rapid rate, and machinery and buildings are going up in a night. The very Kihee plantation which got mixed in the stock excitement, has put in pumps for irrigation, and its 4,000 acres of land are expected to yield 15,000 tons of sugar. Other plantations are being irrigated by artesian wells after the Kihee plan, which involves a peculiar system of tunneling. One immense concern, just started at Olaa, contains 20,000 acres, and will be one of the largest plantations in the world. This estate is on soil with a volcanic formation which carries away the drainage of 200 inches of yearly rainfall. The project will include the building of twelve miles of railroad to Hilo, and the construction of a flume to connect the cane land the mill. Five million dollars is the capitalization of the new company controlling the tract, and it is expected to yield 50,000 tons of cane annually.

This plantation is an example of a new movement in Hawaiian industry, the turning of agricultural lands from coffee to sweetening for the same. The great Olaa tract was largely planted in coffee, which will now be plowed under to make way for cane. Coffee-planters have been discouraged, these past few years, because of the growing decline in price of that staple, owing doubtless to competition from Mexico and the Indies. Besides that, it takes skill and knowledge to manage coffee culture, while sugar is a comparatively simple crop. At the same time, the great plantation has greater chances of success than the small concern, so that proprietors of small coffee plantations are selling out and going into the large plantations in the higher branches of employment—as overseers, mill operatives and managers.

Speaking of employment, one reason for this sudden activity in capitalizing and starting large concerns is that the opportunity for procuring cheap coolie labor by contract is almost at an end. When the American labor laws go into effect next year, there will be no importing of Japanese laborers by the thousand, as has been done formerly.

The Toledo Press Club has issued a letter calling upon the newspapers of Ohio to assist it in determining the most beautiful woman in the Buckeye State. Eminent artists (of which, we are to suppose, Ohio has a surfeit) are to assist in passing judgment upon the winner, who is to be heralded on a poster for the forthcoming Ohio Exposition. That Press Club is storing up trouble for itself. Hasn't it seen what comes of such competitions? Hasn't history taught these Toledo journalists any lessons on the danger it is recklessly confronting? When the goddess of Discord wanted to make a split in the Solid Seven on Mount Olympus, she inaugurated just such a competition as her nefarious means. Thence originated the ten-year unpleasantness among the divinities, and Homer's burst into song, whence came German criticism on the Iliad and several other curses of modern civilization. As a position of danger, the judgeship of one of these contests "has it a mile" on the job of the football referee and the baseball umpire—they simply aren't in it. There is only one undertaking that approaches it for genuine peril—that of judge at a baby show. But the referee at a beauty show is in a worse hole for one good and sufficient reason—all women have not babies.

Dr. Norman Kerr, the temperance advocate who died recently at Hastings, England, had made a life study of the subject of inebriety, concerning various aspects of which he had published about thirty volumes. On the efficacy of tobacco as a disinfectant, he has this to say: "On broad, general grounds, I am decidedly of opinion, from my own experience and observation, that tobacco smoking—other things being equal—does give any one exposed to infection a considerable amount of immunity."

ARTIFICIAL GRAPHITE

A New Application of Electricity — What Science is Doing with Liquid Air.

"Want to see us turn Niagara Falls into lead pencils?"

Of course, I was charmed, so the young Assistant, who isn't long enough out of college to take a blasé view on things scientific, led me into a big, bare room, hot with a heat beyond any polite comparison. The apparent cause was a brick furnace set at the far end, a small, loosely-made furnace with evil-looking gases issuing from every crack.

"Now, watch me make an inferno," said the Assistant. He slipped on a hood and approached with a lamp-lighter. The moment the tiny flame approached, the whole surface burst into fire, for all the world like a gasoline stove when you touch a match to it. The room glowed with a dancing pale blue flame; the Assistant with his hood and rod was an Imp of the Pit. In that diabolical glare, he told me all about it.

"That's the hottest furnace in the world, to begin with," said he; "I doubt if any greater heat has ever been whooped up, on the surface at least, since this old globe began to cool. Figures don't mean much when you get to this point, but I'll just mention that there's a heat of seven thousand degrees Farenheit going on in there. Hot? A little. That heat sends any metal whatever up in vapor. They call a firebrick the most unmeltable thing in nature; well, in this furnace it melts like butter. Of course, it's electricity that does it. There are 2,200 volts running into that furnace just now, transforming a thousand horsepower of energy into heat. We don't keep it going long at a time, because it would only be a question of hours until it melted the furnace itself. We leave the bricks loose to let out the gasses which I just lit.

"I know you're wondering where Niagara and lead-pencils come in. Well, the new Niagara electric plant furnishes us the power, and that furnace is making graphite out of waste carbon at a cost—not to mention figures—far below anything you can mine it for. Yes, it's a new thing. It is a sort of graft on the old attempt at making artificial diamonds. Mr. Acheson, the inventor, wasn't able to turn out diamonds, but he did stumble onto a new gem, a mixture of carbon and silicon, a beautiful purple thing which they don't have in nature, and so hard that it scratches even diamonds and rubies. He calls it carbonundum, and is making it regularly as a commercial abrasive, which means a polisher in straight English. He was experimenting with an eye on other unknown jewels, when one day he turned the heat on some carbon, and it came out graphite. Just now, we're making it out of burned-out carbon electrodes from arc lights; we've used up 200,000 of them in that way this spring, and when they give out we'll still have plenty of raw material in waste coke. It's pure graphite, too, which isn't true of the stuff they mine. We are shipping a great deal of it to Germany, for use in the Faber pencil works at Nuremberg. The electrodes aren't even broken in the process. They come out with their substance totally changed chemically, and their shape the same as ever.

"We aren't the only concern that is evolving new and startling things this year. Ostergren of Philadelphia has been monkeying with liquid air ever since it began to be produced in commercial quantities. You know he's the young Swede who built those fast launches which broke world's records awhile back. He was one of the first to liquify air, and he's now getting a big quantity in storage for experiment. But he's shown already some practical uses. It will sell for about ten cents a gallon, if it is proved worthy of manufacture, and can be bottled up like seltzer. For ordinary refrigerating it will be expensive, but for any process which requires dry cold, the preservation of fruit for example, it's going to be valuable. Houses with steam-heating apparatus can be cooled in summer by just turning the stuff into the regular radiator pipes. When you get farther along, its uses in combination are really endless. Here is one. You know that it's hard to separate the introgen and oxygen in the air. But when you make air liquid, they have a tendency to separate because their specific gravity is then different, and you can get them apart as easily as you can separate milk and cream. This puts pure oxygen within an easy reach, and you can use it for a number of things. The latest idea is a serious proposition to employ it together with alcohol or charcoal, as a charge for guns and shells. It would be produced by a plant near the gun and turned into it by pipes. It would be a clean charge, perfectly smokeless and nearly noiseless. In fact, Ostergren has applied for a patent for just such a gun. Besides that, oxygen is the great purifier, and can be used for every sort of cleansing process, from the refining of oil to the disinfecting of sewage.

"There's a big problem of electricity which may be solved by Mr. Ostergren's experiments. That's the long-distance transmission of electric power. They can't yet send electricity to any great distance, because of the resistance of ordinary wires, but they've found that it slides through metals at the temperature of liquid air as it slides through the air itself, so that all you have to do is to enclose the wires in a pipe filled with liquid air, and there you are. I won't pretend to say that it's practicable; lots of these things look all right until they try them, when they find new difficulties. If it is, it will pretty nearly make this a real electrical age.

"There's a lot of danger in it all, though, but it won't frighten a scientist very much. If oxygen comes into general commercial use, there's no telling how much it will vitiate the air of the globe. It's hard to make an estimate, because you can't tell how many uses will be found for oxygen, and because scientists are still wrangling over the depth of the air-envelope. I'm willing to admit, myself, that there may be danger ahead."

Berlin dudes have adopted the kangaroo cravat, which was so popular in Paris a few years ago. It was an accidental discovery of the Prince of Sagan. He was suffering from a sore throat, and instead of putting on his customary necktie, wound a long black kerchief several times around his collar before going to the Cercle de la Rue Royale. On arriving the tie excited the admiration of the set that regarded Sagan as the king of fashion, and it was pronounced a marvelous invention. It has been baptized the Secession cravat.

The battle between the two great transcontinental railroads—the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific—for supremacy in Seattle goes merrily on. Originally the latter line made Tacoma its terminus, but Seattle has gone so far ahead of its erstwhile rival, and its ocean trade has so increased, that the officers of the road were compelled to take steps to secure a part of it. The plan to boom Tacoma was dropped, and now an effort is being made to acquire extensive terminal facilities in the Queen City. Agents of the Northern Pacific have purchased a large slice of the water front, near the Union depot. When this fact leaked out the story went that President Hill of the Great Northern had been caught napping, but this is not true. He has been quietly at work tightening his grip, until now he has the city encircled with a girdle of steel and has land which may be used for railroad yards both north and south. No railroad can get in without crossing his tracks. His immense docks at Smith's Cove, at the northern end of Seattle, can easily be reached, and the warehouses erected there have a capacity of many thousands of tons. His southern holdings are covered by a few inches of water now, being part of the bay; but arrangements for filling have been made, and then there will be ample accommodations. From a Northern Pacific source it is learned that company would favor the erection of a union depot in place of the old wooden structure that now does duty. It depends upon Mr. Hill whether or not such a structure will be erected, but as the site is a good one he may consent. It is right in the heart of the city, on the water front, and within a few blocks of it are the coast and Sound steamship lines. Just east is the business section of the city. However, a new depot means that the city will have to be built out into the bay for another block or two, for there is scarcely room now for both railroad trains and the wheel traffic.

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Everybody in Seattle and along the coast is on the tiptoe of expectancy in regard to the discoveries in the Cape Nome district. A whole fleet of steamers is due from St. Michaels and they will bring news from the cape, whether it is good or bad. Good news means that there will be a stampede north that will rival the rush to the Klondike. Reports already received announce that this district is richer than the interior fields. If this is true it means another Klondike at Cape Nome. Several hundred men have already left Dawson for the new diggings, and at least a thousand have gone from Seattle. Hundreds more are waiting for the first reports to be confirmed. Scarcely any hardships are to be encountered on the trip. A steamer goes by the all-water route from Seattle to the new town that has sprung up since the discoveries were announced. The fields are not many miles inland, and while they are barren and no vegetation can grow, St. Michaels is near enough to furnish supplies easily.

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Secretary Day's comment on the Round Robin of the press correspondents at Manila, that it is impossible all the officers and leaders in the Philippines should unite in concealing the incompetence of General Otis, is extraordinary in view of the fact that every officer of any note who has returned from the Philippines, in expressing an opinion of that functionary, stigmatized him as a failure. Not publicly, of course, but privately. A prominent army officer, connected with headquarters in San Francisco, told me that the condemnation of Otis was universal among army men. He declared he had talked with captains, colonels and generals, who had passed through San Francisco on their way home, and had yet to hear a tribute to Otis either as a leader or as an administrator. I may be forgiven for pointing out that in the editorial department of The Wave in December, the actual condition of affairs as regards Otis' administration was revealed and his lack of capacity plainly stated. There was no mincing of words either, and good grounds were given for the censure. His lack of executive capacity was plainly exhibited in his administration of Camp Merritt in San Francisco long before he left for Manila. Not one of the offices or men who encountered him there had the slightest regard for his judgment or capacity. It has been urged in The Wave since November, that the *status quo* in the Philippines was due in great part to this narrow-minded, crotchety, fussy old martinet, and it is with deep relief I perceive my contemporaries have arrived at the same conclusion.

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Since his departure from San Francisco early in 1898, but little has been heard of Lieutenant J. E. Runcie. An exceptionally clever and able man, Mr. Runcie has many friends and well-wishers both in army and civilian circles, and his whereabouts must interest all those who know his strong and aggressive personality. On the breaking out of the war with Spain he got himself appointed major in one of the Ohio volunteer regiments, and though not fortunate enough to participate in the Santiago expedition, he was drafted to assist his friend General Leonard Wood in the administration of Santiago, The great success the latter has made in that capacity is familiar to the nation, but how much of the credit he has won belongs to Runcie the latter will never tell. Without detracting from the genuine merit of Dr. Wood, who is certainly one of the manliest men I have ever met, he could not fail to profit immensely by the assistance of Lieutenant Runcie, who is admittedly one of the ablest men West Point ever turned out. When President McKinley comes to his senses and supersedes 'Well-in-Hand" Otis, he would show excellent judgment in sending Major Runcie in some capacity to Manila. There he would find scope for his administrative ability and knowledge, and the country would be the gainer for his services.

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Whatever possessed the editor of the San Francisco *Call* to part with the dramatic criticisms of Ashton Stevens? His matter was not only the most amusing and readable on the subject current in San Francisco, but the most independent and intelligent. A good man at this work is a rare find, for knowledge and judgment must be united with literary skill. All these Mr. Stevens had. He never praised a bad show or failed to do justice to a good one. Whether it was compliment or blame, he always managed to be entertaining. That is saying a great deal. The *Call* will search far before it finds as interesting a critic. In San Francisco there are hundreds of discriminating theater goers, who know what good acting is, and recognize it when it is brought before them. The skill adequately to express their judgment they don't possess, but when someone writes who interprets their ideas they accept him at once and appreciate accordingly, For this class Mr. Stevens was the critic, and a substitute so obviously less gifted cannot possibly gain their attention or approval.

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Editors from everywhere were in Seattle last week. They were members of the National Association with their friends on their annual tour of the West. There were several hundred of them, and they were given a very pleasant entertainment. They sailed on the bay and on Lake Washington, and heard speeches of welcome at the Madison Park pavilion. Mayor Humes was one of the speakers. This is especially mentioned, for the Mayor sometimes forgets engagements of this character. He actually forgot to come to the Fourth of July exercises. He really had no intention of disappointing the people on Independence Day, but he did, nevertheless. He rode in the parade in a carriage with the Orator of the Day, and when the procession was dismissed ordered the driver to carry them to the City Hall. The driver did so, and the Mayor entertained the Orator so well that the latter forgot all about his engagement, and several thousand people stood three hours in the hot sun waiting for him.

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Returning miners bring new advices from the Klondike region regarding the oppression of Canadian officials. The American, Canadian and British residents are all equally loud in their denunciations of the government forced upon them by Ottawa. A sample of the stories afloat is one about a woman, the favorite of a Gold Commissioner, who overstaked the rich claim of an American miner. The American, whose claim was perfectly plain, protested to the Commissioner. The latter decided against him. The case was brought to law, but a few days before the time set for trial the judge in whose court it was to be tried sent a threatening letter to the American. This stated that, "to avoid future trouble," the owner had better compromise by giving up half the contested land to the woman. The American did as advised, losing thereby a property worth $50,000. This, the miners claim, is only a minor instance of the corruption and favoritism continually practiced.

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A statement in a Sunday paper that the "Belle of New York," lately played in South Africa, scored a hit by allusions to Cohoes, Coney Island and Narragansett Pier, brings to mind a great class of Saxons — the Order of the Wanderers. In some ways, in many ways, I think, San Francisco is much nearer to Johannesburg or Pretoria than is London. The men who have won South Africa from negroes and Boers and desert perils are most of them men who could bound old Portsmouth Square or translate "two bits" into straight American. They are men who have been wherever the Saxon wanders. They have driven cattle in Montana and the Australian bush, they have soldiered in India, they have dug gold in California, and, perhaps, Alaska. Even now, the Philippine army has thousands of such wanderers, English or Colonial born, but members in spirit of a common race. Stevenson was of this breed; so, in feeling at least, is Kipling. Their ready acceptance of any Anglo-Saxon citizenship, their making the race and not the mere political division their main interest, is a basis for belief in the eternal possibility of an Anglo-Saxon alliance.

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The last Legislature authorized the expenditure of fifty thousand dollars for uniforms for the National Guard. General Dickinson is to control the expenditure of this large sum. It is to be hoped that in letting the contracts such discretion will be used as to give work to as many idle hands as possible. Time and again it has so happened that these large expenditures have fattened Eastern rather than Western houses, a contingency far from the intention of the Legislature.

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The salmon season opened on the Sound about ten days earlier than usual, last week, and yet the fishermen are not happy. They were caught napping, and thousands of fish passed safely by their traps. Few of the firms which control the industry on the Sound were prepared, and when the water began to bubble with schools of fish there was a frantic endeavor to get the traps in readiness. The inshore men did very well, and the others after the first day managed to get their share. The catch this season promises to be larger than ever, and it will be a good thing, for the demand is greater. Alaska has proved to be a good market for the king of fish, and the natives of the Philippines will be introduced to the salmon in a short time. Thus far, the fish has been exported to the new American possessions in the Pacific, but only in such small quantities that the rich alone could afford to purchase them. Boat loads will be sent hereafter, and it is expected that the islands will prove a profiable market.

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The gentlemen and others who drink foamy beer will be surprised and disappointed to learn that the hop crop of Washington will be short this year. A late season interfered with the growth, so hops will be higher than usual and a small amount will have to go a great way. However, if the brewers use something else to take the place of hops it will make little difference to the consumers of beer, for they won't know the difference. Brewers, if they wished to, can make the beverage out of any old stuff. There will be enough hops, doubtless, to go around and give the beer the proper flavor.

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A new Richmond has entered the field in the oyster industry in Washington. It is the Scottish-American Investment Company, and it proposes to raise the succulent bivalve ou a large scale. Recently the company purchased fifteen hundred acres of oyster lands in Mason County, on the Sound, and the work of planting the seed has already begun. The concern is supplied with plenty of capital, and there is no doubt but that its venture will be successful. Puget Sound is noted for its oysters, and the fact that they are meeting with favor in the East has opened up a market that will be difficult to supply, for a short time at least. However, the Scottish-American Company expects to be able to handle a large bulk of the local and interior trade. A number of the most expert oyster growers in the State are in the employ of the company.

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I doubt if any voyagers ever saw the Golden Gate more gladly than those who came in on the United States transports *Ohio* and *Newport* last Wednesday. I doubt, also, if our own California troops can possibly get a warmer welcome. The citizens of San Francisco were glad to see the Oregon men, and they showed it. It was not a case of one or two sensational papers taking up a collection and then filling four pages over their own performance. The whole city was in the movement. The soldiers themselves looked pale, worn, and a bit weak, but the tropical climate has not treated them so badly after all; you cannot expect men to go through a year's campaigning anywhere and come back fresh and rosy. Observers said, last year, that among all the volunteers in Camp Merritt the Oregon regiment shone for the intelligence and character of the individual men. They were also said to be one of the youngest. They do not look young now; a year's hard campaigning has made men out of all of them.

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It would appear that the committees having in charge the gathering of subscriptions for the soldiers' medal fund are not being received with that consuming ardor so worthy a project should command. The truth is, patriotism has been done to death in San Francisco. The great dailies of San Francisco are never quite happy unless engineering some scheme which shall win glory for themselves and money from the public. The *Call* with its Dewey statue, the *Chronicle* with its medals, and the *Examiner* with its Dewey Loving Cup have really tired out their community, and it looks now as if all three projects would fall by the wayside. The reception of the Volunteers returning from the Philippines is likely to make strong demands on the generosity of the city. To arouse enthusiasm and funds for the Oregon regiment was not so difficult, but will a reception be ready for the other volunteers? Surely, the Kansans, Nebraskans, Dakotans and Washingtons are deserving as well of San Francisco as the Oregonians, but enthusiasm in California is apt to exhaust itself on the first arrivals, leaving nothing for the others. No one who remembers the cheers and plaudits that greeted the first arrivals of the Volunteer Army in San Francisco, and the complete indifference of the city to later recruits, will doubt this assertion.

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Apropos of patriotic citizens and subscription funds, a good story is told of a well known capitalist noted for his closeness. A delegation of Red Cross ladies came to him asking a contribution to their fund. The old gentleman shook his head and said, "These are hard times, ladies, no one is making any money—why, I myself have two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in the First National Bank not earning a cent."

***

If the Raineyites are to be credited, the *Examiner* has fully entered into alliance with a set of corrupt and self-seeking politicians in direct antagonism to all its former professions of decency and public honor. No journal which has attached to itself a Rainey can be a guardian of morals or sincere in any declaration in favor of pure politics. The connection is a fatal mistake, as Mr. Hearst will sooner or later discover. What strength the *Examiner* has held all these years was based on the assumption of its independence of corporation and boss control. It has now surrendered this distinction—and for what purpose? To what end! It must be remembered that the *Chronicle* and *Call* are more virulent against the Associated Villainies than the *Examiner* ever was, and they are gaining the prestige and audience that care for this sort of thing. Thus the Monarch is deprived of its strongest suit—so what remains? On what fresh pretense can it delude the public? Let it be remembered the forces of reform and decency in the Democracy are all lined up behind the Committee of One Hundred, together with the great bulk of the voters. On the other side are the professionals politicians alone. It is retrogression of the worst kind, and I predict will prove the most costly step of the *Examiner's* career.

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July 18th was a great day for the University of California, one of the greatest in the history of that institution. On that day, Benjamin Ide Wheeler accepted the presidency, putting an end to the old era of political control and internecine warfare. The acceptance of Dr. Wheeler means more than the securing of a modern educator to lead the modern University which is being evolved at Berkeley. It means that the old, absurd control of the Faculty by incompetent Regents is forever past. It means that politics will enter no more into the selection of instructors. It means that the good name of the University is to be stained no more by such undignified squabbles as the late passage-at-arms between Messrs. Syle and Gayley. All this was brought about by Wheeler's refusal to take the position unless he could have the say in Faculty affairs—"be interpreter between the Faculty and the Regents," he puts it in his acceptance. Success to Dr. Wheeler! If all his administration is as brilliant as its beginning, then it will, indeed, be an era of prosperity for the University of California.

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When the California Club started its boys' playgrdoun last fall great things were prophesied and expected. The

playground idea is one that has been applied in the principal Eastern cities and in one or two Western ones, and and has been uniformly successful in those places. There had been no such institution in San Francisco; this was the pioneer, and it began in a blaze of glory and newspaper paragraphs. The opening attendance was immense; something like two or three hundred boys made the small lot at Bush and Hyde streets a stamping-ground in the first week or two. Then the institution fell upon evil days. A gang, to begin with, came upon it and prepared to wipe it out. Forcible handling of this element would have put an end to their scheming, but those in charge temporized, and the toughs continued to make trouble inside and out. As a consequence, the "nice" mammas of this district took their children out and left the small rowdies in charge. An attempt was then made to exclude the toughs by instituting a regular membership list; this cleaned out that element, as it was expected to do, but with both the "nice" boys and the "bad" boys gone the attendance at the playground has dwindled to a corporal's guard. There have been one or two spasmodic revivals since, but the institution stands to-day in a fair way to be a fizzle.

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Just what is the matter with the California Club's management? Granted that the grounds are not in a district that has such need of sociological endeavor as have, for example, certain districts south of Market, granted that the grounds are small, it seems incredible that the club cannot even maintain an attendance. The attempt was the first one in San Francisco; if it fails any effort made in the same direction for many years will be checked by references to the failure. The Woman's Club of Denver runs successfully a boys' playground, and in spite of the fact that it met in its early stages with trouble that was trouble from toughs and hoodlums. But the tough boy was the one they were after, not the Fauntleroy kid that he scared away, and with a little patience and some force the ladies of Denver pulled their experiment through. It looks as though the need of this pioneer San Francisco playground were only for some one to take hold of it with a will and push matters along—some one who will put some energy and interest into her work, and who will recognize that the bad boy, not the good one, is the creature such an institution is designed to help.

BOSWELL JR.

Cecil Rhodes rides daily for two hours from 6 a. m. His favorite reading consists of the classics in translations. His especial admirations are Froude and Carlyle; Gibbon he is said to know almost by heart; *Vanity Fair* is his favorite work of fiction. He is a fair shot, a good pyramid player, and keeps a menagerie on Table Mountain. When in Cape Town he visits his lions every day. He is fond of gardening, especially rose culture.

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGES

Some Facts About an Important But Nearly Unknown Educational Movement.

Probably few Americans, certainly few Westerners, are aware of the significance of an educational movement brought close to Californians this week, by the meeting of the Association of American Agricultural Colleges and Experiment Stations in San Francisco. When, in 1860, Senator Morrill of Vermont instituted movement for Colleges of Agriculture and Mechanical Arts in all the States, there was absolutely no instruction in these branches in any American University. The higher colleges confined their work to the old-time classical courses; the great scientific and technical schools were in a struggling infancy or as yet unborn. Senator Morrill. who was for nearly forty years, the sponsor of the new movement, got a bill through Congress in 1862 for a grant of public lands to defray the expenses of such schools. By this measure, every State was to be given 30,000 acres of land for each of its Representatives in Congress, the funds accruing therefrom to be used for running expenses, and not for buildings or appliances, which were to be furnished by the individual States. As soon as the depression of war times was over, the States responded, some of them—notably Massaehusetts—not only erecting substantial buildings, but adding to the Government endowment. In 1887, an additional grant of $15,000 per year was made for the establishment of experiment stations, and in 1890 Senator Morrill again succeeded in getting the annual contribution of the Government raised by $25,000. The Goverment provided in its original endowment for thorough military instruction, and an officer in the army has always been appointed to each State for this purpose.

It will be seen, therefore, that every one of these colleges has a liberal income—$40,000 a year, besides the funds from the Government grant and from State gifts. They are farther removed from politics than the State Universities, and their work has gone on quietly and without interruption. For this reason, perhaps, the people in general have been strangely ignorant of their teachings and its importance. From the first there was a tendency shown to crowd the mechanical departments and ignore the agricultural feature. The superior attractiveness of the engineering professions as compared with farming, the natural trend of young America to the cities, were the canses of this difficulty. However, as time passed, the various technical schools of the country began to offer superior facilities to engineers. In addition to this, the great Universities took up engineering as a part of their curriculum, and agriculture once more took the lead as the *raisou d'etre* of these institutions. The military department has always been strong, as is proven by the statistics presented this year to the convention, showing that the colleges sent to the war with Spain over five hundred officers and nearly fifteen hundred privates and noncommissioned officers.

This year's convention, the thirteenth in point of time, marks an epoch in the life of the colleges, because of a danger they are preparing to meet and two measures they are attempting to force through Congress. The danger comes from the Free Homestead Act, defeated in Congress this year, but coming up again in 1900. The $:5,000 grant made in 1890 was to be supported by the sale of public lands under the Homestead Act. The throwing open of public lands free of charge would take away the means for this endowment. By concerted action, the Association defeated the measure last year, but it comes up again in 1900, and they are preparing to renew the fight. The first of their proposals to Congress involves an entire change in the system of appointments at West Point Military Academy. Instead of appointing civivilian cadets direct, they desire that only those shall be appointed who have completed a two years' scientific and mathematical course at one of the Agricultural Colleges. Thus the cadet would enter the Academy with a groundwork of general education and some rudimentary knowledge of military tactics, whereas now the entrance examinations for West Point, minute and thorough as they are on the subjects covered, do not involve the knowledge of even a High School graduate. Their other scheme is for the admission of their graduates and of those of any other accredited scientific school to the Smithsonian Institute at Washington for postgraduate work in science. This is intended as a movement toward that National University, about which Congress has talked so much and done so little.

Carlotta Grisi, who died the other day in Switzerland, was a prima donna as well as a *premièr danseuse*. Early in her career she was married to Perrot, her teacher, and she once told Alexandre Dumas that his tenderest caress during the honeymoon was to stand on her hips in order to make them stronger. She and the husband who made her practice so constantly were happy enough for a while, although she left him before reaching the height of her career.

The ordinary pillow eats up 75 per cent of the feather supply, and the rest goes to miscellaneous bedding, and the down which is selected from the feathers and comes, in some instances, already selected, is used for fancy cushions of the better grade and for bed covers. Feather beds, the old-fashioned article, which come here from Germany and Ireland, are going out of date rapidly, and even the East Siders make pillows of their beds after they have been in the country a few years.

A. O. U. W. Float

Marines From the Battleship "Iowa"

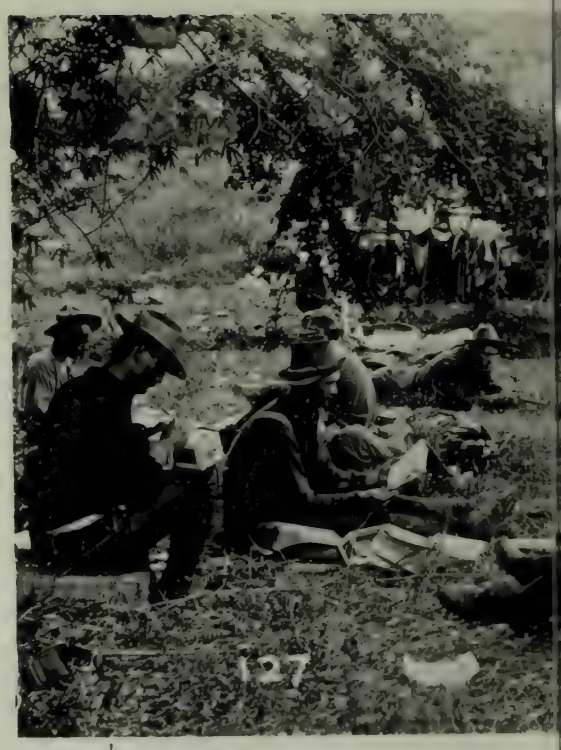
In Pioneer Square

Street Illumination

THE FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION AT SEATTLE

Photos by Bailey & Co.

On the Firing Line at Malabon



A Lull in

Captives Burying Their Dead

Resul

The Third Artillery at Caloocan

A Roadside Thicket in Luzon

THE CAMPAIGN

Photos by Private R

Trenches

In the Track of the Destroyer

Springfield Fire at Close Range

A Grave in the Trenches

Prisoners Under Guard

THE PHILIPPINES

of the Oregon Volunteers

John E. McManus

L. H. Griffith

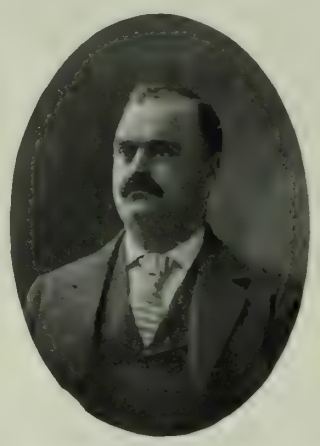
John B. Slater

O. J. Smith

W I. B. Nichols

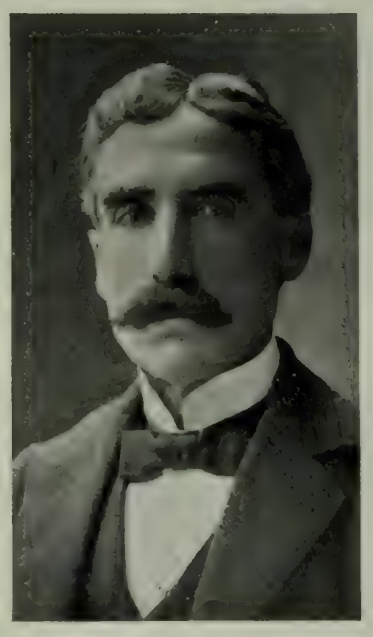
JOHN A. CLARK
Manager

A. C. Abrams



H. E. Wevmouth

John B. McManus



B. H. McLELLAND
Secretary

SEATTLE MINING EXCHANGE DURING AN AFTERNOON SESSION

Photo by Wilse

S. A. Corbett

R. B. Bullock

Seattle enjoys the unique distinction of being a mining centre, notwithstanding the fact that it is situated on a Sound within six hours' sail of the wide ocean. San Francisco is probably the only other Coast city that can make the same claim. The mines that have made the metropolis of California famous are many leagues away from that city, but those which are bringing Seattle to the attention of the world are within a few miles of its suburbs. In addition, the Queen City is the gateway to Alaska, it has the unexplored Olympic range within view of its water front, and the great mines of Eastern Washington are near enough to affect its prosperity. The mines of Washington are not recent discoveries. Many of them have been producers for years, yet little interest was manifested in them by Seattle people until lately. The Klondike excitement brought in thousands of strangers. Many of them were from old-established districts of the Cascades. They made little excursions into the mountains about the city, and realized that the ground was rich in mineral. Prospects were opened up and shortly a genuine boom was launched. Seattle, however, was absorbed in the Klondike and Alaskan fields, and it was not not until fortunate miners returned from these places and invested their wealth in home properties that the community woke up to the fact that it had treasure at its doors. Now the city is mine-wild, and the last thing to make it a mining centre has been established. It is the Seattle Mining Exchange, and during the short time it has been in existence it has done a tremendous business. In fact, its books will show more transactions in one week than many of the large exchanges of the country. Its daily call is well attended by men, and women, too. Each day adds to the importance of the exchange. New stocks of mines which are being opened are being listed, and the bidding is spirited. Speculation is growing more popular and the business is bound to grow. Two old mining men are at the head of it — John A. Clark, manager, and B. H. McLelland, secretary.

J. F. Eshelman

THE LICENSED STOCKBROKERS OF SEATTLE

Photos by Braas

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
ABSOLUTELY PURE
Makes the food more delicious and wholesome
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

This summer, dear Diary, seems to be infinitely gayer than last winter. I receive letters from half my girl friends, from here, there, and everywhere, telling me of the thrilling days they are passing in the different summer resorts. The girls at San Mateo and Mateo and Burlingame think their fun is the *chef d'œuvre* of all real enjoyment. Then from San Rafael I hear about the same tale, while Monterey is all excitement over approaching festivities. Of course, I am going to spend August at Del Monte. I fear the gay days at the other resorts will be ended, for the list of names at present waiting in the office of the Hotel is enormous.

Saturday last at the San Rafael Links there was a great deal of excitement. I think almost every one at the hotel took luncheon out there, for the contest for doubles was going on all day. Eleanor Morrow surprised every one of us by her skillful playing. Emerson Warfield and she go out to the links every morning and practice with the greatest deliberation, and she will yet, I think, be a great rival to Mrs. Gilman Brown. I wish the San Rafael people would get Alice Moffitt over to play on their links. Athern Folger told me he considered them more intricate to play on than those in Oakland, but, of course, that may have been owing to his not being quite so familiar with them. Sam Boardman plays more skillfully every week. He has such a jolly horse I'd give all I have for him to rush me madly, and lend me his horse to exercise during the week for him. Those I hire in San Rafael, now, are pretty fair, but I want one as fleet as Sam's and as beautiful.

The Paper Chase was the great event of last week at San Rafael. There were a large number of girls who entered, but at the last moment their fathers or mothers came to the conusion that it was dangerous, so insisted that they should withdraw. It makes me so angry that here in California, whenever anything particularly jolly is on the tapis, some interfering person gets in her deadly work, and our fun is stopped. Mr. Crooks worked nobly, and deserved as great a success as he achieved. Point St. Pedro was the vantage ground, and from the very beginning Charley De Young was ahead. Were he my son, I should be awfully proud of him. He has charming manners, and is a master hand at driving a four-in-hand, and also at riding. Marie Oge sits a horse well, and does not seem to fear a hedge or a ditch. Mrs. Crooks looked charming, and is an excellent rider. Aunt Sybil allowed me to ride, but Mrs. Morgan would not permit Therese, much to her disappointment. However, everyone was awfully interested, and I do not think I have ever seen a bigger crowd at the Links to watch the finish — Charley De Young first, and Cuyler Smith, of Atlanta, Georgia, second. I do think it a shame to let a Southern fellow beat all our men riding. I expected so much, too, of dear Sam Boardman. Some people say there will be another next week, and a lot of us girls intend riding every day to see if we cannot get ahead of the old winners.

There are a good many girls up at Lake Tahoe this year. I heard from one the other day that it is the one place in California where one fishes and catches real trout. Leontine Blakeman, Charlotte Ellinwood, Katherine Dillon and Alice Brigham go out very often and boast of the weight of their trout. All these girls are fine rowers and splendid riders. In fact, no hill is too steep to climb, and as the steeds about the lake are pretty and surefooted, there is no particular danger and any amount of fun. Mrs. General Babcock and her two sons are there now. Most of the girls are badly crushed on Jack. He is a naval cadet on the *Philadelphia*, and very good looking Frank, his younger brother, will be a winner, I hear, when he grows up. Speaking of army men, that sweet, handsome Lieutenant C. T. Boyd has been promoted to a Major in the Thirty-seventh Infantry, and Bobbie Abernethy, for whom I have shed many tears owing to the dangerous wounds he has received, has been made a Captain in the Thirty-sixth. I am so happy about Charley, for I have always been crushed on him, though he has not rushed any of this season's debutantes. Some one told me once he liked a girl out here, but so far, I have not been able to discover whether he be heartwhole or not. Charlie Abernethy was too tall for my taste, but I did like his winning ways. and, you know, since Mr. Winship has been here and was so modest I have become a real hero worshiper.

Alice Ames gave a big theater party at the Orpheum the other night. She has several of the Robbins family out here, and a Mr. Dray and a dear called Walcott from Harvard, and they are all having great sport. I am rather crushed on Mr. Dray; he is the real college type and has the most fascinating manners. Alice's wedding will be a huge affair, and I am so glad she is having so many bridesmaids, for nothing is so effective in a church wedding. I am awfully pleased that Bert Wright is going to marry such a nice girl. I do not know Miss Beattie very well, but most of the girls say she is an awfully nice girl.

I went to see Mrs. Chenery the other day, and I do think her flat is the prettiest and most artistic in town. She has any number of pretty things, and Leonard and she seem to get all the pleasure in the world out of their home.

George Newhall is still being heavily joshed about his days on the *Nippon Maru* and the chance he had of getting the plague. I know one girl who is made very happy owing to his return, and perhaps one of these days I shall tell you who she is.

Now, Diary dear, I think I have told you all I know for this week, so good by, but don't forget to see "Lord and Lady Algy" if you want to learn how to be "English sporty."

MISS CRICKET.

From the day that a young man starts out to seek his first position to the end of his business life, his health has a world to do with his success. When a young man applies to a business man for a position, his personal appearance has a deal to do with the outcome. "Personal appearance" does not mean dress alone. It does not mean exterior cleanliness alone. A young man may be clean, so far as soap and water will make him, but be disfigured by unsightly pimples, eruptions and ulcerations on the skin. These are due to impurities in the blood. The blood becomes impure because it is improperly nourished. Instead of receiving the life-giving elements of the food, it receives the foul emanations of indigestion, biliousness and costiveness.

The reason that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the best remedy for disorders of this description is that it goes right to first causes. It gives a man an appetite "like a horse." It facilitates the flow of digestive juices. It corrects all disorders of the digestion, and makes the assimilation of the life-giving elements of the food perfect. It invigorates the liver. It purifies and enriches the blood. It makes the muscles strong and active. It tones and steadies the nerves. It makes a young man look as he should—strong of body, alert of brain and clean and wholesome of skin. Medicine dealers sell it, and have nothing "just as good."

"I had eczema in its worst form," writes Austin Ramsey, Esq., of Saltillo, Huntingdon Co., Pa. "I tried three doctors but got no relief. I thought it would set me wild. It itched and burned so badly. The neighbors thought I would never be cured. I took your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and am now well."

THE DEL MONTE OUTING

A Programme of Pony Racing, Golf and Polo Contests Prepared.

For half a decade the annual outing of the Country Club figured among the greatest social events of the California year. To Del Monte in August flocked the rank, fashion and beauty of the Coast cities, to enjoy the sunlight and flowers of the most delightful of summer resorts. These outings had for their main purpose the pastime of pigeon shooting, which, while entertaining enough to some people, does not constitute a perennial source of interest. It is great sport for the participants, but much less amusing for the audience. Inevitably there came a decline of interest and an abandonment of the outing. Since then, however, there has been developed in California a stronger interest in outdoor sports. The programme of the outing this year is an index of the new condition of affairs.

Instead of a team of expert shots being the only factor in the entertainment, most of the guests will be vitally interested in one or other of the events. The game of golf on the Pacific Coast is hardly more than eighteen months old, yet to-day there are five admirable links round San Francisco alone, besides a splendid links at Del Monte. The other Coast cities are also well equipped. In this game two contests have been instituted, one for all comers, the Del Monte cup, and the ladies' handicap, for which George Crocker has offered a beautiful cup. The bicycle race is another event, the prize for which is a handsome bicycle. This contest owes its inspiration to Herman Oelrichs. A yacht race in Monterey Bay has been instituted to attract the big schooner yachts of the Coast. The pigeon shootists will have a morning for their trial of skill, and it is proposed to have two afternoons of pony racing. On top of all this will be several rounds of polo, together with swimming, tennis, picnics, driving and illuminations thrown in.

The original intention was that the Outing should extend over three days, but so much interest has been inspired that it has been determined to extend the affair through the week of the 21st-28th of August. It is no exaggeration to say that the demand for accommodation is greater than ever before in the history of the Del Monte, and it is freely predicted there will be a big overflow of guests for Monterey itself. A keen contest is anticipated for the All Comers golf cup, which will really be worth winning. Cracks from San Rafael, Burlingame, the Presidio and Oakland have announced an intention to participate. The entire contingent of Burlingamites will join in the polo racing. Messrs. Wiltsee, Simpkins and Spreckels are all in for the yacht race. It is probable the Riverside team will be up for the polo, and a cortege of society experts is already figuring on the bicycle run.

The Original Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

SPORT AT BURLINGAME

The San Mateo Hunt Club Races on the Hobart Track.

To use the expression of the race track reporter, "The scene of racing has shifted." On the 4th the Corbett track was careered madly over by the speedy polo pony and giddy and festive mule. The 15th saw the Hobart track with a new judges' stand and grand stand, brass band, silver cups and various other features. There was no mule race, but there was the match between Pinto and Guzeba, and there was the scales. The scales were there for a purpose, namely, to see that the weights to be carried in the race were right. It was dimly whispered that two detectives were present to assist them in case there should be any interference on the part of those anxious to prevent the overloading of their ponies.

The first race was a qaurter-mile dash for qualified polo ponies, riders to be determined by lot. The ponies entered herein were expected by their owners to give to the man to whose lot they fell a real good time. Therefore, every man hoped he would get some one else's pony. Charles Dunphy's Little Egypt fell to Walter Hobart. "Is she fast?" inquired that gentleman anxiously. "How could she be otherwise, with such a name?" was the reply, but Mr. Hobart also ran. Ollie Tobin secured Dreyfus, and had considerable trouble in mounting the Prisoner of Devil's Island. Charles Dunphy rode Santa Monica; Peter Martin, Mincemeat; Hugh Hume, Gopher; and Frank Carolan, Hot Cakes. There was a good start, but Gopher, who had just returned from a vacation in pasture, was not to be denied, and Mr. Hume added the Hobart cup to his collection of silverware.

The second race was a match for fifty dollars a side, between Prince Poniatowski's thoroughbred Yucatan, Mr. Carolan riding, and Mr. Hobart's pony Camanche, owner up. Camanche went to the post by hand, for reasons which he made manifest as soon as Mr. Hobart mounted him. After a short but spirited argument, the steed turned his attention toward the point his rider desired, and the race was on. For some distance the pony led, but Mr. Carolan brought Yucatan to the front and won the race handily.

The third event was two and a half miles over eight hurdles, for the Moore Punch Bowl Cup, offered by Mr. J. J. Moore, for qualified hunters to carry two hundred pounds. The weight was lowered to one hundred and eshty pounds, at which the following horses went to the post: Ali Baba, rider, Mr. Hobart; Harry Lewis, rider, Mr. Hume; Merry Boy, rider, Mr. Carolan, and Blucher, rider, Mr. Dunphy. The gentlemen took things easy at the start, but had some difficulty in restraining their mounts. After the second time round, the race plainly lay between Mr. Hobart and Mr. Hume, Harry Lewis running strong, but losing considerably at his jumps. Ali Baba won by a couple of lengths, and the handsome trophy went to Mr. Hobart. Mr. Carolan was cantering Merryboy, he of the reported "dinky legs," when some anxious backer called to him to beware of Mr. Dunphy on Blucher, who was quietly coming up, and Mr. Carolan started to galop again, in time to secure third cup. Mr. Hume, owner of Harry Lewis, declared that his horse had the benefit of a wretched ride.

The fourth race, a half-mile flat for polo ponies (riders by lot), was won by Mr. Dunphy on his own Gopher. By clever riding at the finish, he relegated Dreyfus, ridden by Mr. Hume, to second place, Mincemeat, Mr. Tobin, third.

Fifth on the programme was the mile and a quarter hurdle race for polo ponies. This was won easily by Mr. Dunphy's Blucher, who, while somewhat larger than the other ponies, put up a good race, especially when the fact is considered that he had run in the two-and-a-half-mile race but a short time previous to this event. Mr. Tobin on Jubilee put up a good race, hurdling cleverly, and secured the place, while Mr. Martin on Six Bits got the show.

The sixth race was a match race between Mr. Hobart's Guzeba and Mr. Carolan's Pinto; prize to winning rider, owner to ride the other horse. Pinto is a noble beast, whose occupation when not engaged in racing is leader in Mr. Carolan's four-in-hand. Guzeba has no visible means of support other than being the bright particular lobster of Mr. Hobart's galaxy. The ponies got off well, but Pinto sat low in the water. Hobart, by dint of working his passage, brought his mount past the stakeboat—the judges' stand, I mean—first. The applause was most enthusiastic; in fact, the race gave so much general satisfaction that an encore was demanded. Some wag attempted to inform the riders that "the event was a dead heat, but unfortunately there were bets to be decided, and Mr. Hobart may proudly point to Guzeba as being, unlike the 'Turtle,' not so fast."

The last race was a mile open on the flat, for the Hume cup, the horses to carry 160 pounds. The entries were Floodmore, ridden by Mr. Hobart; Blairheart, Mr. Dunphy; Frondeur, Mr. Tobin, and Bragg, Mr. Walter. Bragg took the lead and managed to keep it, winning by a length from Floodmore, Blairheart third.

Altogether the programme was a highly enjoyable one, affording much amusement, and if no records were broken or set up for the emulation of the horsey world, still there was enough good sport to furnish ample subject for speculation and comparison until the next encounter at the P. C. P. R. and S. A. meeting at Del Monte.

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Jim Bullinger's Lost Leg

Jim Bullinger was the jolliest chap that ever drove a niter-glycerine wagon over the humpy and thumpy roads of the Pennsylvania oil regions. He was all heart. Always wanting to do something to help somebody along and give him a lift. I'll never forgit the lift he gave me right at this road. That creek down there at the foot o' this mountain is the P'ison Run Branch of Tanglebottom Creek. I was on my way down the mountain, right about here, to shoot a well over yonder about two mile, hoofing it, when Jim overhauled me with his team, carrying the niter-glycerine that we was going to do the shooting with.

"Git in," says Jim, "what's the use o' walkin'?"

"Guess I won't git in," says I. "You've got load enough already," because I didn't like the notion of riding down this mountain with Jim and his niter-glycerine.

"Pooh!" said Jim. "I've only got forty quarts aboard. Git in!"

"Jim," I says, "drive on. I need exercise, and I'm going to walk down."

"Blast your gizzard!" says Jim, grinning the cheerfullest kind, "git in and ride, or I'll waste some glycerine right here!"

And as he said that that he reached back and picked up a can of the stuff and raised it up, ready to slam it against a rock. Maybe Jim wouldn't a slammed it, but he was jolly and full of jokes, and I didn't want to see the niter-glycerine wasted, for it had cost money and wasn't mine. So I clum in the wagon alongside of Jim.

"I always help a neighbor whenever I kin," says Jim, as we jolted along. "For instance," says he, "that nigh horse there belongs to Sam Huley. Sam hain't drove him but three times, and the hoss ran away with him every time. He run away with Sam tremendous yesterday," says Jim. "Smashed Sam's wagon all to flinders and smashed am blame nigh as bad. I went round to see Sam last night. He had a couple of legs broke, and his head was scrunched consider'bly. I had to jam my ear sock agin Sam's mouth," says Jim, "to hear what he was sayin'. He asked me to do him a favor, and I told him all he had to do was to sing out what it was and I'd do it all right. Then he told me that if that hoss of his could be driven three miles at a stretch without runnin' away he could get a couple o' hundred for the critter. Sam said he needed the money the worst way. But he said he didn't believe it could be done; but that if it could be done he knowed I could do it. I told Sam, of course, that I'd try the hoss, but I was afraid he was too fur gone to win that money. That didn't make no difference though," said Jim. "Bein' always willin' to help a neighbor and give him a lift, I told Sam I'd try the hoss and see how he would perform."

Then Jim paused and gave me a cheerful look. Then he p'inted toward the hosses with his whip.

"That's Sam's hoss yonder," he says. "That nigh one. And I'm tryin' him," says Jim.

I sort o' put in the next few seconds trying to think up something to say that would be appropriate to riding on a load of niter-glycerine behind a runaway horse. I don't know what it would have been, for I never got it all the way thought up. Sam Huley's horse saw its chance just then, and the next second we were bowling down the road like a railroad train. I've seen some runaway horses doing some pretty good licks in my time, but that one of Sam's could have beat all the others rolled into one. Why that glycerine didn't go off before we had gone twenty feet, I don't know. I could hear the cans rattling like milk cans in a wagon. Jim Bullinger pulled and sawed on them hosses till he was black in the face, but he might as well have tried to stop the wind.

"This here is too bad," I heard him say. "I'm sorry for Sam, all through," he says. "I can't win that two hundred fer him, nohow!"

Then pretty soon he says to me: "If we strike the short rocky bend in this road the way we're goin', he says, "we're liable to waste all this here glycerine, and it cost the boss a heap o' money! He's waitin' fer it down yonder by the well," says Jim, "and if we don't git there with it he'll be terrible disapp'inted. If only it don't belch before we git to that flat rock yonder, I think maybe I kin save it."

Most amazing as it was, the glycerine didn't belch, and when we got to the flat rock Jim put all his strength on one rein and gave it a tremendous yank. That turned the runaways square toward the creek side of the road, and whizz! they leaped from the rock. All the footing they had then was twenty feet of empty air beneath 'em, and horses, wagon and all shot out clear of the bank and came down square in the creek, kersouse, in ten feet of water. That stopped the runaway. Jim and I swam to the other shore, and so did the horses, dragging the wagon with them.

"I saved the boss's glycerine all right!" says Jim; "but I'm sorry all through for poor Sam," says he.

That's the jolly, unselfish sort of a chap that Jim Bullinger was. It was funny, though, how he came to find his leg after it had been lost more than twelve years.

The time Jim's leg got away from him he was working over in the Tug Holler district, and one day he was on his way with a big can of niter-glycerine to shoot a well over there. The man that owned it was a close-fisted, unsentimental kind of chap, and he made Jim hang the can on the reach of the wagon, so it wouldn't jar and jounce and run so much risk of being busted. Jim was huffy as Sam Hill about that and he swore he'd never haul another can of glycerine for such a mean man as that. On the way to the well, what should get up from a mud hole in the middle of the road but a bear that had tumbled in there to wallow. That scared the horses, and away they went. They didn't run far. The wagon struck a deep hole in the road. The can of glycerine was banged against a rock at the bottom of the hole and wouldn't stand it. Jim didn't remember anything for he never knowed how long. Then he found himself hanging to the top of a rail fence, fifty feet or more from the spot where he quit remembering. On that spot there was a hole bigger than a cellar. Not even a grease spot or a splinter was visible anywhere to sort o' remind him that a team of horses and a wagon had been passing that way some time before.

"Serves the stingy old cuss right," says Jim, referring to the man that owned the outfit. Then Jim started to climb down off the fence, but discovered that he'd have to do all the climbing with his left leg, for the right one was gone from the knee down. A couple of well-drillers had heard the noise of the belch, and they came over and found Jim, but they couldn't find his leg. Jim got well, and as time went on he forgot all about his lost leg. Only about ten days ago a woodchopper felled a big hemlock tree, three hundred yards or more from the spot where that can of glycerine was wasted, and way up in the crotch of a limb he found some funny-looking bones. He took 'em to a doctor over there, and when the doctor saw 'em he declared that they were as perfect a set of the lower bones of a man's leg as he had ever seen.

"By grumpers!" says Tan Hooker, a driller who happened to be there. "Them is Jim Bullinger's lost leg as sure as glycerine'll belch!" says he.

And so they were. Nobody else had ever lost a leg around there and never found it, so they boxed it up and shipped it to Jim, as he had moved down to the lower country. He has just sent word back that he got it all right.

"I'm obliged to you fellers," he sent word back. "I've planted it, and now I'd be obliged some more if some one would come over here and hunt up the mate to it that I lost six months ago by wastin' a couple o' cans o' glycerine in Black Bear Gully. Then I could plant that one, too, and sort o' have myself together when Gabriel blows."—*N. Y. Sun.*

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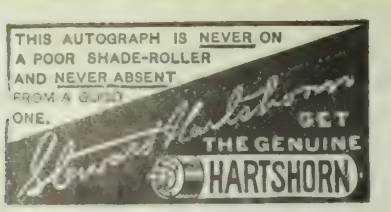

AMUSEMENTS

Orpheum

Week commencing Sunday Matinee, July 23d
Laura Joyce Bell and Company in the Comedietta, "Wig and Gown"
Elizabeth Murray, the Queen of Entertainers
La Fafalla in the "Dance of the Lotus Flower"
The Phoites Troupe in an Amusing Pantomime, "Flip Flap, Flop"
The Eldridges, Colored Vocalists and Dancers
Minnie Palmer in Specialties
Kilpatrick & Barber, Trick Bicycle Riders
Les Browns, One-Legged Acrobats
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Alcazar Theatre

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Week of July 24th — Reappearance and Farewell Week of LEWIS MORRISON in His Created Character of Mephisto
In a Gorgeous Scenic Spectacle of
FAUST
Florence Roberts as Marguerite
Alcazar Prices—15c., 25c., 35c. and 50c.
Next—"Romeo and Juliet"

California Theatre

S. H. FRIEDLANDER, Manager. Tele. Main 1731
Tremendous Success of Miss Blanche Bates and Company of Players
Commencing Next Monday Evening, July 24th T. Daniel Frawley will present Miss Bates in Sardou's Masterpiece
MADAME SANS GENE
Reserved Seats—25c., 50c., 75c. and $1
Matinee Prices—25c., 50c. and 75c.
Monday, July 31st—"London Assurance"

Columbia Theatre

Monday, July 24th — Seventh Week of the Season Six Nights and Saturday Matinee Only
HENRY MILLER and a Special Company in a Superb Revival of the Romantic Comedy
HEARTSEASE
To follow—"Hamlet"

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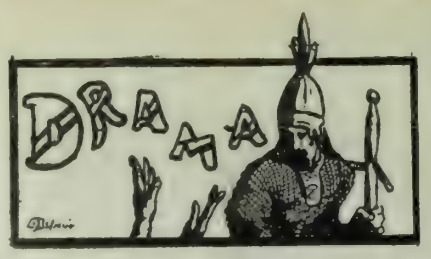

Something over nine months have gone by since Blanche Bates appeared before a San Francisco audience. She played then Vera Baranoff in "The Last Word" and Drusilla Ives in "The Dancing Girl." She returns to California after having achieved an unequivocal success in New York—returns with laurels and some surety of future eminence—and has rendered again Baroness Baranoff and Drusilla Ives. It is possible, then, to realize some measure of the advance she has made in her art.

When Miss Bates ended her novitiate in the Frawley troupe she joined the Daly company for a brief space and was subject to the tutelage of Augustin Daly, easily the greatest manager the American stage has ever had. More important, perhaps, she came into direct intercourse with Ada Rehan, whose style and manner seem to have influenced her strongly. Not that she consciously imitates Miss Rehan or apes her peculiarities, but she betrays traces of the impression that actress made on her vivid and enthusiastic temperament. This influence is notable rather in Vera Baronoff than in Drusilla Ives, in which Miss Bates had no model, for Julia Arthur had played it here before her own debut at the Columbia Theatre. The difference between her rendering of the two roles proves her capacity at assimilation, in the one instance, and her real genius for dramatic interpretation in the other. I saw Miss Bates do Vera at the Baldwin last year. The part was new then, and she played it with much more serious intent than at the California last week. Really it was a clever piece of acting. Now, the role has grown familiar; its tricks and tones and gestures, not native to the actress, are stereotyped. The consequence is a too great facility, which induces staginess. Still strong, the performance must be described as smart rather than artistic. Her active, virile personality dominates the stage, but the rendering is mere acting, and that in too loud a key. Admitting all that may be urged against the banality of the play—and it is half Sunday-school slobber, about as natural as a German ballet—it is full of opportunity for clever work. The Baroness is the *dea ex machina* with a vengeance. She is the pivot, the hinge, the inspiration of the whole plot. The lust of this dominance might carry away a monument, and Miss Bates' laurels are still too fresh upon her.

The flavor of melodrama is strong in "The Dancing Girl." It is full of flaring contrasts and sensational situations. Rather slight and sketchy in construction, its interest is in the two leading characters, the degenerate duke and the siren Quakeress. Really it is a superb characterization of Drusilla Ives that Blanche Bates gives—more siren than Quakeress, however. The rendering is passionate, virile, brilliant even—above all, intensely vital. The fascination, the wickedness, the strange and rapid vacillations of mood, the lightning alternations of temperament, were all inimitably suggested. From her very entrance, in Quaker garb, at the door of her father's cottage on the shore of St. Endellion, she was the demure siren; how inimitably she coquetted with Christison, whose rough strength and manly sincerity appealed to her sensual and emotional nature. Then the quick transition of manner and tone when the Duke appeared, and the vivid abandon of her welcoming embrace. She is inevitably the fitful wanton, capricious, unrestrained, wasteful, who, without a pang of pity or regret, accepts the sacrifice of her admirers as mere homage to her beauty. Not an elevated nor an agreeable personality, but remarkably expressed in this instance.

The characterization is not flawless, however, though the fault seems temperamental rather than artistic. In the enunciation of sympathetic emotion Miss Bates fails. She can be intense, sparkling, brilliant, but when it is required that she represent a deeper feeling, she halts. In two instances was this noticeable—in the second act, when she parts with Christison, her better nature for the moment gained the ascendancy—the expression of tenderness partook rather of a compressed smile. It had no inspiration of heart. Again, when Ives utters his curse, in the scene on the stairs, the horror is not acute enough—at least, the features do not render that degree of shock which precipitates the faint and fall. Yet, up to that point her acting is admirable and absolutely true to the character. Her defiance of the old man as he strove to seize her arm, was superb. Nor could utter, stricken, terrified despair have been better rendered than by the manner of her exit. After seeing this performance I am ready to concede much of all Miss Bates' admirers claim for her. She will surely achieve fame, not in the rendering of purely emotional roles, but rather in parts such as Fedora and La Tosca, where harsh and vivid passion are brought into play.

The latest Frawley company is singularly weak in men. It has Miss Manola Mould and Miss Ross, who are both clever, especially the latter, who shows the improvement her art has undergone since the era of her first appearance at the Columbia. Miss Mould is chic and piquant. Miss Van Buren, a most agreeable stage figure, lacks experience, but may succeed. In "The Last Word" Augustus Cook spoiled a consistent rendering of the Secretary's role by the foolish melodramatic violence of his surrender in the third act. He was a competent David Ives. Mr. Hickman, both as Airey in the first piece and as Slingsby in "The Dancing Girl," proved himself a clever and competent comedian, gifted with the art of clearly individualizing his roles. Harrington Reynolds is prone to tear passion to tatters and quite spoiled the scene between himself and Drusilla by the vociferousness of his emotion. C.

***

At the Alcazar Florence Roberts is doing the best work of her engagement in "The New Magdalen." Emotional parts are her forte, and Wilkie Collins has put into his improbable heroine a touch of the melodramatic which is not entirely foreign to Miss Roberts' style. There was no mistake about her hold upon the audience. She has the proof of their tears and of the genuine enthusiasm infused into thr curtain-calls they gave her. The play is a study in dramatic fashions. When the emotional drama was in vogue it was a leader and drew tremendously everywhere, but it is hardly convincing in this year of grace, 1899. Perhaps "Lady Ursula" and "Under the Red Robe" will seem as unconvincing ten years hence.

* *

DRAMATIC NOTES

Next Monday evening, July 24th, Henry Miller and the special company at the Columbia Theatre will appear in "Heartsease." Mr. Miller will appear as Eric Temple. The cast will also include Margaret Anglin, Charles Walcot, Margaret Dale, Guy Standing, Mrs. Thorndyke Boucicault, C. Leslie Allen, Frank E. Lamb and others. "Hamlet" is to follow.

At the California next week "Madame Sans Gene" will be produced. It will be interesting to see Blanche Bates in the role thus far sacred to Kathryn Kidder. It will be a new test of her power.

Lewis Morrison appears in "Faust" at the Alcazar next week. Morrison has played Mephisto 3,8000 times and his personality is almost identified with the role.

There are five new features at the Orpheum next week. Laura Joyce Bell and a clever company will present "Wig and Gown," pleasantly associated with memories of Rosina Vokes. Elizabeth Murray, dubbed the queen of dialect story tellers; Herr Von Palm, inventor of Loie Fuller's dances, presents a spectacular dance, "The Lotus Flower," with La Fafalla as the central figure; The Phoites in an original comic trick pantomime, "Flip, Flap, Flop," and the Eldridges, colored vocalists and dancers, are other new comers. The holdovers are Minnie Palmer, in specialties only, Kilpatrick and Barber, the trick bicycle riders, and Les Browns, the clever one-legged acrobats.

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FINANCE

A Brief Review of the Week's Dealings—Development of the Market.

The flurry over assessments does not seem to disturb the prices of bonds. At least the attempt of Assessor Dodge to make securities of this character yield a revenue to the State has not been reflected on the stock market by a decline. Under the most favorable circumstances, to trace ownership of movable property of this character must prove exceedingly difficult. The most intelligent method of assessing bonds would be to assess the trustee or trustees of the mortgages. This I am convinced would be productive of the results the Assessor is looking for.

The prediction is for a general advance in prices right along the line of local securities. This will be due in considerable measure to the low interest rates of the Savings Banks in the last half year. Coin is gradually being diverted from these institutions and put into dividend paying stocks.

Among favorite stocks at present is Alaska Packers, in which a rise is predicted; an advance of several points is almost certain in the near future. There are offers for a parcel of the stock ex-dividend at 115.

On the Stock and Bond Exchange business has been very quiet since last Tuesday. There has been a fall in San Francisco Gas and Electric, the latest quotation being 70¼. Oceanic is rising gradually and is now 91½.

A decline is to be noted in the Pacific Lighting Company's shares. They seem to be on the down grade. Complications in Los Angeles are assigned as the cause of the drop.

The latest institution to be listed on the Stock and Bond Exchange is the Makaweli Sugar Company, which is a local corporation owning shares in the Hawaiian Sugar Company and directored by Messrs. Alexander, Baldwin, Strassburger et al. The issue is of 31,815 shares, and the first parcel sold was placed at 47½. On June 15th the initial dividend was declared of 40 cents, which is a return of ten per cent on the stock.

The Cannery Combine is *fait accompli*, and as the California Fruit-Canner's Association, it will be duly listed on the Stock and Bond Exchange. The final option was taken up on Monday, and at the initial meeting, William Thomas, organizer of the institution, was made president; Sidney M. Smith, first vice-president and treasurer; Sanford L. Goldstein, second vice-president; R. L. Bentley, third vice-president; Isaac H. Moore, secretary; M. J. Fontana, general superintendent. These gentlemen, with James Nelson, compose the Executive Committee.

Some twenty-two plants, the most important in California, are comprised in the combine, embracing the prominent canneries of the State. For the present, all will be in operation, for the policy of the new organization has yet to be outlined. There is no doubt of the success of the association. It has been put together on a legitimate basis. No fancy prices have been paid for plants. The valuation in each instance is conservative, and the benefits to the industry through this centralization of control must be unbounded. It ensures uniformity of quality to the shipper, and cannot fail to strengthen the reputation of the California product throughout the world. The California Fruit Canners' Association will surely repeat the success of the Alaska Packers' Association. The stock ought to be a good buy when offered.

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The Dreamers' Club, by John Kendrick Bangs. Harper & Brothers.

Farcical imitations rather than real parodies are the little tales comprising *The Dreamers*. They are of the domain of the caricature rather than of literature. No relation may be traced to the condensed novels of Bret Harte or the exquisite travesties of Thackeray. John Kendrick Bangs is content to exploit the most obvious of his subjects' peculiarities, and mock at their material rather than their manner. Considering the sum and substance of the volume, it may savor of pedantry to complain because this little book, conceived in a spirit of frivolity, is not characterized by a more serious intent. I have in my memory, among more recent excursions in this domain, the delightfully clever paraphrases of Max Beerbohm, who devised for a Christmas number of the *Saturday Review* a series of parodies of contemporaneous celebrities, which had wit and and insight as well as humor to recommend them. In a recent article in *Literature* devoted to parodies, I noted the omission of both Beerbohm and Owen Seaman, who have certainly done the best things latterly in this field.

A Man From the North, by E. A. Bennett. John Lane, publisher.

This is a tale of failure—of a youth with ambitions who lacked persistence of purpose. He dreamed of literary fame, nourished his mind on modern literature, and went forth to London to conquer. Alas, the stuff of success was not in him, and he wanders and wavers, beginning but never ending, to the close of the chapter. The average reader abhors a tale of failure. Nothing is so profitless as the history of unrequited effort. Achievement or victory alone deserve record, and really Richard Larch is not worthy the attention of the author. To utilize such a medium one must have a greater power of vision and expression than is here manifested, or the context inevitably is tinged with the gray of the medium. It is so here.

Cromwell's Own, by Arthur Patterion. Harper & Brothers.

Obviously the purpose of this tale is to utilize the Protector as a hero of romance. Rather a grim figure he makes, but full of potency and resource. No occasion he is unequal to, though it is rather as a leader than as a swordsman he is posed. In the latter capacity there is one Ralph Dangerfield, who gloriously engages the enemy whenever the opportunity offers, and does stirring deeds at the risk of life and limb. Things would have been much easier for the bold young Covenanter but for the obstinancy with which he clung to Socinianism, a contemporaneous schism. Had he adhered to his real convictions he might have been married to the fascinating Rachel Fullerton at half the length. Then, however, the reader must have missed many a stirring battle and gallant exploit. In a story of this type the finest results are invariably attained by aiming the highest. A plot designed to exhibit the Protector as a man. with more character and less incident would have gained the author a more attentive and intelligent if a narrower audience. Still, one has much to be thankful for in a brisk and readable story.

A Lost Lady of Old Years, by John Buchan. John Lane, publisher. (Elder & Shepherd, San Francisco.)

This is not such a novel as *John Splendid*, nor has John Buchan's style the lilt and vigor of Neil Munro's, but there is a marked distinction in his literary manner, and art and character in his personages. A life-like and abiding picture is that of Simon, Lord Lovat—done with a broad brush and vigorous strokes. The figure of the book he decidedly is, quite obscuring the Lost Lady, for all her fine spiritedness. Margaret Murray is a conceivable and plausible "Di Vernon," but to make real so charming and fascinating a woman as this lovely conspirator, one must borrow the jewel casket of Meredith. The type is his own, and Shakespeare's. Stevenson, perhaps, in his latter days, might have portrayed her, for there is a suggestion of Katriona in the Lost Lady, but Buchan is little more than suggestive. The suggestion is so full of charm and beauty, however, that one wonders at the awesome austerity of Mr. Francis Birkenshaw. This is a book to be considered seriously, though that must be after one has finished it, for the current of the tale is too strong to allow one to take thought on the way through.

The Heart of Mirrnda, by H. B. Marriott Watson. John Lane, publisher. (Elder & Shepherd.)

There are other stories besides "The Heart of Miranda" in this volume, and concerned with problems of more serious import. The best of them is "A Resurrection," a conception worthy of Henry James at his subtlest, yet rendered with swift, direct strokes that set the situation before you stark and quivering. In one of Stevenson's letters to that master of involution, he asks for an emphatic story of adventure, shot through with "those side-lights of reflection" in which James excels. Here is a tale that has adroitness, psychological value and delicacy, and yet is distinct and clear-cut as a cameo. The characterization is notable, which the fact also in "The Dead Wall." It has the supreme, inevitable touch of the veritable master. How admirable are the attitude and relation of Rosewarne and Mrs. Rosewarne suggested. The atmosphere of their personalities is in every phrase.

As for the others, "The Stone Chamber" has certain virtues, while "Zoraka" is in far too distinguished company for its merits. However, all these follow "The Heart of Miranda," which is not for the average reader unless he be an idealist, or at least has a true feeling for phrases. The love passages in the career of Miranda are not infused with realism—indeed, their form is rather of allegory—but framed of the consistency of thistledown and imbued with the most delicate sentiment. It is really fine art. The dialogue is as apt and pointed as Anthony Hope's best, yet with an inimitable distinction of thought and phrase. When "Lack-Lustre Virtue" comes a-courting Miranda, and when he defines the degree of his devotion, declaring he would sacrifice worlds for her, but would not "steal to set her smiling," rather hiring someone else, she thus bursts forth at the youth's presumption:

"You are too virtuous for such as I. You are too much composed of discreet renunciations. Renounce once more and save your soul alive. Mine is the waywardness of the wild-cat. I have the passion of the desperado. I break through a commandment daily. I am right to my hair in sins. Should I repent, I should need an acre of sackcloth and gallons of ashes. But I do not, thank the Lord; I shall not. I am stark in my vices. I complete them with exultation. I plan them with rebellious joys. I am a fiend in a fair wig, a ghoul in a white gown. To love me is to love perdition."

He stared at her dumbly and withdrew a pace.

"Indeed," said she. "You have every reason for your fears. I fear myself. O'nights I lie awake and think of devilments."

More in the same blithesome spirit of make-believe, until the unworthy youth disappears in the bushes. Then comes he whom she shall love, and the passion and longing are upon her before she knows. No comment, however appreciative, conveys the charming delicacy of these stories with half the conviction reading of them will. So to the book itself for a keener impression.

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Take notice, that M. W. Carr, bankrupt above named, has been duly adjudicated a bankrupt under the Act of Congress of July 1, 1898, and that the first meeting of the creditors has been called to meet at the office of the undersigned, at room 94, Chronicle Building, San Francisco, California, on Tuesday the 1st day of August, 1899, at the hour of 11 o'clock a.m., for the purpose of proving their claims against the estate of said bankrupt; and that at the same time and place all creditors whose claims have been duly proven and allowed shall appoint one or three trustees of said estate.

Dated San Francisco, July 18, 1899.

MILTON J. GREEN,
Referee in Bankruptcy
in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES in and for the Northern District of California.

IN THE MATTER OF JOHN A. CROUGH, Bankrupt.

Take notice, that John A. Crough, bankrupt above named, has been duly adjudicated a bankrupt under the Act of Congress of July 1, 1898, and that the first meeting of the creditors has been called to meet at the office of the undersigned, at room 94, Chronicle Building, San Francisco, California, on Tuesday the 1st day of August, 1899, at the hour of 11 o'clock a m., for the purpose of proving their claims against the estate of said bankrupt; and that at the same time and place all creditors whose claims have been duly proven and allowed shall appoint one or three trustees of said estate.

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Dated San Francisco, July 18th, 1899.

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OFFICE OF THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, corner Market, McAllister and Jones streets, San Francisco, June 28, 1899.—At a regular meeting of the Board of Directors of this Society, held this day, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one-third (3⅓) per cent per annum on all deposits for the six months ending June 30, 1899, free from all taxes, and payable on and after July 1, 1899.

ROBERT J. TOBIN, Secretary.

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NEW STORIES RE-TOLD

Daniel Voorhees, the first great New Orleans lawyer, was defending a murderer in a Louisville court. It was a warm day and the court was packed. As the orator rose to begin his argument, he noticed one of the jurors had dropped off to sleep. Voorhees frowned and motioned to one of the court officials, who readily disturbed the slumberer, who was much disconcerted at his offense. In reply to the sharp questions of the Judge, he blurted out that he couldn't help dozing off whenever it was warm and crowded. "If the gentleman always sleeps where it is warm and crowded," said Voorhees, majestically, "the gentleman will no doubt enjoy himself hugely in hades." There was a roar of laughter, but the retort proved rather costly. The fat man hung the jury against Voorhees' client.

Soon after the Civil War, a distinguished stranger visited a notable country seat in Virginia, the furniture of which had grown shabby from lack of repair. The mistress of the establishment, in a flutter of excitement by the honor conferred on her house, was confused by the fact that her husband sat aloof in a remote corner of the room. "Mr. Jones," she exclaimed, reproachfully, as soon as the visitor was out of hearing, "you didn't help me at all! Why didn't you sit near the General and talk to him?" "My dear," replied Jones, rising and pointing meekly to the seat he had just vacated, "I was patching a hole in the sofa."

An old Scotch landed proprietor, who prided himself much upon his pedigree, and had a sovereign contempt for men who had come to greatness through successful industry, was one night at a gathering where a young lady from Glasgow happened to descant a little upon what her father, her grandfathers and her great-grandfathers had done as civic rulers in the city. After enduring this for a little while, the laird tapped the fair speaker gently on the shoulder and said to her in an emphatic, good-humored tone: "Wheest, my woman; nae Glasgow folk ever had grandfathers."

An English clergyman spent a holiday in one of the towns of New England, visiting an American minister. One day, while the host was absent from home, a young negro couple called to be married. Impromptu marriages had not previously entered into the experience of the English clergyman, but, being big-hearted, he undertook the duty. When the knot was successfully tied he noticed that the couple looked at each not a little sheepishly, the young woman with an expression of expectancy in her eyes. "Will you not salute your bride?" asked the clergyman of the bridegroom. "I will, sah, but—aftah yo'self sah."

A couple of candidates for the Legislature in Nevada were rating each other in a public debate. Finally the hotter-headed of the two burst out with a declaration that he could whip his rival or any of his friends. "That reminds me," said the other coolly, "of a dog my father used to have that could whip any dog in the neighborhood, or any that came that way with the teamsters." "What's the comparison, sir?" roared the other. "I'll stand no innuendoes, sir! Make your comparison if you dare!" "It is simply this, my pugnacious friend. No one ever thought of sending my father's dog to the Legislature."

The favorite dog of a fashionable London lady was taken suddenly ill and died. Desiring to know the cause of death, the sorrowing owner sent the defunct canine by her page to a veterinary surgeon for a post-mortem examination. On the way, a policeman arrested the page for having an unmuzzled dog, and took him to the police station, where he was duly charged. "Put down that pup," commanded the inspector. The page deposited the dog carefully upon the floor. "What's the matter with it?" asked the official. "Can't it stand up?" "No, sir," was the reply; "it's dead."

Norah, the maid of all work in a Mission family, received frequent calls from a stalwart young man whom she spoke of as her brother. To the consternation of her mistress Norah announced one day that she was to marry Tim. "But you have always spoken of him as your brother, Norah?" said her mistress, indignantly. "'Tis true, ma'am," said Norah, blushing. "I always thought of him so, ma'am, while he was making up his mind; but he's been so bowld as to remind me, ma'am, that he's only my brother-in-law's brother, afther all!"

When Governor Theodore Roosevelt was running a ranch in the far West, he was wont to make Christmas presents to his men, and found books the most acceptable presents. The favorite for a long time was *Josephus*, but one day the foreman came forward with a request for a volume of Dante. Roosevelt got the book and passed it over. "What do you want Dante for?" he asked. "Well, sir," was the reply, "I'm hearin' it gives just a great description about Hell."

A little boy from the slums of New York had been taken for the first time out into the country, and was discovered sitting apart on a high bank and looking towards the hills, to which he was a stranger. One of the promoters of the trip approached and quietly seated himself by the side of the boy, who turned a radiant face toward his benefactor, and said, "Teacher, is this purty thing ours? Is this all in the United States?"

At a Northern coursing-match two pitmen were critically examining the various dogs. Geordie's canine companion was very lean, and he was asked what sort of food he gave the animal. "Oh," he replied, with a wink, "it's the canny little beggor's aan fault! So lang as Aa fed him he wes aall reet! Noo he boards hissel'!"

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VOL. XX. No. 5 SAN FRANCISCO — JULY 29, 1899 — SEATTLE PRICE 10 CENTS

DAWSON CITY UP TO DATE

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Is published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal, and Colman Building, Seattle, Wash.

Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months, $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

The trade is supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 342 Geary street; east of the Rocky Mountains by the American News Company, New York.

The Wave is kept on file and is for sale at Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France; 31 Union Square, New York City; 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.; and 206 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

For advertising rates and on all other matters pertaining to city business, address The Wave, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

All business matters pertaining to the Northwest should be addressed to Trevor Corry, Colman Building, Seattle, Wash.

Eastern representative, D. M. Foltz, 34 Park Row, New York.

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PROPRIETORS

SAN FRANCISCO—JULY 29, 1899—SEATTLE

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EVENTS CURRENT.

Alger Resigns From the Cabinet.

The expected has happened in the case of Secretary of War Alger, although the end came rather suddenly. It has been known that he was in disfavor for some time, as was proved by his exclusions from McKinley's conferences over the Philippine situation. Those best informed, however, believed that he would be retained until he could finish his annual report. The President's desire for his resignation was conveyed to Alger by Vice President Hobart, and on July 19th it was tendered and accepted. There were many causes, besides Alger's alleged incompetency, for McKinley's action. The Secretary of War has long been the unpopular member of the Cabinet. Lately, Democratic organs have made him, instead of Hanna, the special butt of their attacks. His mixture in the Pingree affair, coming on top of the "embalmed beef" difficulty, caused him to be regarded as a drag on the party by prominent Republicans. Strong pressure was brought to bear on McKinley by party leaders. The President stood firm for a long time, but latterly attacks from all quarters convinced him that the removal of Alger was demanded by the country. The action may forecast the removal of Otis, who has always been warmly supported by the Secretary of War. There was talk of Roosevelt for the vacant position, but the latter had already announced that he could not possibly accept. The President wanted a New York man and a lawyer in the Michigan man's place, and chose, by a process of elimination, Elihu Root. The new Secretary has not heretofore been identified with politics to any extent. The only other office he ever held was a United States District Attorneyship in his own State. He has, however, a long record as a successful attorney, and is undoubtedly able. He is a strong friend and supporter of Roosevelt, by whom, it is understood, he will be advised in performing the duties of his new office. General Alger does not take his removal with much grace; he has made some statements for publication reflecting on McKinley's conduct of the war and defending his own acts.

Developments in the Boundary Dispute.

Some rather bombastic utterances on the boundary question by Sir Wilfred Laurier, the Canadian Premier, have had the effect of focusing attention upon the dilatory tactics of the Joint High Commission, and of creating on both sides of the line a strong desire for an understanding. Laurier's sensational statements were made in the Canadian House of Commons, and were to the effect that a settlement must be reached by arbitration or war, with unnecessary emphasis on the idea of war. Canada is united in support of his position. Sir Charles Tupper, leader of the opposition, has pledged Conservative co-operation in even stronger terms than those employed by the Premier. Canadian journals of all political creeds take the same attitude toward what the northern colony regards as her inalienable rights. It is charged that the Americans are blocking negotiations with a view to getting the Yukon trade in their hands and filling the district with their miners before submitting to the inevitable. A considerable party in the Colonial Parliament favors prohibiting aliens holding gold claims in the Dominion. On our side of the line, the Government seems resolved to stand firm. Complaint is made that Canada, in spite of her declared attitude, has not defined her position nor formulated her claims. The boundary line, as drawn in the old unofficial maps of the Dominion, is so far in Canadian territory that a claim in support of it would be absurd. The work of the State Department on the matter proceeds slowly. Four weeks ago an American proposal for a *modus vivendi* was submitted. An answer from the British Government has just been received. While the contents were not made public, it was stated that the tone was conciliatory, and that Great Britain therein ceded the Pyramid Harbor. This concession, be it noted, may be to the interest of Great Britain in case of arbitration, because the fact that America allowed her adversary to occupy a district conceded by both sides to be her own would constitute a proof that our claims are hazy and ill-defined. So far, the two Governments cannot come to any agreement on the constitution or organization of the proposed tribunal of arbitration. The war talk indulged in over the border is in reality a preventative of hostilities, because it brings both sides face to face with a contingency which may arise in case of further delay, and which America and Great Britain are equally anxious to avoid.

The Philippine Situation.

The week brought one skirmish in the Philippines to relieve the continual monotony of campaigning in the tropical rains. It Iloilo, July 19, a force of 450 Babaylones tried to rush the camp of a company of the Sixteenth Infantry. It was almost the first time that an insurgent force had ventured into the open, and the hand-to-hand fight that followed proved the superiority of our troops in actual conflict. The rebels were routed with a loss of 115 killed, while the American loss was one dead and one wounded. Otherwise, there has been no fighting. Sickness is on the increase; there are nearly three thousand men in hospital. At home, the President and his advisers are continuing their preparations to make an energetic fall campaign. It is expected that the cavalry force will be considerably augmented, so that advantages may be followed closely, a thing impossible without mounted troops. The Third Cavalry is under orders preparatory to being forwarded; in addition, horses will be sent to mount part of the infantry now at the front, and a volunteer regiment on the order of the Rough Riders will probably be recruited in the West. General "Joe" Wheeler has gone on to take command of the cavalry movements. Nearly three thousand men are already recruited for the new regiments, and the quota of officers is complete. Adjutant-General Corbin believes that the ten regiments will be filled by August 15th. As for the incumbency of General Otis, the chief cause of the American failure in Luzon, there is no change. The President is non-committal. He ignored the "round robin" of the newspaper correspondents, but he has nothing to say on either side. Protests against retaining Otis in command continue to come from every hand. The latest is some sharp criticism by General Anderson. Reports of the weakening of the rebel cause are again forwarded by Otis. This is to be expected, as it is in line with his typewriter tactics, though other and more reliable witnesses are of the opinion that the revolt is in a bad way. Journals on the Continent, particularly in Germany, are sharply criticising our conduct of the war. Agoncillo, Aguinaldo's agent, is in Paris, where he has talked much and extravagantly for publication, and stirred up some sympathy for his cause.

Reciprocity Between France and the United States.

France and the United States signed a new commercial reciprocity treaty on July 24th. This instrument is the most important one yet concluded under the reciprocity provisions of the Dingley act, and the only one affecting a large commercial power. Negotiations have been long-drawn-out, covering a period of nearly two years. When things were in a fair way to adjustment, the French Commissioners had their hands checked by an agitation at home concerning certain reductions which, it was claimed, would injure the agrarian interests of France. Twelve special articles were designated as subjects of agitation, among them horses, steel rails and seeds. Ambassador Cambon's final instructions were to hold out against making reduction in the tariff on these articles. This caused delay and debate, drawn out until the very last day on which the instrument might legally be signed. Finally, twenty-four articles were scratched from the French minimum list, the original twelve having been split and sub-divided into that number. Outside of this, 644 articles were placed by the treaty on what is known as the French minimum tariff. The reduction from present rates is about 20 per cent. Besides this, France keeps on the minimum list certain articles which would have been taxed at ordinary percentage had the treaty failed. In the case of mineral oil alone, this means an advantage of $5,000,000 a year to American producers. Cotton, now entering France duty free, would have been heavily taxed; this would have been also true of copper, rubber and many classes of machinery. On our side, 100 of the most important products sent by France to this country secure reduced rates, varying from 5 per cent to the maximum 20 per cent allowed under the Dingley act. Had Cambon not held out for removing the twelve disputed articles from the French list, the reductions and concessions on our side would have been greater. Champagne, for example, was left off from the American exemption and kept at the former schedule lists for this reason.

Discord in the Transvaal.

An unconfirmed report was abroad early this week to the effect that Oom Paul had resigned from the presidency of the Transvaal. Kruger himself immediately denied the rumor, but later advices show that he is somewhat at outs with his advisers. For three days last week he absented himself from the meetings of the Volksraad and the executive council, because of their opposition to his views on the dynamite monopoly and the Johannesburg forts. At the end of this time, he threatened to tender his resignation because "he no longer had the confidence of his people." He was persuaded at length to attend the Volksraad, sitting in secret session, and some sort of an understanding was then arranged. It is understood that the delegates expressed their confidence in him, but that they still hold their dissenting opinion on the points at issue. This flurry is a favorable sign for England. Hitherto, the strength of Transvaal has been in the entire accord of the people, the Volksraad and the President; this is the first sign of dissension. The Volksraad has passed the seven-year clause of the franchise bill. There is still a strong feeling in Cape Colony against Premier Schreiner and his party. Chamberlain takes a conciliatory attitude, announcing that new Transvaal law may be so interpreted as to correct existing injustice, provided the Boers are acting in good faith.

The Dying Kanakas.

With the death of the Dowager Queen Kapiolani, the last of the royal Hawaiian Kanakas, except Liliuokalani, has passed away. There are no more princes or princesses of the royal blood surviving, and, in the impossible event of the restoration of monarchy, the crown would have to go to a collateral branch many times removed. The race is dying out in exact proportion to the passing of its hereditary rulers. When the whites came to the Islands it had already far degenerated. This amiable and gentle people, believed by many to be of Aryan stock, was suffering from the consequences of its isolation. Shut off for many years from stimulating contact with other races, the Kanakas intermarried too closely. There was no national custom forbidding such unions as the marriage of nieces to uncles or nephews to aunts. The results of this are shown in the history of the Hawaiian crown, which has descended from father to son only once in a century; in all other cases the rulers left no issue. To these conditions were superadded modern civilization, a recognized exterminator of inferior races when imposed upon them too suddenly. The missionaries brought clothes, in themselves a destroyer of savage peoples; the traders in their train brought liquor and vice. All these things have steadily reduced the Kanaka population of the Hawaiian Islands and vitiated the blood, until to-day the race is approaching the vanishing-point through lack of offspring. Even now, almost all Kanaka blood runs in the veins of half-breeds. Of these, the Portugese-Kanaka and Chinese-Kanaka mixtures produce the best results. Indeed, there is good chance that people of the last-named breed may become a dominant force in the islands. People of this class are better citizens than either Hawaiians or Chinese, combining the Celestial commercial ability with the kindness and genialty of the Island race.

Financial Depression in Guatemala.

From time to time rumors have come to this city concerning a chaotic state of affairs in Guatemala, Central America. These accounts came mostly from refugees and persons naturally inimical to the existing order of things, and were unfavorable to the administration of President Cabrera. Later advices give both sides of the question. The difficulty is financial rather than political. The country is in an impoverished condition from several causes, notably the low price of coffee, Guatemala's great staple. It is naturally a rich region, but it is going through a period of great financial depression. The difficulty of the present government is with its currency. There has been no fractional currency of late years. To remedy this, the banks were accustomed to issue checks of cheap metal bearing their stamp; this passed as money of necessity, because the people had to have a representative of money in business. Cabrera coined a fractional currency, and called in all these "wild-cat" certificates. By error, so his friends claim, he minted the new money 600 instead of 800 fine. The banks would not accept it at its face value, and the country was left practically without money. The President, with a national treasury nearly empty, sought to borrow money from the banks to pay the expense of recoining. Most of them complied with this request; only the Columbian Bank of Guatemala refused payment of its share. This bank had been very prosperous, having lent out money for years at usurious rates of interest. Now, it refused the loan of $30,000 requested by the Government. With the autocratic power exerted by a Latin-American President, Cabrera banished its president from ths country. From his statements and from those of some turbulent spirits exiled at the same time, has come the talk of revolution we have heard lately. There is, at present, no chance of a revolution, because the country is in such an impoverished condition that rebels could hardly find the funds to support their cause. There is a feeling of widespread and universal discontent, but a revolution would accomplish nothing. The new government, like the present one, would have to face a great industrial depression with an empty treasury. Capital, not political change, is the pressing need of Guatemala.

Opening the Democratic Campaign.

The Democracy opened the campaign of 1900 last week by a session of their National Committee. It was expected beforehand that some line might be obtained therefrom on the issues to be put forward in the Presidential fight, but the committee left this point as much in the air as ever. In reality, the factional battle between ex-Governor Altgeld and Mayor Harrison of Chicago over the control of Illinois claimed more attention than the national issues. William Jennings Bryan, still the leading figure in the Democracy, had been asked to address a mass-meeting of Altgeld's followers. Against the protests of the Harrison wing, he accepted. He now claims that Altgeld gained his consent by falsely representing that Harrison was to preside over the meeting, and has, presumably, gone over to the side of the latter. The out-and-out silver advocates had threatened, before the committee met, that they would split the party in case their demands were not acceeded to, but they were quiet enough in the meetings, which had, nevertheless, a strong silver tinge. Less was heard about anti-imperialism, but the leaders seem to acknowledge tacitly the Democracy's opposition to expansion. Bryan's speech at the before-mentioned mass-meeting was as loud against imperialism as it was for free silver. He also "roasted" trusts, and, incidentally, the administration. A fact that may or may not be of value in judging the party's attitude concerning silver was a vote for a reorganization which severs official connection with the Populists and Silver Republicans. Believing, it is presumed, in aiming high, the delegates voted a campaign fund of $2,000,000. No official action was taken concerning the place of meeting for the National Convention, but it is understood that Chicago will be chosen without doubt. On the whole, the session was disappointing because of the failure to adopt any plan of action, a failure that gives its enemies excuse for asserting that the Democratic party does not know "where it is at."

Robert Ingersoll Dead.

Robert Ingersoll, lawyer, orator and the greatest, or at least the most popular agnostic of this age, died suddenly of heart trouble on July 21st. He had been slightly ill all summer, but the end was unexpected. For forty years, Ingersoll had been one of the most prominent figures in this country. A man born to leadership, he was yet barred from direct participation, by the enmity excited

by his anti-theological opinions. As a lawyer, he shone in the front rank, but he will be remembered for his attacks on Christianity. It is said the narrowness of view held by the religionists who surrounded him in his youth drove him to take the agnostic attitude. At any rate, he came forward early in life as an opponent of Christianity, which he continued to fight by book and lecture through his long, busy career. He was not a philosopher, for he neither originated systems nor added to the foundation of existing ones; his strength lay in the ability of public presentation. In this, also, lay his weakness; he could destroy but not build up. He had no systems to advocate in place of the religions he would fain overthrow. To all inquiries as to a belief beyond existing themes, he answered consistently, "I do not know." His work is credited by some liberal Christians as being of value to them, inasmuch as it pointed out certain inconsistencies and abuses in the application of the teachings of Christ. Without faith in inspired teaching, he still favored all forms of humantarian effort and was a constant advocate of justice and the amelioration of social abuses. In his later years he softened a great deal, and was much less harsh in his denunciations of those differing with him in religion. Lately, when a Christian Endeavor Convention instituted prayers for his conversion, he spoke of them kindly. "Of course, their prayers will not be answered," he said, "but I appreciate their kind interest in my welfare." The secret of his oratory lay not only in his personal magnetism, but in the beauty of his poetic, almost flowery language. He had the trick of running his prose into poetic rythm. In these orations, rather than in his looks, lies his claim to literary permanence.

Strikers Employ Dynamite.

The street-car strikes at Brooklyn and Cleveland have gone the way of most strikes and degenerated into riots. Dynamite outrages have occurred in both cities. In Brooklyn the strike of the Transit Company's carmen, the causes of which were described in this column last week, spread through Greater New York and involved the Metropolitan Traction Company in the Borough of Manhattan. The labor unions were unable to make the strike general or to stop traffic, as they had threatened. For only one afternoon did the Brooklyn lines shut down, and the cars on all lines in New York proper ran irregulary every day. Seeing that the company was in a fair way to win, tke strikers resorted to violence. It began with the cutting of trolley wires; these were repaired by linemen under police protection. Then followed acts of mob violence in several parts of Greater New York, notably in the tenement districts. Cars were attacked and stoned and in some instances derailed, non-union men beaten, road beds obstructed. There were one or two pitched battles, in which the lawless element fought the police with stones and clubs. This reign of anarchy culminated on July 19th, when a portion of the elevated railway was blown up with dynamite. The labor unions disclaim the act, but the police declare they have proof that it was the work of strikers. Weakened by this act of violence, the strike collapsed. Cars, although still under police protection, are now running regularly, manned by non-union men. In Cleveland things are much more serious; traffic is paralyzed. Trolley-wires have been cut in every part of the city; conflicts between union and non-union men have been numerous; in some cases, firearms have been used, and there have been numerous injuries. Dynamite outrages have been of daily occurrence. These resulted in the destruction of property only, until Sunday, July 22d, when a car filled with passengers struck a cartridge placed on the track. Six persons were injured, one mortally, in the resulting explosion. That same day there were half a dozen riots, one of them marked by a fusillade between strikers and non-union car men. One bystander was injured in this affair. A company of naval militia had already been called out; as a result of this latest outrage, four more companies of militia were ordered under arms. The strikers favor arbitration; the president of the company refuses this offer, claiming that he has nothing to arbitrate. This particular strike was caused by the company's employment of non-union men.

The English Postal Savings Bank.

The cornerstone of new buildings for the British Postal Savings Bank was laid recently in London. This marks an epoch in the history of an institution which has been the greatest promoter of thrift among the masses in the whole world. It is unique in another way, also — no financial institution in history ever enjoyed so marvelous a growth. It was founded in 1861, and received about £1,500,000 in deposits the first year; six years later the sum had risen to £8,000,000; in 1875 it stood at £18,000,000; it reached nearly £30,000,000 in 1880, and last year's report puts the figures at £116,000,000. There are more than seven million depositors, one person out of every five in England and Wales having an account. The system is unlike that of ordinary banks. There is a branch office for deposits in every town and village of the kingdom, but withdrawals must be conducted by correspondence and through the central office, this being to prevent sudden withdrawals for extravagant purposes. Two and one-half per cent is paid on deposits, and any sum from a shilling up will be received. Indeed, savings can be made of sums less than a shilling through a system of savings stamps issued for the benefit of school children. This encouragement of saving by children has been a strong feature of the bank's policy. Nor does it concern itself with individuals alone; it is the banker of small societies, Sunday-schools, charitable funds, and all other institutions which get their money together in small sums. The bank has not, as it might be expected to do, driven out the other savings institutions. It caused, at first, the closing of a great number of small, unstable banks, but the larger ones were really benefited through the resulting encouragement of thrift. The private trustee savings banks hold several millions more in deposit than they did when the postal savings idea was first put into operation.

Practical Results of a Bicycle Record.

A sporting event which may be of some scientific importance was C. W. Murphy's riding a mile in 57 4-5 seconds behind a locomotive, which acted as a wind-break. This remarkable maintenance of a speed of over sixty miles an hour by a bicyclist who can make less than a thirty-mile pace "in the open," has led to a great deal of speculation concerning the problem of air-resistance. It has always been known that air-pressure is the greatest obstacle to high speed in locomotives, but this public demonstration has opened the eyes of engine-builders. Ordinary engines are built without any attempt to reduce air-pressure; were boats constructed with such utter disregard of the retarding effect of water, there would be no ocean grayhounds. Already, constructors are planning vestibuled trains, built on the principle of bicycle wind-breaks. These trains will terminate in a wedge-shaped sheath, tapering to the end, exactly like the bows of a boat, and will have no projecting cab windows nor breaks between sections. Rough calculations, based on Murphy's feat, give a surprising theoretical speed to such trains.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

THE TRUST PROBLEM.

In another column appears a communication from Mr. John Aubrey Jones, which purports to solve the problem of the trusts. Mr. Jones was a nominee for Congress on the Democratic ticket last election, and his views and ideas no doubt represent and are similar to the views of the general run of good citizens who are rallying around the banner bearing the motto "Smash the Trusts." It has been apparent for some time that the noisy persons who have been fretting the air with denunciations of the Republican party, declaring it to be the author of trusts, fail to pay proper regard to the facts and to the truth. If noise and violent assertions could establish facts, it would be useless to argue the question. Argument is about useless with them, as it is. The Wave, some time ago, called upon these gentlemen to explain *how* their party or any other could or would legally "Smash the Trusts." Mr. Jones' communication is an answer to this request, but he does not come within a thousand yards of even "smashing" the tip of the monster's tail. The burden of his argument is a plea to elect someone else to office, but he offers no legal, adequate remedy which this "someone else" will apply when once inducted into office. A public officer may evidence his antagonism toward a given something by howling impotently against it, and while from a political point of view such a proceeding may serve him admirably enough, neither the public nor the State reap any benefits. The trusts cannot be "howled" down, although some voters may be deluded into supporting the candidate who shouts his antagonistic protestations through a political megaphone.

Mr. Jones says first "enforce the Sherman law"—a Republican measure, by the way. The Sherman law has been and is now before the courts in various shapes. In some cases it has been held inoperative, in others all sufficient to remedy certain existing evils. Mr. Jones says second, if the existing law is inadequate, then substitute a new law. All this is very plain and comprehensive, but just as the gentleman approaches the nub of the controversy, just as the hand that holds the bludgeon is about to "smash the trusts," it trembles and becomes impotent. He says: "Let Congress enact a law that, in no State in the Union, shall a corporation be chartered with a capitalization to exceed a given sum, say $1,000,000, and at no time subsequently shall it increase its capital stock or consolidate or combine with any other corporation under heavy penalties. Let this be the National statute," he says, "and let the State Legislature of the several States enact a statute in ratification thereof." Then, to secure the enactment of this programme, Mr. Jones urges the election of men who will vote for such a law, and the election of men who will fearlessly and faithfully interpret the law, in accordance with its letter and spirit. He would pack the legislation, judicial and executive branches of our Government in favor of his measure. Should the people follow Mr. Jones' advice, and elect to Congress members sufficient to enact such a measure and a President who would sign it, the first court before which it came would declare the measure unconstitutional —unless, indeed, it be his plan to elect judges who would uphold such a law in defiance of that other higher and more sacred law, the Constitution. Congress may not invade the legislative rights belonging purely to the State. It may not regulate the capitalization of State corporations. The State is sovereign and supreme in matters of such local character. Congress may prohibit and prevent State corporations doing or leaving undone things which contravene the statutes of the United States, but the subject matter of such statutes must, to be of any force, deal with matters concerning which Congress has been given the right to legislate. The legislative powers of Congress are limited by the Constitution. Mr. Jones, in a twinkling, would obliterate State rights, and build up a central government more powerful than he dreams. Then examine his measure. He proposes that no corporation shall be permitted to have a capitalization exceeding one million dollars. Enterprise and development would come to a sudden halt with such a law in force. What would he do with existing corporations? Would he permit the existence of a million-dollar trust and refuse to permit the incorporation of some two million dollar concern having large developments in view, with not the slightest suspicion of trust attached to it? He would make it criminal to promote an honest undertaking of any magnitude, and permissable to conduct a dishonest concern if it was small. Of course, Mr. Jones does not mean to do that, but he stumbles into this error because he has based his regulation upon an unsubstantial foundation. It is not the magnitude of business transacted by the trusts that makes them unpopular or terrifying, so much as it is their wrongful practices. If Mr. Jones opposes trusts because they transact a larger business than the ordinary individual, then he is standing on thin ice. If he can declare a business to be illegal that has over a million dollars of invested capital, he may with just as good reason place the limit at one hundred thousand or even at one thousand dollars. In principle he would have as much right to do one as the other, and as good reason perhaps. His plan would doubtless find hearty approval among those who want to be doing "something," and are either ignorant or heedless of the law or the consequences.

Mr. Jones seems also to lay much stress upon another point. He says: "If the law, the creator, shall prove impotent to destroy the trusts, the creature, then let the law, the creator, destroy by abolishment its creature, the trusts," The power to "destroy by abolishment" the corporations formed under the laws of the several States is not lodged with Congress. Each State Legislature must act separately and uniformly, and then, too, they must keep within the federal constitution. They may not discriminate. This procedure would not beget order, nor remedy the evil; it would result in commercial chaos and hopeless confusion The State, as sovereign, doubtless has the right to alter, amend or repeal the charters of its corporations, but the exercise of the latter power has seldom been resorted to, and certainly never should be exercised upon the ground that a concern is doing too much business.

Mr. Jones' "remedy" could not, in any event, be enforced through congressional action, and a unanimous agreement among the several States is scarcely probable for the furtherance of a plan so loosely considered. If trusts are harmful only because they transact a large business with a less number of employees than heretofore, it is difficult to discover how one may lawfully inflict a penalty for the employment of the maximum of capital with the minimum of labor. If trusts are harmful because of their wrongful practices, and this we believe to be the only just cause of complaint, Mr. Jones might busy himself cataloguing their crimes and prescribing penalties for their violation whenever they may come under Federal jurisdiction. And then there would be another set of wrongs coming exclusively under State jurisdiction to which he might devote similar attention. This much is certain, any regulation based upon the *amount* of business transacted must fall purposeless. Regulation and restriction must concern the *character* of their operations, not their magnitude.

But dismissing Mr. Jones for the moment, the trust is very much of a bugaboo. It is now being exploited by the Democrats for political purposes, but it is safe to say a Republican Congress, when it next meets, will take the wind out of the sails of Democracy by legislation that will cover every conceivable objection within the Federal jurisdiction. The "magnitude" of the business, which alone seems to exercise Mr. Jones, will be regulated by healthy competition, for it is not possible for the trusts to absorb *all* of the idle money, nor is it possible for idle capitalist to permit his fellow capitalist to long enjoy their profits without competition. The greatest weakness of the trust to-day is its excessive capitalization. The thing of which Mr. Jones complains is the very thing that will make it vulnerable.

COMMUNICATION.

Editor The Wave—The writer begs to act upon the suggestion made to him by The Wave's editor, viz.: "Write an article pointing out the way by which trusts may be restricted or done away with as corporate bodies."

First. Apply and enforce existing law designed to control and restrict the trusts; *e. g.*, the "Sherman Anti-Trust Law."

Second. If existing law is inadequate to achieve such end, then amend it to make it potent. If this cannot be done, then repeal the old law by substituting new law of sufficiently drastic character to accomplish the end sought.

Third. If it so be that the law, the creator, shall prove impotent to control the trusts, the creature, then let the law, the creator, destroy by abolishment its creature, the trusts. No creature should be allowed to be superior to and dominant over its creator.

Fourth. If, as alleged and believed by many thinking men who are not politicians, it is true that any one political party more than another is responsible for the existence of trusts, because those most influential and potential within that party are directly identified with trusts, then overthrow by means of the ballot the ascendancy and governmental control of that political party, and place the reins of government in the hands of another political party whose leading and influential members are not so identified with the trusts.

Fifth. Plutocracy favors trusts, because, to a large extent, trusts favor plutocracy. Trusts create plutocracy, and plutocracy waxes fat, grows rich and arrogant under (to it) the beneficent influence of the narrowing sphere of the trusts: narrowing, in the sense that all the wealth of the land is being steadily and rapidly aggregated into the hands of plutocracy, by reason of its controling the resources of wealth, and, to a constantly growing extent, the opportunity for the acquisition of wealth.

Sixth. Democracy (not in a party sense) antagonizes the trusts, because the trusts are inimical to democracy. When the trusts are potential in government through the agency of plutocracy, it cannot be said that democracy—rule of the people, by the people, and for the people—reigns. Wherefore, to dethrone King Trust, substitute for the dominancy of plutocracy the absolute reign and rule of democracy. The law, the creator, would then not be found impotent to control or destroy its creature. The law would simply be enforced, and by its enforcement, that which it created would be controlled, else its creature would be eliminated from existence.

For example: Let Congress enact a law that, in no State in the Union, shall a corporation be chartered with a capitalization to exceed a given sum, say $1,000,000; and at no time subsequently shall any corporation be permitted to increase its capitalization beyond a certain fixed sum; and no corporation shall, under any circumstance, be allowed to consolidate or combine with any other corporation. For violation, infraction or evasion of such law, let there be imposed a heavy penalty. Let this be the national statute.

Let every State Legislature of each and every State enact a statute in ratification of such national statute; then, let the law be rigidly enforced.

In order to secure the enactment of such a law, the first requirement is to elect men as law-makers who are not and will not be law-breakers; who are not and will not be subservient to the behests of money. Corrupt use of money is the means employed by plutocracy to subvert democracy.

Then, place in authority as interpreters and executors of law, men who will fearlessly, faithfully interpret and execute the law in accordance with its letter and its spirit, as means to accomplish the end whereunto it was designed.

There are many, very many such men; but they are not the kind picked out by the professional political bosses. Why? Because these same bosses are the hired tools and emissaries of those against whom such a law as has been indicated would be aimed, and as their hired agents, these bosses choose for public office only such men as can be and are controlled by them.

Wherefore, to sum up, in a line: To overthrow the dominancy of pelf, elect no man to political office, high or low, having in the slightest degree any affiliation or connection with political bosses.

This is not impossible. Let the offices seek the men, rather than the men seek the offices. Let their fellow citizens, who know their worth from the standpoint of integrity, of fidelity to duty, and of mental fitness, choose such men by petition as they want; then let them nominate and elect them. This is predicated upon the assumption that the men so chosen would accept such honor, trust and responsibility from a sense of duty, both to themselves, their kith and kin, and their fellowmen.

JOHN AUBREY JONES.

Hon. James Service, an Australian millionaire who died recently, was noted for economy. His will directed the executor that any surplus provisions that happened to be in his house at the time of his death should be retained in the family circle.

Stockton Grammar School Exhibit

Los Angeles Sloyd Exhibit

California Headquarters

Stanford University Exhibit

Los Angeles High School Exhibit

Los Angeles Exhibit

Stockton Manual Training School Exhibit

Lick School Exhibit

EDUCATIONAL EXHIBITS AT THE N. E. A. CONVENTION IN LOS ANGELES

A ROMANCE IN COPPER

Story of the Thirst for Revenge That Is Back of a Big Trust.

The modern struggle for wealth has its romances—no less striking than those of the old struggle for power. Men hate, and plot and go down to war with one another in much the same spirit they held when Sir Bors the Smiter gathered his henchmen and went out to conquer his neighbor, and Sir Launcelot rode over hill and mere in search of "honorable bickerings and gentle debate." Two modern American barons, in this year of grace eighteen hundred and ninety-nine, are preparing their forces for an issue of strength, and half of Montana is hanging anxiously on the result. Their henchmen are shrewd American speculators, and they fight not with steel blades but with copper stocks.

Few people unacquainted with the details of electrical construction realize the importance of copper in the modern order of things. The fiery red metal, the first, by the way, that man turned to his use after the cave-man became a metal-worker, is the best medium for transmitting electricity. He who can find and corner one that is better and cheaper may have for his reward the millions of a Rothschild. This an electrical age, and the application of electricity to every sort of commercial process has brought about a demand for copper far exceeding the supply. Time was when the Lake Superior mines supplied the world, but lately forty-five per cent of the entire supply comes out of Montana from under a little patch of ground a mile long by half that width. It has always been known that the Anaconda region was rich in this metal, but only lately, when the fall in silver made mining for that metal unprofitable, did Montana miners turn their attention to copper. Then came the era of electrical expansion; street-cars were moved, machinery operated, cities illuminated by chained lightning, and copper went away up in price. From eleven cents a pound in 1893, it has steadily risen to eighteen cents, and promises to go higher. Capitalists began to develope new and hitherto unprofitable fields, notably in the Northwest. The tremendous production of Montana in the last few years has raised the total output in that State to $300,000,000.

Three-fourths of the entire American output in 1893 came from districts held by five individuals. Of these, by long odds the heaviest owners were Marcus Daly, whose properties lay in Montana, and W. A. Clark, owning mines both in Montana and Arizona. These two copper kings, widely differing in personality, are examples of self-made millionaires. Clark is the wealthier, with an income stated as ten million a year, but Daly has ever been able to command the more wealth from the power of his pull. Both came to Montana comparatively poor men, Daly has, indeed, been most thoroughly "strapped" once or twice. Both built up their fortunes by steady, shrewd speculation. Clark has political ambitions, and has a taste for art; his purchase of a $41,000 Fortuny painting is still fresh in the public mind. Daly's happiness is in fast horses. Clark has a mansion in New York, and has aspirations for society; Daly looks and dresses the part of a rude Western miner. His is by far the more interesting personality. With a genius and force of character that would have made him great in any line, he wields such power in Montana that he is feared even by his allies.

Originally partners, these two are fighting it out with an intense and undiscriminating bitterness. No one knows just how the fend started. There are stories about a business deal away back in the eighties, wherein one "double-crossed" the other. Probably the enmity came about naturally through conflicting interests. At any rate, they have fought the issue in courts, in the market, in the political arena, until every man of influence in Montana is either for or against. Their bitterness has found expression in little acts of spite, as well as in important lawsuits. A minor issue, for example, was the rivalry between the Butte and Anaconda semi-professional football teams, the one backed by Clark, the other by Daly. The most showy display of feeling was the contest over the location of the State capital. It was supposed to be a fight between Helena and Anaconda; in reality, it was between Clark and Daly. Helena and Clark were the winners. Daly, burning with wrath, only nursed his spleen and put the more vigor into the contest for the Senatorship. For, be it known, ever since Montana was a State Clark has stood for United States Senator, and Daly has opposed him with influence and money. Last year issues came to a head. It is doubtful if there were ever a more spectacular campaign in any State Legislature. The contest dragged on for months. Finally, Daly staked all on a trick, and lost. One of his henchman, posing as a supporter of the other side, arose, and showing a roll of bills, claimed that it was the price paid by Clark for his vote. An investigation followed; it was proven, or seemed to be, that the move was a Daly trick, and Clark was elected—his second decisive victory.

If Daly was angry before, he was now furious. Every object in existence, every hope of success, became centered in his desire for vengeance. It has grown to be the passion of his life; those who know him declare he would give his soul, to say nothing of his fortune, to ruin his triumphant adversary. The chance for further action came with the formation of the Copper Trust. This gigantic combine, capitalized for $75,000,000, aimed to get control of the entire American output. It got the Lake Superior into its hands, and then played for Montana. Daly joined at once, making great concessions in order to get hold of the management of the combine. Then the Trust make proposals to Clark. Of course, he would not come in with Daly in the concern. This was expected, but when he made a combination with F. A. Heinz, the only Montana copper king who can stand beside the big two, he hit the Trust good and hard. The holding out of these two renders the Trust ineffective, since they can block its workings whenever they so desire. If the combine tries to freeze out competition by lowering prices, Clark can meet them, because he and his ally still control a great share of the product. Score three for the man from Helena.

Now observe the beauty of Daly's game. He has retreated in order to get a better position. He has put himself in the way to spread Montana with the wreckage of Clark's burst senatorial boom. For the Rockefellers are behind the copper combine; their power in Washington, and in the Senate in particular, is great beyond the knowledge of man, and they are his own allies. Clark, he swears, will never be seated while he has the power. Corruption and bribery is to be the charge before the Senate. It need not be a hard one to substantiate. Everyone knows that both sides spent money like water; some claim that the Senator's seat cost him a quarter of a million for this campaign alone. But if Daly can prove to the satisfaction of the Senate that his opponent spent funds corruptly, it will do the latter no good to say, "So did you." And there is yet a little side issue to the big Senatorial game. Heinz wants the other seat in the Senate; if he gets it, after his open espousal of Clark, he, too, must reckon with Marcus the Revengeful, who is stronger in Montana politics than ever before. For his power over thousands of employees and tens of thousands of dependents of the Copper Syndicate is now autocratic. They will go his way in politics. Woe be unto them and their daily bread if they do not!

Therefore, the fight which has had Montana for an arena and the Northwest for an audience is shifted to Washington. Thrice defeated, thrice strengthened by defeat, Marcus Daly, copper king and magnificent hater, is preparing for the battle of his career.

NOTES FROM DAWSON

A Very Quiet Season in the Great Metropolis of the Klondike.

Dawson City is a dead town. It is the old story of mushroom mining camps. Too many people and too little loose money came in with the first rush. Suffering followed, and then the fire. When the coming of summer loosened up the river, a great proportion of the surplus population managed to get away somehow, and the town appears half-deserted. The insecurity of things has caused a great quiet to settle down upon building operations. Only one new structure, a saloon and office building erected by Tom Chisholm, has been put up on the burnt district. Otherwise, this region is sparsely occupied by tents and frail board shanties.

The new wharves of the steamship companies have wrought a great transformation in the appearance of the water front. The tumble-down shacks which made that section an eye-sore have given place to modern warehouses. From these, the main street now extends to Klondike Bridge. It is probably the craziest street, in outward appearance, in the whole world. The architecture is something fearful and wonderful. The characteristic Dawson store is a one-story structure of board or logs, with a facade three-fourths sign. Along this street passes the traffic of the town, mostly on crude carts drawn by teams of Husky dogs. The place is much more healthful than ever before, the result of a new system of drainage. The epidemic of typhoid fever, formerly a veritable scourge, has dwindled to a few scattered cases.

The greed for gold, the craze for sudden and immediate wealth is the master passion. No one is contented to wait. Firms are formed to-day, and to-morrow are broken up because of the disloyality or cupidity of a partner. Such cases crowd the court calendar and overwork Judge Duyas, who dispenses justice of the old school in Dawson. Tales of a find in any new district will clean out the superfluous population in one day; then, a month or so later, the wreckage will drift back again, a mass of unsuccessful but still ambitious prospectors, who have sunk their all in barren claims. Hunker Creek is an example. There was a great rush on its discovery, but the origiual prospectors had all the good claims, and the later comers got nothing. Hunker is "spotted"—that is, the gold lies in little areas with barren ground between. Sulphur Creek is also unsatisfactory. The benches on Last Chance are looking up very well, and Gold Run, a tributary of Dominion, is very rich, as are Quartz Creek and Magnet Gulch. Gold Hill, Big and Little Skookum and French Hill are holding their own, but are also "spotted," the claims giving rich returns to a few owners and little or nothing to the rest. The latest ruch is for Lower Dominion, but it is too early to pass judgment on this region.

Unless some rich new ground is opened up this summer, Dawson will have a quiet winter. A number of applications have been made to Ottawa for hydraulic grants; nothing has been heard from these. If allowed, hydraulic mining will brighten things a bit. The Exemption law is to be raised next year to $10,000; that is, those who take out less than that sum are exempt from paying royalty. Governor Ogilvie, in spite of great public pressure, has decided not to recommend the abolition of the royalty, because the locators of nearly all claims are aliens, and the money extracted is not spent in Canada. The Government is, at last, going to put in a road to the mines to supplant the horrible trail doing duty at present. Official reports put this year's gold production at from $15,000,000 to $20,000,000.

MOLLIE GLENN.

American ingenuity, or perhaps American conservatism, has been over-reached in Europe in the particular of the invention and use of milking machines in dairies of a large number of cows. Several of these devices have been patented in the United States, but they have either not been successful in their operation or have been refused recognition by the dairymen. Inventions to the end sought are, however, numerous in France and Germany, and are commonly employed in those countries in which we are taught to believe labor is so cheap as to practically repress the use of machinery. They are all air pumps, working with an interrupted, pulsating movement. The nozzle is placed over the cow's nipple, and is clasped by a rubber vacuum arrangement. The pump, which is operated by a steam or electrical engine, is then set in operation. By a disposition of valves the milk runs down an outlet pipe into cans set to receive it. The action of the apparatus is not that of compression and relaxation as occurs in hand milking, but is rather that of sucking, imitative of the calf. One machine has a capacity of milking fifty cows simultaneously, and one boiler and engine of ordinary size could doubtless draw the milk of several hundred animals. The cows like it, seemingly prefer it to the hand process, as the most restive animals stand perfectly still during the operation. The machine method presents the merit of being a perfectly clean, as well as an entirely safe one, as no filth can possibly fall into the milk, nor can the cows kick over the buckets during milking. The cost is much less than in hand milking.

WOMEN IN COUNCIL

Americans Prominent in the Sessions of the International Conference.

The women have come and seen and conquered London. It was amusing to an American, to whom female clubs and conventions are as common as political mass-meetings, to see the British public staring at that new wonder, an Internation Council of women. Hardly a newspaper in all the land but has stopped in its account of proceedings to explain what the Thing is, and what it is trying to do. And what under the sun *didn't* it try to do? If there is a topic in all the world that wasn't discussed in the five or six big halls kept running those nine days, I can't unearth it just now from a mind bewildered with papers on secondary education, psychology, training of servants, municipal reform, prison management, literature, art, music, science, drama, journalism, trades-unionism, horticulture, agriculture, emigration, protection of animals, prevention of pauperism, temperance, amusement, equal suffrage—these and a host of others. Should man, proud man, awed into submission by this parade of his better half, hasten to adopt all her recommendations as made in this assemblage, the astonished heavens would look down on a new order of things in the twentieth century.

I confess that I was proud of my countrywomen. They originated the idea, of course; the two former International meetings were in America, and our own women got the congress together this year. Beyond that, we made a brave showing. Susan B. Anthony was the central figure. Paderewski never faced such an audience of excited, applauding femininity as the one which rose to greet her appearance on the platform the opening day. The old Amazon came grimly forward, tore off her bonnet, and sent her strong voice ringing through every corner of the hall. Susan B. has softened through time; her address was not one of those denunciations of tyrant man which we have heard so often in suffrage campaigns; it was hopeful, encouraging and only mildly sarcastic. Mary Wright Sewall, who originated the council idea, was another prominent figure, as were Rev. Anna Shaw, Charlotte Perkins Stetson, Kate Douglas Wiggin and a score of other American women equally distinguished.

There were so many subjects treated and such a variety of interests represented, that I had perhaps better confine myself to generalities. Paris reigned supreme in outward appearance. Where, oh where is the suffrage advocate with a barrel waist and a *passé* hat? Where is she of the semi-masculine garb loved of the comic weeklies? These advanced women were dressed in the height of the mode, and dress reform was the only reform lost sight of. Lady Aberdeen presided in a dream of a striped satin gown. Mrs. Fanny Humphreys Gaffney wore a wonderful creation of gray and white when she spoke of the woman of the future, and the delegates from the far East were bewitching in Oriental stuffs. Most interesting of these was Madame Shén, sent from China by special permission of the Emperor. She was in national costume, even to the little bound feet peeping from under her blue and gold brocades. The black braids of Miss Mary Bohr, Indian delegate, fell over shimmering folds of soft India silk.

Not least of the wonders of this wonderful assemblage was the abeyance of the suffragists. There was a polltical section, devoted to "equal rights," but we heard surprisingly little from it, after all. This may have been because a number of ardent advocates of the franchise for women withdrew when they learned that both sides were to have an equal hearing. Perhaps it was encouragement derived from this fact, perhaps it was fear, that drove the House of Lords to pass an anti-suffrage amendment to the new London bill on the very day the Council assembled. I doubt if they would have had the courage could they have seen Susan B. Antony glaring at them from the galleries. At any rate, she dropped her conciliatory attitude long enough next day to give them a piece of her feminine mind before the political section.

Another thing upon which London looked and wondered was the ability of the women as orators. I cannot remember a hesitating or awkward or unpleasing speaker, neither did I hear any attempt at pyrotechnics. They said what they had to say and were done. Most of them spoke English, or tried to; the German and Russian delegates handled the tongue like Anglo-Saxons. A few crushed, unfortunate men were given the privilege of the floor, notably an ex-Californian, Earl Barnes, who used to be a professor at Stanford University and was known to every teacher in the State. His paper on "Child Psychology" was a feature at the sessions of the educational section.

The practical details were admirably managed—all this by women, too. The arrangements were most orderly and complete, considering that five or six halls were filled with the various sessions for nine days running. They endeared themselves to the newspapers as the first English assembly in the memory of man that ever provided adequate press arrangements.

David Rankin, of Taikio, Mo., who is said to be the richest farmer in the world, made his beginning with no other capital than a horse. This he sold for $52, invested the money in calves and bought an eighty acre farm. He is now, at the age of seventy-four, tall, athletic and raw boned, with gray hair and beard and keen blue eyes. He owns twenty-three thousand acres of land, worth from $50 to $100 per acre.

The liabilities of the crown colony of St. Helena exceed the assets by £2,486. A very simple expedient has restored the balance to the right side of the ledger. Obsolete postage stamps to the value of £6,000 have been lying for mady years in Downing street, and these have now been shipped to the colony for sale in the local post office at considerably enhanced prices. At latest advices a large demand for these old issues was in progress.

The condition of the franchise in the Transvaal, of which such bitter complaint is made, is illustrated by the vote in a recent election in Johannesburg to fill a vacancy in the Second Chamber in the Volksraad. The constituency contains 56,000 males of all nationalities, but only 1,500 burghers are on the register and 816 votes were cast.

The estimated amount of gold dust brought out from Alaska and Klondike this year up to last week was $10,000,000. All the amount hae not been turned in at the Seattle assay office, but this is due to the fact that many of the miners prefer to take their gold to their home cities. These figures may be correct and they may not. As an example, the *Roanoke*, according to the purser of that vessel, brought down $3,000,000. Of this amount, he declared he held $2,500,000 in his strong room during the down trip, and he accounted for the other $500,000 by saying that it was divided among the miners, who preferred to keep it in their staterooms where they could have their eye on it all the time. Up to noon on the day after arrival, $1,500,000 in gold dust had been deposited at the Mint, and it was said that several of the large companies had not yet sent in their gold. San Francisco has received over a million dollars worth of the output, but all the rest has come to Seattle. Hundreds of people for the first time in their lives saw any number of fortunes piled up on the docks, with miners watching their treasure with jealous eyes. The future of Alaska is assured. It will produce gold for many years to come, and half of its valuable deposits have not yet been discovered. Several districts that gave promise of rivaling the Klondike have come to nought. There have been so many conflicting statements concerning Cape Nome that it would not be safe to venture anything about it. Returning miners say it is as rich as the Klondike, and others declare that it has been salted by the transportption companies for the purpose of persuading miners in so that these concerns may profit by the trade. It is scarcely possible that this is true, for though corporations are known to be heartless, they would not dare commit such a crime. If Cape Nome is not a rich district, then it is a most deceiving piece of territory. Even the men who say thers is no gold there admit that colors are everywhere. They claim, however, that this is all that can be found. The truth or falsity of the reports of the new district will be known in a very short time. The fleet of vessels which were at the Cape and at St. Michaels last week will soon straggle into port, and they will bring reliable information.

***

A strange thing for American soil was the burial of Queen Dowager Kapiolani at Honolulu. In the pomp and parade of royalty that marked the occasion, American troops participated, and the President of the old independent Hawaiian Republic followed the remains to the grave. Hawaiian royalty is a thing of the past; these rites had no political significance. They were but a grateful recognition of the life of the noblest among all the old Hawaiian monarchs. Queen Kapiolani was a mother in Israel to her people. A dignified and queenly character, she was, in addition, possibly the only member of the Kamehameha dynasty who was neither vicious nor corrupt. Hers was a sad life. She was married to a vicious king, and forced to live amidst the corruptions of his court; she sought diversion in charitable work, and in elevating the condition of her people. The native Kanakas mostly obey and respect Liliokalani as their rightful ruler, but they loved Kapiolani. She has the distinction of being the only native Pacific monarch who ever made much of a figure in European courts. The others took with them native manners which, joined with their ostentatious surroundings, gave them an opera bouffe appearance, but her natural dignity and her "teachableness" kept her from being ridiculous.

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Our University athletes have again met defeat at the hands of our cousins over the water. So far, only one contest of this kind has ever resulted in an American victory, the track contests between Yale and Cambridge held at New Haven several years ago. Nevertheless, this record does not mean that our University men are inferior in brawn and speed. All these contests, except that same Yale victory, have been held on British soil, and have been won by the superiority of the English athletes in the longer "flat" races. When British athletes come to America our representatives show as much endurance as they, but put a Yankee runner in the London climate, and the change seems to take away his staying power. For example, Kilpatrick, world's record holder in the half-mile, joined the professional ranks two years ago and went abroad to meet the professionals on the other side. He was invariably beaten in time much slower than his own records. In the intercollegiate games before mentioned, an American has never won or come near winning at any distance from a quarter mile up. The same experience has been ours in rowing, a sport which depends, more than any other, on endurance. Cornell and Yale made farcical failures at Henley. I look for an American victory next year, at the return games; in fact, it is a ten to one proposition that, so long as "flat" races are a feature of track and field contests, the "home" team will win an international match. Until we can find some friendly island with a neutral climate as the arena for such games, they will furnish no convincing result other than the promotion of friendliness between the great Anglo-Saxon notions.

***

Outside of the sportsmanlike attitude taken by both sides, the whole affair was a bit unsatisfactory for two reasons. The first was the illness of Burke. He was our star distance man, and was expected to win the half-mile. Had he done so, the victory would have been ours, but an old stomach trouble put him out of condition, and he made a pathetic failure. That this talk about illness is not a post mortem howl is proven by the fact that American sporting writers commented upon his indisposition before the team left New York. The other condition which rendered the contest unsatisfactory was its non-representative character. The Englishmen were the flower of the tight little island's University athletes, while the Americans, with the exception of Burke, were all beaten by compatriots of other colleges in the spring intercollegiate games. Oxford and Cambridge, however, refused to consider the American intercollegiate winners as opponents, because they could not be assured of the amateur status of transatlantic Universities other than Yale and Harvard. An impartial American must swallow his national pride and admit that this position was a just one. The English have always been our tutors in amateur sport, and if this action results in the athletic purification of some Eastern Universities, Pennsylvania in particular, it will be worth more to us than many victories.

***

No crime since the assassination of Sherlock Holmes in Switzerland has caused the regret that has just been evoked by the retirement of Captain Kettle. Conan Doyle has drawn the denunciation of this generation for depriving it of a personage so fertile, resourceful and capable. Equal condemnation is surely due Cutliffe Hayne for converting so original and interesting a personage as Captain Kettle into a farmer. Yes, that is just what has happened. He has been taken from the sea, after an exploit as fine and noble as anything in his career, and turned into an ordinary householder and tiller of the soil. There can be but one meaning to this—the most modest, pious and ferocious of marine heroes has been cut off in the flower of his usefulness. There are still on the main obstreperous crews and unprincipled adventurers. Even now, perhaps, engaged in immoral enterprise—but never again may we hope for rescue or retribution through Kettle. Nor has he a successor. There be others as brave, as daring, as powerful in wrath, but "By James, sir," he alone was courageous, fervid, poetic and devout.

***

It seems that Bob Davis, who figured some years ago in San Francisco as an *Examiner* reporter, then as proprietor of *Chic*, and, generally, as the brother of Sam Davis, has developed into a star journalist in New York. He went on to conquer fortune in the metropolis. The enterprise was a forlorn hope, but like many another bold venture it won out. The especial score that Davis has achieved fame in was in connection with the embalmed beef inquiry. He is the man who obtained the telegrams that passed between the packers and their Washington agents, divulging the relations between General Eagan and the Beef Combine. Just how he did it no one quite knows save Bob, who, however, has not yet told. It helped the *Journal* marvelously in its fight, and surprised everyone in connection with the intrigue.

***

The files of *Examiner* for the week beginning Monday, July 17th, make up an interesting document in yellow journalism. By actual measurement, two-thirds of the news page in the six issues in question are occupied with the glorification of that "Champion of the Cause of the Oppressed." Here are the facts, with conclusions left to the reader: Monday, half the front page was taken up with the *Examiner's* phantom overcoats-for-the-Oregon-Volunteers campaign. Tuesday, that alleged "movement" for supplying clothing to men who were well able to buy it out of their clothing allowance, took up the entire page. This article was garnished by a beautiful picture of "President McKinley, Who Heard the Soldiers' Cry," and a facsimile reproduction of Mr. Hearst's telegram to the Government. I pause here to wonder how much the Postal Telegraph Company gets from the *Examiner* for running its full heading on all its fac-simile telegrams. Wednesday morning there were only two full front-page columns about overcoats, but then it was a quiet day, and all that the American Paper for the American People could dig up was an attack on Shafter. Thursday, the *Examiner* made up for its off day by another full front page with some more typewritten fac-similes. Friday, the overcoats took up only a quarter of the news section, but there was a wide strip across the top describing how the *Examiner-Journal* scooped the world by getting its correspondent on Dewey's flagship at Trieste at least a quarter of a minute ahead of the others. Saturday, wonderful to tell, the front page was given up to news. Does this mean that the editors are gathering their strength for another attack upon the Forces of Oppression?

***

Eastern ideas travel very rapidly or very slowly to the West. An idea that has taken a long time to reach Seattle got here last week, and now those who love outings on the water have the privilege of taking a sail on the gigantic barge *Skookum*. There is a band of music and the dancing that one cares for. The barge excursion is an old institution in the East and Middle West, but Seattle has improved on it. It was not done intentionally, but was due to circumstances. The barge *Skookum* arrived from Alaska recently, having left a whole herd of cattle there for the consumption of the hungry miners. While awaiting a charter for a return trip, an enterprising impressario hired her, and now he gives nightly trips about the Sound. This, in itself, is not of great importance, but the fact that the barge is large enough to accomodate 5,000 people is. The *Skookum* is the largest vessel of her kind in the world. A good many ocean steamers would look small beside her. In fact, her shell could easily accommodate an ordinary coasting vessel and hide it completely from view. A short time ago the barge, although towed by one of the most powerful tugs on the Sound, was caught by the wind, and if it had not been for a lucky turn of the tide she might have gone ashore. She was not loaded at the time and stood as high in the water as a three-story house.

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Anybody in Seattle who is not in possession of a Klondike nugget may consider himself very poor. There are nuggets everywhere and everybody has one. They are worns as necktie pins, as watch charms, as cuff-buttons and carried loose in the pocket to show to admiring friends. Miners who have made strikes are very liberal, and they all are well supplied with little pieces of gold. A chance acquaintance in a barroom may get one. It may have been meant for a friend, but the friend is forgotten in the enthusiasm of the moment, and the stranger gets it. Some of these nuggets contain $100 worth of gold, but the majority of them are smaller than a five-dollar gold piece. They are odd ornaments, however, and are very much prized by their lucky possessors.

***

New York is without the presence of Colonel James Oliver and Cherry Hill, and, in fact, the whole down town district is seriously disturbed. Colonel Oliver has been a familiar figure in New York for forty years or over, since he reached his majority. Lawyer, politician, Tammany leader, favorite of Croker, he has been a much sought after man. The Colonel arrived in Seattle the other day. As he is Sergeant-at-Arms of the Democratic National Committee, he was given a formal welcome by the Democaatic leaders and the silver men of the city. There was a dinner, and then there was another one at which politics were not discussed. The man from New York enjoyed himself. His hair is grayer now than it was years ago, when the battles of the Bowery Boys and the Dead Rabbits kept New York in a state of excitement. The Colonel says he was simply a spectator of these fights, which were very much like the border warfare of to-day, but it is hinted that "Jimmie" really was in it. If he wasn't, the youngsters that grew up with him were. Colonel Jim is affectionately referred to as the Duke of Paradise Park. He had this breathing spot made in the congested Five Points section, but this is not the only one of the many good things he did for lower New York. He is going to Alaska now to look over some mining ground, and he remarked recently to a friend in Seattle, that he had been away longer on this trip than at any time in twenty years. However, when he gets back to his old stamping grounds all the East Side will bow to him, for to them a journey to Alaska is like a trip to the moon to other folks.

***

Wellington is only a few miles from Seattle, but if it isn't the toughest town in America, it is in training to claim that honor. During the past few months two deputy sheriffs have been stationed there day and night, and only last week the sole saloon in the place was closed by order of the County Commissioners. Wellington is the center of the coal mining industry, and the miners when not at work make it their headquarters. Murder, shooting, stabbing and assaults of all kinds have been frequent. Men have been found mangled on the railroad tracks near the town, who, it is said, were killed in brawls and then placed where the locomotive would run over them, and thus effacing any evidence of murder. One saloon-keeper has a standing order with an undertaker to bury his dead, that is, if they die in or near his saloon or have been his customers. The women in the place can be counted on one's fingers. Strange as it may seem, judging from the reported lawlessness of the place, they have not yet been molested or insulted.

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The most ill-judged political alliance the *Examiner* ever entered into in all its checkered career is its combination with Boss Rainey and his crew. For Rainey it is a virtual re-creation. His career was over, his prestige gone. To-day, by virtue of the *Examiner's* aid, his men are in the field; his clubs are boomed, and he may really become an active factor in the forthcoming convention. What has the *Examiner* to gain? As an organ of reform it has everything to lose. Its saving grace all through these years has been the fact of its support of decent politics and honest administration. It is now embarked in a scheme to own a Chief of Police, and, curbed in its dominion by the leaders of the party, it rushes into an intrigue with a discredited politician, whom it imagines will help it to achieve its fatuous ambition. To-day Rainey is boasting all over town of having caught the *Examiner*, and is doing business with his old associates on the basis of this new relation with this erstwhile organ of reform. In the meantime, the other San Francisco papers are obtaining much diversion out of the incongruous partnership, while the wise ones are wondering what Mr. Hearst can be thinking about to allow his paper get into such bad company.

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In the effort to divert the criticism which its idiotic predicament has evolved, the *Examiner* has latterly begun to tilt at poor Boss Buckley, whom it has converted into a palpable factor in politics. It imagines the dust it will raise by disturbing his remains will hide its own immoral purposes, but to judge from later developments it is going to suffer seriously for its ghoulish temerity. The fact is, that Rainey and Buckley were both *hors de combat*, politically, but for Mr. Hearst's paper. What power they may wield in the convention will be due entirely to its unintelligent interference.

***

If Henry B. Fuller calls Chicago inartistic, I wonder what he would say of some of our Pacific Coast cities? The signboard nuisance, bad as it has come to be, is but one of our troubles. A mixture of architecture, most of it vulgar in itself and slung together in frightful combinations, curses every large town north and south. It is unfair to comment upon the appearance of Market street, because that thoroughfare is dedicated to use and not to ornament; but when we come to the sections of the city supposed to make an appearance, heaven help us. The Lick monument and the City Hall—structures that will not stand any too much criticism in themselves, by the way—are set in a wilderness of rattletrap shanties. From no point of view can you see the City Hall as a whole. You catch little glimpses from over the housetops or through the side streets, but the homely buildings before mentioned hem it close on every side. The residence portion of town, which is supposed to be laid out and built with an eye to beauty, is thick-strewn with houses inartistic beyond description. Roofs with a Spanish tile effect set above a front of Grecian pillars, Moorish palaces in barbarous colors, are among the most flagrant exhibitions of bad taste. As for the signboards, they glare at us everywhere, with their awful paintings advertising General Otis cigars and Girl from Mexico cigarettes. As an humble contribution to the controversy which mildly interested us a while ago, "How shall we make San Francisco beautiful?" I would suggest that we follow Chicago in warring on billboards, and that we then take some measures to educate public taste as to the difference between good and bad architecture.

BOSWELL JR.

Panorama of the Oregon Camp—the New Hospital in the Rear

Sunday in the Camp

Next to Godliness

Colonel Summers and the Officers of the Regiment

Orders for the Day

On Easy Street

Culinary Headquarters

A Company of New-Comers

Among the Tents

The Doctor's Shop

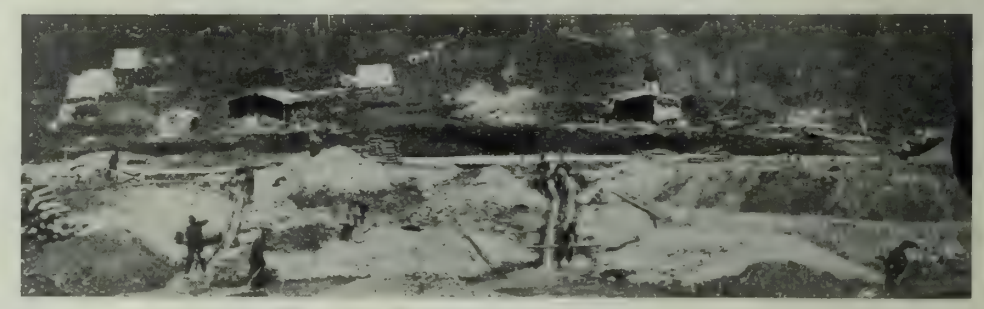
CAMP OF THE OREGON VOLUNTEERS AT THE PRESIDIO, SAN FRANCISCO

Sluicing on No. 17 El Dorado—the richest claim in the Klondike

Bench Claim at the Mouth of El Dorado

Arrival of the First Steamer at Dawson

Gold Hill



A Typical Mining Claim

Grand Forks and the Mouth of El Dorado

Front Street, Dawson City

THE KLONDIKE IN JUNE: VIEWS MADE WHILE THE "CLEAN-UP" WAS IN PROGRESS

Photos by E. A. Hegg

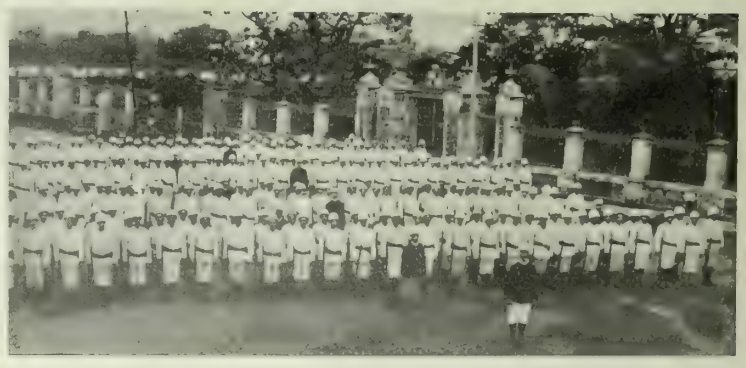
Native Boats Unloading Supplies

A Typical Insurgent Company

Abardoned Insurgent Trench

Convalescents at Corregidor Hospital

Oregon Troops on the March to Malalos



Guard Mount

Captives Under Guard

Pennsylvania Camp

The Skirmish Line

THE CAMPAIGN IN THE PHILIPPINES

Photos by Private Ritter of the Oregon Volunteers

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Paris, June 20th.—Who says now that the Paris mob isn't tractable? Who talks about the hot-headed impetuosity of the Latin race? I saw but last Sunday the whole kit and boiling of the Parisian rabble-babble turned from blind rioters, ready to howl destruction upon Loubet or Dreyfus or Zola or anyone else whom their unseen leaders might direct them against, into meek, mild followers of the powers-that-be, and all because there is discretion in their madness. I sometimes think that rioting is a diversion for your Frenchman, as fighting is for an Irishman. He calmly reckons the chances, and if he thinks there isn't *too* great danger for himself, he lets his feelings go and riots at the nearest object in sight.

The occasion for this quelling of the mob was this year's Grand Prix. Alarmed by the attack of the royalists on the President a week before, the police got ready to meet any mob whatsoever. Paris was an armed camp. A gorgeous spectacle it was—one which threw the races and the costumes and the other things you go to a Grand Prix to behold, completely in the shade. After it was over and we were going away someone told me that a horse named Perth had won. I had forgotten to inquire. The ladies who had planned elaborate toilettes for the occasion these many weeks might have saved themselves the trouble, because they were unobserved in the greater interest. The spectators were watching the regiments that lined every avenue of approach to Longchamps, that filled every important corner of the city, that formed a phalanx around the Presidential box. The soldiers weren't there just for show, either. I was told by an officer who ought to know that they had orders to fire on the crowd at the first disturbance. There was no need of this, fortunately, because the crowd knew better than to experiment. Only the thrilling possibility kept us on the *qui vive*.

Otherwise, the Grand Prix was as no other Grand Prix, save that the disgraced aristocracy which rioted like a lot of gamins last Sunday kept disdainfully away. The correct way to begin this gala day is to breakfast at the Pavilion d'Armenonville, a restaurant in a little wooded resort off the Bois de Boulogne, where you pay a price ridiculously disproportionate to the service for the privilege of consorting with the aristocracy. The aristocracy didn't come this time, but the others did. "The others" are mainly ladies with splendid costumes and much make-up. They rattle in and out in superb equipages; they lean over the tables with that fetching, *blase* smile that Gibson has caught in his drawings of Paris. Time was when the only Sarah favored the spot with her presence. Now the favorites of the vaudevilles and even of the legitimate Odeon and Comedie reign supreme. Yvette Guilbert was there, so was La Cavalieri, just adjudged the most beautiful woman in Paris, and Liane de Pougy, and—but you may find the rest in the lists of the vaudevilles. Two among them, especially, caught my attention because of their supposed antecedents. They are the sisters Robinson, slight, wonderfully beautiful, and as like in looks and dress as two peas. It is said that they came originally from San Francisco as members of a comic opera troupe. Their fortunes have risen since then—or fallen, according as you value virtue.

This breakfast of ceremony over, everyone crowded to his place in the enclosure and waited for the President and trouble. It was a beautiful day and a beautiful spectacle. The military only added to the effect. Between lines of soldiers with their shining helmets and tossing plumes stretched the broad Champs Elysee, white in the summer sun. Through this sped the brilliant equipages of *tout Paris*, with bicycles and automobiles filling the spaces. The red and yellow and blue cornflower of hats and parasols on the tops of the carriages made a roof of color over the road. All this crowd was hurrying, *en fete*, not to see Europe's greatest race meet, but to see what the mob was going to do, and how President Loubet was going to take it.

Then there was a cloud of dust in the distance, and the earth shook under the feet of four thousand dragoons. The moment the crowd had been awaiting, the entry of President Loubet with its thrilling possibilities of an attack, perhaps a revolution, came and passed like a flash. The escort galloped into position, the presidential carriage whirled up at racing speed, the multitude rose up and howled with a hoarse, Gallic howl, the chief actor entered very serenely, and faced the crowd—the same one which had jeered and taunted him a week before, and which now tore the very heavens with cheers. It must have taken all the nerve of Loubet to carry him through the ordeal, but he sustained it superbly. Calm, quiet, he stood looking around him for one moment before he entered the box, but his face was as white as the bosom of his shirt. He wore evening clothes, by the way. Then the carriage drove off and he was alone before his shifty people. If his welcome was an ovation when he alighted, I do know what to call the clamor that greeted him when he stepped, smiling now, to the front of his box. For a full quarter of an hour the air shook with every noise the French throat can make. Then things quieted a little, and the mob sat down to await further developments. They never came. There was some individual fighting amongst the rabble, but that was all. Directly the race was finished, the President slipped back into his carriage and vanished as speedily as he had entered.

It was, perhaps, just as well for him that he got away, because a new element had mixed itself in the situation—thirst. It was a hot, a very hot day. The populace had been drinking steadily—champagne in the boxes, cheap red wine on the benches. And when the wine made summer in their veins, there were certain signs of threatening weather. The soldiery was there with orders; they were masters of the situation, but no Chief Magistrate would like to have the slaughter of a mob put against him in these trying times. The populace was fighting among themselves, even as he left, with that Parisian way of fighting which involves not the fists alone but all nature's weapons. The police suppressed these with the gentleness of a man handling dynamite.

There was one girl among them who especially caught my attention. She was handsome with a coarse and deadly beauty—dark eyes, whose only soul was the wine in her veins, a full-lipped mouth, hair like a horse's mane, sneering expression. Her pedigree was on her face. Her mother, I can venture, hurled petroleum for the Commune before she bore her in shame, her grandmother rioted for the Second Empire, her great-grandmother danced *la carmgnole* around the Revolution's guillotine—and she was howling for that same aristocracy which ground all this chaff. "*Vive Picquart!*" said she. The crowd around took up the yell as she emptied the dregs of her glass over their heads from her station on a cart. Then she tossed the red plumes of her hat and changed her cry to "*Vive Zola!*" Other throats took up this call, and in half a minute everyone was "scrapping beautiful." A squad of policemen charged the mess, and with rare discrimination removed the cause of the disturbance, screaming French indelicacies, to a quieter neighborhood.

Two days later, they removed Dupuy from his office of Prime Minister, because of this military demonstration. I cannot say that anyone is sorry that the Grand Prix furnished an excuse for his undoing. He was one of those mediocres who slide past better men and get into high places because of their oily smoothness; he was totally unfitted to guide France through this troublesome crisis. So the great, stuffy, important barrister goes back into private life, for which France is thankful. Every dog has its day; last Sunday was *his*.

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London, July 15th.—In reviewing the week in London, I am tempted to cry out, with the resurrected Yankee, "America on top again, by gum!" In the Woman's Council, now passed into history, American women were the bright, particular stars; then came the Charity Bazaar, and my fair compatriots were again the leading feature. I say "fair" advisedly, for all London voted the prize for beauty to the young Duchess of Marlborough and our own Maxine Elliot. The Duchess was first in British popular favor, mind you; national ideas on beauty differ, for at home we would put the ox-eyed Maxine many, many degrees higher than Consuelo Vanderbilt that was. The affair was organized by a woman of the purest New England descent—Mrs. Alfred Paget—and its most bizarre feature was an American bar, behind which Mrs. Brown-Potter mixed mint juleps and Manhattan cocktails. Perhaps it was pure thirst, perhaps it was the witchery of those eyes London is raving over, but six hundred dollars was her day's profit.

Not to lose sight of the Worthy Purpose of this festivity, it was given for the Charing Cross Hospital, and netted over fifteen thousand pounds. There will not be any great proportion of profit, however, because the magnificence of the affair brought expenditures to a very high figure indeed. Things were done on an unheard-of scale. The Irish booth, the Argentine booth, and a half dozen others, came to a goodly figure for construction and decoration alone before the charming highway robbers got a chance at one single victim. This Argentine booth was a vision of loveliness, and drew the women, even those who could not afford to squander their pounds on the ravishing things there displayed. Here were the choicest ostrich-feathers and the downiest furs from not only Argentine, but from all the world. One of the feather rugs in this stall raffled for sixty pounds. "Flowerland" gathered three hundred pounds into its petals the first day. The choicest blossom in this booth was the young Duchess of Marlborough. She was gowned for the occasion in a tunic of Brussels point lace, worn over a skirt of kilted chiffon, falling in countless flounces on a white glace foundation. The high collar of white lace was held close to the throat by a great string of pearls (one always associates the Duchess with pearls; they are a feature of nearly all her toilettes), and on the left side of the corsage a diamond buckle clasped a bow of black gauze fringed with silver. I stop here to remark that a touch of black is a piquant feature in the latest Parisian toilettes. The American stall was conducted by Mrs. Mackay, who has passed the age when she is to be numbered among America's beauties. Nevertheless, she looked very well in queenly black lace with transparent neck and sleeves, and with a touch of pink in her black toque. Mrs. Ronalds, who assisted, was in palest gray, relieved by a touch of mauve. Then there was the Scotch stall, reproducing in decorations and costumes the pink and gray of the thistle; the Irish stall, where you might squander a year's income on a length of Irish lace; and the Greek stall, in turquoise blue and white.

It is not wrong for the most Puritanical to gamble in the cause of charity, so that the London fashionables dropped a good deal of money on the pleasant uncertainty of grab-bags and raffles. Where but in a charity bazaar could one get twenty-five pounds for a small bunch of cut flowers? Yet this is the price brought by one bunch of orchids, won in a raffle by Miss Carson. You can see plainly that you had to bring your money with you to Albert Hall. The affair was well managed, reflecting great credit upon Mrs. Paget, in whose direction lay all the details. The sixteen stall-holders dressed—uniformed, if you will—in fluffy white, with black hats, were a sub-committee under her direction.

Then Society packed up and passed on to Henley. I weep for the old Henley regatta; it is passing. Formerly the one occasion where the conventional London world became unconventional, it is now going the way of society. I regret it exceedingly. England has too few really picturesque outdoor festivals. They talk about the stiffness of the British male, and I grant you he looks none too native to a frock coat. But you should see him on the water, with light flannels on his long, muscular limbs, and his brown throat showing above a rolling collar. Even the British maiden, in this surrounding, looks a veritable Diana of the Stream. She gets herself up, like her brother, in flannels. Her skirt is not long enough to be in the way, and for a time she discards veils, gloves and affectations. Where but here could Young England get lost in the crowd, and feast and float and flirt without let or hindance? But now they are making it a display of fashion, like the Ascot or the Eton-Harrow cricket match. Those enclosures along the river-bank, formerly the abode of loungers in flannels, were stiff, this year, with frock coats and Parisian toilettes. Wherefore the surpassing charm of Henley is vanishing.

This time the British won all the match races, though Howell, the Yankee born, again took the Diamond Sculls. The river was, as ever, so thick with boats that you could walk from bank to bank when the course was not cleared. It is a blessing that Father Thames is no wider; on a majestic river there would be none of this crowding together of youth and beauty which makes Henley unique among all outdoor festivals.

AMOS SHELDON.

Walking to Work

Is the only way in which the business woman, employed in store or office, can get open air exercise. Is it any wonder that she often grows pale and thin and develops a tendency to "weak lungs." Whenever there is pain in breathing, soreness of the chest, obstinate cough, bleeding from the lungs or any other symptoms of disease of the respiratory organs, begin the use of Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and continue the use until cured. Ninety-eight in every hundred who have used "Golden Medical Discovery" for "lung trouble," have been perfectly and permanently cured.

"I was very sick indeed," writes Mrs. Mollie Jacobs, of Felton, Kent Co., Delaware, "and our family doctor said I had consumption. I thought I must die soon for I felt so awful bad. Had a bad cough, spit blood, and was very short of breath. I had pains in my chest and right lung, also had dyspepsia. Before I took your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pleasant Pellets' I was so weak I could not sweep a room, now I can do a small washing. I feel like a new person."

Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure heart-burn.

The N. E. A. Convention at Los Angeles.

A part of the entertainment offered by the the City of Los Angeles to the National Educational Association was a comprehensive exhibit showing the work of the California schools. The City of the Angels naturally led in the amount of floor space given to its display. The High School exhibit was particularly strong. Eastern visitors declared it to be the equal of the best work shown by Eastern institutions of that class. Outside of this, the work of Los Angeles schools in drawing and music, two branches in which they particularly excel, was greatly admired. Clay modeling had a section to itself, as did sloyd work ranging from simple whittling to the most elaborate scroll-saw designs.

The Stockton Grammar Schools had an interesting exhibit, including work in drawing and design. Stanford University fitted up a room with the work of its art department. This apartment was college headquarters during the convention, alumni of both California universities acting as hosts. From the Lick School of Mechanical Arts and from Throop Polytechnic Institute came elaborate displays of woodwork, clay modeling, mechanical and industrial drawing, millinery and dressmaking.

The Non-Combatant.

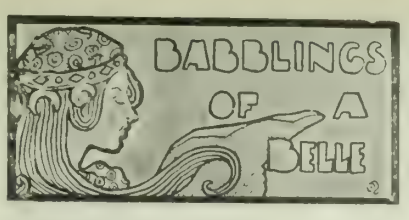
Among a race high-handed, strong of heart,
Sea-rovers, conquerors builders in the waste,
He had his birth; a nature too complete,
Eager and doubtful, no man's soldier sworn
And no man's chosen captain; born to fail,
A name without an echo: yet he too
Within the cloister of his narrow days
Fulfilled the ancestral rites, and kept alive
The eternal fire; it may be, not in vain:
For out of those who dropped a downward glance
Upon the weakling huddled at his prayers,
Perchance some looked beyond him, and then first
Beheld the glory, and what shrine it filled,
And to what Spirit sacred: or perchance
Some heard him chanting, though but to himself,
The old heroic names; and went their way:
And hummed his music on the march to death.

—Henry Newbolt

An Old Story.

A maiden loved Diogenes,
Well she thought the sage to please;
But he did not understand her,
Treated her like Alexander;
To all her blandishments replied,
'Gracious maiden, stand aside;
When your pleasant talk is done
I would see the blessed sun."
After such cross words as these,
Still she loved Diogenes.

—Eva Gore-Booth.



It amounts almost to an extraordinary event in San Francisco, Diary dear, that a girl should be married in July. Perhaps that is why Alice Ames was able to say that all the guests she invited to see her married accepted. There were people from Del Monte, San Mateo, Burlingame, San Rafael, Ross Valley and Sausalito. Grace Church is ideal for a wedding. Most of the girls wore gowns of some light colored material, grays and light tans predominating. It was so nice to meet everyone at once again. For the last six weeks I've seen a few girls here and a few there, so taking them all in last Wednesday morning I could see who had improved most under the hot summer sun. I notice that the average girl tans advantageously. The dark skin deepens the color of her eyes, as a rule, and makes her teeth look whiter. Aunt Sybil often says she wants to congratulate every girl who has teeth unfilled in front with gold. She says she would, had she little children, absolutely forbid them eating anything in the way of sweets, for it must surely come from candies, this poorness of teeth. I think it is merely a question of the way we live nowadays and the lack of lime in the water. I'd take the chances and give my children the candy. But here I am running away from Alice's wedding. You know, every two of the bridesmaids wore dresses of the same color. Cora Smedburg and Louise Crosby wore white. Cora looked so pretty, and as though she had just reached her sixteenth birthday. May Wilson and Lilian Shoobert in pink. Pink is Lilian's color; she looks prettier playing the violin than any girl I have ever seen; somehow she seems to have a more graceful manner of holding it. Norma Preston and Mary Polhemus, who were more admired generally than any of the other bridesmaids, were in blue and pink, and Edith McBean and Carrie Little, lavender and white. Bessie Ames' gown was quite pretty, but I've seen Bess in lots of more becoming costumes. She has such charmingly pretty hair. Alice was really regal. Her gown was white satin and fitted her beautifully, and she was as composed and natural as though it were a tailor gown. I like Mr. Robbins very much, and I approve his selection of friends. Any chap who uses as much judgment as he has in his choice of the men he knows must have excellent taste. He certainly displayed it in his selection of a wife. I suppose it is mean to say so, but I do think that Eastern fellows are awfully nice, nicer than our men. Each of them that comes out is so anxious that we girls go East, and we shall have a fine time. I can see my finish after a week of Mr. Wolcott's company. I should be so hopelessly crushed, I should not quite know what to do to recover.

Is it not fine to think the last two weeks of August is to be so magnificent at Del Monte! All the girls are going to wear their swellest low-necked gowns, and the whole affair is to be carried on in a style as magnificent as any at the Eastern watering-places. Some of the girls, in fact, I know five who are getting a new gown for each evening, and the stunningest cream serges for the races. Tennis, racing, golf, bicycling, yachting—fancy a programme for every day, from the twenty-first to the twenty-seventh! There will be a great crowd and a tremendous amount of entertaining. I can hardly wait for the time to come.

Meanwhile, however, I have been having a pretty jolly week in San Rafael. Mrs. Dodge is giving us all a good time, and what is so nice is that she enjoys it all so much herself. She gave a few of us an outing at Laugunitas last week, and on Thursday last a dinner in honor of Fritz Bottom's birthday. It was awfully good, and at the end Fritz cut the cake, which had twenty-eight candles on it. Cora Smedburg got the ring, Therese Morgan the silver piece of money, Katherine Dillon the thimble, Edith McBean the bracelet and Dorothy Patton the heart. It was so jolly. After dinner, those who played on the banjo and guitar sent for them, and we sat out on the steps in the moonlight and played and sang until it was time to meander homewards. That evening, Mr. and Mrs. Runyon gave a dinner at the Golf Club. It was so well cooked and served that I think each of the fourteen guests will try the same sort of thing. This party went out the links and played golf quite late—the nicest part of the day, when the shadows were deep on the hills and the sun was setting. Then into dinner in their golf suits.

Mr. T. Gaines Roberts' dinner to General "Joe" Wheeler was an awfully pretty affair. The table was decorated with "the flag" and flowers of red, white and blue, and menu and dinner cards carried out in the same way. I was most anxious to meet General "Joe." He is such a charming man and so entertaining. I think Southern men have a faculty for being entertaining at dinners. I do wish, however, they would not be so overwhelmingly complimentary. It embarrasses us California girls who are accustomed to men treating us as equals, not as frail dolls to be pampered and petted and complimented. I thought Miss Terry was the prettiest girl at the dinner. She is most distinguished looking and is absolutely the "Gibson" type. I like her, and Aunt Sybil just raves over her manner and intellect. I never discover whether a person has any intellect; somehow it never makes its way into my conversation. So long as a girl is pretty and sweet, I just get a wild crush on her. Miss Wheeler accompanied her father out here, and is going to be nurse in Manila to the soldiers. She is very attractive, and I can imagine her being a fine nurse, so sympathetic and benevolent. I noticed her proud smile when her father was toasted at dinner, and I could not help writing a sweeter letter than usual to my best army "crush" that night. I am, I fear, getting to be a fearful fame worshipper.

Aunt Sybil says Mrs. Bothin gives the nicest dinners of anyone she knows, on her porch in Ross Valley. Her house and place are simply ideal, and the envy and admiration of everyone over there. Fancy no mosquitoes! The Frank Johnsons gave a "clam-bake" down on the beach near San Quentin on Monday night. About twenty of us went over there in hay wagons and had great fun. The clams were delicious, and it is really astonishing how much one eats at an affair of that kind. The Johnsons are awfully jolly entertainers. It is nice to have a diversion in the way of a unique festival, for one can have all the dinners and luncheons one likes in town during the winter.

I think everyone feels and sympathizes most earnestly with Mr. Greenway in the loss of his father. Mr. Greenway, in anyone else's affliction, is the first one to offer his sympathy and assistance. His father was quite an old man, and died at the old Greenway home in Baltimore.

I think, Diary dear, that next week I will describe to you the greatest and jolliest paper chase ever held in San Rafael. It is to be absolutely without any danger, for the "Blinds" are to be arranged with great judgment, so you may yet hear of a prize being won by

MISS CRICKET.

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Pony Racing at Del Monte in August.

Programmes are out tor the pony racing, which is to constitute a feature of the August outing at Del Monte. This feature, under control of the Del Monte Pony Racing and Steeplechase Association, is to consist of eight races, at all distances from three-sixteenths of a mile to two miles and a half. Both the San Mateo Hunt Club and the Burlingame Club have made entries in all these events, but these two organizations will not have a monopoly of the prizes by any means, for some good strings are coming up from some Southern Country Clubs. Although the sport is intended mainly for "gentlemen amateurs," professional riders may have mounts, but must carry ten pounds penalty. The prizes are liberal; the one most valued will doubtless be the San Mateo Hunt Club Cup, given for an open steeplechase event at two and a half miles. Entries for the golf tournament and the yacht races are coming in at a merry rate. Excellent sport is promised in the former. The Del Monte links have been improved, until now they are the equal of any on the Pacific Coast.

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The Original Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St. stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

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ONLY four and a half hours from San Francisco and but nine miles of staging. Waters noted for their medicinal virtues; best natural bath in the State; swimming and boating; grand mountain scenery; good trout streams at door; photographers' room; telephone, telegraph, daily mail and express; first-class hotel and stage service; morning and afternoon stages. Round trip from San Francisco only $5.50; take Tiburon Ferry at 7:30 a.m. or 3:30 p.m. Terms $2 a day or $12 per week. References—Any guest of the past four years; patronage constantly increasing—last year unprecedented.
J. F. MULGREW, Proprietor.

Hotel Belvedere

Open the whole year round. For rates and particulars, address MRS. A. T. MOORE, Belvedere, Cal.

BONANZA SPRINGS
Lake County, Cal.

A NATURAL camping ground; five different mineral springs. We cater to campers only, and invite all who want good water, pure air fishing and hunting, to come. Hot and cold mineral baths. Cottages nearly furnished to rent from $1.50 per week. Provisions, hay, grain, etc., can be purchased on the grounds. One mile north of Howard Springs. Putah Postoffice, Money Order and daily mail. Address R. F. DOCKERY, Bonanza Springs, Putah Postoffice, Lake County, California.

Howard Springs

Lake County (Putah P. O.)

HOT and cold mineral springs; hot steam and plunge baths of great healing power — will cure rheumatism, nervous diseases, kidney troubles, etc. Terms, $10 and $12 per week. Special rates to families. Postoffice and telephone. Round trip tickets $10, at Southern Pacific office.
Address MRS. R. J. BEEBY.

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CALIFORNIA'S favorite resort. Located on a flowering slope from the beach. Unsurpassed view of beach, bay and mountains. Salmon fishing, tennis court, croquet grounds, and music. Reasonable rates. For terms, address J. B. PEAKES, proprietor. J. T. BROOKS, Chief Clerk.

Lake County

NEW nineteen-passenger Yosemite stages, all outside seats, leave Calistoga daily, Sundays excepted, at 11:30 a.m., direct to Harbin, Seigler, Adams, Howard, Anderson, Astorgs and Glenbrook. Passengers have half an hour for lunch at Calistoga. This line also runs direct to Middletown, Lower Lake, Kelseyville and Lakeport
WILLIAM SPIERS, Proprietor.

LOCH LOMOND

THE Pride of Ben Lomond. Cool, hard-finished rooms; good table; croquet, boating, etc. Three blocks from depot. $8 per week. Address C. H. WILLIAMS, Proprietor, Ben Lomond, California.

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NOW OPEN. Situated eight miles from Santa Cruz in the heart of the Santa Cruz mountains. Climate perfect; good hunting and fishing; croquet and tennis lawns, billiard room, bowling alley, bathing and boating. Buildings, grounds and river lighted by electricity. Round trip $3.00; 3½ hours from San Francisco. G. L. A. SMITH, Proprietor.

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HOTEL ROWARDENNAN

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Opens May 1st.

For further information, apply to WILL E. VEAZIE, or "The Traveler," 20 Montgomery street.

CAPITOLA

WITH ITS SUPERB HOTEL, cozy cottages and tent grounds, bids all to enjoy its rejuvenating climate, fine scenery and pleasures. Finest surf-bathing, hot salt water baths, boating, salmon and other fishing, golf links and other amusements, drives, walks and bicycling, etc. For accomodations at Hotel Capitola, address FRANK M. SMITH, the new manager, Capitola, Cal. For cottages and tent grounds, address FRANK RHANIER, Superintendent, Capitola. Write for folders

Blue Lakes Hotel

CONDUCTED in a quiet, home-like manner. The best of tables, fine fishing and hunting. Inclosure of 25x160 feet in shallow water for women and children. Rates $10 to $12 per week in hotel or cottages, according to location. Ample accomodation. Round trip, good for six months, $9.50, via S. F. and N. P. to Ukiah, thence by stage from Palace Hotel. Address J. WILSON, Bertha P. O., Lake Co., Cal.

DUNCAN SPRINGS HOPLAND
Mendocino Co

TWO miles from railroad station; 101 miles from San Francisco; unequalled soda and magnesia springs; hospitable management; first-class table; hard-finished hotel; picturesque site and surroundings; two trains daily; long-distance telephone; terms $10 to $12 per week; housekeeping cottages $15 to $20 per month. Waters bottled by W. H. Bone, 605-607 Merchant street, S. F. Through fare $3 80. Send for circulars. Address O. HOWELL.

Deer Park Inn LAKE TAHOE CAL.

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

A SUPERB resort in the Sierras, 6507 feet elevation. Modern comforts with wildness and grandeur on every side. Mineral springs, excellent table and cordial hospitality. Trout fishing not excelled anywhere. Rates $10 to $16 per week; round trip $13.50. Address J. B. SCOTT, Truckee, Cal.

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First-class family resort; cottages, tents hunting and fishing; artificial lake for boating and swimming; long-distance telephone; campers' return tickets $2 50; hotel open all the year. Send for circulars to J. H. HAESTERS, Glenwood, Cal.

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Hot mineral springs, sure cure for rheumatism and other skin diseases. Good fishing and hunting. Charmingly situated. Rates $7 to $9 per week. Round trip tickets via S. F. and N. P. R. R. to Ukiah and stage routes. McCLELLAN & ORR, proprietors, Orr P. O., Mendocino County, Cal

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The Ordeal of the Honeymoon.

BY ESTELLE BURNEY.

Characters: Mr. Reginald Hill; Lady Margaret Hill. Scene: The morning-room of a country-house towards the end of July.

Lady Margaret: (discovered with *Morning Post* on her lap on rise of curtain. She reads as follows): "Later in the afternoon Mr. and Lady Margaret Hill left for Hengrave Hall, Yorkshire, kindly lent by Lord Groombridge, brother-in-law of the bride." Kindly lent! H'm!

(Enter Reginald Hill. He strolls moodily to the window): Raining again, by Jove!

Lady M. (stretching her arms, with a yawn, and rising to her feet): I wonder if it's raining still. Sure to be. (She turns and sees Reginald.) Ah, Reggie, dear!

Reginald: Hullo, darling, you there! (He comes and takes her tenderly into his arms.)

Lady M.: Suppose we go for a stroll.

Reginald: I was about to propose it.

Lady M.: If it's cleared up. It looked a little threatening at luncheon, didn't it?

Reginald (innocently): Did it? 'Pon my word, Peggy, I don't notice the weather.

Lady M. (promptly): Nor I; it's been all sunshine for us since last Wednesday. Eh?

Reginald (softly): Precious!

Lady M. (drawing him on to a seat beside her): Then we'll settle down to a long, lovely, cosy afternoon.

Reginald (involuntarily): Just as we did yesterday.

Lady M.: And the day before.

Reginald: Queer, how often July is a wet month.

Lady M.: Yes, and such a favorite one, too, for weddings. Seems a pity. (She begins a yawn, which she promptly stifles, leaning her head back against his breast.) What an ideal place this is for a honeymoon! So still! One can almost hear the silence.

Reginald (with conviction): One can, and no mistake!

Lady M.: And to think we are only half-an-hour's run from Rexborough, with its pier and its band.

Reginald: And its theatre. At this time of year they have most of the London companies down.

Lady M. (indifferently): Do they? How horrid! (There is another little silence.) Shall I read you some Browning, darling?

Reginald: Will you, sweetheart? I should love it. I begin to understand bits of him here and there.

Lady M.: Where's the volume?

Reginald: I'll run and fetch it at once, pet. (He doesn't attempt to move.)

Lady M. (abruptly): This has been quite a famous place for honeymoons, hasn't it?

Reginald: Yes, Groombridge is always lending it about. (Looking round.) Where's that album of his we were to write our names in? We may as well look it through.

Lady M. (at once all animation): By all means. (Involuntarily.) It will be something to do.

Reginald (as he brings the book to her): This must be it. (He sits, and together they look over the album.)

Reginald (reading): "June, 1887, Frank and Daisy Buck—Buckland."

Lady M. (with a great start): Oh, Reggie.

Reginald (ruefully): Bad beginning that! She went an awful howler, poor little woman, didn't she? (Turning the page.) Ah, well, here are the Grey Egertons.

Lady M. (dubiously): The Grey Egertons!

Reginald (protesting): They are not divorced; at the worst, it's a friendly little separation.

Lady M.: Very friendly! They lunch together on Christmas Day at her mother's. Go on.

Reginald: Ted and Kitty Colman. (In triumph.) Come, now, they are all right!

Lady M.: Are they? He has kept in with most of his bachelor friends.

Reginald: Well, as to that, Kitty doesn't wear the willow. Oh, I don't suggest there's anything wrong; she's a bit fly, but they are the best of friends.

Lady M. (as she gazes into space): The best of friends. And to think they began like us. Here, in this lovely spot, with nothing to distract them from one another. For have you noticed how the very servants keep out of one's way?

Reginald: Rather! I've not yet met one of the maids face to face. Whenever I appear, there's a giggle and a rush and a whirr of petticoats round corners.

Lady M. And the butler who plants everything about on hot-water dishes, and never—never re-enters the room without giving a little cough. Have you noticed?

Reginald: Haven't I just! I rather liked it the first time.

Lady M.: Yes, for once; but it gets on one's nerves. By the way, I wonder if any of them fell out during the honeymoon?

Reginald: We'll hope not.

Lady M. Then, how often must they all have sat as we sit now, through the long summer days!

Lady M. The very perfection of their solitude might prove——

Reginald: A—a leetle trying to two people who were *not* very much in love.

Lady M. (eagerly): Yes; for how impossible to live up to such a pitch for two people who are not very——

Reginald: Very——

Reginald and Lady M: *Very* much in love.

Lady M.: Think of Ted and Kitty shut up here for a fortnight.

Reginald: No wonder they've not spent many fortnights together since.

Lady M.: There you are; but it's an awful thing to reflect that, but for their honeymoon, they might have been happy ever after.

Reginald: By Jove!

Lady M.: It's all very well for a grand passion like ours, or Romeo and Juliet's, though they never had a honeymoon.

Reginald: No. Shakespeare got out of that, didn't he?

Lady M.: He did. I don't say they wouldn't have stood it; but they died first. (Then, anxiously.) Of course, we have nothing to fear!

Reginald (with a forced laugh): Dearest!

Lady M.: Great passions thrive on solitude.

Reginald (enthusiastically): They need it! Why, Peggy, I could almost wish each minute of ours held seventy seconds.

Lady M. (a little hurt, as she draws away from him): Surely, darling, there's nothing so wonderful in your wishing that.

Reginald (full of contrition): Of course, there isn't, darling. Did I say there was?

Lady M.: Unless we are beyond compromise, don't you see the risk we run? Either we love as the immortals loved, who mostly died of it, or—or, we are like everybody else. (They look at each other guiltily, and then turn away.)

Lady M. (almost in a whisper): We mustn't deceive ourselves, Reggie. You feel that, don't you?

Reginald (in the same hushed voice): Yes, yes, I do.

Lady M.: We've an awful warning in those ill-fated ones who were here before us.

Reginald: That's true.

Lady M.: If I say just what I think of things, will you?

Reginald: I will.

Lady M.: Then I do find it dull. Do you?

Reginald: A little.

Lady M. (eagerly): It's not that I'm disappointed——

Reginald: Nor I.

Lady M.: I feel sure that, once we have shaken down and begun to behave like other people——

Reginald: Exactly; we shall be all right. That's how I feel.

Lady M.: But I couldn't go on like this.

Reginald (with a sigh of sympathy): Phew—nor I!

Lady M.: Imagine a world swept and garnished for two people to make love in.. An hour here and there——

Reginald: Or even two; but to sit down to a solid fortnight of it!

Lady M. and Reginald (together): No!

Lady M.: As a matter of fact, you know, we have been watching each other narrowly.

Reginald: Have we?

Lady M. (roguishly): You know we have.

Reginald: What do you think of me?

Lady M.: Honest Injun? (He nods.) H'm! h'm! You're a bit fidgety over your clothes.

Reginald: I?

Lady M.: I heard you from the dressing-room this morning ragging that unlucky Mills.

Reginald: He's an ass!

Lady M.: What do you think of me?

Reginald: H'm! You're rather hard on other women.

Lady M.: I?

Reginald: Well, you didn't like my saying Mrs. Bird was pretty.

Lady M.: She's a cat, and forty if she's a day. (They both laugh.)

Lady M.: What right has Society to shunt two people into a siding on pretence of doing them a kindness?

Reginald: H'm! Have you ever heard of the fox who lost his tail and insisted on all the other foxes?—well, you know. The married people who survive their honeymoon take jolly good care that the newcomers shan't escape.

Lady M.: How mean! Well, we'll leave this."

Reginald: Rather, and at once.

Lady M.: Where shall we go? Abroad?

Reginald: I fear we can't manage that. We should upset so many people's plans. Your father and mother, for instance, who are expecting us for the twelfth. Of course, there's Rexborough. It's a bit noisy.

Lady M.: Should you mind that very much? (Coaxingly.)

Reginald: We'll be off to-morrow morning.

Lady M.: To-morrow morning. (She looks at him.) It's not yet tea-time. (They laugh. Blowing him a kiss.) I'll run and tell Susan to pack. We shall be there in time for dinner. (Then, suddenly coming back from the door.) We can't do it. The servants?

Reginald: By Jingo, I'd forgot 'em. We're trapped.

Lady M.: It's no use; here we are and here we shall have to stop till we quarrel.

Reginald (remorsefully): Darling!

Lady M. (bounding to her feet): Don't begin that sort of thing again—I couldn't stand it.

Reginald (manfully). And you shan't—Margaret—we'll escape. We'll steal through the garden.

Lady M. (delighted): Oh——!

Reginald. We'll cut to Rexborough, and then wire—say we went for the afternoon and and lost the last train; and so we'll drift off.

Lady M.: Oh, you genius! (Then.) We shall have no clothes.

Reginald: We'll buy 'em. It will be something to do. (They roar with laughter).

Lady M. (all excitement): Get me my mackintosh and garden hat. Be quick, or they will be bringing in tea. (As he re-enters in a long ulster and a deer-stalker, with her things over his arm, and a great carriage umbrella.) H'sh! Was that a rattle of cups and saucers?

Reginald (he nods and in a whisper): I'm afraid so.

Lady M. (flinging her things on): Oh, don't let's be caught! I say, Reggie (she speaks in a whisper, bursting with laughter), have you ever noticed how travelers, when they come home and write their book, invariably devote a chapter to "Strange marriage customs among the tribes"?

Reginald (exploding with suppressed laughter): Ha! ha! ha! I should like to see the tribe that boasts a queerer custom than your good old English honeymoon.

Lady M. (in a whisper): I shouldn't. (And, huddled up under a great umbrella, they creep out through the window into the garden as the curtain falls.)—*The Sketch.*

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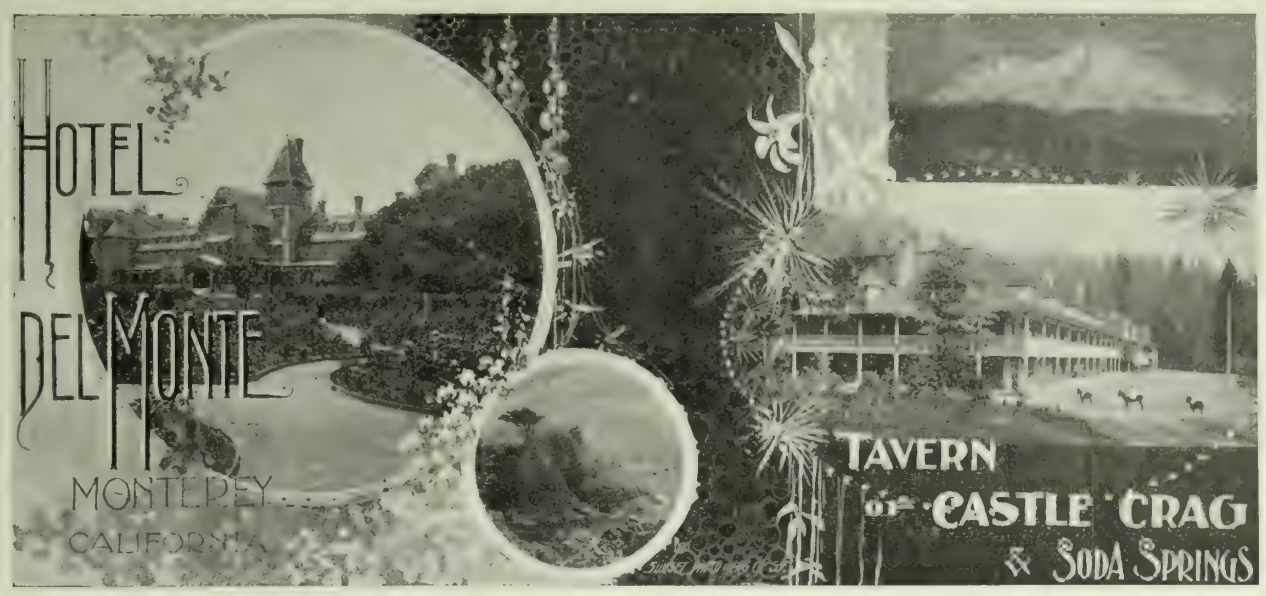

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IN THE MATTER OF GEORGE A. DAGGETT, Bankrupt.

Take notice, that George A. Daggett, bankrupt above named, has been duly adjudicated a bankrupt under the Act of Congress of July 1, 1898, and that the first meeting of the creditors has been called to meet at the office of the undersigned, at room 94, Chronicle Building, San Francisco, California, on Saturday the 5th day of August, 1899, at the hour of 11 o'clock a m., for the purpose of proving their claims against the estate of said bankrupt; and that at the same time and place all creditors whose claims have been duly proven and allowed shall appoint one or three trustees of said estate.
Dated San Francisco, July 25, 1899.
MILTON J. GREEN,
Referee in Bankruptcy
in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES in and for the Northern District of California.
IN THE MATTER OF J. S. JORDAN, Bankrupt.

Take notice that J. S. Jordan, bankrupt above named, has been duly adjudicated a bankrupt under the Act of Congress of July 1, 1898, and that the first meeting of the Creditors has been called to meet at the office of the undersigned, at room 94, Chronicle Building, San Francisco, California, on Saturday the 5th day of August, 1899, at the hour of 11 o'clock a.m., for the purpose of proving their claims against the estate of said bankrupt; and that at the same time and place all creditors whose claims have been duly proven and allowed shall appoint one or three trustees of said estate.
Dated San Francisco, July 25, 1899.
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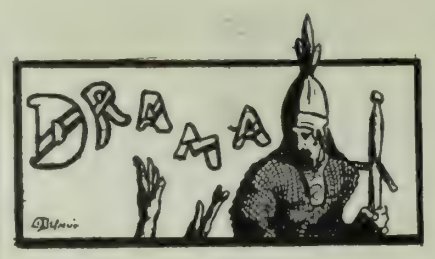

Just one week of preparation, and we have "Madame Sans Gene" by the Frawleys. An indifferent production, perhaps, you think, considering the brief period of rehearsal. On the contrary, quite the best show the troupe has ever given. Costumes, properties, details, all rendered in first class style, and the company letter perfect in their parts. Something of an achievement, all this. It is not easily staged, "Madame Sans Gene." A host of characters are concerned, though the opportunities are for the stars alone. There are entrances and exits to be arranged, a mob to organize, and a thousand and one details of clothes and decoration to supervise. Whoever realizes the difficulty of drilling, directing and procuring involved will have a tribute for the management.

Whether it be Kathryn Kidder, Madame Rejane, or Blanche Bates in the title role, "Madame Sans Gene" is an entertaining play. The individuality of the heroine is so well marked, the action assigned her so fetching, the suggestion of her character so attractive in its frank directness that the sympathy of the audience is enlisted in advance. It is an ideal role for such a fresh, ardent and vigorous personality as that of Blanche Bates. The capacity to infuse into the part the physical abandon and virility required is hers. She is natural and unconventional, as Catherine Hubscher must have been; she is quick and vital of movement as the erstwhile washerwoman surely was. A part to fit her better would be hard to find, and she rendered it with much art and little affectation. It is true the conception sagged in places, lapsed from the personality of the role into that of the actress, but in those passages where a call is made on the artistic resources of the artist Miss Bates was equal to its highest requirements. In the prologue her acting was capital in its brisk, fresh spiritedness; she exaggerated the scene with the dancing master—the idea of one so quick-witted and clever as Catherine being shown such a fool as that performance indicated. She rendered the passage at arms with Lefebvre, in which the divorce is spoken of, with an emotional force I should not have credited her with possessing; that was really a fine bit, and she was thoroughly at home in the verbal duel with the Emperor's sisters. Nor did she show to lesser advantage in the scenes with Napoleon. It was really a clever and vivid performance of a difficult role, and Miss Bates is honorably entitled to congratulation on the achievement.

The Frawley Company shows to much better advantage in this play than in its predecessors. Augustus Cook's Napoleon is an excellent character study, but suggests the Bonaparte of the suppressed letters rather than the greatest leader of modern times. Harrington Reynolds as Lefebvre acted with real spirit in the prologue buf became stiff and stilted in uniform. Mr. King's Fouche was distinctive, and I noted that clever actor, Hickman, managed to infuse a touch of inimitable ideality into his drummer boy in the prologue. Mr. Frawley as Neipperg made a picturesque figure. The ladies of the company constituted a most comely assemblage, and were caparisoned with the degree of splendor appropriate to their roles. Miss Van Buren had rather more to do as Queen Caroline than has yet been assigned her and comported herself mosf effectively. C.

* *

After encroaching, with more or less success, principally more, by the way, on the ground of Faversham, Southern, et al., Henry Miller gets back to his own style in "Heartsease" this week. As ever, the production packed the Columbia. Miller's rendition of Eric Temple has been smoothed out in places since we saw it last, but it has lost nothing of its romantic quality or its poetical sweetness. The company, this time, is far and away better than his support of last year, making the production by all odds the roundest so far presented in the engagement. After "Lord and Lady Algy," which smacks a bit of absinthe and cigarettes, this "heart story well told" was refreshing. Monday night, the curtain had to be rung up again and again in response to enthusiastic applause.

Next week we are to have an experiment; Miller is to attempt the role of Hamlet, trying it on the provinces, doubtless, before exposing himself to criticism in the East. I do not doubt but that his conception will be clever; Miller is conscientious and hard-working above all things, but whether he possesses the power requisite for this final test of an English-speaking actor, is another matter.

* *

This week the Orpheum presents as the star attraction of an exceptionally good bill, La Fafalla, a spectacular dancer. Her turn consists of a dance on the Loie Fuller order, a vision of soft motion and delicate coloring. It is the prettiest thing of its kind we have had for many a month. George Wilson, easily the cleverest monologue artist since the days of George Golden and his Casey tales, has some new stories which keep the audience a-tremble with laughter. Elizabeth Murray, announced for advertising purposes as just out of the convent, is a young artiste with much dramatic talent and a weak voice. Some of her stories are new and funny. The Eldridges, two of the remnants of the dying coon craze, are good in their line; the male Eldridge took the house with an eccentric buck dance, accompanied by a monologue. The Phoites have a genuine old-world pantomime, with the loves of Harlequin, enchanted scenery, knock-about comedy and all the usual features. Laura Joyce Bell murders by overacting the old English farce-comedy, "Wig and Gown."

* *

Lewis Morrison is playing his last week in his own particular role of Mephisto in "Faust." He announces that this is positively his last appearance in the part which has been so closely identified with his fame. His cynical, worldly-wise devil is the perfection of art. The Alcazar Company gives him fairly adequate support. Denithorne's Valentine was a strong feature. Florence Roberts and White Whittlesey gave a sympathetic rendering of the unhappy lovers.

Next week, the Alcazar, like the Columbia, is to try a hand at Shakespeare, playing "Romeo and Juliet," with Miss Roberts as the heroine. W. I.

* *

One day, I reflect, as I view her Selim, some Eastern company will come along and snap up Charlotte Beckwith, and then the place thereof shall know her no more. Except as she will return ever and anon to sing at some unpopular-price house and receive floral tributes to "our Charlotte" over the footlights. Not that she has so much of a voice. It is good, but she has that better comic opera requisite—what we nowadays call magnetism. I refuse to argue. I merely hold up for inspection De Wolf Hopper's intoxicating career of success while Edna, who you know couldn't sing for sour apples, was with him; contrast his departure from New York last fall in the shadow of an abbreviated engagement, when Nella Bergen of the grand opera voice had failed to save him. Stevens is in his element this week as Ibrahim, the creditor-besieged father of Fatima. William Schuster is an ideal Blue Beard, and William Pruette's Sister Anne is one of the funniest things that ever happened. Ada Palmer Walker is disappointing, and the parts of Morgiana and O'Shacabac are rampantly overdone.

"Blue Beard" is an immensely clever extravaganza. But again, as always, I am wondering, are not these extravaganzas built upon the tales of our pinafore-hood a mistake, after all? The children don't approve of them because they are not true; they know very well that Fatima's fond brother rescued her, not a fictitious lover introduced by the bold, bad dramatist for romantic and contrasting purposes. And if the children demand their own traditions intact, who are we to interfere? S. C.

* *

The attraction at the Orpheum next week promises to be Idalene Cotton, once a member of the Alcazar Stock Company. She has made a hit in the East by her clever mimicry. Imitations of the best-known actors make up her turn.

FINANCIAL

Tuesday, July 25th.

Financially, little of a sensational nature has happened this week. For bonds there continues to exist a good demand, all offers being absorbed at current rates. New ventures are few and far between. California Fruit Canners' stock has not yet been listed, but a small premium is already offered on the shares.

The movements of Contra Costa Water are interesting. The stock continues to advance, the latest quotation being 78. The dividend question is still under discussion. The rate will be fixed somewhere between 35c. and 42c. per month, as near the latter as prudence permits. In the meantime the 5 per cent bonds of the Oakland Water Works Company (guaranteed by the Contra Costa) like the stock, is in quest of the patronage of the public.

As I predicted, Alaska Packers' made a positive advance. It reached 118, but latterly declined to 116. The affairs of this concern are supposed to be in first-rate condition, and at the latter price is certainly a good buy. All sugar stock seemed dormant. No particular reason for this condition is given. Latest sales show Hawaiian 97½; Hutchinson, 31½; Hana, with its maiden dividend of 50c. per share, payable August 1st, is offered at 17½. Public confidence seems again awakening in Gas stocks. Both S. F. Gas and Electric and Pacific Gas Improvement are rising. They are wanted now at 72, but there is a fair chance of further advance as the matter now stands. Market-street Railway is in demand at 63¾. This is an improvement. The lowest quotation last month when the drop occurred was 60¼. ROTHSCHILD.

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"RICHARD CARVEL."

Some nine months have passed and gone since *The Celebrity* introduced a new writer to an American audience. The discriminating had not far to read therein to discover an original individuality in the horsey millionaire, and to realize in the author an uncommon skill at characterization, together with a delightful sense of humor. F. Fenelon Cook is a distinctive type, belonging rather to the domain of farce comedy than of serious fiction, but as he lived, depicted unaffectedly and with excellent skill. As for the Celebrity himself, he wore so familiar an air that the literary world insisted Richard Harding Davis had furnished the model. This Mr. Churchill has strenuously denied.

But there was nothing in *The Celebrity* to suggest that the author could write a serious novel. It denoted talent of a very different order. Yet it is this humorist whose *Richard Carvel* (Macmillan & Co.) is now keeping the presses busy to supply an unwonted demand throughout the country. The popularity this novel attained at a bound is undoubtedly due to the clever paragraphing with which it was heralded, but it was sure of recognition without the interposition of the press agent. *Richard Carvel* is a fine story, broad in conception and most excellently executed. It is spontaneous, entertaining and vivid. Considering the amount of learning that has gone to its making, it is marvelously easy in style, and with all its portraits of the great men of the Revolutionary period and its rendering of the manners and life of that era, there is neither trace of pedantry nor touch of heaviness. The background and detail, indeed, are put in with as easy and familiar an air as though they were of the day and drawn from the personal observation of the author.

Yet this clever and entertaining novel is really the first work of Winston Churchill. It has been four years in incubation, we are told, being conceived and developed long before *The Celebrity* was thought of. That book was a diversion undertaken in an interval of leisure from the serious labors upon the *magnum opus*. As a first novel, *Richard Carvel* is astonishing; it might worthily represent the matured labor of a skillful literary artificer. One may best realize the talent of the author by comparing his work with *Hugh Wynne*, which treats of a part of the same period and with equally serious intent. The freedom and artistic modeling of Churchill's work is in strong contrast with the self-conscious construction of Weir Mitchell's much acclaimed romance. One notes the free swing in place of the labored action and the ease with which the interest is sustained, the unaffected rendering of the characters, and that mastery of effects and material which you only find in the ablest of story-tellers. *Richard Carvel* is unquestionably a better novel than *Hugh Wynne*, and is destined to a higher and a broader popularity.

To deal with the book itself, it is a romance of Colonial days, narrating the adventures of one Richard Carvel of Carvel Hall, Maryland, one of the old time aristocracy of Queen Anne Province. Born in troublous time, at the beginning of the outbreak of hostilities between the Colonies and the Mother Country, young Carvel, though the son of a staunch Royalist, absorbed the spirit of the Revolution from his playmates. He grew up an ardent patriot, and this tendency of the bold and reckless youth inevitably created dissension between him and his grandparent, which was aggravated by an uncle Grafton, who makes a very proper and successful villain. The boy develops into a virile and headstrong man, who is the best rider in his county, great at all athletic accomplishments, much envied by his compatriots, and honestly in love with quite the most charming of our countrywomen, Miss Dorothy Manners. One may turn many a page of recent fiction before meeting a more fascinating and beguiling young lady. She goes to England, it is said, to marry a title, but as to that you are referred to the book. However, the hero's fortunes are not altogether smooth, for soon afterwards he engages in a duel, is set right with his grandfather by so honorable a person as Colonel Washington, but, alas, is kidnapped through an intrigue of his uncle Grafton, lands in a pirate schooner, from which he is rescued by another distinguished character, Captain John Paul Jones. To Scotland, together with Captain Paul, thence to England under strange and unwelcome conditions. Finally Richard falls in with his friends, and begins a brilliant career in the London of George III, where wits gamble at Almack's and duels were precipitated by a word.

What a figure this strong and lively Colonial does cut with the fine gentlemen of the period. He meets Horace Walpole and all the macaronies of fashionable society, and has the honor of an introduction to Brooks' Club from no less notable a personage than Charles James Fox himself. That scene in the club room where Carvel takes the part of the Colonists against the Crown, and actually engages the brilliant Fox in debate, is one of the best in the book. The discussion is precipitated by someone asking, "What is to be done with those unruly countrymen of yours, Mr. Carvel?"

I began by telling them that the Americans had paid their share of the French war, in blood and money, twice over. And I had the figures in my memory. Mr. Fox interrupted. For ten minutes at a space he spoke, and in all my life I have never talked to a man who had the English of King James's Bible, of Shakespeare and Milton so wholly at his command. And his knowledge of history, his classical citations, confounded me. I forgot myself in wondering how one who had lived so fast had acquired so much learning. Afterward, when I tried to recall what he had said, I laughed at his surprising ignorance of the question at issue, and wondered where my wits could have gone that I allowed myself to be dazzled and turned aside at every corner. As his speech came faster he twisted fact into fiction and fiction into fact, until I must needs close my mind and bolt the shutters of it, or he had betrayed me into confessing the right of the Parliament to quarter troops among us. Though my head swam, I clung doggedly to my text. And that was my salvation. He grew more excited, and they applauded him. In truth, I myself felt near to clapping. And then, as I stared him in the eye, marveling how a man of such vast power and ability could stand for such rotten practices, the thought came to me (I know not whence) of Saint Paul the Apostle.

"Mr. Fox," I said, when he had paused, "before God, do you believe what you are saying?"

I saw them smiling at my earnestness and simplicity. Fox seemed surprised, and laughed evasively—not heartily, as was his wont.

"My dear Mr. Carvel," he said, glancing around the circle, "political principles are not to be swallowed like religion, but taken rather like medicine, experimentally. If they agree with you, very good. If not, drop them and try others. We are always ready to listen to remedies here."

"Ay, if they agree with *you!*" I exclaimed. "But food for one is poison for another. Do you know what you are doing? You are pushing home injustice and tyranny to the millions, for the benefit of the thousands. For is it not true, gentlemen, that the great masses of England are against the measures you impose upon us? Their fight is our fight. They are no longer represented in Parliament; we have never been. Taxation without representation is true of your rotten boroughs as well as of your vast colonies. You are helping the King to crush freedom abroad in order that he may the more easily break it at home. You are committing a crime.

"I tell you we would give up all we own were the glory or honor of England at stake. And yet you call us rebels, and accuse us of meanness and of parsimony. If you wish money, leave the matter to our colonial assemblies, and see how readily you will get it. But if you wish war, proceed in trying to grind the spirit from a people who have in them the pride of your own ancestors. Yes, you are estrangining the colonies, gentlemen. A greater man than I has warned you."

And with that I rose, believing that I had given them all mortal offense. To my astonishment several got to their feet in front of me, huzzaing, and Comyn and Lord Ossory grasped my hands. And Charles Fox reached out over the corner of the table and pulled me back into my chair.

"Bravo, Richard Carvel!" he cried. "Cursed if I don't love a man who will put up a fight against odds. Who will stand bluff to what he believes, and won't be talked out of his boots. We won't quarrel with any such here, my buckskin, I can tell you."

The other chapters of life in England are quite as brilliant and diverting. One remembers, especially, the wager with the the wicked Duke of Chartersea, which culminates in the riding of Pollux, Carvel's visit to Holland House with Charles James Fox, the entertainment at Vauxhall, and the final duel with Chartersea and his accomplice. These incidents, which are the best in the book, give it rather an English tone, for they cover many valuable pages that one might prefer devoted to American scenes. Sad as it is to say, the work must then have suffered. On this side of the water there was not the material at that time for such pictures as lend color and brightness to this novel, and which, indeed, constitute its highest claim to critical consideration. For *Richard Carvel* is a novel of life and interest rather than of character. The sketch of John Paul Jones, it is true, forms an exception, for the gallant sailor, with his eccentricities and cleverness, is limned with much detail. The other *dramatis personæ* interest rather by their adventures and speech than for their individuality. If Winston Churchill had not already written *The Celebrity*, one might reasonably conclude that the scheme of *Richard Carvel* defined limitations in this direction, which, however, would be an unjust assumption.

In closing, it may be said that *Richard Carvel* and *McTeague* are the most important and promising contributions to American literature within the decade. C.

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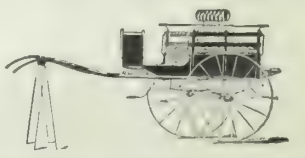

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NEW STORIES RE-TOLD

"I reckon the most excitin' race I ever see," observed the man with the faded hair, after an interval of silence, "was between two Mississippi River steamboats. The engineers crammed the furnaces with bacon and everything else in the cargoes that would make a hot fire. The *Prairie Rose* was the name of one boat and the *Minnesota Belle* was the other, but everybody knowed it was a race between the engineers, fur the reason that they'd had a fight in St. Louis once. I was on the *Rose*, and we was chinnin' the passengers on the *Belle*. It wasn't more'n forty feet away, an' the boat that got around the Big Bend first we knowed would win the race"—— "Which got there first?" asked one of the listeners, tired of the oratory. "Well, the engineer of the *Minnesota Belle* got there first," rejoined the man with the faded hair. "Or parts of him did. His biler exploded."

A green-looking country youth strolled into a store. The proprietor, who stammered badly, observing the verdancy of his customer, walked up to him and asked: "S-s-say, ca-ca-can you tu-tu-tell me wh-wh-wh-what m-m-made Ba-Ba-Balaam's a-a-ass speak?" "I don't understand you," said the puzzled youth. A smart young clerk came forward, and, with a smile of superiority, said: "I see you cannot understand the old gentleman. He wishes to know if you can inform him why Balaam's ass spoke, an incident we find related in the Bible." "Oh," said the boy, while a ray of intelligence llt up his dirty face. "I shouldn't wonder if Balaam stuttered, and he got his ass to speak for him."

The captain of a country football team, finding himself unable to get together a team to fulfill an engagement with a club in a town five miles away, wired to that effect to the secretary of the opposing team. "Can't let you off," was the answer. "Crowd waiting already." The captain made another effort to get his men together, but without success, and was once more obliged to wire his inability to fulfill the engagement. The answer came: "If you can't come yourselves, please send your sweaters. We can pick up a team from the navvies working here on the railway, and the people won't know the difference."

President Dwight and President-elect Hadley of Yale were returning from the annual Alumni dinner, when they were caught by the rain. President-elect Hadley carried an umbrella and President Dwight did not. The younger man naturally wanted to protect the senior, and offered him the umbrella, which, however, was courteously refused. Hadley insisted so energetically that President Dwight turned and and said: "See here, Hadley, this is my reign still. Your reign doesn't commence until to-morrow."

Lord North was sitting in the House of Commons one night, when a tedious member named Barre arose to speak. He turned to a friend who sat beside him: "Barre will surely give us the history of the navy from the Armada. All this is nothing to me, so let me sleep, and wake me when we come near our own times." In due course the friend aroused the sleeper. Lord North started up with the exclamation, "Where are we?" and was told, "At the battle of La Hogue." "My dear fellow, you have woke me a century too soon!"

J. E. Dodson, the actor, was dining at the Lindell House, St. Louis, when the colored waiter who had been solicitously attending to his wants remarked: "I heah you have a good play dis week, sah." "So the people seem to think," responded Dobson. "I guess dat's a pretty smart company you got, sah," continued the darkey. "You see, I go to all de shows dey'll let me into, but de best actor I eber seen was John McCullough. Yo could heah him on de sidewalk." He was given a pass.

The late Lord Cardigan had a shooting place in which he visited every year in Northamptonshire. The woods were difficult ones to beat well, being rambling and hollow, necessitating the use of a large number of "stops." These stops were generally small boys. But one year Lord Cardigan noticed that, instead of small boys, the "stops" were grown-up men. He asked the keeper the reason, saying that it must come very expensive. "Well, you see, my lord," the keeper replied, "your lordship shot the boys down rather close last year."

At a wedding anniversary in the home of an important railroad millionaire in Chicago, a good-natured guest noticed a pale and lonely person sitting by himself in a distant corner. Approaching him with an idea of offering entertainment, the good-natured guest commenced: "I was introduced to you, but did not catch your name." "My name," replied the other is ——" Why, you must be a relative of our host?" "That's the fact." rejoined the poor relation sadly, "I am his cousin, two million dollars removed."

When Max O'Rell, the French lecturer, announced to his mother, a good but ignorant old French lady, that he was going to America she was shocked and horrified at his daring in adventuring so far into the uncivilized wilds. "What language do they speak?" she demanded. "English, of course," he replied, laughing. "Why, Max," she said, with deep seriousness, "I have heard several English gentlemen declare that no American spoke English."

An inmate of a Scotch lunatic asylum was visited by a relative, who asked if the clock in the room was right. "If it had been a' richt, dae ye think it wad ha' been here?" was the unexpected reply.

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The trade is supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 342 Geary street; east of the Rocky Mountains by the American News Company, New York.

The Wave is kept on file and is for sale at Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France; 31 Union Square, New York City; 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.; and 206 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

For advertising rates and on all other matters pertaining to city business, address The Wave, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

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EVENTS CURRENT.

The Boycott Employed by Cleveland Strikers.

The aspect of the strike at Cleveland has changed materially during the past week. From dynamite the strikers have changed to boycott as the means of enforcing their demands. There has been only a little rioting, and but one case of the use of explosives, but there is now in operation probably the most extensive boycott ever known in the country. The labor unionists and their sympathizers refuse to ride on street cars or to patronize firms whose members or clerks do so. Not only this, the boycott extends to stores selling articles to the soldiers who patrol the city or to non-union men. So effective is this means that many small dealers in the poorer residence districts have lost all their trade, and the remaining tradesmen are so much in awe of the union sentiment that a militiaman or non-union worker can hardly purchase a single article outside the main business district. The street cars, though ruuning regularly, are nearly empty, partly through fear of riots and explosives, but mainly through the sympathy of Cleveland people in general with the boycott Every sort of conveyance is used as a means of transportation between the business and residence districts. Mayor Farley has come into prominence through his opposition to lawlessness and to the strikers' policy. Fearing that he could not depend upon the police force, he raked up an almost forgotten municipal law, authorizing the Mayor to constitute himself actual head of the police department in case of emergency. This he did, and then swore in two companies of militia as special policemen, placing the city practically under military rule. The strike center is now South Brooklyn, a suburb. The Mayor of that town is a strike sympathizer. He sanctioned an attempt to freeze out the militia patrol by refusing them water from the public hydrants. Farley brought him to terms by threatening to cut his water supply off from the Cleveland main. The company remains stubborn, still maintaining that it has nothing to arbitrate; the strikers are confident of winning eventually, because the company is losing thousands of dollars every day the boycott holds out. Affairs may continue indefinitely in the present state. One great cause of the sudden cessation of violence was a proclamation of the Roman Catholic Bishop of Cleveland, calling for law and order, and severely censuring those engaged in the riots.

Developments in the Transvaal.

The week's developments in the Transvaal situation show the republic weaker and Great Britain stronger. It is now certain that Kruger did resign his office, conditionally, last week. It appears as though this champion bluffer of all time were using on his own people the tactics he has hitherto employed with foreigners only. The resignation was declined by the Volksraad, but by a very small majority, indicating that the Boer nation is not, as heretofore, united. The giving up of the obnoxious dynamite monopoly is the question at issue, Kruger holding out against the measure, and Vice-President Joubert, with a majority of the legislators, favoring it. It is but fair to add that, in the opinion of some competent observers, the upheaval in the Volksraad and the talk of resignation is only part of some deep game Oom Paul is playing. This apparent disruption of the Boers is in strong contrast with the stand taken in England. The long-expected Transvaal debate came up in Parliament, and showed the Ministry absolutely united for the maintenance of British rights, and all parties in accord on the main points. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Liberal leader in the Commons, made a rather weak opposition to the Government stand, but Chamberlain put him to confusion in the debate. The Premier's statement that Kruger had broken the treaty of 1881, providing for equal rights to all South African whites, was the keynote to his argument. He admitted openly that war was a possible alternative. On one point only was there a sign of weakening by the Government. That was the proposal to submit the late Boer concessions to examination by experts, with a view to determining whether the reforms will insure just representation to Uitlanders. As England has formerly refused all offers of arbitration, this has somewhat the appearance of a concession. Cape Colony is quiet, and President Schreiner and his party are inactive at present.

Another Stir in France.

The new French Ministry, and Gallifet, Minister of War, in particular, have been called upon to face the first serious crisis in their administration. The result was the degradation, on the grounds of sedition and insubordination, of General de Negrier, a member of the Supreme Council of War. It appears that, directly after a visit of his to the garrison at Auxonne, Colonel Bertrand, commanding, made an incendiary speech to his officers, claiming that, if the army should not be "vindicated" at Rennes, the Supreme Council of War would make a demand, backed by a show of force, that no more attacks be made on the army. The matter was reported to Paris. In the resulting investigation Bertrand proved that he acted under orders from de Negrier. The offending general was removed forthwith, but there is grave fear that the incident was only the indiscreet revealing of a general plot among army officers. Foreign observers, noting the sympathy shown with de Negrier by the entire army, are saying that only the absence of a leader prevents an uprising against the republic. A depression in all securities, which followed the late action of Gallifet, proves that there is real alarm. The Minister of War has shown by this action that he intends to have no trifling. His stand in the matter is universally commended by outsiders. Dreyfus is recovering from a slight attack of fever. It is said that his counsel are playing for time, with the view of getting him in the best possible condition before he faces the ordeal of the trial, always a severe one under French methods. At any rate, the court-martial has not been convened. Esterhazy, offered a safe conduct from arrest if he would testify in the case, has refused absolutely. Although advised by his friends to sue the Government in a large sum in the event of his acquittal, Dreyfus states that his claim for damages will be a nominal one—probably one franc.

Status of the Dreyfus Case.

To one unacquainted with the intimate history of the Dreyfus case, the late order of the Court of General Gallifet that no evidence is to be admitted to the new trial save that bearing on the bordereau, requires a little explanation. It will be remembered that the conviction, in 1894, was obtained by means of a scrap of writing purporting to be a list of treasonable documents transmitted by someone to the German Governmant. The documents enumerated were plans of fortresses, descriptions of military manoeuvres, and the like. This manuscript list, alleged to have been found by a French spy in the waste paper of a German official, was written upon transparent square-ruled paper, in a handwriting declared at the first courtmartial to be that of Dreyfus. The prosecution, for all their searching, could not find any paper of the sort among the suspected officer's effects. Dreyfus was convicted, principally, on the testimony of hand-writing experts. When public opinion finally drove the government to take steps looking toward revision, a preponderance of expert testimony held that the *bordereau* was in the same hand as two letters, written on the same square-ruled transparent paper by Esterhazy, the villain of this great French drama. The anti-revisionists were prepared, they claimed, to submit new and convincing evidence that was not brought forward in the first trial, but the party favorable to the Jewish officer very justly looked with suspicion on such testimony. The fanatical advocates of the General Staff are so thoroughly convinced of the justice of their cause that they are ready to commit perjury for the honor of the army. This is proven by Major Henry's unhesitating commission of forgery at the command of his superiors. For example, a theory consistently put forward by anti-revisionist agitators might have been acted on by the prosecution, viz.: that Dreyfus really transmitted the documents enumerated, but that Esterhazy made a list of them in his own hand, which list constitutes the *bordereau*. Therefore, the Minister of War has restricted judgment by ordering that this shall be the question for trial: "Is Dreyfus guilty of having in 1894 instigated plots or held communications with a foreign power, or with one of its agents, with a view to engage it to commit hostilities and to wage war against France, or in order to furnish it with means to do so, *by betraying thereto the notes and documents enumerated in the bordereau?*" In the ordinary course of things, justice would demand a thorough and impartial trial, covering all alleged connection of the accused with the German Secret Service, but affairs in France are at such a pass tnat justice cannot be obtained by ordinary means. Another thing which has puzzled Americans is the connection between the ministry and the military court. Why, it has been asked, did a whole new cabinet have to be installed in order to insure an impartial courtmartial? There are several reasons. A ministry inexorably resolved to support the army could have tinkered with the trial so as to insure conviction. It could have set the place of meeting in some district where public opinion, which influences courts in France more than in the Anglo-Saxon nations, is hot against revision. It could have chosen the judges from among the most rabid opponents of Dreyfus. It could have countenanced unjust interpretation of existing laws. All these considerations rendered it advisable that, if justice were to be done, the trial should occur under a ministry not actively hostile to the accused.

The War in the Philippines.

After almost a month of inactivity, the week brought some fighting in Luzon. July 26 General Hall advanced, with nearly 1,000 men, to the town of Calamba, where the insurgents were gathered in force. After some sharp fighting, the Americans rushed and captured the trenches and occupied the town. On subsequent days the natives made weak attempts at recapture, but were easily beaten off. The total loss on our side in all the fighting was seven killed, twenty wounded. The insurgents, as usual, suffered much more severely. At Negros there was another of those little skirmishes with native bandits which have been the feature of the campaign in that island. Nineteen natives were killed in this action, with no loss on the American side. The season of the heaviest rains is now over, and operations may be expected from this time on. Otis reports that recruiting for the two veteran volunteer regiments progresses favorably, and that he will also be able to raise the proposed cavalry regiment. A military government for Negros has been established. Affairs are to be conducted by a civil Governor and council, elective positions, they to be subsidiary to an appointed military Governor, who will have full veto power. All males over 21, property holders to the extent of $500, Mexican, or renters to the extent of $1,000, Mexican, are to have the franchise. In this country recruiting is going forward with a rapidity equal to the Government expectations. One regiment, the Thirty-first, is fully organized; the others are most likely to be recruited to full strenght in a week or two. In line with their policy of making this a cavalry campaign, the authorities are hastening the shipments of horses and mules, and are buying up, in the Northwest, numbers of bronchos, these horses being considered best suited to the climactic couditions in Luzon. Regarding Otis, McKinley is a sphynx. Not one word of opinion has been wrenched out of him as yet. There are, of course, many rumors. One that was widely credited held that the President had sent a message of confidence to the Governor-General; another had it that Otis was certain to be supplanted in his military position, but left in civil control. Both lack confirmation. Owing to the recent change in the War Secretaryship, it seems that General Miles has once again come into favor. He may, perhaps, displace Adjutant-General Corbin as chief military adviser. Sharp criticism of our campaign in Luzon continues to come from abroad. The German comments are particularly spiteful; the English papers show a spirit of fairness, but condemn strongly, nevertheless, being particularly severe on the press censorship and dilatory tactics of Otis.

A Philippine Fake Squelched.

The New York *Evening Post* has dealt a severe blow to the Atkinsonites and their cause by a recent back-down on one of its Philippine sensations. It appears that some of the "letter-writing brigade" has been "filling" that journal. Early in the spring, it came out with a series of letters describing the atrocities perpetrated by American soldiers in Luzon. One of the first told how the wild Tennesseeans had slaughtered men, women and children—"I do not know * * * how many they did kill. They would not take any prisoners. One company of the Tennessee boys was sent into headquarters with thirty prisoners, and got there with about a hundred chickens and no prisoners." Again: "Company I had taken * * * four prisoners and didn't know what to do with them. They asked Captain Bishop, and he said: 'You know the orders,' and four natives fell dead." The climax of this sensationalism, was reached on May 11th in a soldier's letter full of penny-dreadful horrors: "Last night one of our boys was found shot and his stomach cut open. Immediately orders were received from General Wheaton to burn the town and kill every native in sight; which was done to a finish. About 1,000 men, women and children were killed." Ordinarily, these letters would have carried about as much weight as an *Examiner* scare over Hawaiian contract labor, but the anti-annexationists took the matter up, and began to exploit it. Reprints of these letters were scattered broadcast by the Anti-Imperialist League. Naturally, statements so glaringly sensational could not pass without challenge, and the *Post*, in order to silence criticism, sent instructions to its Manila correspondent, H. L. Wells, asking him to sift the matter. He replied in a four-column denial of all the charges. His article, couched in the strongest terms, denied that there had been any unnecessary killing of natives, wounded or otherwise. The talk about wild slaughter was averred to be the work of jokers or willful liars, who admit, in Manila, that they were only "joshing the home folks." "I have heard of no instance," says Mr. Wells, "of the deliberate killing of a Filipino once taken prisoner. That we do take prisoners is proved by the 2,000 or 3,000 sent in from the front. That we do not kill the wounded is shown by the fact that as many as 500 Filipinos have been or are now being cared for in our hospitals here." The editor of the *Post* had the courage to come out and print this letter in full, and to address it to the army and country at large as an apology for his reliance on unreliable testimony.

Plans of the Democracy.

Ever since the Democratic National Committee failed to settle upon an issue for the campaign of 1900, prominent politicians in and out of the party have been discussing the peculiar position of the Democracy and its leaders. Instead of being forced to hunt for problems to incorporate in its platform, it is embarrassed by an excess of principles which are fairly going begging for adoption. Free silver, anti-imperialism, anti-trust—any one of these may be pointed on the campaign banners of next year. Bryan is out with a letter affirming that the leaders are in absolute harmony on the Chicago platform, and are also nearly solid against trusts and imperialism. It seems probable, however, that silver will not be made prominent in the coming fight, because it is an issue once defeated, and has to stand against two new, untried issues. Of the two others, the anti-trust feeling has the more solid backing in the rank and file, but anti-imperialism is probably the more effective for campaign purposes. There is, according to Bryan, to be a strong effort made toward raising the big campaign fund voted by the National Committee. This time the appeal is to be made to the poor and not to the rich. The money is to be gathered, dollar by dollar, from individual voters. It is certain that the management of the war in the Philippines is, from now now on, is to be made a point of attack by Democratic leaders.

The Canadian Boundary Dispute.

Canadians in general and their Government in particular continue rabid over the boundary question; the United States is firm and England is conciliatory. Secretary Hay made an important proposition immediately after Tupper's excited "war talk" of last week. This is the offer to Canada of a temporary free port on

ynn Canal, pending a permanent settlement. Acceptance f the offer would carry with it an agreement to sanction he American boundary as a *modus vivendi*. Laurier and upper, who are talking for publication a little too much, eclare that such a proposition will never be accepted with heir approval. No answer has come from England, and t is not known whether there is any chance of its being reeived favorably. In general, the English press is conciliaory, urging moderation upon the Canadians, but in one or wo cases Anti-American journals have been bitter in their enunciations of the American position. There is just a ossibility that McKinley and Laurier may hold, on neutral round, a personal meeting to discuss the matter and arange some plan of settlement. This proceeding would be n unusual one, but good authority states that it is under dvisement.

Murder and Insurrection in Santo Domingo.

President Heureaux of Santo Domingo was assassinated on July 26th by one Ramon Caceros, acting, it is supposed, as the tool of a revolutionary party. At the same time, a rebellion. the extent of which cannot be determined, broke out in several districts of the Dominican Republtc. Heureaux, who has been a progressive and wise executive, was serving his fourth continuous term, having been elected in 1882. The strength of his hold on the government and the probability of his relection led, it is thought, to the revolution and the murder. Juan Isidiro Jiminez, who led the attempted insurrection of last year, is at thc head of the new rebellion, and is presumed to be playing for the vacant presidency. A strong party, however, favors for that position General Maximo Gomez, the Cuban patriot, who is a native of that country. Immediately after the assassination, there was some talk on both sides of annexing the little republic to this country. It will be remembored that Santo Domingo asked to be let into the Union in 1869, but met with a refusal. At the present time, sentiment in the United States and conditions in the island have so changed as to render annexation more practicable. It is pointed out that, if we withdraw entirely from Cuba, the possession of this territory will give us the same military and naval advantages in the West Indies as those we enjoy at present. There is, just now, no way of ascertaining the extent of the revolution or of annexation sentiment. There is also some talk of asking a United States protectorate over Hayti, the other republic on the same island. Hayti is in a bankrupt state through poor financiering. The creditors of that government have refused the offers of the Minister of Finance looking toward liquidation, and are proposing to agitate in favor of an American pretectorate, hoping that capital from this country will thereby be induced to rescue the country from its hopeless embarrassment.

Peace Conference at an End.

On July 29th occurred the final act of the Peace Congress, the signing of conventions. The Conference at the Hague has been fairly successful, after all, much more so than was expected at the period when Germany took her positive stand against arbitration. The Czar's original plan of disarment has been shown to be Utopian, as has the proposition for compulsory arbitration, but a majority of the nations represented signed one or more of the conventions dealing with the abolition of barbarous methods of warfare or the arrangements for voluntary arbitration. There were three main conventions, relating, respectively, to arbitration, to laws and customs of war, and to the Geneva convention concerning privateering. Of these, sixteen out of the twenty-six nations represented signed the first, and fifteen the other two. The United States was the dissenter, signing only the arbitration clause, and that under reserve. Similarly, seventeen powers signed one minor declaration concerning customs of war, that having to do with the dropping of explosives from balloons; the United States, although concurring in the first clause, refused to accede to the two abolishing dum-dum bullets and asphyxiating projectiles. The Triple Alliance, headed by Germany, refused to sign any of the conventions or agreements. So also did England, which has appeared as an advocate of the objects proposed by the conference, the British stating that their objections rest on constitutional and legal grounds. There is a good chance that the English Government may yet sign the conventions regarding arbitration. It will be seen that the conference agreed to nothing absolutely binding. The holding out of the Triple Alliance and such powers as England and China may block the workings of the arbitration scheme. The good accomplished is a moral one. A movement toward Universal Peace has been put under way, and a precedent established. Baron de Stael, in his closing speech, stated as the greatest accomplishment of the Congress, "the reconciliation, by your efforts, of the great principles of the sovereignty of individual states, and international solidarity, apparently so opposed." There was published, at the time of adjournment, a letter from the Pope to the Queen of Holland, expressing his sincere accord with the principle of universal peace and promising co-operation in seeking the ends advocated by the Conference.

Samoan Commissioners' Report.

The report of the Samoan Commissioners, published in advance of its transmission to their governments, makes the recommendation that the joint protectorate by the three nations be abolished, and that one power be given sole control. Regarding it as beyond their power to make anything more than a general statement on the subject, the Commission outlines a plan for the government of these islands under present conditions. The abolition of the kingship is the main feature of this plan; in place of the king is to be an administrator, chosen, by preference, from some outside and disinterested power, and assisted by a counsel of delegates from the three nations now ruling the islands. Furthermore, they would end consular jurisdiction because of its tendency to keep up international dissension; they would increase the powers of the Chief Justice and enforce rigidly the existing customs regulations, especially those regarding the importation of arms and ammunition. The troubles of Samoa are by no means over. The native factions are still bitter against the whites and against each other. As soon as the Commissioners leave, a renewal of trouble between the rival parties is expected. The natives have, it is true, surrendered their arms, but knowing whites insist that plenty of guns and ammunition have been smuggled in since the surrender and are now hidden in the native strongholds.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

THE RIGHT USES OF WEALTH.

"The Duties of a Very Rich Man," from a philanthropic point of view, has recently engaged the attention of the Eastern press. The sentiment attributed to Andrew Carnegie that "to die rich is to die disgraced" seems to have stirred up a discussion prolific of "interviews" with the "very rich," as well as with individuals in touch with religious and charitable endeavor. Russell Sage sententiously remarked in his interview: "I do not see how it is a disgrace to die rich. If it is, I am afraid that Mr. Carnegie will die disgraced."

Notwithstanding the semi-flippant character which ordinarily attends discussions on the part of the dailies, there is behind it all a serious question, and one that must often confront the charitably inclined "very rich man" when framing his last will. John D. Rockefeller is reported to have given away twenty millions of dollars, largely to educational and religious institutions. Philip D. Armour, founder of the Armour Institute, is credited with ten millions of dollars toward philanthrophy. J. Pierpont Morgan has built hospitals, bought rare works of art for public museums and has given much to the cause of religion. The list of very rich Americans who have given bountifully to charity and to institutions for the benefit of mankind might be extended beyond all limit, but it is more to our present purpose to discuss what seems to be the best method of assisting the worthy.

John D. Rockefeller says: "I do not believe there is any man in the country to-day, with a million dollars beyond his own personal and business needs, who would not give it to any object which he felt perfectly sure would help the citizenship toward moral and intellectual betterment."

J. Pierpont Morgan touches upon one side of charitable expenditure that needs no argument for support. He says: "When one looks about and sees the misery and suffering caused by sickness among those who have not themselves the means to relieve it, he cannot help feeling that to alleviate a little of it is the duty of those who have been fortunate or successful. The care of the sick poor is, in my opinion, our most practical charity." There can be no higher type of charity, no nobler use of money, than that to which Mr. Morgan refers. Add to poverty the "misery and suffering caused by sickness," and you have a subject doubly in need, whether worthy or not.

Mr. Rockefeller's view covers the general betterment of man; it looks toward raising the moral and intellectual tone of the masses, toward creating and preserving a healthy state of public mind. It is not charity in its common sense, but rather contemplates a practical beneficence that makes for the good of the State and the permanency of government. One can readily realize what Mr. Rockefeller has in mind, and quite as readily understand the necessity for an institution, or for some general plan that will broaden the lines of intelligent citizenship. There is not much danger in a republic when two parties of equal intelligence and honesty disagree. Should either be successful at the polls the country would survive. It is only when ignorance disagrees with intelligence that danger lurks. Mr. Rockefeller's plan looks toward the elimination of at least political ignorance and viciousness. On election day, in a republic, the vote of the most ignorant and vicious citizen, dropped in the common ballot box, may negative that of the most learned and distinguished of men. The lad who is born in a tenement garret, who is buffeted about from pillar to post, whose youthful playground is bounded by curbstones and gutters; the lad whose conception of right and wrong is dwarfed and deformed, whose morals are blunted, whose future is empty of all hope upon reaching manhood, will exercise an influence on election day equal to that of the man who in his boyhood was equipped with all of the graces of education and careful rearing. How to reach this boy and develop in him a sense of right and wrong, how to equip him for the struggle of life, how to rescue him from what is now fate inevitable and give to the country a man worthy to exercise the right of suffrage, is a problem, the solution of which will make for the betterment of the country as well as the individual. Universities do not fill the want. The lads who usually avail themselves of such institutions have parents able to give them proper support during youth and early manhood. The several States have institutions of learning supported by State aid, all of which are open to young men in search of "higher education." The endowment of a new seminary of learning operates to give the studious young man a greater number of institutions from which he may make a selection, but it does not broaden the general work of "moral and intellectual betterment," it does not reach out the hand of hope to the lad who is already denied all hope. The young man who avails himself of that particular beneficence, was already amply provided for. He might have worried along through life with a State University diploma. His boyhood has been all sunlight; the influence of his home and the teachings of his youth all went toward framing a man who looked at that which was right and that which was wrong from the proper perspective. Into the cold, cheerless life of the youngster of the curb and gutter the founding of a great university brings not one ray of light. Through no fault of his own, he, from his birth, is condemned to a fate far worse than death, while his more fortunate brother, through no virtue of his own, is the recipient of added benefaction.

It would be folly to pick up the lad of the curbstone and equip him with a college education; but it would be something more than charity to make of him a self-supporting, self-respecting citizen. It would be something more than charity to teach him the fundamental principles of right and wrong, something more than charity to let him know the value of citizenship, and to instill into his mind that fundamental principle that in free America the life, the liberty and the property of the citizen are sacred rights of which no man can be deprived except by due process of law. It would be something more than a charity to teach the lad of the curbstone the difference between a statesman and a demagogue, and to leave no spot in his impressionable mind where might flourish the infernal, un-American teachings of the modern agitator who would destroy the rich because they are rich, and who is now building up a "plutocracy" so that he may lead others to tear it down.

CONCERNING CALIFORNIA GENEROSITY.

The good people of Pennsylvania are determined that their returning troops shall be met with a welcome as royal as the gallant regiment merits. In Pittsburg the committee on finance raised $23,000 in twenty-four hours, every dollar of which will go to the reception and entertainment of the returning State regiment. They probably will collect the rest of the $50,000 contemplated before the week has gone by. Harrisburg, of Eastern Pennsylvania, contributed four young men to the Tenth Regiment, which was recruited from the western portion of the State, and now, according to the Harrisburg *Telegram*, the Mayor and citizens are preparing a public reception for these four volunteers. What prepaaations are going on in San Francisco? Each California boy is to be given a medal commemorating his services to the State and nation. The Governor vetoed a bill which permitted the use of the State Seal on this gift, but a new device was made, and a committee of citizens has been struggling for weeks to accumulate money sufficient to defray the cost of striking off the trifling evidence of gratitude with which it is proposed to decorate our boys.

Out in Pittsburg they had no army contractors who at large profits sent slipshod clothing to the troops, but they raised twenty-three thousand dollars at a moment's notice. Out in Pittsburg no great drug firm netted big profits from the war, only to subscribe twenty-five dollars to the fund. Out in Pittsburg they will reap no special advantage from the annexatian of the Philippine Archipelago; they have have not supplied flour or sugar or rations or groceries to the Army of the Orient; but they did dig deep down into their pockets, and with patriotic hands poured out money to fittingly testify their affection for the returning soldier boy and their pride in his gallant conduct. Call it sentimentalism, call it useless nonsense, call it whatever you will, it speaks of a people with warm blood, who are moved by high and worthy sentiments that predominate over that most common of human attributes, selfishness. When the Washington troops return to their homes, we venture that Seattle will not hesitate or palter over the expenditure of a dollar. It is a shame that adequate funds have not been long ago subscribed in San Francisco, to not only meet the cost of the medals, but to fittingly welcome each returning regiment.

A WARNING FROM AUSTRALIA.

Experience teaches. The actual results of the experience of any government in financial tinkering is worth whole encyclopedias of facts and theories. Such being the case, it is not strange that the Democratic platform framers, in their howl for government ownership of railways, keep still about the workings of that system in other countries. The converted Populist-Democrat, who doesn't know there was any history before the crime of '73, theorizes on, unconscious of the fact that any other nation ever *has* tried it; the well-informed Democrat strives to keep facts as far in the background as possible. For another people, with conditions more like ours than those prevailiug elsewhere on earth, has run the system into the ground, and longs to be rid of it.

The country in question is Australia, where all railroads and nearly all street tramways are under government or municipal control. The theory is beautiful and worked out in the most elaborate details. It checks up splendidly with the theories of our Democratic friends. The practice is cumbersome and inconvenient to the last degree. Passing by the lazy, worthless and impertinent employees, holding their job through government "pull," let us see what are the facilities offered to travelers and shippers. There is not a fast passenger train in all Australia, nor a modern sleeping car, nor a dining car, nor a passenger car furnished with the barest necessities for travelers. The mail train between the important cities of Queensland and Brisbane runs on a schedule of twelve and a half miles an hour. Other trains have about the same schedule. The cars, dating from about 1870, are small, inconvenient and stuffy. Fares are exhorbitant, so are freight rates. Talk about railway oppression in California! Whole sections of good farming land in the remoter districts have had to be abandoned because the inhabitants could not pay the outrageous freight charges. In a land where private competition is possible, when any one railroad discriminates against any section of this country, the merchants or farmers affected may always encourage a competing line to enter. In Australia, there is no recourse except slow legislative action. Between Sydney and Brisbane, a distance of 12,000 miles, the fare is $64. This is the cheapest fare in all Australia, not because of cheaper operation, but because there is an independent steamship company competing, and the railroad had to make some concessions in order to get any traffic at all. On other roads, the fare is double or treble this sum.

As for railroad extension and construction, the attempt is laughable. Rich sections of country all over the island, sections which would have been opened long ago, had private lines been allowed to tap them, are sending their products to market by freight-wagons while the inhabitants petition the Colonial Parliaments. Construction moves at a snail's pace, as it is checked or gently pushed by the party in power. The Great Western Road started from Mittagong, New South Wales, in 1859, reached Bourke, 316 miles distant, in 1896. The railways are mostly constructed in districts wherein lie the interests of the members of Parliament. It takes about forty years to wear out rolling-stock, and none of the government incompetents ever thinks of replacing stock until it falls to pieces. For that reason, half the locomotives are museum curiorities dating from the sixties, the freight-cars are little, open, two-ton affairs, covered with a tarpaulin in rainy weather, and the road-beds are constructed on three or four different guages.

This is government ownership carried to its legitimate conclusion. The Australian people resemble our own in composition; Australia is much like the Western portion of the United States as to its physical geography. If the United States had adopted government ownership from the first, who shall say but that our railroads would be in the same condition? If we are more progressive than the Australians, we are also suffering from the laziness and incompetency of officials with a pull; in spite of all spasmodic attempts at Civil Service reform, the incompetent party favorite lingers with us.

In view of the failure of the Australian experiment, would it not be putting it mildly to say the proposed change is dangerous?

Dresse dfor Church

Some Marriageable Daughters

A Mestizo Beauty

Mar et Woman

Manila Flower Girl

Native Peddler

Rich Half-Breed

A Tagalo Belle

A Native Matron

TYPES OF FILIPINO BEAUTY

The Empress Prays and Russia Waits for a Son and Deliverer.

I WAS watching, from a distance, the carriage of the Empress speeding through close lines of cossacks to the Imperial Palace. The Russian at my side, as much of a Republican as one dares to be in St. Petersburg, looked around carefully before he said:

"The future of Holy Russia depends on that woman."

This was not merely an opinion of one citizen. It was a sentiment felt through all the Empire during the period before the Czarina's confinement. Now that the child turns out to be a girl there is grave disappointment. Russia has waited, with an interest that affects equally the monjik in the fields and the gilded officials of the Winter Palace, for an heir to the throne. She still waits.

The future of that Imperial dynasty, whose every member has been the hero or the villian to some royal tragedy, lies again in the hands of fate. If Providence sends that son and heir for which the Czarina prays daily in the holy places of her new religion, the enlightened policy of Nicolas III has a chance for continuance after the present ruler steps out of life and the throne; if not, Russia must go back to the old, set, anti-foreign policy of fifty years past. With each confinement of the Empress, there has been manifest anxiety, and grave disappointment when the little stranger turned out to be only a princess. This last time it was a matter of much graver concern, because in the interval the progressive Czarovich George has died, and a new heir-apparent has been proclaimed in his place. Michael Alexandrovich, now named for succession, is a reactionary. Brought up directly under his mother's influence, he has imbibed her doctrine of Russia for the Russians. Though a sister of the Princess of Wales, and a daughter of the House of Denmark, she is rabid against change, improvement, popular liberty and Western ideas. Grand Duke Michael, only twenty-one years of age, holds exactly with her on all these points. They have already a strong following in official circles. The Russian bureaucrat's position is well understood. From top to bottom of the government lists, these officials are abject courtiers, hanging upon the pleasure of the party in power. The present Emperor's weak health has convinced many of them that it would be the part of wisdom to play for the attention of the Dowager and her princeling. They know that, in the event of Michael's succession, those who have been most zealous in the present liberal policy will be in disgrace with the new Emperor, while those who have pursued a reactionary policy will take the official plums. Acting on the theory of probabilities, they are blocking the liberal reforms in every district of the Empire. Nicolas' life, precarious, bad health aside, through the ever-present danger of assassination, alone stands in the way of a return to the policy of Imperial despotism.

The birth of a son would change all that. Until his majority, affairs would be administered by the old Grand Duke Michael as Regent. This Nestor of Russian politics has always been a bulwark of liberalism, even in the despotic days of Alexander III. The succession to the throne went past him, but he has been a power behind many thrones. After a wild youth, he settled down to a life of real usefulness as a military commander and a diplomat. His hold on the despotic Alexander III came about through a mere stroke of fortune. Michael happened to be the person nearest at hand when Alexander II was assassinated. He caught the dying Czar in his arms, and carried the mangled body to his palace. When all was over, it was found that he himself was drenched from head to foot with the Imperial blood. Alexander III, whose devotion to his father's memory was a life passion, never forgot this fact, and Michael was retained in favor in spite of his liberal views. He became Grand Marshal of the Empire during this reign, and as President of the Imperial Council reached the highest position open to a Russian statesman. He is, in addition, the popular member of the Imperial family. With him administering the nominal reign of a boy Czar, progress in Russia would be assured.

It is noticeable that Nicholas, in his Imperial edict regarding the succession, did not name Grand Duke Michael the younger, Czarovich. The title is an honorary one, and may or may not be given to the heir-apparent. It is a proof of the savage element still lingering in the Slav, that all Russians are superstitious. At the present time they pin their faith absolutely to the prophecy which foretold the birth of seven daughters in the present generation before that of a son; so also they are saying that the title was omitted in this case for fear of ill omen. In straight American slang, they think that it is "hoodooed." Indeed, a strange fatality has followed the title Czarovich. Ivan the Terrible first gave it to his son, and then killed him in a fit of passion. Similarly, Peter the Great poisoned the Czarovich, his son. The next one to bear the name was Paul, son of Catherine II, himself an emperor later. He was so tortured and persecuted by his mother when he held the title that his mind became deranged, and he was insane during a part, at least, of his reign. The next one was Constantine, brother of Alexander I. Though there was no open tragedy in his life, he was set aside for his younger brother, Nicholas, for reasons unknown to outsiders. The circumstances of this transference of power are shrouded in complete mystery. No one, save perhaps the keepers of the Imperial archives, understands the matter. All that anyone knows is that Constantine, willingly or unwillingly, handed over the succession and took the oath of allegiance, but the coronation of Nicholas was marked by a veritable slaughter of Constantine's friends and adherents. Of the four who have held the title of Czarovich in the nineteenth century, two, Alexander II and the present Czar, reached the throne, but Alexander met the most tragic death of any of his line, and Nicholas, while still Crown Prince, narrowly escaped assassination in Japan.

In the early death of the other two, there is a most peculiar, to the Russian mind a most ominous, coincidence. In 1866, the Czarovich Nicholas died of tuberculosis caused by a good-natured blow in the lungs delivered by his brother. This year, the Czarovich George died from the same disease brought about by the very same cause, a blow struck, without the least feeling of anger, by his brother. To this long record of fatalities the superstitious Russians attribute the omission of the title in the case of Michael.

AMOS SHELDON.

St. Petersburg, July 13th.

Some Inside Facts About the Forced Retirement of Secretary Alger.

NOW that Russell A. Alger has given up the place that has long been too hot to hold him, all parties are free to talk about the inside history of this celebrated case. It is safe to say that no President ever had such trouble with his Cabinet as McKinley. Just three of his original advisers now hold their places; there have been ten "shifts." And of all these changes, the Alger removal has been the most sensational. Indeed, there was never before just such a mix-up in Cabinet circles.

I doubt very much—everyone doubts it—if President McKinley would have appointed Alger to the position had he foreseen war. The war portfolio has been, since the Rebellion, a position of use to the President in balancing party influence in the Cabinet. For Secretary of State or of the Treasury, the Executive has had to choose men of ability as well as following, but a nation with a standing army of 30,000 men and prospects of perpetual peace can afford to take chances with the war portfolio. The President wanted a Michigan man in the Cabinet; Alger had a war record and was strong in the party, so he was given the position. There were other considerations of a more potent character. Little thought was given to his ability to direct matters on a large scale; it was expected that he would drill along, like his predecessors, settling questions of promotion, attending to details, bolstering the administration, conducting an occasional Indian raid by telegraph.

At ten weeks' notice, the country had to face a foreign war, and Alger had his try-out. The botch he made of things is now history. He was, in the first place, too old for the active management of anything. Age is hardly a matter of years. The life of the Michigan man had so worn on him that he was more aged when he took the position, at sixty-three, than Gladstone, for example, was at eighty-five. Then he was, had always been, a time-server, at bottom a shifty and weak man. Only those who are howling against him for political purposes believe that he was particularly corrupt. He was something of a liar; lying is a subterfuge of the weak. There is a suspicion that the diplomatic lie is a part of the equipment of all politicians, but there are lies *and* lies. His were small prevarications which saved him for the time being. When he ran for Governor of Michigan his party found he had promised every appointment four times over. His whole career had been just such a sidewise movement toward his ends. When he ran on to an obstacle he did not meet it, as a stronger man would have done; he lied around it, and shambled on toward the next engagement.

He found, in the War Department, a system which admirably fitted in with his tactics. "Algerism" has been invented by the newspapers to describe this peculiar state of affairs, but Alger is in no wise responsible for the condition. It was there long before him. It consists of a balancing of power between the various heads of army departments, a political system outside of national politics. If A is at the head of the ordinance department, he is afraid to have too much power given to B at the head of the commissary, for fear that B will rank him when chances come for promotion. And if there is a vacancy in the department of statistics, A and B will pull wires for incompetent C rather than for able D, because they are afraid of D. It worked beautifully in peace, but war is a different matter. A strong and self-reliant Secretary of War would have wiped out the whole thing when he made preparations for a conflict; Alger, on the contrary, took a hand in the scheming himself.

I will not dwell on the old question of the war and Alger's connection with Santiago and embalmed beef. McKinley, always conservative, stayed by his appointee during all that storm. Had Alger stopped there, he might have held office to the end, but he did not. With an ambition away beyond his ability, he began to scheme for a berth for himself when the present administration should go out. He began laying his plans for a Senate seat from his own State. The Presidential bee has buzzed around him ever since he made his fight for the nomination in 1888. It is an open secret that, long after he had become the most unpopular man in the country, he was still scheming for the 1904 nomination. The storm of newspaper criticism disturbed him but little. He is known to correspondents as the most thick-skinned man in Washington. So he put himself in the awkward position of an adviser of the President, standing, while still holding office, for a position of lesser distinction, and in combination with a politician openly opposed to the President and his policy. Stated in its mildest terms, it was bad taste. Never since the first Cabinet has such a condition of affairs existed.

When McKinley yielded to the wishes of his party, he himself took an indirect Algerian method of getting his wishes conveyed to his subordinate. It looks a bit ridiculous, now that all is said and done. He was simply ashamed to tell Alger, after bolstering him all this time, after assuming responsibility for most of his actions, that he was through with him. To Hobart was assigned the delicate task The Vice-President was the catspaw, a new use, while we are speaking it, for that ordinarily decorative office. Hobart liked the duty a little less than his chief, they say, because he himself had always advised Alger to stand firm against public clamor and hold to the office—a superfluous bit of advice, for the non-sensitive Alger is a "stayer." It took Hobart several days of beating around the bush to screw up his courage, but he finally got it out. Alger was not exactly hysterical—white-haired politicians without nerves do not get that way—but at any rate he said some unkind things. His talk about exposures and appeals to the country and public vindication is not regarded seriously at Washington. He is too vascillating to take any position alone and unbolstered. He needs a prop; no one, in his party or out, is going to prop him at this juncture.

For one reason not connected with politics, he will be missed from Washington. His family was one of the most interesting in official life. Not since the days of Freylinghausen have there been such charming entertainers in Washington as the wife and daughters of the Michigan man. Their hospitality has been lavish; their personal popularity in official circles is immense. Mrs. Alger is a well-bred, well-informed woman of the world, a charming hostess. The marriage of her youngest daughter to Charles Burrell Pike of Chicago, celebrated a year ago in their Washington home, is remembered as the most elaborate and tasteful wedding of the decade. Alger himself was not uninteresting personally. By a strange analogy, this much-hated statesman was popular among his immediate associates. I cannot say that he himself had the polish requisite to a social success, but his wife supplied that, and guided him, by her tact, past many a possible "break."

DRAYTON.

Washington, July 20th.

Sound Advice to Western Farmers From the Scientist of the Agricultural Colleges.

THE lavish praise bestowed on California by the delegates to the National Convention of Agricultural Colleges is praise that is valuable. These men, trained agriculturists and scientists in their line, are worth listening to when they express wonder and the heartiest admiration at what they witnessed in their recent tour. Californians are so used to hearing their State lauded, that they will take this admiration as a matter of course; but some chance bits of criticism with which the guests tempered their raptures demand the serious attention of Pacific farmers, because these experts know whereof ihey speak.

Most of them stopped long enough in their ravings over the matchless climate, boundless resources and virgin soil to put in a few solid chunks of advice. Of these none was more sound than that pertaining to the maintenance of agricultural high schools; i. e., schools close to the home of the individual pupil, where the rudiments of agricultural science, the broad principles which every farmer must know in order to be successful, may be taught to those who cannot take the more complicated college course. An education at one of the college stations is not within the reach of every farmer any more than a university course in mechanical engineering is for every railroad engineer, but there is much, very much, in the line of fundamentals which the farmer needs, and which, in the present order of things, many never get. The average farmer has learned something from tradition, a little by haphazard experience of his own, and he gets a little, and that garbled and unauthoritative, from the agricultural papers; this is his technical education. The plumber or the mason has to serve an apprenticeship of several years, learning the different branches of his trade; the farmer thinks he has only to "tickle the earth with a hoe" in order to see it smile back with a sure crop. The agricultural high school would take boys of school age, and, without putting them under the necessity of leaving their homes, would give them a knowledge of those elementary points upon which scientific agriculture rests, a framework upon which to build a practical knowledge of their trade.

The Californian finds it difficult to realize that in time even his virgin soil must wear itself out and need replenishing. Possessed of perhaps only a hundred and sixty acres, the small farmer is often discouraged, and thinks he has not sufficient territory on which to show his skill; he would rather half cultivate ten times that amount. The farmer of the East and of Europe has learned that the small acreage, highly cultivated, pays well, that it is worth while to get a name for raising the best of certain things. Our visiting delegates did not fail to point out this folly of exhausting wheat fields by continual planting. They see, as the inexpert cannot, the unmistakable signs of soil-exhaustion, a thing to which the richest soil on the face of the earth must become subject in time, if what is taken out is not returned to it.

Nor did they fail to notice some paradoxical conditions in both grain and fruit raising. Thus, while the grain fields of the San Joaquin Valley are harvested by the familiar combined harvesters, a method away ahead of the times, the grain producers are still handling their grain in sacks at Port Costa. No one can explain just why it is that Pacific farmers are so progressive in their methods of harvesting their grain and so hidebound in their way of handling it. Kansas, Minnesota and the Eastern States abandoned this antiquated method years ago, and took to putting it up in elevators and by bulk. Again, while the orchards of the Santa Clara Valley are examples of the very highest cultivation, the orange growers of the Southern counties are going at it in a more or less haphazard fashion. A Florida expert among the delegates gave it as his opinson that the difference between Florida and California oranges—"A difference upon which we pride ourselves," he said—comes not from inferiority of soil or climate, but from inferior cultivation, lack of attention to fine points.

Many natives in India are now joining with Europeans in attacking the system of child marriage, and a social reformer has come forward with a carefully prepared set of rules for the education of girls, which, it is said, if duly observed, "will be found to be of great advantage." It is open to doubt whether education, even on sensible lines, is sufficiently powerful to break down caste prejudices, which are, of course, the real reason of the native woman's undeveloped state. The only European invention which has done anything so far to destroy these prejudices is the railway, and it is unlikely that education can be really usefully employed until the railway has made a much further advance.

THINGS AND PEOPLE

MAUNA LOA, king of all volcanoes, is again in active eruption. The mountain has been rumbling and smoking for some time past, and celebrated the Fourth of July by a firewooks exhibition of its own. This Hawaiian blazer is not a second-class, hot-ash volcano; it sends out real, white-hot lava. Just now, immense streams of molten rock are running down its sides. They have wiped out the hillside farms of the region, and have put in danger the towa of Hilo. Frank Davey, the Honolulu photographer, was led by the love of adventure and of his art to make an ascension early this week with the hope of securing views. His undertaking was a perilous one. For fifteen hours the party struggled up the sides of the mountain toward the summit crater. En route two of the adventurers became delerious from thirst. They passed through a region of cold half-way up, which made the infernal heat at the summit seem greater by contrast. As an example of what the party had to encounter, it may be mentioned that Mr. Davey wore out two pairs of heavy shoes in the fifteen hours he was on the mountain—wore them into tatters. From the summit there was a sublime view. Eight new craters had broken out on the sides of the higher slopes, five of them inactive, three spouting fire and smoke. From the lowest and largest of these, came the lava stream now threatening Hilo. Rocks, white-hot when they left the crater, were belched forth, thrown so high in the air that they cooled before falling; the lava was pouring in a molten stream, without a ripple on its surface, down the long slope of the mountain, and over it all rolled great clouds of vapor, reflecting the fires of the crater. When a volcano is in eruption, most of the surrounding population tries to get away as soon as possible; Mr. Davey is the first photographer, outside a few daring Italians who have taken views of Vesuvius, to beard an active fire-belcher in its den.

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STATED generally, it may be asserted that the fair Filipino maid is a June myth, a creature of the newspapers; they who have seen her say so. Her eyes do not melt and languish, the rich color does not come and go in her olive cheeks, she does not steal her way into the heart, even the heart of the American regular far from home. Among the Mestizos, the half-breeds, many of the women have a certain comeliness often found in mixed races, but the real native woman is not a thing of beauty nor a joy very long. She is small, stolid, apt to have a flat upper lip; her great mane of coarse, jet-black hair is her chief attraction. They develop young, at twelve or fourteen, are *passé* at twenty-five, and are hideous, skinny hags at forty. Like their men folks, the female Talgoas are careless of their personal appearauce. Their dress is simple: a plain loose, chemise-like tunic, a skirt of calico or of pineapple fibre, and a bright-colored sash wound around the waist. Their wooden shoes are of peculiar shape, having, if one may so describe it, a heel under the toe as well as one in the usual place; these shoes give them a mincing gait, emphasized by the large burdens the women are accustomed to carry on their heads. Even when she wears European shoes and has not for a long time carried burdens, the Talgoa woman still clatters over the cobble stones with the same little chopping steps, her head and shoulders erect, her back straight. They live much in the open air, performing there most of their household duties, which consist mainly of hulling rice and washing clothes. They prepare the rice by beating it with mallets in the hollowed end of an upright log. Any fine day the washerwoman line the terrace of the Pasig, pounding their clothes with flat paddles.

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THE native belle holds court at her doorway, where she squats on her heels, or perhaps sits on one of her wooden shoes, while her suitors gather around and smoke, chatting and laughing, with that low, mirthless laugh which belongs to this people. Marriage comes early because they mature so young. It is a simple affair. Houses have only two or three rooms and a modicum of furniture. The couple go to the priest, if they can afford the fee; if not, it is no great matter. They move in together, anyhow, and set up housekeeping, but these unions are generally faithfully kept. Most of the native women are Roman Catholics, and punctilious about church observances. As in Brittainy or Andalusia, the Angelus is a universal call to prayer in any Philippine village, the signal for momentary cessation of all employment.

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CAPE NOME is a good place and it is not a good place. Its creeks are lined with gold and there is no gold there. These are the conflicting reports that returning miners have brought down. Only a "clean-up" will tell the world just what is there. One man brought down $10,000 in dust on the *Roanoke* on her last trip. He said he gathered it on his claims at Cape Nome. Others on the same steamer declared that the gold came from the Klondike and that this man was in the employ of one of the transportation companies who were launching a boom to carry prospectors north. The *Roanoke* departed again last week for another trip to the new diggings, and when she returns the truth will probably be known. If it had not been for the Atlin exclusion act, Cape Nome would scarcely be known at this time. This law drove hundreds of American miners out of British territory, and they spread all over Alaska. Hundreds of them perished, but others survived, and as a result gold has been found in many sections of American territory. Besides individual explorers and treasure-hunters, the government has two expeditions in Alaska at the present time. They are exploring the rivers and creeks on the coast, and they will be ready to make reports in the fall. None of the Klondike or Alaska miners who are back in Seattle have taken the war talk of Canadian officials seriously. They do not believe that there will be a war, but if there is, they say that Seattle is safe from attack. Every ship from the north passes the new batteries at Marrowstone Point and Admiralty head at the entrance to the Sound. New guns of the largest calibre used in coast defense have been mounted there, and they are a fitting foil to the defenses of Victoria and Vancouver.

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TACOMA got the mules, and thus ends a battle royal between Seattle and its sister city across the Sound for the honor of being selected as a government station for the transportation of troops and supplies for the army in the Philippines. The regulars and their horses will be shipped from Seattle, and the mules will be loaded on the transports at Tacoma. The citizens of the latter place may console themselves with the fact that half a loaf is better than none, but they would not have even received this morsel if it had not been for the splendid fight they put up. For a long time, or since the government decided to send a force to the Philippines, the two great Sound cities and other coast towns have endeavored to divide government business with the new Pacific possessions with San Francisco. The California metropolis, however, had secured a firm grip, and it was not until the traffic had grown beyond all bounds that another port was thought of to help out. Seattle was selected as the most suitable place, and the local army quartermaster began hunting for a site for the men and horses. He found that the waterfront was pretty well taken up, and that the road to the new government reservation and fort just north of the city had not been completed, While he was wondering what to do Tacoma heard of the dilemma and promptly sent a committee to him. This committee offered everything — free grounds for a camp, free water, and everything else he might think of, without charge. He was considering seriously of accepting, when Seattle, which is not usually asleep in such enterprises, woke up and presented to the government the prettiest and most healthful site in the State. Woodland Park, a natural camping-ground, covered with immense shade trees, green grass, and with an abundance of water, was offered and at once accepted. It is close to the Sound, and the transportation facilities are good. Following this came an offer of two of the largest wharves on the waterfront. They were accepted, too, and now everybody in Seattle is happy, The quartermaster, however, was not unmindful of Tacoma's enterprise, so he will ship mules for service in the Philippines from that city.

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THE tiger is loose in Seattle once more. The gamblers have patched up their trouble with the City Council, who, by the way, have the sole power in the matter, and one of the big houses opened a few nights ago. As an excuse to the people for allowing the gaming men to resume business, the community was assured that from now on they would conduct their houses under the strict rules of the police department. This is very funny. It may mean that the police will examine the gambling machines every night to see they are not "doctored." So long as the games are square all will be well, and the men of the green cloth will be privileged to pluck their victims without interference. Seattle is one of the few towns in the United States where a City Council will authorize gambling in the face of the law against it. The Chief of Police told a committee of ministers, who called on him in regard to the matter last week, that he was powerless to act. Nobody supposes that the gambling men are to be let off with a mere monthly fine for the rich privilege they have secured. It is declared, on good authority, that a certain percentage of the earnings of these places will be set aside to pay the men with a "pull" who are holding the city authorities off. A small interest in one of the houses was sold for $10,000, just before it was anneunced that the city people had been fixed. Thousands of Klondikers are coming to Seattle every week now and more thousands are going to the north. They will have to pay for the music.

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SEATTLE is to have a Federal building that will compare favorably with those in other great cities of the country. Congress at its last session appropriated $300,000 for such a structure, and a special agent was sent to select a site. He spent several weeks in the city, but reported that the appopriation would be entirely too small to pay for a building large enough to accommodate the growing business of the Puget Sound region. He recommended that Congress be asked to increase the appropriation to $1,000,000. This is a compliment to Seattle. It now has a postoffice about large enough to accommodate a good sized Nswfoundland dog, and, by the way, the structure resembles a dog house in design. It is stuffy, ill-ventilated, and there is not room enough to transact the enormous amount of business done there every day. The other Federal departments in the city are located in a hired building situated on a high hill. It is only two blocks from the center of the business district, but the hill is the object that makes men say several hard things. Several good sites for the proposed new structure are available, and far enough down town to suit everybody. Unfortunately there are so many owners of property who have pulls that it is possible the new structure may be stuck in some out-of-the-way place. A temporary structure for a postoffice was secured a few days ago, but there is much complaint in regard to its location. Business men say that it is too far from the downtown section.

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THE political contest in San Francisco waxes hotter as the primary draws near. In the Democracy the fight is between Rainey and the Committee of One Hundred. Buckley is really not a factor. He may not have a single delegate in the convention. Almost his entire following gathers daily in the Baldwin Annex, and its members hug themselves with the idea that strength resideth in them, whereas it does not. Through the districts the Rainey element is trying to foist its friends on the One Hundred ticket. While this scheme may prove successful in some instances, it is being sedulously combatted, and, as a rule, has failed. The boss has a ticket of his own out in certain districts, but the chance of failure of these seems excellent. A Rainey ticket, as such, is bound to be defeated. Never has the party so neeeed an organ. The *Examiner* has been partially whipped into line, but no effort is made to combat Raineyism. The opportunity the *Report* has sought might be found in this connection—a journal which would sail vehemently into the Boss as the *Examiner* used would soon have a following. However, if the reform element keeps up its fight it is safe to say Rainey will not be a potent factor in the forthcoming municipal convention.

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ON the Republican side the Central Republican organization is undoubtedly growing in public favor in spite of the unfriendliness of the *Chronicle* and *Call*. The new organization finds its support in the *Examiner*, whose business it is to bolster any Republican dissension. The story goes that Crimmins and Kelly have compromised with the *Call* and the *Chronicle*, and in accordance with the engagement entered into, Messrs De Young and Speckels are to be National Committeemen, and the Legislative delegation of San Francisco is to be voted against Colonel Burns in case of an extra session. In addition, certain offices on the municipal ticket are conceded to the editors, who in consequence propose to let the Central organization go its own way. This it is doing with a vengeance. It will have tickets in the field throughout San Francisco, and is waging its fight individually. There is a strong undercurrent of feeling against the Crimmins-Kelly outfit, and I should not be surprised to find the Centrals strong enough in the convention to force important concessions. Thus far no new Mayoralty candidates have been developed. I have heard mention of George Newhall as a possibility and of Henry Crocker. Both could be depended upon for an active campaign. J. F. Merrill and Charles Holbrook are often spoken of. To oppose Mayor Phelan a candidate must unite many points of strength. Indeed, at this writing, the chances of victory are all in his favor.

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Assessor Dodge and City and County Attorney Lane seem to have won a degree of popular favor and approval that assures their re-election.

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HIS connection with the Wine Growers' Organization and his bold offer to purchase the grape crop of California, have certainly conferred valuable prominence on Henry Crocker. Though he has kept out of politics, he has been before the public more than any other member of the Republican party, and in connections which redound to his credit. The church-going section of the community may object to Mr. Crocker's relation with racing at Ingleside, but that is balanced by the favor it wins him in other quarters. Surely, San Francisco would not object to good sportsmanship in its chief magistrate. Besides, his affiliations with the conservative business interests, his undeniable services to the viticultural industry, and his enterprise and dash win him a broad public consideration. He has also a large personal following and an unusual capacity for making friends—strong elements in any candidacy. I imagine, however, that the development of the grape deal will effectually tie Mr. Crocker's hands against participation in politics for several years to come.

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THE citizens of Chicago have rendered another service to the cause of art by warring upon that characteristic evil, the signboard nuisance. The way that Americans desecrate the works of man and of nature by advertising devices has long been a wonder to European tourists. Every available space in our large cities, every fence in the country glares with the "decorations" of the advertisers. They have marred some of the most picturesque spots on the continent by daubing rocks, trees and cliffs. The Government has been obliged to use force in order to keep them off in such places as Yellowstone Park and the Virginia Natural Bridge. Some of our countrymen who carried mistaken zeal to Enrope found out how other people feel about it. They began operations in Switzerland, and got into a Swiss jail as the result. Chicago, which does everything on a grand scale, has been especsally cursed in this respect, but last week the Women's Clubs of Cook County, inspired by Henry B. Fuller's statement that Chicago is an inartistic city, has taken the initiative. In a letter addressed to the business houses, they ask that patronage be withdrawn from the advertising firms responsible for advertising signboards and the hideous pictures thereon. Boycott is threatened if the firms concerned do not comply. Boycotts of this kind are generally ineffective, but there is no doubt that public feeling is aroused. I glory in the enterprise of tne Chicago women. They have taken up a thing which the newspapers have long neglected, possibly from sheer indifference, possibly from our natural disposition to consider utility in all things before beauty.

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THE reception accorded the returning Nebraska and Utah Volunteers showed more enthusiasm and less real feeling than that which greeted the Oregonians. The sight of the latter gave San Francisco the first idea of the actual horrors of war. People came out to cheer, but when those worn, brown uniforms came in sight, pity overcame enthusiasm. That broke the ice, and taught people what to expect, so the city found voice this time, and at noon Monday morning the composite throat of San Francisco was very, very hoarse. But those torn battle-flags, the first this generation has seen, brought the war very close, after all, much closer perhaps than the wreckage of battle crowding the army ambulances, or the gaps in the ranks of certain companies.

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THOSE who have regarded the published criticisms of Otis, purporting to come from the returned volunteers, as newspaper talk, should have been in the Orpheum, in San Francisco, that same evening. Some three hundred of the veterans were there by special invitation, and they were in a cheering mood. They howled for San Francisco, for the army, for the flag, theatrically dropped from the proscenium at the proper moment, and then, some joker away up in the gallery called out: "What's the matter with Otis!" There was a moment of silence, unbroken by even the faintest suggestion of applause, and then someone hooted. Immediately, the soldiers took it up and hissed their erstwhile commander as heartily as they had cheered the San Franciscans. It was more than a straw showing which way the wind of popular opinion blows, it was a weathercock.

BOSWELL JR.

Caisson of the Third Artillery

The Tattered Flag

Governor Poynter and Adjutant-General Barry

The Last Company

"Hitting 'Er Up"

"The Hancock" at the Dock

Head of the Procession

Sick and Wounded

Unloading Supplies in Camp

RETURN OF THE NEBRASKA AND OREGON VOLUNTEERS

The Main Crater—one thousand feet from fire

The Lava Flow

Mouth of the Crater

The Main Crater and Volcanoes 3 and 4

THE ERUPTION OF MAUNA LOA

Photographs made by Frank Davey, the Honolulu photographer, in a desperate trip to the summit of the volcano.

The Boundary Creek Mining District, Greenwood, British Columbia.

The Boundary Creek Mining District (popularly, although not officially so-called), embraces that portion of the province of British Columbia included between the North Fork of Kettle river on the east, the Main Kettle river on the west, the international boundary on the south and extending northward about twenty miles, in all some four hundred square miles of territory, drained by the Kettle river and its numerous tributaries. Greenwood, the centre of the district, is reached by a wagon road from Penticton—C. P. R. lake station — a distance of 90 miles, and by wagon road from Marcus—S. F. & N. Railway station — a distance of 65 miles. Over the latter road daily mails are brought to Greenwood, and tri-weekly mails over the Penticton route.

J. C. HAAS, B. Sc., E.M.

TOPOGRAPHY.

Topographically, the district consists of a series of low rounded hills, greatly in contrast to the precipitous, rugged peaks of the Kootenays, having a general northerly and southerly trend, and seldom reaching an altitude of over 5,000 feet above sea level, excepting in the northernmost mountains, where the peaks are higher. These mountain peaks are generally well timbered, and numerous small streams come down their valleys and gulleys, thus affording good timber and water for all mining purposes. Through the district, and more espeially on the south and east slopes, many of the hills are covered with bunch grass ranges, giving good food for stock, while in the larger river valleys grain, vegetables and fruits are raised.

GEOLOGY.

Extending up Boundary creek for several miles above Greenwood and one mile south are the hornblende-granite rocks. These granites are found on the east and west side of the creek, piercing the schists, quartzites and crystalline limestones, which are found flanking them on the east and west. Further west are the sandstones and shales in which occur the coal seams of Kettle river. Numerous dykes of diorite, porphyry and other eruptive rocks are found crossing these granites and schists, usually in an easterly and westerly direction.

HISTORICAL.

To one unacquainted with the facts, it is hard to realize that this district was mined for gold over thirty-five years ago. In the early sixties, a party of miners, en route from the California diggings to the new Cariboo placers, pitched their tents near the mouth of Boundary creek for the night. The following morning one of the keen-eyed miners, while taking a bucket of water from the creek, detected what he believed to be good placer gravel. He got good "colors" in his pan; the news soon got around and in a very short time quite a settlement of miners had sprung up.

About $50,000 worth of gold was paned, cradled and sluiced, when the rich gravel "played out," and these early pioneers moved on. Since then placer mining has been carried on intermittently.

For many years after these forty-niners had disappeared the district lay dormant, except for an occasional visit of some dissatisfied placer miner.

In 1886 a party of prospectors traveling between Rock creek and the Columbia river, found quartz in what is now known as Copper camp. The present Copper claim was located but allowed to lapse. Then later in 1886 W. T. Smith discovered Smith's camp, and after that date until 1890 things moved along very slowly. After 1890, numbers of prospectors came into the district, and locations were made in the different camps until there are now over 2,500 claims in the district.

GREENWOOD.

Greenwood, the principal town of the district, is situated on Boundary creek, about seven miles north of the international boundary. It lies in the valley at the base of several mountains, upon whose summits and slopes are the mining camps of the district. Lying in the very heart of the mountains, surrounded on all sides by mines now under development, and reaching out to all of them by a system of wagon roads, it commands the trade of this section. The Canadian Pacific railroad, now building into this section, will have their station here.

GREENWOOD CAMP.

Greenwood camp, showing the most development, and probably the best known camp in the district, lies six miles east of Greenwood city, and at an elevation of 2,000 feet above the town. The ore in this camp occurs in large bodies, and in nearly all cases shows with any depth a general sameness of appearance, *i. e.*, chalcopyrite with hematite (micaceous iron), and some iron pyrites mixed with calcite and some quartz in a greenish eruptive rock, showing considerable alteration and sometimes having a schistose structure. In some cases the ore bodies along their trend are capped with magnetite iron-oxide, through which is disseminated in varying quantities (though as a rule small percentages) copper pyrites.

From development thus far carried on, it appears that these ore bodies occur in contact with lime and diorite, that they have a general northerly and southerly trend, and an easterly dip. From a large number of surface assays taken promiscuously from Greenwood properties, it can be said that 1 to 10 per cent. copper, $1 to $10 gold, and 1 to 6 ounces silver, gives a close valuation of surface ore; 3 to 5 per cent. copper, and $4 to $15 gold has been obtained from some of the claims upon average sampling of several feet of ore. Some very high grade ore is found in this camp, the writer having made assays giving from 15 to 20 per cent. copper and up to $150 gold per ton. At present the deepest shaft in the camp is down over 200 feet; there are others from 50 to 200 feet. and it can be said that of about a dozen properties which have been bonded to large companies, and on which development has been done, in nearly every case the bonds have been taken up, illustrating most forcibly that the properties have proved satisfactory. Some of the ores in the camp are almost self-fluxing, possessing the required percentage of iron, silica and lime, and all will be well adapted for smelting.

WELLINGTON CAMP.

Wellington camp, lying 8½ miles southeasterly of Greenwood, is reached by a good wagon road. The country rock here is of a dark feldspathic nature, while some of the principal ore bodies occur in the diorites, which appear in quite extensive areas, and in the case of the Winnipeg vein, the enclosing rock is serpentine; this, however, is merely an altered diorite. The ores in Wellington camp carry good gold values, as high as $1000 gold per ton having been obtained, and some of the ores carry considerable copper.

About seven miles northearterly by wagon road from Greenwood lies Summit camp, brought prominently to the notice of the mining public during the past year owing to the rich discoveries of copper ore there. There are very many large ore bodies in this camp, the principal value being in copper.

Eight miles northeasterly from Greenwood lies Pass Creek camp. Here a large number of claims have been located. The ores are generally a mixture of pyrrhotite, chalcopyrite and pyrites in large bodies, giving fair copper and gold values; only a limited amount of development has been done up to the present time, but on a number of properties this has been of an encouraging nature.

Long Lake camp is six miles northeasterly from Greenwood, and reached by a good wagon road. Long Lake is a body of water, about 2½ miles long and a half mile broad, and is 1,000 feet higher than Greenwood. It is enclosed on both sides by lofty mountains, reaching an altitude of nearly 2,000 feet above the lake. On these mountains are located the claims that form Long Lake camp. This camp was discovered in the spring of 1895, since which time considerable work has been done. The ores are siliceous, the quartz veins being from a few inches to 8 feet in width, and are mineralized with copper and iron pyrites, pyrrhotite, galena and some tellurides and free gold. The veins have a general northerly and southerly trend, and occur in granite, mico-schist and quartzites. The highest grade ore found in the district comes from this camp, some of the specimen values running up into the thousands. Considerable of the ore runs from $10 to $100 gold and silver per ton.

Seven miles up Boundary creek by wagon road is Kimberly camp. A large number of claims have been located in this camp, but as yet development has gone on in only a small way, as no large companies have taken hold here. The ore here generally is heavy sulphides (copper and iron), and some pyrrhotite.

In West Copper camp, 9 miles northwest of Greenwood, a number of claims have been located. The ore is arsenical pyrites in a siliceous gangue, giving gold assays up to $36 per ton.

Copper camp is situated at the head of Copper creek, at a distance of 6 miles from Greenwood. The copper deposits here occur in contact with lime and porphyry and show large surface outcrops of iron oxide (red hematite) and quartz; in some cases native copper, cuprite and copper glance is distributed through this capping more or less uniformly. Some excellent copper values are obtained in this camp.

Deadwood camp lies between two and three miles west of Greenwood, and is reached by wagon road. As in many of the other camps, the ore here is principally chalcopyrite, carrying gold and silver values, although a few of the well-known properties here show but a little copper, and consist of nearly all iron pyrites carrying good gold values. Some of the ore bodies in this camp are of large extent and high assay value, and are showing up most satisfactorily under development. This undoubtedly will become one of the great copper-gold camps of British Columbia.

In South Deadwood camp a 35-foot shaft has been sunk on the Iva Lenore, a 40-foot shaft on the Emerald, and considerable work on the Iron Pyrites, Herbert Spencer and other claims.

Smith's camp is from 2 to 3½ miles south and west of Greenwood. It holds the distinction of having the oldest continuously held claim in the district—the "Nonesuch." The ores in this camp occur in veins from 1 foot to 8 feet wide, giving good gold values, and in some cases high silver values. A considerable amount of development has been done here.

Graham's camp is situated 1½ miles north of Kettle river, and about ten miles northwesterly from Greenwood. There are some extensive surface showings of ore in this camp, giving high copper values, with some gold and silver.

Central Camp is situated about six miles south-easterly from Greenwood, and near the international boundary line. The ore is in two general classes, *i. e.*, the silicious or quartz ores, carrying gold and silver in galena, blende, pyrites and tetrahedrite, and the heavy sulphide ore carrying copper. Of the first class, the ore occurs in veins up to 10 feet in width, and giving assays up to $60 gold and 200 ounces silver per ton. Of the second class, the ore bodies are large and give good copper values, with some gold.

Skylark camp adjoins Greenwood on the east and southeast, and embraces about eight square miles of territory. Here are located some very rich claims. The richer ores occur in small veins, usually from a few inches to a foot or 15 inches in width, and assay values run up to $300 gold and silver per ton. Shipments have been made from several claims in this camp.

Providence camp lies adjacent to Greenwood, the claims lying on both sides of Boundary creek, and extending northward a mile or so above the town. The veins in this camp as a rule are small, but of very high grade. They are found in the hornblende granites and altered sedimentary rocks. Shipments of ore from Providence camp have been made to American smelters, yielding high gold and silver returns.

On the north fork of Kettle river, at and in the vicinity of Bram's camp, are some large bodies of copper-gold ore, some of which yield excellent gold values.

The following properties are now equipped with steam plants:

Greenwood camp—Old Ironsides, Knob Hill, Stemwinder, Brooklyn, and plant en route to the Snowshoe. Summit camp—B. C. and Oro Dinero. Wellington camp—Winnipeg and Golden Crown. Long Lake camp—Jewel and Dinero Grande. Copper camp—King Solomon. Deadwood camp—Mother Lode and Morrison, and plants ordered for the Sunset and Buckhorn. Central camp—City of Paris and Lincoln. Skylark camp—Last Chance.

Besides these, a number of properties will be equipped with machinery as soon as the first railroad trains arrive, next autumn.

The possibilities of the Boundary District are almost illimitable. In the above short description the merest reference has been made to the numerous camps of known value. It would be impossible to adequately describe the vast mineral resources of Boundary creek in an article ten times as voluminous as this; however, there is satisfaction in knowing that at last, with the advent of the railroad, the smelter and the consequent active development of our mines, the attention of the whole mining world is now directed this way. Railroad construction is now being pushed in every direction, and each camp will soon be supplied with a means of shipping its ore.

THE MORRISON MINE.

The Morrison mine is situated in Deadwood camp, Yale district, Boundary creek country, British Columbia. It was located in the early nineties and purchased in 1895 by Loring, Crane and Oliver. A company was then formed in the State of Washington of one million capitalization, with four hundred thousand as a treasury. The head office of the company is Spokane, Washington. George T. Crane is President and Treasurer, A. F. Oliver, Secretary and F. H. Oliver, Manager. Very little work was done on the property until 1898, when the construction of the Columbia & Western Railroad was assured. The company then began active development work with a force of twelve men, and have been pushing work ever since.

The formation is lime and syenite, with lime on foot wall. The vein has been opened a distance of 900 feet on the surface and to a depth of 170 feet. The vein seems to be very

Crosscut Tunnel, Morrison Mine

wide, but as no crosscut has been driven the actual width has not been determined, but appears on the surface to be about 100 feet. The course of the vein is northeast and southwest, dipping slightly to the west. The vein filling is calcite, lime and quartz, carrying copper and iron pyrites. with occasional strata and bunches of pyrrhotite chalco pyrites. The development consists of various open cuts, two shafts and one crosscut tunnel. Shaft No. 1 was sunk close to the hanging wall to a depth of 30 feet, all in solid ore, but on an average of low commercial value. Shaft No. 2, which is east of No. 1, and near foot wall, was sunk to a depth of 102 feet, all of which was in ore. From the surface to the 75 foot level the ore carries $21.00 gold and one per cent. copper. From the 75 foot to the 102 the ore is of lower grade, the pay chute evidently having dipped from the shaft, and whether it has dipped in the vein to the north or south only further development work can ascertain. One of the open cuts 150 feet northeast of No. 2 shaft down to a depth of 10 feet carries $6.00 gold and from 3 to 14 per cent. copper. The crosscut tunnel which was started at the creek level south and east of shaft No. 2 has been driven 400 feet to a point under shaft No. 2, and 70 feet lower. An upraise has just been completed for ventilation, and a crosscut to the vein is now being made. As soon as this is done drifting will begin both north and south on the vein. In driving this crosscut two veins were cut, one 12 and the other 5 feet wide. From the course of the vein they will intersect the main vein at a point about 100 feet south of Shaft No. 2. The ore is of low grade, carrying $6.00 in gold and one-half of one per cent. copper. It is the intention of the company to further explore these veins by drifting.

The mine at present is equipped with a hoist, boiler and Rand drill, which is run by steam. As soon as the railroad is completed to the camp the company will install a ten drill compressor, which will be some time this fall.

Town Growth and Development ....of Greenwood, British Columbia.

In all new mining districts the location of business centers are largely, if not altogether, determined by natural and economic conditions, and whatever enterprising men and capital combined may do to temporarily stimulate the growth of townsites they cannot alter or overcome natural tendencies of business to concentrate at the most favorable points. The location may be varied a mile or two in any direction, and early enterprise may establish a center any place within certain small local limits, but that is all. Geographical relation and general easy access to the various mining camps, considered as a whole, must be regarded as the controlling factors, just as Nelson has become the commercial center of East and West Kootenays, and Rossland, a mining town and a mining center, with their futures in all probability determined as such. It is claimed for Greenwood that it occupies just such a position in relation to the whole of the great Boundary District, and of the new country developing west of it, as far as Hope Mountain. It is in the very center of the numerous big mining camps of Boundary District, so situated, in fact, that if a stream of water were set flowing from any one of them it would find its way to Greenwood, and it is near enough to the big country west of the Kettle River to command the trade of the whole of it when developed. It is the well-known experience of all new districts that some one town or city eventually draws to itself the trade of the surrounding country to the exclusion of other towns, and becomes the commercial, industrial and monetary center.

With respect to such considerations, Greenwood has already the advantage of a good start. It is established, and is well on the way. But in addition to that, it possesses, by virtue of its position, the advantages of combining in its future the possibilities of a mining as well as of a trade center, or, in other words, of becoming a Rossland and a Nelson in one. That is to say, it is situated locally adjacent to the principal mining camps of the Boundary District, of which it is now admittedly the center, and has a commanding position in relation to the prospective trade of the whole country already referred to. It has wholesale houses which do a large business in supplying minor points in the district; it has the branches of three of the leading banks of the Dominion, where practically all the banking of the surrounding country is done, and it is likely to have in the near future a wholesale depot for mining material and supplies, with machine shops and a foundry in conjunction. It will be near enough to any or all of the smelters erected in the district to reap the commercial advantages of the smelting industry, and at the same time far enough away to enjoy immunity from its local disadvantages. In all probability, smelters will be erected a few miles away on Copper Creek, at Midway, at Boundary Falls and at Grand Forks as soon as mining development warrants. One, if not two, of these will be begun during the present year.

To be more explicit in regard to the position of Greenwood, it may be stated that it is situated on Boundary Creek, about nine miles from where that now well-known stream enters the Kettle River at Midway. It was from this somewhat insignificant stream that the whole country from Christina Lake to the Kettle River, on the west, has come to be known as the Boundary District—in itself a significant fact, because it was the almost phenomenal and incredible extent of the ore deposits in the mountains on either side of the creek surrounding Greenwood—that has determined the future of this section of British Columbia, and given to it its general character as a mineral-producing area. The Boundary country is as well known to the mining world now as Trail or the Slocan. The valley is from a quarter to a mile wide, and it was, to quote a recent publication, at the point where Twin Creek joins Boundary Creek that "Robert Wood, a pioneer of the province and an enterprising business man, when he came in from Vernon, decided the trade of the surrounding mining camps could be diverted." Elsewhere Mr. Haas has described somewhat fully the various mining camps, the mineral characteristics of the district, and the geographical relation of this city there, and it is therefore unnecessary to repeat the information here. It is, however, simply to emphasize the importance of the natural and commercial situation that additional reference is made to the subject at this point, in order that it may be clearly understood upon what grounds the hopes for the future of Greenwood are based. Hitherto, the business men and citizens have not considered it, and do not now consider it necessary, to resort to any of the various but familiar expedients known as "booming," in order to stimulate its growth. Its position and natural advantages have been its standing advertisement to the world, and it has grown and prospered steadily and substantially. No one in Greenwood has at any time entertained any doubts about the certainty of its future. Owing to the number of townsites that have been placed on the market, the promoters of which have been emulated by the success of Greenwood, and the many claims set forth in their behalf as the "coming center" of the Boundary Country, it may be as well to remark here that Greenwood's future or the faith possessed by its citizens in the final result has in no way been lessened thereby, although it is possible that some outside investors, who have not had an opportunity of investigating for themselves, may be deceived and confused by so many conflicting statements. Every mine and mining camp will be the nucleus of population in proportion to the size of the pay-roll, and every town in connection in the Boundary country means just so much more population tributary to Greenwood, which will in the future more or less depend upon these smaller towns for its trade. Such places as Eholt, Phœnix, Summit City, Boundary Falls, etc., which are springing into existence, owing to their proximity to mines, or to a smelter, have all more or less prospects of becoming towns in reality as well as in name, and the more successful they are as towns the greater will be Greenwood's future. The citizens welcome the advent of all the towns that the district can support, and the mines are sufficiently rich to create an immense population in time, because in the very nature of things they will not be rivals to Greenwood, but rather accessories to its growth, in the same way as such towns on the Coast as Westminster, Nanaimo, Wellington and Steveston are not rivals to Victoria and Vancouver, but are rather essentials to the latter's existence as cities of importance in relation to the whole of British Columbia.

Otto Dillier preempted the present town site of Greenwood in August, 1894, and his interests were secured by Robert Wood, one of the owners of the townsite and the legitimate "Father" of the city. He surveyed the site, built roads to the principal mining camps, erected a hospital, and graded streets, expending large sums of money in general improvements. Since then the progress has been steady and uninterrupted—greater probably during the past six months than ever before, the population having doubled in that time. The means of communication which the city and district have had to depend upon up to the present is that primitive one, the stage. Stage lines were established as the country has opened up in various directions, but the principal means of ingress and egress is via Blossburg and Marcus, on the Spokane Falls and Northern Railway, in Washington, passing Cascade City and Grand Forks en route on the one side; and by way of Penticton, where connection is made with the I. C. P. R. system in British Columbia, traveling through Midway, Rock Creek, Camp McKinney, on the other. The old Dewdney trail passes through from the Coast to Fort Steele near Greenwood, but has never been used of late except as a trail for pack horses and prospectors. All supplies, mining machinery and freight of whatever nature has been hauled in by freighters from either of the two extremes mentioned at a rate of freight varying from 1½ to 3 cents per pound. From Blossburg it is 60 miles and from Penticton it is 100 miles to Greenwood, so that some of the difficulties of pioneer life and some of the obstacles to development may be understood and appreciated. Under such circumstances the rise and growth of Greenwood from a cipher of four years ago to a city of 2,500 at present is not a record to be ashamed of.

Recently, the construction of a railway into the district and through the city itself has had a stimulating effect undoubtedly, and has done much to assure its future. The Columbia and Western, which is part of the C. P. R. system in B. C., is really an extension of the line from Rossland to Trail by way of Robson, on the Columbia River, and westward south of Christina Lake, and generally along the line of the International Boundary, with Penticton, or more properly Vernon, in the Okanagan Valley, as the ultimate terminus. The railway is being constructed as far as Midway, nine miles from Greenwood, at present, and as the grading is completed as far as that point, the prospects of trains running into Greenwood before the snow flies are considered to be excellent, in fact, assured. The Canadian Pacific Railway Company is building branch lines to all the principal mining camps in the vicinity of Greenwood, so that the products of the mines may be shipped to the smelters as soon as the main line itself is completed. That fact is in itself the best guarantee of the prospects and the *bona fides* of the camps in question. There was also an agitation for the granting of a charter to D. C. Corbin, who proposed to build what is known as the Kettle River Valley Railway, but owing to the temporary withdrawal of the application for the charter by Mr. Corbin, construction has been delayed; but sooner or later, it is contended, the road will be built. Jim Hill, the President of the Great Northern Railway, has at the present time a party of surveyors up as far as the International Boundary Line at Midway, routing a line as an extension to his proposed railway to Republic, up the San Poil Valley. For several years, too, there was a strong agitation in British Columbia for a direct line through Greenwood from Vancouver, B. C., on the Coast, via Hope Mountain and the Similkameen, and as a consequence both a charter and subsidy were obtained, but as yet arrangements have not been made for construction. It is, however, one of the certainties of the future, as in all probability, if no other company undertakes it, the C. P. Railroad, in its own interests, will build, and that very soon. All the country west of Greenwood as far as Hope, on the main line of the C. P. R., is richly mineralized, and now that prospectors are pouring through it and capital is becoming interested, railways are sure to follow in their wake. There is therefore every reason to conclude that Greenwood will ere long have several lines of railway to further its interests as a distributing center. Some of the richest prospects in gold and copper yet found in British Columbia have been uncovered in Similkameen, besides the placers in that district are rich in gold and platinum. Then, again, up the North and West forks of the Kettle River, and the country between and north of them, which is all tributary, excellent prospects have been discovered, and attention is being directed thither, and as soon as railways are in, important developments will take place. All this country described, or rather referred to in a general way, is practically one, is in the same mineral belt, possesses similar climatological, topographical and metallurgical conditions, and will all be known as Boundary. Its trade will be controlled by one important center, and Greenwood is just far enough west, with its already established connections and forward growth, to be that place.

Greenwood is pleasantly situated about 2500 feet above sea level, with a climate which partakes of the general characteristics of the interior plateau of British Columbia, which is invariably salubrious and pleasant. It has two newspapers, several first-class hotels, several sawmills and brickyards, besides a number of large business firms, doing, as has already been stated, a jobbing and wholesale as well as a retail trade. There is a good public school and four churches. Three of the main streets can be extended a mile in a straight direction. Water works have been installed, and a fire brigade has been organized. All the business blocks and the residences are frame buildings, many of them quite substantial and ornate in appearance, but brick and stone buildings are in process of erection, and for such class of structures there is ample material easily available. The city has communication with the outside world by means of long-distance telephone, but will soon be connected by two lines of telegraph as well. It has also two local telephone systems, with a third in prospect. The banks represented are the Banks of Montreal, Commerce and British North America. Nearly all the insurance companies doing business in Canada have their agencies here. A by-law has been passed to provide for the inauguration of an electric light plant, the debentures in connection with which have been sold at a premium. Numbers of families are coming in, so that that aggregation known as society is rapidly being crystalized into definite form, and home life is beginning to be felt. Living is not higher than the average in the interior towns, notwithstanding the disadvantages in the way of communication. With the advent of the railway, the social organism will have been fully developed. The city has already that adjunct of civilized life, "The Club," well appointed and possessing a large membership.

It will be interesting, before concluding this necessarily brief description of one of the newest and most progressive of British Columbia's interior cities, to review historically its surroundings. Boundary Creek was known in the early sixties at the time of the Rock Creek excitement. It was prospected, and quantities of gold were found and taken away, but it did not prove rich enough to satisfy those early miners, who flocked hither and thither searching for Williams Creeks and Klondikes. As usually occurs, however, a

W. J. Nelson G. B. Taylor Andrew Leamy Chief of Police McLaren I. H. Hallett James Sutherland

A. J. Cameron C. S. Galloway Thomas J. Hardy Robert Wood

MEMBERS OF THE CITY COUNCIL OF GREENWOOD, B. C.

few of the pioneer prospectors who came for gold took up ranches and settled here and there along the Kettle River Valley, in which frequent beautiful and fertile stretches of land are found, thus preventing the district from lapsing again into its primeval solitude, for with the exception of the Indians and the few fur traders who passed to and fro in the early days, it was never visited by human beings. For years after the first excitement, however—from then on until the first quartz prospectors began to come in—it was a long and lonely existence for these first settlers, and the district during that period may be appropriately referred to as, if not dead, at least as slumbering deeply. Among the best known of the old timers, who held the country down, so to speak, were Messrs. Eholt and Ingram, near Midway, and McConnell and Covert, near Grand Forks, and some rare stories are told about the social reunions of these pioneers once a year, when they came for many miles in all directions to Ingram's at Midway.

The first quartz locations were made in 1886, but after that, as Mr. Haas expresses it, things moved along slowly until 1890, when a sudden awakening took place and prospectors came in from all sides, and many claims were staked in all the camps. At first, however, notwithstanding the big showings on the surface, very few mining men took stock in the camps about Greenwood. They were too low grade, and there was then but little prospect of a railway coming to make treatment at a low rate possible. Some of the biggest properties now being developed were passed over by prospectors as practically valueless. Most of them were restaked after being abandoned. It is a characteristic of the ore bodies in this district that they usually improve in values with depth, and this particularly the case with such mines as the Mother Lode, the bond on which was thrown up because of the low values revealed in the surface ore. Finally capital began to come in, and deep sinking was undertaken, with the results which we see to-day.

Among the numerous prospectors who staked out the claims in the adjoining camps, there are a few worthy of special mention, such as E. Lefevre, Henry White, Thomas Atwood, Mack Ingraham, Scott McRae, J. Lynch, George Riter, W. McCormack, W. W. Gibbs, W. T. Smith, D. McCarren, Duncan McIntosh, G. Rumburger, John Dunn, Tom Humphrys, Ewing Kneightley, Tom Wake, John Douglas, Tom Macaulay, R. C. Johnson, Jim McConnell. There are hosts of others, but these are all associated with the finding of the principal claims. Some of them have made a stake, some of them expect to still make it out of their properties, some are "broke," and some have crossed their last divide. They all did good work, staked a number of claims, and have been in numerous mining camps. They belong to the class of men to whom Greenwood and the citizens of every part of British Columbia owe a great debt of gratitude for making the present possible, and the future of the mining industry in this province so bright with hopes.

THE WINNIPEG MINE.

The Winnipeg mine was located in June, 1895, by Duncan McIntosh, who stuck to the property, and is now president of and one of the principal holders in the company which

The Winnipeg Mine

is developing it. Nature has been generous to the Winnipeg, furnishing it with ledges of rich ore, but the credit for making the Winnipeg a big mine is due to Mr. McIntosh. Single-handed, he went to work to develop the property at a time when tnere was but little encouragement for the expenditure of energy or money in the Boundary Creek district. He soon demonstrated that the Winnipeg was a property of unusual merit. Mining men made flattering offers to purchase, but, with the stubbornness and canniness of a Highland Scotsman, Mr. McIntosh refused. To-day the Winnipeg has more development work than any other mine in the district, and it has been carried on at less cost. A double compartment shaft, 4 by 8½, runs to the 300-foot level; at the 50-foot level there is a 74-foot drift run west from the shaft, and a 36-foot crosscut. There is 500 feet of drifts and crosscuts at the 100-foot level, and 360 feet at the 300-foot level, making nearly 1300 feet of work in all. All this work has been done under the personal supervision of Mr. McIntosh, and this probably accounts for the exceptionally low cost. A record has been kept of the cost of work, including outlay for labor, timber, powder, candles and fuel. For $6.72 per foot, 579 feet of work was run during five months of last year. The ground is, of course, favorable to cheap work, but careful management is primarily responsible for the low cost.

The ore is a rich pyrrhotite. At the 50-foot level two ledges were cross-cut; one is two to six feet wide, and the other is five to eight feet wide. The work at the 100-foot level crosscuts several chutes of rich ore. At the 300-foot level the drift runs through a new chute ninety feet in length. The ore gives high gold values. Five tons sent to the North Port smelter gave $74 41 in gold and 44 cents in silver. This is above the average value, but there are 1500 tons of ore on the dump that will average not less than $30 to the ton. The ore is an excellent smelting ore, and a very low rate has already been offered for transportation and treatment. Although no effort has been made to stope out the ore, there are already 6,000 tons in sight, without considering the new chute at the 300-foot level. An upraise will be run in this chute at an early date, and the 200-foot level will be driven.

The plant at the Winnipeg includes a 6-drill compressor, one 60-horse-power boiler and another 35-horse-power boiler, a 6x8 hoist, a No. 5 Cameron pump, and two machine drills. The buildings include a frame shaft-house, 24x50 feet, a comfortable office, a bunkhouse, messroom, and stables. The branch railway to Greenwood and Welling camps from the main line will pass through the Winnipeg, affording good facilities for shipping the ore. The property is situated about ten miles from Greenwood. Less than six months ago the stock was quoted at 17 cents. To-day it is up to 35, and hard to get at this figure.

HANDLES BIG PROPERTIES.

E. A. Bielenberg, of Greenwood, B. C., in the course of conversation recently, said that in his judgment the mining future of the Boundary Creek district will far outdo any of the mining sections of British Columbia. After exploiting many camps, Mr. Bielenberg has decided to pin his faith to the mineral section surrounding Greenwood. He has already interested considerable capital for investment in this district, recently closing a deal with Hon. Rufus H. Pope for the purchase of the Buckhorn and Tintic for $30,000 spot cash. Mr. Bielenberg has under his control and management the "Anaconda Group," Butterfly, Surprise, Skylark, Baker Creek properties, and is now opening up the Blue Bell, Arlington, and Iron Top, all his properties being Crown-granted.

1—Robert Wood. 2—D. A. Holbrook. 3—Fred Kefler. 4—Otto Dillier. 5—James Sutherland. 6—C. S. Galloway. 7—G. A. Rendell. 8—L. S. M. Barrett. 9—Geo. W. Rumberger. 10—Thomas J. Hardy. 11—Louis Bosshart. 12—Thomas McDonnell. 13—W. J. Porter. 14—J. W. Nelson. 15—E. A. Bielenberg. 16—J. W. Powell. 17—J. W. Hugh Wood. 18—Duncan McIntosh. 19—Ralph Smailes.

PIONEERS OF THE BOUNDARY CREEK MINING DISTRICT

The Morrison Mine

Street scen

Residence of L. S. M. Barrett, Greenwood

Railroad Grading, Greenwood

Hauling Machinery to the Winnipeg Mine

Greenw

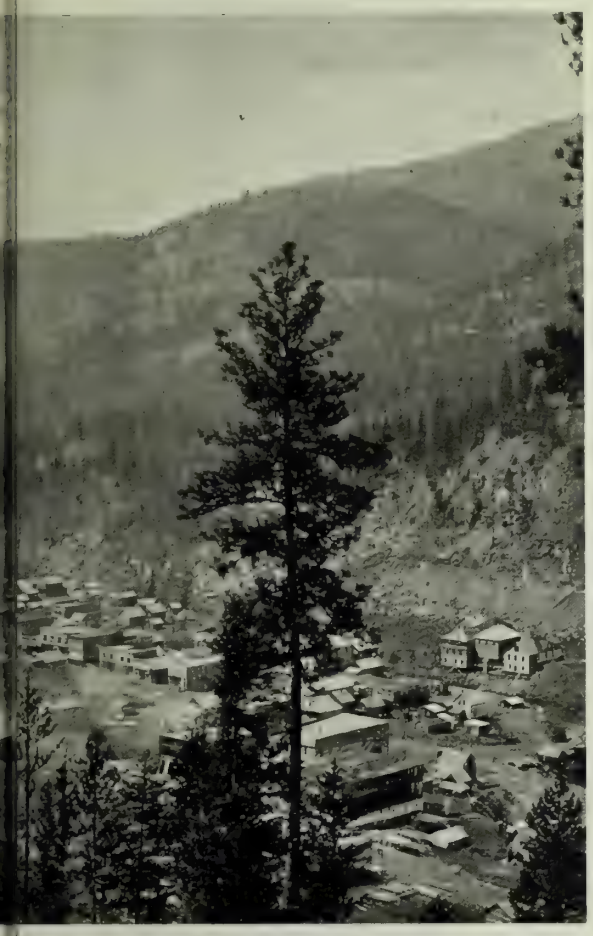
Knob Hill Mine

Copp

e in Greenwood

Shaft House of the Winnipeg Mine

First Cabin Built on Greenwood Townsite, 1894



d Looking Southwest

The Rendell Block

Hotel Leland

eet, Greenwood

Old Ironsides Mine

The Great Mother Lode Mine: A Description of Work Now Done and the Results Attained.

This property is situated about three miles northwest from Anaconda and Greenwood, B. C., in Deadwood Mining Camp. There are five claims in the group, of which the Mother Lode, Tenbrock and Primrose are the principal ones. Although the Mother Lode was located early in the nineties, but little work was done on it until 1896, when it was bonded by Messrs. F. L. Underwood, James F. Tichenor

Surface Works of the Mother Lode

and Col. John Weir, all of New York. In September of that year work was begun under the management of Mr. Frederic Keffer, M. E., and has been carried on continuously ever since.

EXPLORATORY WORK.

The first exploratory work consisted of various small shafts, crosscuts and pits made in order to locate the croppings of the ledge as closely as possible, and by means of these the approximate extent of ore body was found to be at least 1100 feet in length by about 200 feet in width. How much further the ore body may extend cannot be told on account of deep deposits of drift which cover the southern end. A crosscut tunnel was next started near the west side line of Mother Lode, about the center of the claim, and was driven across the ledge for a distance of some 247 feet toward the east, the first 42 feet of which crosscut were in limestone and the remaining 205 feet in ore.

A winze was next sunk from a point near the center of tunnel, to a depth of 100 feet, and a second crosscut 87 feet in length run from its foot. The ore found on the surface over the tunnel was of very low grade. That found in the tunnel 100 feet below (in its deepest part) was still of low grade, but very much better than that found on the surface. while the ore found near bottom of winze and in lower crosscut was of such a character as to readily admit of profitable working.

These results showed that in the Mother Lode at least, there was a decided improvement with depth. Of the 87 feet in the lower crosscut about 65 feet will admit of profitable treatment; beginning with the west end the first twelve feet of the ledge assayed $12.00 to $18.50 waste included, and roughly sorted $20.00 to $30.00. The next 6 feet went about $12.00, and the next 38 feet about $8.50 per ton, waste included, and rough sorted ore $13.00 to $17.00 per ton. The succeeding 20 feet were of valueless rock, after which came 11 feet assaying $13.00, rough sorted $22.50. The boundary of this last ore was the hanging wall of ledge. The assays do not include silver in the ore which is usually from one to two ounces. In the preliminary explorations described above, assays were made for nearly every foot of the work, on samples of about 100 pounds each, with the view of making the tests as accurate as possible.

PERMANENT WORK.

The results attained by these preliminary works were very encouraging, and in the spring of 1898 the owners determined to equip the mine with machinery and to open it up on a scale commensurate with its great extent. In March of that year the present British Columbia Copper Company, Limited, of New York, was formed to take over the properties, and the capital was fixed at one million dollars in five dollar shares. A plant consisting in the main part of two 60 horse power boilers with heater, a ten drill Ingersoll-Sergeant air compressor, with complement of drills and accessories, station and sinking pumps, a Lidgerwood hoisting engine, an Edison electric light plant, some half mile of piping, and all the cars, buckets, rails, etc., etc., which go toward making up a complete plant, were purchased from James Cooper & Co., of Montreal.

This heavy machinery aggregating some 80 odd tons in all was hauled in from Marcus, Washington, 65 miles distant, and was erected with needful buildings to cover, by the end of September, 1898, since which time the plant has been run without interruption.

A shaft platform was cut out of the rock on the hillside, and the shaft started at a point near the hanging wall of ore body, and about 500 feet south of the old preliminary works. The shaft has two compartments, each 4½x5 in the clear, and is heavily timbered with 12x12 sawed timber. The ladder way has landings each 15 feet, and the whole work is a model of safety and solidity. At about 150 feet down the ore became of such a value as would pay to mine, and from this point to 200 feet the improvement was marked. At 200 feet a station nearly 20x18 feet by 16 high, was cut out on the north side of shaft, most of which was in fine ore. At present some 600 feet of crosscut and drift has been run on the 200 foot level, and this work is still being pushed. There has been found to exist here a great body of ore whose dimensions are yet to be ascertained, as the headings are in ore. It will, however, be very extensive. The ore taken as a whole is of higher grade than that found in the lower crosscut at foot of winze, and much of it is of greatly higher value. There have lately been found near the foot wall pockets of zinc blended with galena, running well in silver. The company has recently purchased an auxilliary hoist, and is starting to sink the shaft to a greater depth. It is now 215 feet up. The spur line from the C. P. railroad is now being constructed to the mine, some two miles of grading being finished.

MINERALOGICAL FEATURES.

The Mother Lode ledge runs nearly north and south dipping to the east at an angle of about 30 degrees from the vertical. The foot wall is limestone, and the hanging an altered diabasic rock. The ledge itself appears to have been of eruptive origin.

Three general classes of ore are found. One is a calcite carrying copper and iron pyrites; the second a silicate of iron, lime, alumina, and magnesia, with copper and iron pyrites, and often with masses of serpentine, or interspersed with garnets; the third is a compact, excessively hard magnetic oxide of iron with copper pyrites. These varieties of course blend more or less into one another, but for a general division the classification will serve.

The gold apparently exists largely if not wholly in the free state, for tailings from concentrates, although carrying considerable amounts of copper and iron sulphides, carry little or no gold; moreover, the gold can be amalgamated to a large extent. Another feature of great value is that the ore from the mine can be mixed in such a way as to make it practically self-fluxing, in the smelter. Further, the greater part of the ore can be concentrated by means of water, the concentrates, carrying practically all the gold and most of the copper. In the case of the lower grade ores, this circumstance will greatly enhance their importance.

There are at present about 30 men at work in the mine, and the property is being placed in a position as rapidly as possible to become a large producer of gold-copper ore.

FREDERICK KEFFER, E.M.

THE NUMBER 7 MINE.

This property is located in Central camp about five miles southeast of Greenwood, and is owned by Messrs. James F.

The No. 7 Mine

Tichenor and F. L. Underwood, of New York. The ledge crops along the surface for a distance of about 850 feet and averages about two and one half feet in thickness, and carries from $20.00 to $50.00 per ton in gold, silver and lead. A shaft has been sunk to a depth of 140 feet, and about 500 feet of work done at this depth, work which has proven the permanence and constant value of the ore.

About $15,000 has been expended in development work here exclusive of the cost price of the property, and it is the intention of the owners when railway communication can be had, to commence active work again.

The picture shows the horse-whim and gallows frame at the mouth of the inclined shaft.

Miners of the Mother Lode

PROOF OF GREENWOOD'S PROSPERITY.

One year ago, or about the first of July, 1898, Greenwood was a village of about four hundred inhabitants. The streets were ungraded, the postoffice was in a log building, there were no banks established, no wire connection with the outside world, and the upper portion of the townsite was flooded with Boundary Creek's overflow. But what is Greenwood to-day? A bustling city of three thousand people; three of the wealthiest banks in Canada — Montreal, British North America, and Canadian Bank of Commerce— have been established; sixteen hotels are open, and three more are nearing completion; fifteen general merchandise stores are in operation; there are two drug stores, three printing offices, ten brokerage firms, four medical men, two veterinaries, six legal firms, three jewelers, a fine postoffice, club rooms, four stationers, and three distinct telephone systems. The sum of $30,000 has been expended on street-grading and a waterworks system, and $30,000 worth of debentures have just been issued to complete the work. The best advertisement that Greenwood could have is the fact that these debentures were taken up above par (101).

Last year the city assessment roll of Greenwood was $251,000. This year, although made out in April, it amounted to over $600,000; since that time $100,000 worth of buildings have been constructed, and allowing the property to be taxed at two-thirds of its value, it makes the taxable valuation of Greenwood over one million dollars.

The grade of the Canadian Pacific Railway is completed

Flood-Naden Building

through the city limits, and by the first day of September the shrill whistle of the locomotive should resound through the valley of Boundary Creek. Then, we believe, such an era of prosperity will dawn upon Greenwood as has never yet lighted any city situated in the mining districts of Western America.

W. S. KEITH,
City Assessor and Collector.

THE LELAND HOTEL

A Substantial, Up-to-Date Caravansary Now Nearing Completion at Greenwood.

Greenwood differs from the ordinary mining town in the permanence of its buildings. It is no huddled collection of shanties, like Leadville in '80 or Virginia City in '70 —

The Leland Hotel

towns built by miners who were set only on making their pile and getting out. The men who have built up this hustling little centre have shown that they intend to stay by erecting expensive and permanent structures. It has many residences that would do credit to towns four times the size, and it is about to have a thing rare in young mining camps — a substantial modern hotel. The Leland, now being built for J. W Powell, is a three-story frame structure with all the conveniences of a city hostelry. To begin at the bottom, the basement, of solid masonry up to the first story, is fitted with a laundry, winery, storerooms, and furnaces of the latest pattern. The superstructure contains fifty roomy apartments, with improved bath-rooms. There is a dining-room, twenty-five by forty feet, a spacious billiard and bar-room, a sample-room, with two cozy club-rooms and a special private room where miners may close their million-dollar deals. The first floor opens onto a broad piazza running around the house. Electric lights and bells are provided throughout, and the building is thoroughly warmed, ventilated, and drained.

It is Mr. Powell's intention to let the building, when completed, to a first-class caterer, who will bring the living up to a scale equalling the first-class conveniences provided. The name "Leland" has a special significance understood only in British Columbia. It is the name of the best hotel in each of the Northwestern towns, and it is a guarantee that this new hostelry will be of the highest grade.

Pioneer Hotel, Greenwood, B. C.

GREENWOOD

OSOYOOS DIVN. YALE DISTRICT

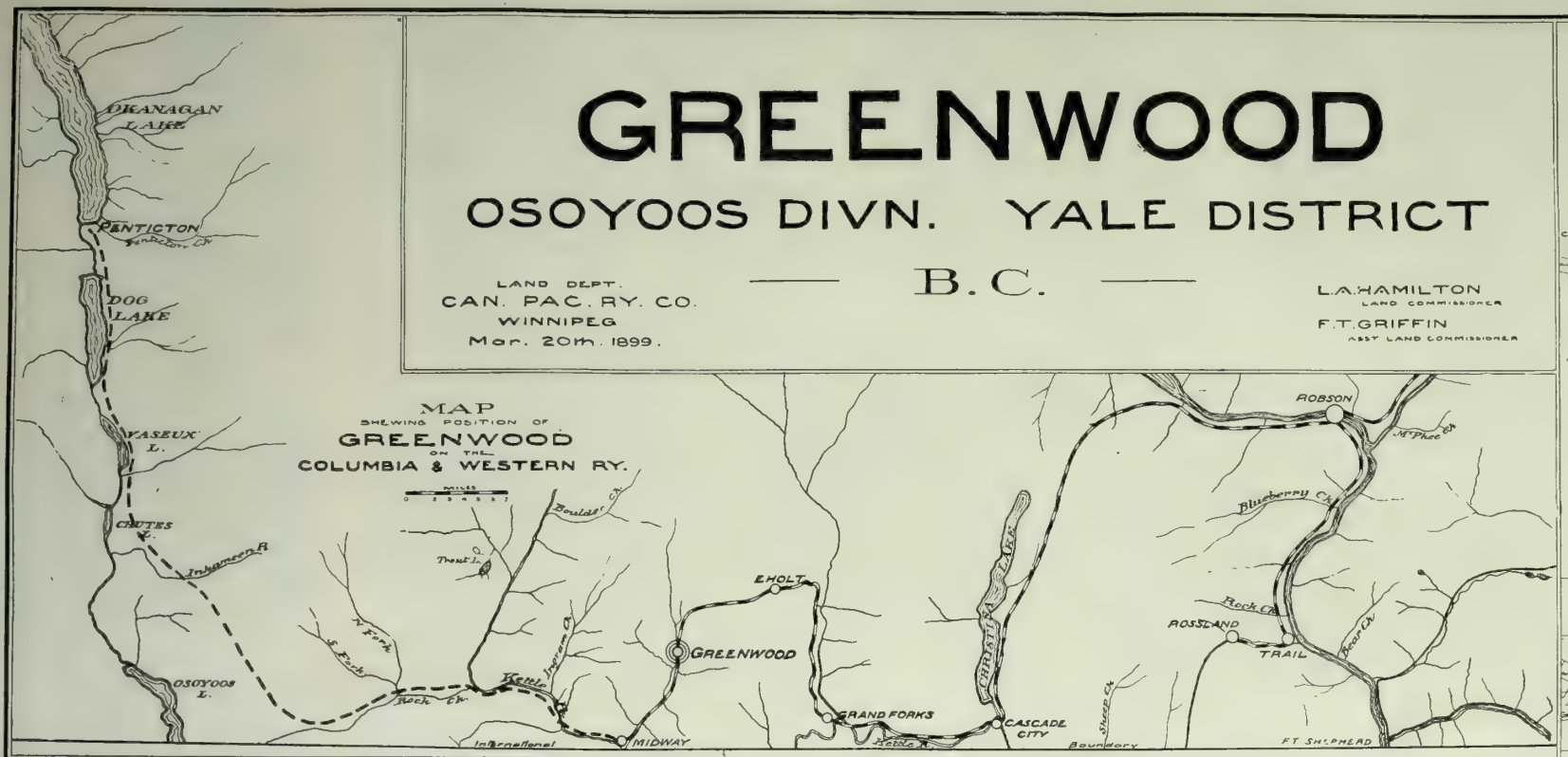
— B.C. —

LAND DEPT.
CAN. PAC. RY. CO.
WINNIPEG
Mar. 20th. 1899.

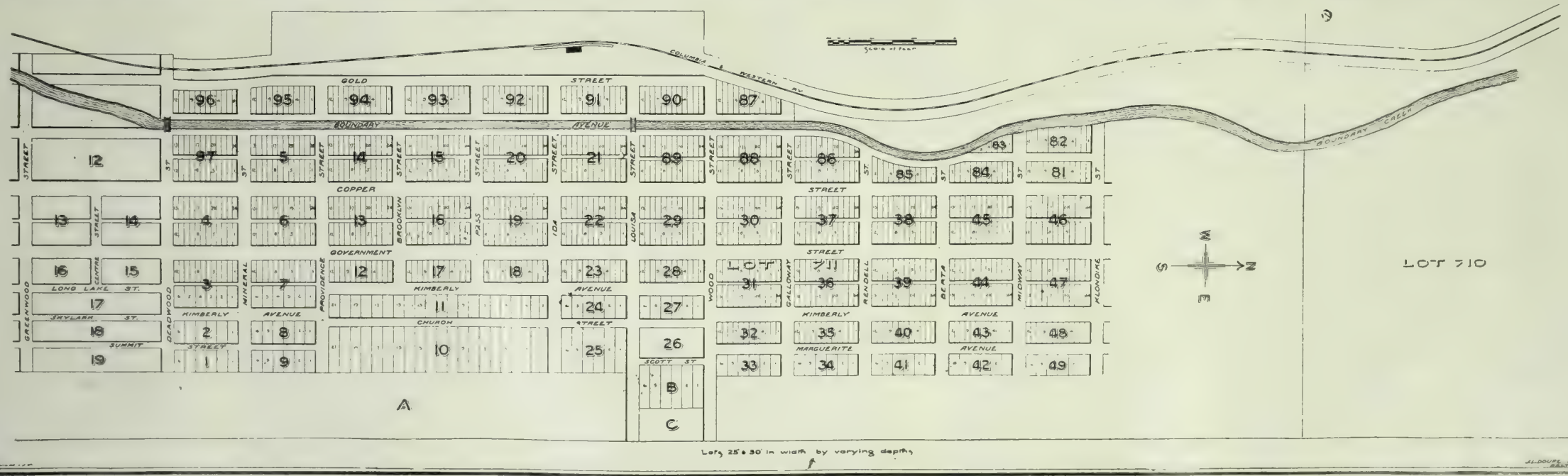
L.A. HAMILTON
LAND COMMISSIONER

F.T. GRIFFIN
ASST LAND COMMISSIONER

MAP
SHEWING POSITION OF
GREENWOOD
ON THE
COLUMBIA & WESTERN RY.



MAP
SHEWING
MINES & MINERAL CLAIMS
IN THE VICINITY OF
GREENWOOD



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Comfortable Sample Room. First-Class Accommodation. Heated by Hot Air

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J. W. Nelson, Proprietor

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Established 1867

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Transport "Zealan ia ' with the 24th Infantry

Group of the 19th Infantry on the "Tartar"

Ready to Go Aboard

General Wheeler and Miss Wheeler on the "Tartar"

Transport "Tartar"

Into the Hold

Up in the World

Equine Defenders

Cavalry Horses Awaiting Embarkation

A Group of Colored Soldiers on the "Zealandia"

The "Tacoma" Loading Hay for the Long Voyage

OUTWARD BOUND FOR MANILA

TAKING THE SICK AND WOUNDED FROM THE "MORGAN CITY"

London, July 22d.—Give me a pen of gold and paper of the smoothest wedding white. Array me even as the lilies, that I may do justice to an official wedding in London swelldom. If the British take their pleasure sadly, with what adverb shall I qualify the taking of their ceremonies? Heavens, the sight of those gloomy faces topping spotless, formal clothes lingers with me yet, and renders me stiff in all my joints! For the Englishman in high places, the thought of the ceremony must add a new terror to matrimony.

Not that there was the faintest cloud over the wedding of young "Loulou" Harcourt and Miss Ethel Burns. On the contrary, it was regarded as a very suitable match, not only by the relatives, who generally have the say, but by the young couple themselves. The impression of gloom I took away with me came, I suppose, from my inability to look at things with the eyes of our elder cousins. Under their skins, they were doubtless enjoying the pageant that filled St. Margarets, the regular place for a wedding of political significance. And a gorgeous pageant it was, too. White prevailed in the scheme of decoration. Hydrangeas and white lilies decked the walls, rare white exotics were on the altar; the font was hidden under white roses. These were set off by bamboo tops, and asparagus, ferns. It was altogether an arrangement that was gorgeous from its very simplicity. The day had been rainy and disagreeable; the guests hid their gay dresses under umbrellas and wraps, to the great disappointment of the crowd on the pavement; carriages splashed through seas of mud. But the sun came out just before the ceremony commenced, and all was of good omen. Of those that waited in the front pews, there were men—and women, too—who have been political opponents of the elder Harcourt and all who stood with him. Nevertheless, there is no English statesman of these times who has numbered so many personal friends among his adversaries. Of these, I noticed in particular Mr. Chamberlain, whom Sir William greeted most warmly, and Lord Glenesk, proprietor of the *Morning Post*, which has criticised Harcourt more than mildly. Of his own side, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman occupied a place of state along with John Morley, Lord Spencer, the "Red Earl," and that rampageous, blustering Irishman, Lord Beresford. Even Labouchere, whom it ordinarily takes a coronation to draw forth from his sanctum, crawled into an inconspicuous corner out of compliment to his old ally.

Then He came, and then She. The bridegroom does'nt count at a wedding; that is always the bride's day, so I will proceed forthwith to tell what she had on. Her white satin dress had a yoke and sleeves of Brussels lace, which priceless fabric was also employed in the drapery of the bodice and the trimming of the skirt. This lace was the gift of her mother. Her only ornament was a single row of pearls, peeping from under the orange blossoms and holding her veil of fine and intricate lace. She carried a bouquet of fine orchids. The bridesmaids, ten of them, including her American cousins, the Misses Annie and Caroline Morgan, daughters of J. Pierpont Morgan, for Miss Burns is the daughter of the London branch of the J. exel-Morgan combination, wore soft white s. in veiled with silvery white tulle and overveiled with creamy point d'esprit. Near the hem were let in small, crescent shaped insertions of lace, falling over dainty frills of white silken muslin. Rosettes of narrow, pale mauve ribbon at the collar, the left side of the bodice and the waist lent a charming bit of color. Their hats were of alternate strands of white crinoline and rice straw, wound with white tulle caught up at the left side into high, soft bows by paste buckles.

The bridegroom, though to be sure he didn't count at all, was noticed a little for his resemblance to his father. Tall, thin, fair, he has the elder Harcourt's features in delicate miniature. He is one of the best-dressed Englishmen of his generation, a young man of clean habits into the bargain, and, it is said, very much in love. Harcourt the elder, who is devoted to his family, was much affected and wept silently during the ceremony.

Then the guests followed the bridal party to her mother's house in Brook street for the customary reception. It is a rather small but extremely rich mansion, more French than English in tone. Antique brocade covers the walls, where hang some of the finest paintings in all London. The guests passed up one staircase and down the other, and so well were matters arranged that there was no crowding. London fashion was well represented, in spite of Sir William Harcourt's opposition to the party of fashion, but there were all extremes, from that patrician of the old school, Lady de Grey, to the wives of some prominent provincial Radicals with pronounced clothes and rather more pronounced manners. There was Mrs. Pierpont Morgan, aunt of the bride, who wore heavy brocade, mauve on a French gray ground. Close by her was Mrs. Patrick Campbell, of "second Mrs. Tanquaray" fame, her dark skin and jet hair set off by a lovely gown of ecru lace over blue silk.

There has not been, in recent years, such a display of wedding presents as was set forth on this occasion. The bridegroom's present was a high comb of diamonds. The Pierpont-Morgans gave a necklace of huge pearls, which were perfectly matched, and must have been worth £15,000. There were two tiaras, one of diamonds, the other of diamonds and turquoises, and a diamond necklace, once a part of the French Crown Jewels. The bride's present was a highly decorative and highly useless suitcase filled with every possible masculine utensil, all in gold and gems, and as big and cumbersome as a small trunk. A strictly political gift was a dessert service of Crown Derby porcelain, from the Liberals of Derby. The silver plate was heavy and beautiful beyond description. Detectives, whose looks betrayed them in their efforts at disguise, were on guard in every corner.

From a church wedding to a cricket game is not a far cry in this favored land. The British national game differs from our own in that it is under the patronage of society, while ours is the sport of the populace. Fancy the New York fashionables turning out to watch the pennant game between Brooklyn and Baltimore! My lady of Fifth Avenue would as soon be seen at a prize fight. Over here, however, certain of the annual games are as much a matter of course as Henley or the Ascot. The match of this week was a little on the order of the baseball games between the doctors and the lawyers of the small American town which perennially give the rural reporter a chance to let his humor soar. Two teams of literary, artistic and musical celebrities exhibited themselves last Saturday in the little town of Broadway, in Worcestershire. There wasn't much science, but there was lots of fun, which is more than I can say of any other cricket match I ever witnessed. Mary Anderson, still "our own," although she is now Mrs. de Navarro, was the patroness, and her husband officated as manager of the losing team. On his eleven were Plunkett Greene, the baritone, F. D. Millet, the artist, Professor Hubert Herkomer, whose batting was something strange and wonderful, and Albert Parsons, he of the dainty landscapes. No less a person than James M. Barrie captained the other side, and won the game by his superior bowling. His charming wife sat under an awning—for it was a day of small showers—close to Mrs. de Navarro, and dispensed tea and cakes to the "athletes" between innings. Barrie's followers were all *litterateurs* or artists, including Augustine Birrell, M. P., and that Bohemian artist-actor, Bernard Partridge. The ladies of the literary set applauded from the green, and "smart" society was sparsely represented.

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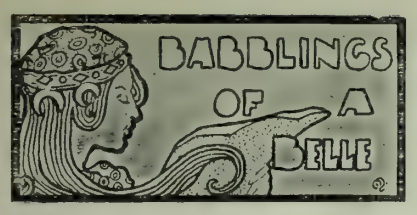


I am just tired to death, my dear Diary, of the same crowd of people. It is awfully hard lines on us girls that our world is so small. I suppose people are just as tired of seeing me as I am of them. Yet, what can we do? If one gives an entertainment there are only just the few whom one knows that can be invited. The consequence is that the girls I know are becoming so narrow-minded that, when I speak to a new person of So-and-so, she is as likely as not to say:

"Oh, you mean that rather pretty girl who has such poor manners," or, "that is the girl who speaks to her friends one day and does not the next."

Aunt Sybil is forever lecturing me on these rudenesses; she calls it the "lack of breeding of the girl of the period." I think it all comes from the fact that when a girl is rushed she immediately fancies she is the *piece de resistance* of modern society, and so loses her head. Her mother is so busy about big things, she does not perceive her daughter's idiosyncrasies. When the girl has become the talk of the town for her rudeness, then Mamma wonders. "Daughter, dear daughter, cease your nonsense, and try to be like Eastern or Southern girls born in the purple."

It seems amazing to me how well the girls are now playing golf. Over in San Rafael Mr. Tetley, who has really worked wonders at this club, is forming a class to coach a few good women players. Mrs. Bush, Mrs. Green, Mrs. Brown and Eleanor Morrow will make an excellent team, and after a little more practice will be ready to play any club in California. All of these players have the right idea of the game, and have been at it some time. Eleanor Morrow is quite a girl, but she has done as good work as anyone on the Links in the time she has been playing. Therese Morgan has aspirations to beating Ella, who is working quite hard at Del Monte. I think it will take her some time, but the Links at San Rafael are so "sporty" they are excellent practice for all players. Dorothy Patton is out daily, and drives her cobs with a most masterly air. Aunt Sybil thinks Dorothy an absolutely unspoiled girl. I do not know one fellow at the hotel who does not envy Fritz his good fortune and judgment in having Dorothy to share his joys and sorrows. "She is just the sort of girl to count on," Arthur says, and I find Arthur is pretty nearly always correct in his assertions.

We had another paper chase on Saturday. As soon as I saw Billy O'Connor start, I put all my money on him. He seemed confident and said nothing. Others knew it all, and did not come up until after the finish was an end. Marie Oge was again the victor and took the ladies' prize. Marie is much too reckless. It really made me nervous on Saturday. She is quite without fear of danger, and I think she is much too pretty a girl to take any chances on her life. I came in after the finish, but had a very jolly ride over the hills. Aunt Sybil made me promise not to gallop, and Therese could not find an animal worth riding, so we had but few girls. Mrs. Crooks is a thing of beauty on her horse. I do not think very many women have better seats than Mrs. Lent and Mrs. Crooks. Mrs. Runyon is pronounced the prettiest woman at the Hotel Rafael. She reminds Aunt Sybil of girls she used to know when she was a girl in Maryland, and has all the charm and sweetness of those dames. There were several dinners given this last week, but they were either at Pastori's or at the hotel, and as it was simply a question of the same girls, Therese, Cora, Edith and Dorothy, I shall not enumerate them. I wish we had more clam bakes. That moon rising on the water, the big cross table, the bonfire and cakewalks and dancing and merriment that prevailed at the Johnson's was so different to most affairs, and then it was new. The sensation of a novelty is so delicious. I think Mrs. Johnson must feel repaid for all her trouble by the realization that her clam bake was the success of the season.

In the departure of Lieutenant Gaines Roberts, San Rafael loses one of its very popular men. We all hope, however, that the girls in Mare Island will enjoy his versatile mind. Bob Carl has gone East, for which we are all very sorry. He was such a "likeable" man, and infinitely better read than our young men. Emmet Crocker, Cuyler Smith, Fritz Bottom and Billy O'Connor, who is awfully interesting about the Klondike, are still at the hotel. Billy is keen on going up there again soon, and I think he has some excellent claims. Laurie Adams is in town now, and I fear I shall have to rush him; he absolutely scintillates when one gets him on Alaska. Aunt Sybil says she just loves the traveled boys, and will sit and talk with them by the hour on the porch Mrs. Dean likes them, too. She is looking better in this warm weather, and goes out driving almost every day with Helen, who has the dearest cart possible.

It is the queerest thing this summer, wherever one goes the people who are not reading *David Harum* have *Richard Carvel* before them. They are both the sort of books one cannot put down once one has commenced them, and their popularity is tremendous. A great number of people left the different resorts on Saturday last, as so many of the schools open this next week. Poor girls and boys! I always think of the time when I had to be taken home, and Leila and Mamma got more out of the summer's outing than I did. Leila is having a jolly time going from post to pillar in the East, and the description she sends me of gowns and fine times is awfully dazzling. I do not wonder the East is so attractive to girls out here.

Mrs. Sloat Fassett and her family left on Tuesday for a two years' trip around the world. Gretchen Fassett will spend some time in Paris at school and will then make her debut in New York. She is, I think, very much like her father, being bright and intelligent and quite puritanic in her love of simplicity. Her family have been up at Lake Tahoe with Ella Bender and Gladys Crocker. Mrs. E. B. Crocker intends spending a few weeks at Del Monte before she returns to New York.

The arrangements for the outing at Del Monte during the last fortnight in August are becoming more and more interesting. There is to be even a pigeon shoot, but with the races, tennis and golf, it seems incredible anyone should think of more numerous amusements. The ball after the steeplechase is to be a *chef d'oeuvre*, and there will be men to burn. Close your eyes and think of such joy. All the men of San Mateo and Burlingame and loads from town will be there. At present Lansing Kellogg has the field almost to himself down there, but he is such a nice fellow he makes up for a dozen. Emily Hager has returned from her visit to Mrs. Dean at the Rafael, and Ella Morgan and she are forever at the Links. Now, Diary dear, good-night. I hope for more interesting news next week.

MISS CRICKET.

***

An interesting engagement just announced is that of Frank Norris, the clever young novelist, who is in San Francisco on a literary quest, and Miss Nettie Black, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Black of 1324 Octavia street, Miss Black is a decidedly handsome and attractive girl, and Mr. Norris is to be congratulated on his good fortune.

***

The arrangements for the August outing at Del Monte are practically complete. It promises to be the most brilliant in the history of the institution and to surpass all previous outings in interest and variety. It is settled that a southern polo team will contest for honors with the Burlingame Club; the bicycle race will be a five-mile run, starting at Pacific Grove and finishing at the porch of the hotel. The important marksmen of the Burlingame and Country clubs will participate in the pigeon shoot, and quite a delegation of golfists have taken rooms for the week. Fashionable society is thoroughly enthused over the affair. Dressmakers are busy night and day, and I am told the display of costumes will be the finest seen in many a season.

**

The season is proving most favorable at the Hotel Rowardennan. Among the guests there now are Mrs. and Miss Gilbert, W. H. Smyth and wife, Mrs. E. T. Allen and family, Misses Maude and Ethel Shoobert, Miss Mabel Bostwick, Miss Reine Slater, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Graves, Charles W. Jackson, Miss Jackson, Dr. and Mrs. Washington Dodge, A. D. Crosse and family, E. B. Holden and others.

After fifty years in the business, the oldest gun and sporting goods man on the Coast has passed away. William A. Seaver commenced as a boy with Bruff Brothers, then the leading gun house in New York City. Afterwards the firm became Bruff Brothers & Seaver, which remained in the same line until the formation of the firm of Scheyler, Hartley & Graham, when Mr. Seaver cast his fortunes with the new firm. This was about 1865. Mr. Seaver's department of this new gun house was the care of the outside trade, for which he was peculiarly qualified. His duties called him to the Pacific Coast in 1868, since which time he has been identified with the gun, ammunition and sporting trade in the West.

In 1886 he made his home here, being the resident agent of the Union Metallic Cartridge Co., Bridgeport Gun Implement Co., Remington Arms Co., and Hartley & Graham. He was well liked by all who knew him, being a man of sterling qualities and correct business principles, and he will be missed by the dealers on this Coast, all of whom were his friends. A widow and one son, Mr. W. H. Seaver, survive him. The funeral services were held at his late residence, 1317 Alice street, Oakland, on Thursday.

Ring-a-Ring o' Roses.

When Phyllis dances on the green,
Her air's so witching sweet;
Beside the hawthorn bush I'd lean
For half a day to watch unseen
Her pretty tripping feet.

When Chloe binds her auburn hair
With graceful curving arms,
I'd linger—if I might but dare!—
Long hours beside her silken chair,
To view those mirrored charms.

When Lesbia lifts her lovely eyes
From some divine romance,
I'd kneel beside her where she lies
Till eve had spread its starry skies
To catch one melting glance.

But, oh! when glorious Sappho sings,
So heavenly is her tone,
Such passion in her look she flings
That I forgot all earthly things,
Am hers and Love's alone!

—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

The Great Summer Trust of 1899.

The Octopus roamed on the river bank,
He sat by the still lake's brim,
He wandered alone,
Where the sad waves moan,
And all were alike to him.

The Octopus climbed to the mountain top,
He strolled on the silver strand,
He stretched forth the claws
Of his far-reaching paws
And took in the whole of the land.

The Octopus swung in the hammock, where
The light of the pale moon fell,
He stretched at his length,
In his powerful strength,
On the porch of the summer hotel.

The Octopus gobbled the summer time,
As only an Octopus must,
And the men, who before,
Ruled the sea and the shore,
Were crushed by the Summer Girl Trust.

—*W. J. L. in New York Sun.*

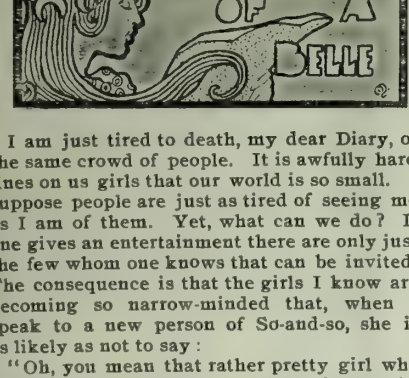
In all large drygoods stores the department devoted to the sale of ladies' corsets, woolen underwear and hosiery is regarded as a highly important one, and this is particularly so with the old established enterprising house of J. J. O'Brien & Co., whose stock in the lines mentioned is large and varied. The corset, woolen underwear and hosiery department of the O'Brien establishment is in charge of Mr. David Costello, one of the ablest and most expert men in his line to be found on the Pacific Coast. To Mr. Costello's sound judgment, polite manners and unvarying courtesy is due his great popularity with the lady patrons of O'Brien's.

Doctor Friedlander, of Wiesbaden, recommends galvanism to relieve pain and irritation and to reduce the swelling caused by the bites of insects. The negative electrode is placed over the sting.

A Fire-Proof Hotel.

The California Hotel is the only modern-built, absolutely fire-proof hotel in San Francisco. It is strictly first-class in every respect. Many of our best families make it their permanent home, while it is undoubtedly the favorite stopping place for tourists from all parts of the world and for our army and navy officers. General R. H. Warfield is the manager, and he has drawn about him an able corps of gentlemanly assistants, all of whom study the comfort of guests, and who are thoroughly acquainted with all the details attached to the managing of a large and first-class house. San Francisco may well feel proud of her only fire-proof hotel—the California Hotel.

The Original Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.



It Has Happened

More than once that a child has been carried off by an eagle. When such a thing does happen the press rings with the story. There's not a line given by the press to the babies carried off daily by disease. It isn't the fact of the child being taken away that is startling or interesting, it's only when the method of taking off is novel that it excites interest. How many children die who might have been saved if the mother who bore them had been able to give them strength and vitality. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes healthy mothers and healthy mothers have healthy children, strong enough to resist disease if they are attacked.

Mrs. Axel Kjer, of Gordonville, Cape Girardeau Co., Mo., writes: "When I look at my little boy I feel it my duty to write to you. This is my fifth child and the only one who came to maturity; the others having died from lack of nourishment—so the doctor said. This time I just thought I would try your 'Prescription.' I took nine bottles and to my surprise it carried me through and gave us as fine a little boy as ever was. Weighed ten and one-half pounds. He is now five months old, has never been sick a day, and is so strong that everybody who sees him wonders at him."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets keep the bowels healthy and regular.

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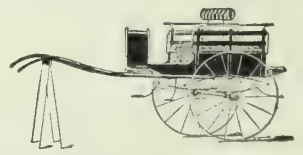

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The Corporal's Twenty Wives.

"My son," said the veteran corporal to the recruit, as they sat together at the camp-fire, "don't trust them furrin girls. They're not happy unless they're making trouble betwixt men. I was in a heap of trouble once thro' my furrin wives."

"Wives?" the recruit suggested deferentially.

"Shut your face," cried the Corporal. "Wives, I said, and wives it is, fur I was foolish as Solomon, an' one wouldn't satisfy me. 'Twas this way. When I had been in the army but a short while, a l-o-n-g time back, my old man—and he didn't know where I was, neither—he died and left me a little pile and his saloon. So, like a fool, I takes my discharge and proceeds, like a bigger fool, to blow in my little fortune, I did. When it was nigh gone I sorter wakes up an' finds I'd sold the property, saloon an' all. When I had kicked myself round the block onc't or twic't, I was ashamed to go back so soon an' re-enlist, an' I had a pal as had made a fool of himself, too. It was the time everyone was talkin' of the dimou' fields in Africa, an' he says to me, he says: 'Bil,' he says, 'we've got our passage money to the Cape. Let's go there an' make another pile, and have the laugh on folks,' he says. It seemed good enough for me, for I was ashamed to pass the people in the town what knew me since a kid. So we went to Africa, we did, and up to Kimberley, and devil a dimon' saw we, an' the drinks was most extravagant dear. An' but we had a hard time of it, and no way to get out, when the blessed hand of Providence purvided a ruction between the blacks and whites, and we was right in it, we was. It was the Zulu war, as maybe you've heard on. Them English took things easy at first, thinkin' they had a soft thing, but the Zulus jumped in the first round an' did all the fightin'. They was terrors, they was. They massacred a regiment and raised hell at Rorke's Drift and fought immense. So it took time for them Britishers to get men enough out to smother the savages, and in the meanwhile the whole of South Africa was in a panic, thinking they'd every one be massacred, too. They raises volunteers right an' left an' a lot of irregular cavalry. That's where me an' my side partner came in. When they knew we had sojered on the plains agin Injuns, they wanted us right away, an' we was willin', cause we was the deadest kind of broke.

"That was fun. The discipline wasn't too severe, an' we had a feller in command who'd been run out of the English Army for gettin' gay, an' then served with Turkey, an' was in no wise particular where he fought so long as there was fun an' boodle in it. We was off an' out over the country by our bloomin' selves, our troop, scoutin'—a free company. We went where we liked, an' we fought when we liked, an' we raided all the time, an' lived high. Ye see, rookie, the wealth of them Kaffirs is counted in cattle. Ye've so many cows, an' ye're a solid man; an' ye've so many more, an' maybe ye're a millionaire. We was after them cows, we was. We'd fight when it came, of course; but the fightin' we wanted was when we knew there was a neat bunch of fat cattle behind the enemy waitin' for us to drive them off. We weren't over careful neither to worry about the brand, an' maybe some Boer cows, an' Englishmen's cows on the Natal border came into our hands. War is war. The market to sell 'em over again was good. So we prospered, an' 'twas good, hot times.

"Good times an' hot times don't last long enough in any old town. Just as we were enjyin' ourselves to the limit the old Gen'ral in command thinks it's time to let people know he's alive, an' starts in an' wallups the Zulus for fair at Ulundi, an' sends their big chief scootin' for his life. It was all over; there was no more kick left in the Zulus. But we took a hand in the chase after the King, and between that hunt an' what we'd seen of the country before, my side partner an' I had a pretty good idee of what sort of a place it was to live in. We had a decent sum in our side pockets by this, fer our share of the raided cattle was all right, an' the pay was good. So my pal says: 'Bill,' he says, 'if we takes this dough an' goes home it ain't enough,' he says, 'even if we don't blow it all in in Cape Town and N'York. Wot d'ye say,' he says, 'if we stay right here where we are an' grow up with the bloomin' country?' 'I'm with you,' I says, an' so 'twas settled betwixt us.

"Mister man, it's a fine country, an' the climate is 'way up. I'll say for them English that they know how to boss them savage peoples. Before the fightin' was well finished they had Zululand split into parts, an' over each part was a chief whom they could trust to keep the other fellows toein' the mark, an' things began to sizzle serenely as if nothing had ever been the matter. My pal an' me we prospected a bit, an' seein' there was freightin' to be done into Natal an' up among the Boers, we hauled freight considerable. But them cows was on my mind—the cows we'd been raidin'—the fatness of them, an' the worth of them, an' the rich grass growin' to feed them most bountiful, with lots of water an' nary hard winters to kill 'em off like it is on the plains.

"'I'll be a cattle king or bust,' says I, and I near was, I was.

"I took up a claim with no trouble, acres an' acres of fine rollin' grassland, an' I laid in stock with my capital. I'd learned a bit of the lingo, an' I was thick with a old Scotchman who'd lived years with the Zulus, a old reprobate who liked the company of black men better than white. He helped me out, an' in a year there I was, livin' by myself in a house I built myself, a ridin' my horse over my own land, an' watchin' my fat cattle an' their increasin' offspring. 'Twas the life of a god for awhile, fur, whenever I rode, the Kaffirs was bowin' an' smilin'. Them's sensible men, them is. When they're whipped they knows they's whipped. Anyway, I was happy, fur heaven meant me fur a farmer, an' 'twixt my cows an' my cabbages an' my corn I was doin' well, until—up comes one day my bloomin' Scotty.

"'Ye're doin' fine,' he says. 'Ye're a credit to the hull of Zululand,' he says, an' I gives him hospitality fur sayin' of it.

"'Ye've a fine lot of cattle,' he says, after awhile; 'but,' he says, 'ye'd better marry afore there's trouble.'

"'Oh!' says I, 'I was thinkin' of sendin' back for a wee townie o' mine, but things ain't fixed for her yet,' I says.

"He laughs, the reprobate, an', says he, 'I dinna mean a white wife,' says he. 'Ye'll hae to tak' a chief's wife, or there'll be trouble,' he says.

"'G'lang,' I says, for I thought the old scoundrel was joking.

"'Hoot, toot!' he says, 'I've a score of em' mysel', he says. 'It's a custom of the country.'

"So off he rode, an' I thought no more of it, until soon after up comes to me my nearest neighbor, a wealthy man in cows, black as coal an' all grins. He jawed an' jawed a long time afore I tumbled, an' what think ye he wanted? Nothin' less than to sell me one of his daughters to wife for twenty cows. Fool that I was I laughed at him, an' off he went in a huff. I was soon sorry. In a week I lost three of my best cattle, assegaied and cut up for meat. I went to the measly Scot-Zulu for advice, for this was the first time I'd ever had trouble with them big, laughin' black fellers.

"'I thocht ye'd be in trouble,' says he, very grave. 'I've a great deal of influence with them, but I canna help ye if ye won't help yerself,' he says. 'Why dinna ye take the girl? It's the custom of the country. The chief's mad, naterally, 'cause ye think ye're too big a man to be neighborly.'

"'Me marry a Zulu?' says I

"'Sure,' says he, ''tis the custom of the country,' says he. 'I've a score, as I told ye, or I couldn' live here.'

"'Heaven forgive me,' thinks I, 'but there's worse men than me has done as Rome does.'

"So I tells the chief I'm ready, an' after a high old feast I handed him twenty cows and he handed me my first wife—180 pounds, with a smile that weighed me down beyond computation.

"'What do they call you to home?' I asks, when we were alone on the ranch, an' she grins a few more pounds an' says, 'Zalli'hic'-lulu,' or something like that.

"'From now on ye're Bridget,' I says, 'mind that,' an' I started to teach her how to cook potatoes, for she was dear at the price she'd cost, an' I didn't like to waste her entirely.

"Two weeks went on, an' Bridget had learned how to broil a steak, when up comes my neighbor from the other side; a big, big chief he'd been before the war, an' great influoence he had. He salutes very gravely and we pow-wow, we does, an' what did he say? He was hurt in his feelin's, he was, 'cause I'd married a wife beneath me in station an' overlooked his two favorite daughters in my selection. He felt, he said, that the war had been for nothing if the Zulu rights could not be protected under the great Queen's rule. He felt, he said, that a great injury had been done to the welfare of South Africa by my overlooking so powerful a chief as he; but, he said, he was willin' to forgive and forget if I would form an alliance with his ancient and wealthy family and marry his two daughters. I kicked him out in my righteous indignation an' lost a bull and two heifers in the next week. I went to Scotty. The tough old beast says: 'I've a score of 'em myself,' he says. 'Best do as everybody else does,' he says. 'It's a custom of the country. When ye's united by matrimony to the first families in Zululand,' he says, 'ye can do what ye've a mind to an' be rich like me.'

"In for a penny, in for a pound,' says I, an' I arranged matters with the chief for thirty-five cows for the daughters. Susannah an' Ethelberta I called 'em and set in to teach 'em to cook an' darn my socks, so's they shouldn't be dead stock on my hands. But I was sore for the bunch of cattle, for I hadn't but 200.

"Rookie, it breaks my heart to tell you, but it's a dead sure fact that in a month every old Zulu within a hundred miles got mad unless I made an alliance with his family, an' the old Scotty, he just looked grave when I kicked—he was a great chief—an' he said every time: 'It's a custom of the country. I had to pay for my possessions in the same way,' he said, an' showed me with great pride about twenty-five wives, who allied him with all the indunas in Zululand. I wasn't goin' to weaken. 'If it's a game for high stakes,' I says, 'I'm in to my last chip,' I says. 'I'll win out, or bust,' I says. 'I'm tellin' ye the truth, I'd at last twenty wives an' only two cows left. Says I: 'There can't be many more chiefs in this here country to ally with, an' I guess I'm through with the trouble. But,' thinks I, 'I can't be doin' much to stock my farm with but two cows, so I'll go and ask that durned old Scotty to stake me to th' extent of a bunch, seein' he's been so friendly.' So off I went to find him miles away, leavin' twenty women to cook one beefsteak for my supper when I returned.

"Old Scotty was out on the range, an' I rode up to him, an' I couldn't speak, for he was havin' some new cattle branded, an' the first thing I saw was an old bull that had been mine, chipped in for Ethelberta, and a hull lot of cattle I'd giv' up for Bridget and Georgiana and Mary Jane and the rest of my wives. Old Scotty was a lookin' at me an' seen me turn from white to green and green to red.

"'Them was my cows,' I says. 'Wot's they doin' here?'

"'It's a custom of the country,' says he, with a grin. 'My friends, with whose families I'm allied, think so highly of my influoence,' he says, 'they made me a present of 'em.'

"'I've been robbed,' says I, like a fool, for I felt like a baby. 'Ye dam old Scotch Zulu,' I says.

"'As to robbin', he says, 'I've only got back my own. As a raider of B's troop of irregulars,' he says, 'ye'll be forgettin' all the cattle ye stole from neutrals,' he says. 'It's a case of quits,' he says, and he grins.

"I was clean done an' I knew it, for he was an old man an' I couldn't strike at him.

"I sold my horse an' deserted my wives, all twenty of 'em, and worked my way to Amerika best I could. So I'm tellin' ye for a lesson, my son, if ye want a wife, don't hanker after furriners, neither Cubans nor Spanish nor Zulus, but wait until a decent American girl up and asks ye to have her."—*N. Y. Sun.*

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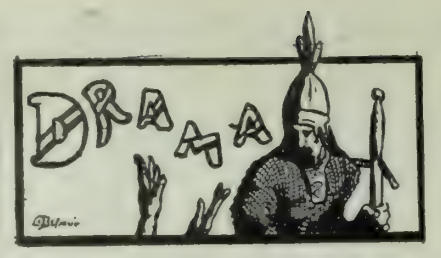

That so trivial a play as "Heartsease" should be given so admirable a rendering is a subject of keen regret. Here are these talented actors and actresses wasting time and talent on as trumpery a bit of false sentiment as ever *Family Herald* published. As enacted by the Miller Company it is as though one placed a glass bead in a superbly carved gold setting. However, taking the performance as it stands, I cannot see a possibiliiy of improvement. Miss Anglin was charming and subtle as she ever is. Mrs. Boucicault, listening to the impassioned avowal of Eric Temple's love, which she thought hers, but which was Miss Neville's, had an opportunity to show her art and took advantage of it. The gradual changing of expression was admirably modulated. Miller's work at the end of the second act was really fine—that gesture of heartbroken renunciation and despair of his, as he passionately clasped Alice's arm, was a touch of genius. It was the best, the most sincere thing I have seen him do. Otherwise his gestures are too formal, too arbitrary. Unreserved commendation is due to Leslie Allen for his Peter Padbury, and Lindsay for his Major Twombley. Clever character sketches, the roles are finely individualized and studied. Carefulness and discrimination distinguished the acting throughout. The pity of it is that so poor a play should be the medium for such delicate art.

The remainder of the week at the Columbia is devoted to "Hamlet," with Mr. Miller as the melancholy Dane and Miss Anglin as Ophelia. I anticipate a scholarly and artistic rendering of the role from this artist, and the part will suit Miss Anglin, unless I am direfully mistaken. C.

* *

"One of Our Girls" is out of date. There is no question about it. It belongs to the era of Henry James' *Daisy Miller*, and is not marvellously meritorious as a work of art. Nor was Blanche Bates' rendering of the young American girl up to the level of her later work. There was rather too much vigor and abandon, and it was suggestive of the actress at an earlier stage of her career. To show how conditions have changed since this play was written—the sympathy of the audience was quite given to the old French people who had indeed reason to be shocked at the vagaries of their American niece. The costumes Miss Bates wore were in excellent taste, though rather elaborate for a debutante. The best work in the play was the Count Florian de Crebillion of Augustus Cook. He acted admirably, was the French roue to perfection, and without the least exaggeration. Hope Ross, as the French ingenue, did a rather unpleasing part cleverly.

* *

It was more than a performance of "Aida," the opening of the grand opera season at the Tivoli. It was an ovation, a triumph, a reception all rolled into one, with the singers bowing themselves to the floor after every number, and the audience raising the roof with applause. Nay, they not only applauded, but they literally rose up and shouted. It was a Southern performance, the whole thing; it needed the warm Latin blood which prevailed in the cast and tinged the audience to cause such spontaneous enthusiasm on both sides of the footlights. The first solo of Sig. Avedano, the glorious "Celeste Aida" awoke the applause, which rose to a climax after the Nile scene, when the curtain was rung up six times.

The new grand opera cast is quite the strongest ever presented by a San Francisco stock company, and its bright particular star, if you will listen to my humble opinion, is not the new Italian singers, nor yet the silvery-voiced Fraulein Prossnitz, but Mary Linck. I glory in a singer who can also act. It seems to me that if you make the rendition of the music the sole test of an opera, you might as well dispense with scenery and costume altogether. Miss Linck has the true artistic quality in all her work; she *feels* the thing she is doing, and she has the restraint not to overdo it. When Avedano or Salassa held center stage I was admiring their singing, but in her I was watching and sympathizing with the splendid, passionate princess of Egypt. Avedano and Salassa have been seen before this season in the Lambardi company. The strong, clear tenor voice of the former made him the favorite with his audience. After him, the new prima donna, Fraulein Prossnitz, as Aida, came in for the most attention. Hers is a mellow soprano of fair range. She was hampered a little by the cold resulting from her first struggle with San Francisco climate. Aida is, probably, not her best part; she is not built, physically, to suit the make-up, for one thing. Her appearance in other roles will be awaited with interest.

The staging, the scenery, and the costuming were in line with the general excellence of the production. Max Hirschfeld was brought out, with the actors, in the curtain-calls after the Nile scene, and rightly, for the orchestration was a feature. Were I giving Mr. Lask pointers on details, I would suggest that he correct a few minor faults in the costuming. An artificial Ethiopian skin which bags at the elbows is not calculated to add to the effect of a dramatic tenor's work. W. I.

* *

They are filling the Alcazar brimfull this week with "Romeo and Juliet"; indeed, Shakespeare promises to be their best money-maker of the season. That Miss Roberts is an ideal Juliet I cannot allow, but I can give unstinted praise to her conception of Juliet the Girl, a thing which is overshadowed by Juliet the Woman in the interpretation of most actresses. The death scene was really fine—that was where Miss Roberts did her strong work.

As to Mr. Whittlesey's Romeo. If I were not in my own country I might dare to think a timid think about Mr. Whittlesey's future; But a prophet must beware. We'll see.

The part of the nurse deserves mention. Miss Leavey's work is careful. Mr. Moore makes so attractive a Paris that Romeo might at least afford to feel anxious. Mr. Denithorne as Mercutio was not so successful, although Shakespeare's wonderful lines on his lips scored a hit. But it takes a pretty big man to play Mercutio, and all things in their time, Mr. Denithorne.

* *

The bill presented by the Orpheum this week is very good. As predicted heretofore, Idalene Cotton is the chief attraction, and with the assistance of Nick Long presents several good short sketches introducing character impersonations. Elizabeth Murray is making quite a hit with her coon songs. The Eldridges, Hera von Falm, Joseph Adelman, and several others help to make up a very good show.

* *

DRAMATIC NOTES

Alexandra Dagmar, described as a star of the first magnitude, is the star in the Orpheum's bill next week. She is a Russian and a beauty, and as a vocalist is compared with Lillian Russell. Other new features are the Deonzo Brothers, trick barrel jumpers; Harry Linton and Leila McIntyre, in "A Doctor's Patient," and the ever popular biograph, by means of which will be exhibited some of the stirring events of the war with Spain and in the Philippines.

"Boccaccio" has had a big run at Morosco's this week. The opera is being rendered in capital style by the stock company, and Miss Mason has won more laurels. There was talk of a second week, but the rule of the house is strictly adhered to, and "Falka" will be put on next Monday night. Miss Mason enacts the leading role, assisted by Hattie Belle Ladd, Thomas H. Persse, Wolff, Wooley, Georgie Cooper and others.

The "Fairy Godmother," a fantastic comedy by Clinton Stuart, succeeds "One of Our Girls" at the California Theatre next week. This is the first production of this comedy, which is said to be very smart and clever. Miss Bates has an excellent role, in which she has an opportunity quite out of her accustomed line, and the other members of the company are as well cast.

For the balance of the week at the Tivoli "Aida" and "Lucia" will be sung on alternate nights; next week "Trovatore" and "Faust," the former on Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings, and the latter on Tuesday, Thursday and Sunday evenings and Saturday matinee.

At the Columbia Theatre next week a comedy-drama by Trevor, "Brother Officers," will have its first American production. The leading role, a first-rate comedy part, is Mr. Miller's.

At the Alcazar next week Florence Roberts in "The Lady of Lyons."

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The Ideal Breakfast Dish

FINANCIAL

Several reasons may be adduced for the slump in sugar stocks. To begin with, the eruption of Mauna Loa has disturbed some timid souls whose baleful imagination sees danger in the flow of lava down a barren hillside. The truth is that none of the plantations in which San Franciscans are interested are within miles of the flow. If Diablo were a volcano, surely an eruption would be poor reason for disposing of one's vineyard at Los Gatos. Between the edge of the lava and the sugar lands lies a broad area of ravines and foothills, between thirty-five and fifty miles across. A second cause is the depression of prices in the Islands—due to local conditions—reacting in San Francisco. The development of the sugar industry in Hawaii has been phenomenal lately. Many new plantations have been put in, and all the available coin in the territory has been invested in this direction. Assessments have been imposed on the stocks of many of these new ventures, and the consequence is that investors have had to sell dividend stocks in order to meet these obligations. The same conditions that induced the boom are still in existence. There is little reason to apprehend a fall in the price of sugar or any opposition for the Philippines or Cuba. Conditions seem good for a plentiful crop, and I suggest to those who have these securities to hold on to them. Such a depression as has occurred may be attributed to the consequences of expansion.

The straitened money market of Hawaii is to be relieved by the establishment of a new bank in Honolulu. Colonel George McFarland is the projector, and the capital was subscribed twice over, half in California and the other half in Hawaii. The institution is incorporated under Hawaiian laws, and will be known as the American Bank of Hawaii. As soon as Congress adopts a system of government for the islands, the institution will be converted into a national bank and be known as the First National Bank of Hawaii. There are but three private banks doing business in Honolulu, and accommodation is difficult to obtain. The opportunities for legitimate financiering are very great, and the institution cannot fail to benefit the islands and to be a profitable enterprise for its directors. The Anglo-Californian combination is interested in the project, and P. N. Lilienthal, one of the managers of the Seligman institution in San Francisco, will accompany Colonel McFarland to Honolulu on his return.

There is little to be said about local operations this week. Business on the Stock and Bond Exchange has been quiet. Fluctuations in the prices of securities have not been noticeable. For bonds and also for staple stocks there is still a good demand, and prices are firm. The announcement that the directors of the Contra Costa Water Co. had decided to pay a monthly dividend of 40c on the stock of that corporation naturally resulted in an advance. The price went to 78½, but subsequently reacted, the closing quotation being 76. The current impression is that the directors have been too generous in their allowance. If the company can pay so high a rate, well and good, but that is a serious question, and the doubt and distrust have affected the quotations. If it can pay 40c per month, Contra Costa is worth more than 78.

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Fiction is in the ascendant in the August magazines, especially in the ten-centers. The *Century* and the *Atlantic* are ballasted with weightier subjects, though the latter has the best tale of the month. Of that later. In spite of the abundance of specimens, it is rather hard to generalize on the fiction submitted. Save in *McClure's*, there's the usual trading on familiar names. *Ainslee's* presents a remarkable roll of eminent contributors, including Marion Crawford, Hopkinson Smith and Robert W. Chambers. *Scribner's* parades a characteristic Richard Harding Davis; the *Cosmopolitan* has a Frank Stockton and a Belmont Davis, neither of which is important. *McClure's* opens with a capital story by a new man, W. R. Lighton, "The State Against Ellsworth," done something after the manner of William Allen White. The style is firm and there is genuine feeling in the rendering—the sure signs of capacity. "By Courtesy of the Clown" is a pleasant sketch, and "Capturing a Confederate Mail"—a true story of the Secret Service—exemplifies again the old saying that fact is stranger than fiction. If Mr. Baker had but handled this stirring adventure as if it had been fiction, his work might have been artistic. For instance, to have characterized the *dramatis personæ* would have added the personal interest to the story. It is mere narrative. W. A. Fraser has rather more vogue than his merit entitles him to—he is too facile and too careless. John Gray, of *Gallops* fame, should be exploited in the direction of the horse. He is much the cleverer hand at equine tragedy or comedy.

The editor of a magazine, however strong his personality, is excluded by the condition of his profession from the public consideration his work may warrant. In a general way, it is known that Richard Watson Gilder directs the *Century*, and that H. M. Alden commands the magazine department of *Harper's*. The presiding genius of *Scribner's* is by no means a familiar reputation, while the identity of the editor of the *Atlantic* is not known outside a limited literary circle. Yet the discriminating reader must have noted with what wisdom and fine intelligence the Boston magazine is made up. Some of the best prose and the soundest thought of the period are to be found month after month in its pages. There is no invocation of great names; the aim is rather to have skilled and competent writing on the subject of the hour. Seldom can the man of action write—there are but few Roosevelts—but connected with every movement is some man with the art of expression. The gift of the editor of the *Atlantic* is to know this man. The editor of *Scribner's* seldom fails in putting forth varied and interesting number, but there are no comparison in this connection. Next to the genius for discovering new men is the talent for composing a contents table. The clever editor balances his contributions as carefully as the painter his picture, infusing the proper admixture of serious with light subjects—of art with criticism, of fiction with descriptive narrative. *Scribner's* is always admirably modulated. *McClure's* is dominated by a strong editorial intelligence, but its virtue is not consistent. It varies in merit. *Harper's* sags at times, but, on the whole, preserves a high level, broken at intervals by remarkable contributions—witness, "The Monster," last year. The *Century* for all its fine pictures has less vitality than any of its contemporaries and more positively requires an infusion of new blood. Throughout '99 it has been overloaded with one type of matter or another, and it is carrying a heavier burden of serials than it can stand. Its fiction has been poverty-stricken of late.

Apropos of fiction, there's a charming story in the *Atlantic*—"Loveliness"—done with a delightful fine touch—real art and real feeling in it. The author is Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, and nothing this month is worthier reading. Hopkinson Smith's "Man With the Empty Sleeve" is smart rather than good, if undeniably entertaining. Attractive and interesting though the table be, it strikes one as artificial. You suspect the patriotism of lacking the true ring. "The Spectre in the Cart," by Thomas Nelson Page, in *Scribner's*, has a real ring and is a good piece of work. "The Play's the Thing" is more important, for its capital colored pictures, done according to a new process, than as fiction. But as for pictures—what may be said for the graceful American girls Christy has given us in the "Lion and the Unicorn." They are veritable beauties—between Wenzell and Gibson—more natural and better articulated than the former and more flexible than the latter, and done with a light and delicate touch. Also worthy of especial compliment are Pennel's drawings of Auvergne churches, Sterner's bride, Castaigne's drawings for Alexander, and Loeb's "Gilbert" for "Via Crucis" in the *Century*. *McClure's* frontispiece, "Cecil Rhodes," is really an excellent piece of half-tone printing. Artistically, this *McClure's* is away ahead of its average.

Perhaps the finest piece of writing in any of the monthlies is John Muir's article on the Yosemite National Park in the *Atlantic*. Not only is it eloquent, but the spirit of the subject breathes through its phrases. Rich and gorgeous as the description is, it is not mere rhetoric. It really is a transcription of the exaltation aroused by the Sierran scenery. Take this passage, descriptive of the view from the top of the Merced and Tuolumne divide, near Hazel Green:

On the long, smooth, finely folded slopes of the main ridge, at a height of five to six thousand feet above the sea, they reach most perfect development, and are marshalled to view in magnificent towering ranks, their colossal spires and domes and broad palm-like crowns, deep in the kind sky, rising above one another—a multitude of giants in perfect health and beauty—sun-fed mountaineers rejoicing in their strength, chanting with the winds, in accord with the falling waters. The ground is mostly open and inviting to walkers. The fragrant chamæbatia is outspread in rich carpets miles in extent; the manzanita, in orchard-like groves, covered with pink, bell-shaped flowers in the spring, grows in openings facing the sun, hazel and buckthorn in the dells; warm brows are purple with mint, yellow with sunflowers and violets; and tall lilies ring their bells around the borders of meadows and along the ferny mossy banks of the streams. Never was mountain forest more lavishly furnished.

Hazel Green is a good place quietly to camp and study, to get acquainted with the trees and birds, to drink the pure water and weather, and to watch the changing lights of the big charmed days. The rose light of the dawn creeping higher among the stars changes to daffodil yellow; then come the level enthusiastic sunbeams pouring across the feathery ridges, touching pine after pine, spruce and fir, libocedrus and lordly sequoia—searching every recess, until all are awakened and warmed. In the white noon they shine in silvery splendor, every needle and cell in bole and branch thrilling and tingling with ardent life; and the whole landscape glows with consciousness, like the face of a god. The hours go by uncounted. The evening flames with purple and gold. The breeze that has been blowing from the lowlands dies away; and far and near the mighty hosts of trees baptized in the purple flood stand hushed and thoughtful, awaiting the sun's blessing and farewell—as impressive a ceremony as if it were never to rise again. When the daylight fades, the night breeze from the snowy summits begins to blow, and the trees, waving and rustling beneath the stars, breathe free again.

The *Cosmopolitan's* printing has deteriorated—especially in the department of men and women. This magazine has suffered a loss in its Tolstoy serial, but the explanation makes plain the difficulty of dealing with the eminent Russian. It is ever a mistake for a magazine to accept a story in course of construction. There is little to say, otherwise, as to general articles—stories have the field. The *Ladies' Home Journal* has ten brief tales of no great merit. *Ainslee's* stories are good, Crawford's "Dead Smile" being a proper shocker, and Chambers' "Harbor Master" clever and diverting. It is a pity this magazine does not improve its printing—the illustrations are very poorly rendered.

* *

The Anglo-Saxon Review.

It is as a specimen of bookmaking [the *Anglo Saxon Review* first arrest's one attention. From the typographical point of view the first volume of the new magazine is superb. Bound in full leather, stamped with an elaborate design in gold that sets off a royal coat of arms in red and gilt, printed on hand-made paper in antique type face, illustrated with photogravures, it is indeed a regal volume and fully worth the price exacted for it. Considering its brave exterior and the superb work which the bookbinder and printer have lavished on the production, together with the excellence of the contents, I am sure that this first number cost its makers much more than five dollars. No American bookdealer would dream of selling such a volume under twice the sum, and if he exacted even fifteen dollars, the price would not seem excessive. If for no better reason, then, this *Anglo Saxon Review* will have a value to bibliophiles and all lovers of beauty in bookmaking.

As for the contents, that is another story. To begin with, the first impression is one of solidity without proper variety. The effect of the list of great names and important contributions is too ponderous. No note of originality is struck save in typography, and while it may be said that one does not often find on a single title page such prominent writers as Lord Rosebery, Whitelaw Reid, the Duchess of Devonshire, John Oliver Hobbes and Henry James, still one must estimate the interest by results. Besides, the number is overburdened with memoirs—admitting Sir Robert Peel, why not hold over Lady Wortley Montagu and the Georgina of Devonshire's letters for the next issue. E. V. B.'s "Letters to Vervaine" might well have been replaced by a clever bit of fiction. Swettenham's "Mezzotint" is not notable. Joseph Conrad would have furnished a better wrought episode of Malayan life. The example of the much despised *Yellow Book*, which was killed by Aubrey Beardsley, might well be followed in the choice of contributors. That enterprise will figure in literary history as having been the medium of announcing more distinctive literary genius than any other modern publication. Its reproduction of pictures never failed to instruct, if not, to amuse. Never has the commonplace been so punctiliously avoided. Some of the ideas utilized in the defunct *Cosmopolis* might also serve Lady Churchill's purpose—especially the political articles. Why not have eminent publicists in France, Germany and Russia write a *resume* of political conditions in their own country for each number—these to be translated into English, instead of being published in the vernacular as in *Cosmopolis*

However, as we are on the subject of model magazines, let us suppose a plan for an ideal English quarterly. To commence with, have Henry Harland, who edited the *Yellow Book*, select the fiction; W. E. Henly should contribute criticism of the book of the quarter and should pass on the poetry; George Bernard Shaw would be prevailed on to furnish a dramatic article of some kind to each number, and Max Beerbohm an essay; John Oliver Hobbes or Gilbert Parker might write the serial, and as for illustrations, why not have colored half-tones after the manner of the *Studio*. Among my contributors in general should be Arthur Symons, W. B. Yeats, George Moore, Joseph Conrad, Ella Darcy, Marriott Watson, Ouida, Bernard Capes, Maurice Hewlett, Henry Norman, Sir Charles Dilke, W. H. Mallock, Frank Harris, A. R. Colquohoun, Cunninghame Graham. From them one would have fine prose, worthy of the most precious binding and the finest paper.

All criticism aside, however, the *Anglo-Saxon Review* is abundantly worth possessing, and the writer will look with interest for succeeding issues of this superbly wrought publication. It is proper to mention that John Lane is the publisher of the review, which is for sale in San Francisco by Elder & Shepard.

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NEW STORIES RE-TOLD

Colonel Cody, the eminent scout, helped to build a church at North Platte and was persuaded by his wife and daughter to accompany them to the opening. The minister gave out the hymn which commenced with the words: "Oh, for ten thousand tongues to sing," etc. The organist, who played by ear, started the tune in too high a key, and had to try again. A second attempt ended, like the first, in failure. "Oh, for ten thousand tongues to sing my great—" came the opening words for the third time, followed by a squeak from the organ and a relapse into painful silence. Cody could contain himself no longer, and blurted ont. "Start it at five thousand, and mebbe some of the rest of us can get in."

A mischievous youngster at the Mission, amusing himself with a vase, managed after several attempts to get his hand through the narrow neck, and was then unable to extricate it. For half an hour or more the whole family did its best to withdraw the fist of the luckless young offender, but in vain. It was a very valuable vase, and the father was loath to break it. After a final attempt, he gave up his efforts in despair, but tried a last suggestion. "Open your hand!" he commanded, "and then draw it forth." "I can't open it, father," declared the boy. "I've got my penny in my hand." "You young rascal," thundered his father, "drop it at once!" The penny rattled in the bottom of the vase and out came the hand.

From the top of Lookout Mountain it is possible to see over seven States of the Confederacy. Bill Nye climbed the eminence with a party and the guide proceeded to point out the landmarks. "Where's North Carolina?" he inquired. The man pointed to a place in the horizon to which distance gave a purple hue. "That's it over there," he replied. "I know that's not North Carolina," Nye declared. "Here is a map of the United States, and you can see that North Carolina is pink. I live in that State considerably, and I have helped to paint it red, but, of course, I go away sometimes, and it fades a little, leaving it a pink. The place you are pointing at, a color-blind man could see is purple."

J. Pierpont Morgan went to England recently to assist at the marriage of his late partner's daughter, Miss Burns, to young Harcourt. He cabled from New York for a special train to meet him at Southampton. Upon disembarking, the omnipotent millionaire encountered the superintendent, to whom he said: "Did you get my cablegram?" "Yes," was the response, "but we never send special trains with less than twenty passengers." "But I offered to pay the full price," responded the banker. "Can't help it, you know," was the curt rejoinder, "we never break our rules." And Mr. Morgan went to London on the regular passenger train.

Buloz, the famous editor of the *Revue de Deux Mondes*, had a party of friends at his country house in Savoy. Among them was Cherbuliez, the novelist, who was a frequent contributor to the magazine. The guests went out one day after mushrooms, and a great dish of the spoils was prepared for dinner. Just as they were about to be served out some one raised the question of poison. Cherbuliez alone bravely attacked the dish, when Buloz cried out to him: "What are you about, Cherbuliez? Remember that you haven't finished your romance in the *Revue!*"

The superintendent of the Standard Oil Company's works at Whiting discovered an Irishman laying pipe in the customary excavation in a manner that displeased him. This superintendent was renowned for his command of language, and the Irishman was damned in a hundred different ways. Still he never looked up. The great man suddenly pulled up in his wild tirade. "See here, my man," he roared, "don't you know I'm giving you hell?" Slightly turning his head, the pipe-layer replied: "An' ain't I takin' it like a little mon?"

President Hadley of Yale is the son of the famous professor of Greek, whose grammar is the standard one of the language. So convinced were the Yale men of the Hadley family's innate knowledge of Greek, that it was said that when Arthur Hadley was born and for the first time laid in his father's arms, he raised his hands in a classical Greek gesture and exclaimed: "*Pater erkomai!*" (Father, I am come!) To which his father replied, in true professional tones: "Wrong, my son; not the perfect tense—the second aorist, *Elthon*"—(I have come.)

An eminent member of the Detroit bar was arguing a desperate case on an appeal before the Supreme Court. He made a bold contention, which was fallacious but plausible from beginning to end. "Blank," said the Chief Justice severely, "I would not try to convert the average Justice of the Peace with such an argument as that." "Nor I," was the quick response, "but I had what I considered reliable information that none of the honorable members of this honorable court had ever served in that capacity."

Horace Hawes, the eminent California lawyer, was reading out of an imposing looking volume in the State Supreme Court, in support of a position that he had taken upon a legal question. "Just a moment," interrupted the Chief Justice; "do you mean to say that you are reading good law?" "Not at all, your honor; only certain decisions of your predecessors."

John G. Saxe, the poet, met Richard Henry Stoddard on Broadway and commenced to explain. "My son is doing better than I expected. He is making a great success." "How?" Stoddard asked. "He has started a lumber-yard up in Albany," Saxe replied. "All out of his own head?" suggested Stoddard. Saxe never forgave him.

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VOL. XX. No. 7 SAN FRANCISCO — AUGUST 12, 1899 — SEATTLE PRICE 10 CENTS

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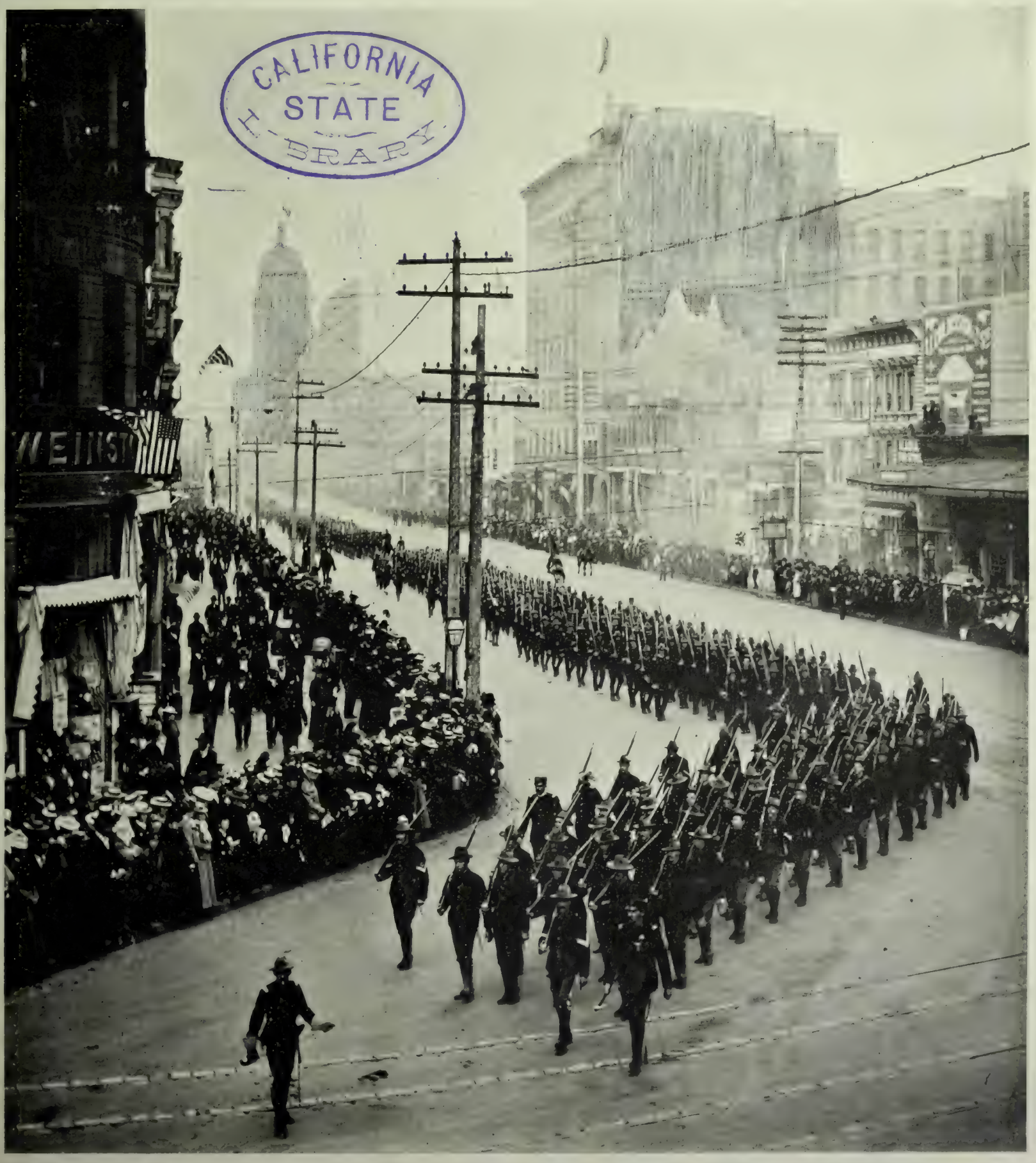

RETURN OF THE PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS FROM MANILA

Photo by Charles Weidner

THE WAVE

Is published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal, and Colman Building, Seattle, Wash.

Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months, $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

The trade is supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 342 Geary street; east of the Rocky Mountains by the American News Company, New York.

The Wave is kept on file and is for sale at Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France; 31 Union Square, New York City; 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.; and 206 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

For advertising rates and on all other matters pertaining to city business, address The Wave, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

All business matters pertaining to the Northwest should be addressed to Trevor Corry, Colman Building, Seattle, Wash.

Eastern representative, D. M. Foltz, 34 Park Row, New York.

THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY

PROPRIETORS

SAN FRANCISCO—AUGUST 12, 1899—SEATTLE

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EVENTS CURRENT.

Serious Indian Outbreak in Mexico.

The Yaqui Indians, in northern Mexico, have started an insurrection which promises to be almost the most serious Indian outbreak of this half century. The Yaquis have long complained of the intrusion of whites on their lands. By the treaty of 1896, voluntarily entered upon after their latest outbreak, the Mexican government ceded to them certain lands on the borders of their country. These, the Yaquis claim, the Mexicans have been disposing of, without their consent, to individuals and corporations. In addition, a flaw in Mexican law has enabled settlers to come upon their reservation and obtain legal title to claims. Since 1896, there has been continuous friction on this account. Early last month, the Indians began to gather, and to massacre settlers. Among these were some American prospecters. It is reported that several hundred persons — men, women and children — have fallen victims. At least four thousand braves took the warpath. The scattered bands have been drifted toward the upper fastnesses of their country, where they can be in a practically impregnable position. On the borders of the Yaqui domain, there are permanently stationed about 1,500 soldiers. These were immediately reinforced by several regiments of "Rurales," trained Indian fighters. The past week there has been continuous skirmishing, in which the Indians have all the best of it — firing on the troops and then withdrawing out of danger. Mexican soldiers have been mobilized into an army of two thousand men, which is advancing through the country straight against the upper strongholds. This expedition is cutting in between the main bodies of the Indians, with the intention of splitting their force. Those acquainted with Yaqui tactics believe that the Mexicans are running into an ambush. The Yaquis are a semi-civilized tribe, agriculturalists, but fierce fighters, numbering about 20,000 souls. They have fought with the Spanish and Mexicans ever since the country was settled, and have never been conquered. They make a run-away campaign, suddenly descending on the enemy, and then vanishing into their mountain fastnesses, out of reach. In 1885, in the course of a ten years' war, they almost exterminated a Mexican army. As their country is full of American prospectors, much concern is felt in the United States.

Arrival of Transports at San Francisco.

During the week just past, three volunteer regiments and a number of invalided soldiers have arrived from the Philippines via San Francisco. The *Hancock* came in July 30th, with the Nebraska infantry and the Utah light artillery, 1,136 men all told. On August 1st, the *Senator* brought in the Tenth Pennsylvania, 862 men in all, and the following day the hospital ship *Relief* arrived with 258 sick and disabled soldiers from various regiments. There are now on the way home the First Colorado, due about August 15th, the First California, expected before September 1st, and the Minnesota volunteers, who took transport at Manila August 3d. The return of the Pennsylvanians was saddened by the loss of their commander, Colonel Alexander Hawkins, who died on the transport of cancer, July 18th, two days out from Yokohama. Colonel Hawkins was a veteran of the Civil War, War, having served as a captain of cavalry in the Army of the Cumberland. After the war, he went into business, but continued his connection with the State militia. He had been Colonel of the Tenth Pennsylvania for over twenty years, having been appointed to that office in February, 1879. He commanded the regiment in all its engagements in the Philippines, and was officially commended for his services. All the regiments returned so far follow the lead of Oregon in voting to be mustered out in San Francisco. The Oregon volunteers were formally discharged from the government service on Monday; on Tuesday they went North in a body. The Pennsylvanians will also go home together, and by special train.

Philippines Still Quiet.

The troops rest in the trenches, and Major-General Otis continues in command. This sums up the Philippine situation for last week as well as for the four or five weeks previous. Absolutely no powder burnt at the front, except for the shelling of Paete, a friendly town, by the *Napidan*. This blunder, almost the first to mar the record of the navy, is likely to have a bad effect upon the natives, strengthening the doctrine, preached by Aguinaldo, that the Americans are murders and tormentors. It came about through a false report that the insurgents were occupying Paete. Jumping at a conclusion, the *Napidan*'s commander shelled the town, which was in reality, filled with "Amigoes," coaxed back by Lawton after the Santa Cruz campaign. Six of the ten new volunteer regiments are enlisted to their full strength; two or three will be in San Francisco, ready for transportation, by August 20th. Extra recruiting officers are engaged in filling up the other four. General Miles has given orders that target practice be made a special feature of their training, and more attention is being given to this than to drill. The new army of the Philippines is to number about 50,000 men, all regulars or newly-recruited volunteers. Of these, 30,000 are regulars now at the front or in process of transportaction, 15,000 are volunteers in the ten new regiments, the others are volunteers in the three regiments now being recruited in Luzon and regulars yet to be sent on. Secretary Root, who has taken hold of things with an encouraging firmness, intends to send additional regiments of regulars should this force prove insufficient. He gives no sign of his sentiments in regard to Otis, but it is reported that, in case a new military commander is appointed, MacArthur will be selected.

Dreyfus Faces His Accusers.

The Dreyfus trial is on at last. Monday morning, August 7th, the military court assembled at Rennes and proceeded at once to the trial. The preliminaries had already been disposed of, and the first day was occupied with the examination of the historic prisoner. There were no riots, no disturbances of any kind, only an immense quickening of public interest. American correspondents had a great deal to say of the harshness displayed by the judges in questioning the accused, some claiming that it was done to prevent suspicion of pre-Dreyfus prejudice. French judges are, however, always hard on accused prisoners, because of national custom, which makes bullying a method of extorting evidence, and because it is a fundamental principle of French law that every man shall be held guilty until he is proven innocent. The first examination of the prisoner was entirely finished on the initial day of the trial. It brought forth nothing new or startling, only a strong avowal of innocence and a firm stand on all questioning. Subsequently, the court went into secret session behind closed doors for an examination of the dossier. In the days just previous to the trial the controversy was renewed with increased bitterness in the Parisian papers. General Mercier, former Minister of War, came out with an abusive statement condemning the prisoner. "Either Dreyfus is guilty or I am," said he, "and I know that I am not." He asserted positively that he held new and convincing evidence. The army organs are howling about a treasonable alliance with Germany and a Jewish syndicate backing the defense. On their side, the pro-Dreyfus organs are just as strong but less sensational. Esterhazy, although subpoenaed, will not answer to the summons, but will remain in London.

Aftermath of the Alger Affair.

Now that Russell A. Alger has retired from the office which had become too hot to hold him, the comments of the press of the country make interesting reading. The Democratic papers are, of course, practically unanimous in condemnation of his career, although there has been a disposition shown by the organs of that party to lay the blame for his long retention in office upon President McKinley. This is only natural, because attacks on the retiring Secretary will no longer be of avail against the Administration. The Republican papers, on the other hand, are disposed to palliate his alleged mistakes in the conduct of the war, and to put the burden of their blame upon his treason to his party in the alliance with Pingree and his candidacy for the Senate. Hardly a journal of any repute has defended his career as a whole, and all agree that his retention in office was a serious drag upon the Administration. The New York *Sun* gives an opinion representative of the sentiments of the Republican majority when it says:

> The great mass of Americans understood that the blows aimed at Alger were meant for McKinley and what the President represents. The case changed entirely when Mr. Alger's legitimate and laudable ambition to be Senator from Michigan separated his individual interests from the interests of the Administration. Alger as a member of the President's cabinet and Alger as a political candidate on his own hook, in open alliance with avowed enemies of the Administration in a great Republican State, involved a state of things impossible to continue, and tolerable only so long as it was necessary to resolve the situation.

Clerical Reverses in Belgium.

As a final result of the disturbances of a month ago in Belgium, the Ministry of that troubled little kingdom has resigned in a body. This action followed the legislative rejection of the suffrage bill. It will be remembered that the measure in question was favored by the government now in power, and that its non-democratic character stirred up the threatened revolution of the first week in July. At that time, the popular clamor was stilled by the conciliatory attitude of the King, who stood between the two parties and prevented immediate action for or against the bill. As soon as the populace had cooled, the measure came up and was defeated through the efforts of the Socialist and Republican members. This defeat of the Clericals and Conservatives, coming on top of the riots, convinced the King that the situation demanded a new Ministry, and the "inspired" resignation of Premier Van der Pereboom and his associates was the result. The popularity of the throne has been strengthened by this action, and it is a step toward the solution of the difficulty. The withdrawal of the Ministers is a hard blow to the Clerical party, so called. It will be news to most Americans to hear that opposition to the Clerical party does not mean, in Beligum, opposition to the Roman Catholic Church. In that country, practically the whole population is Roman Catholic. "Clerical" is a conventional name for the Conservative party, and one may oppose that party and still be the best of Catholics, as one in this country may be a believer in democratic institutions and still oppose the Democratic party. Therefore, a downfall of the Clerics does not mean a reverse for the Roman Catholic Church in Belgium.

The Revolution in San Domingo.

No one in this country seems to know definitely whether the pocket revolution stirred up by Jiminez in Santa Domingo is likely to amount to anything, or whether it is a pure bluff on his part. At any rate, the government of the island republic still stands, and the alleged conspirators have made no open move. Two of the assassins who shot down President Heureaux have been captured and executed. No definite and thoroughly reliable reports are obtainable, but advices coming by way of Jamaica and Hayti have it that the revolution is gaining. Jiminez is sojourning at Havana, where he is injuring his cause, if he has one, by too much promiscuous talk. He announces that he intends to depend largely on filibustering expeditions from the United States and Canada. A rumor, coming apparently from his party, has it that the assassination of President Heureaux was an accidental outcome of a plot to capture him and execute a *coup d'etat* in behalf of Jiminez. The United States Government has sent the cruiser *New Orleans* and the gunboat *Machias* to the scene of the disturbance. Meanwhile Hayti, on the same island and also in a political tangle, has managed to get involved in complications with the United States. Late last week, one De Vivier, a newspaper correspondent, was pursued into the office of our legation at Port-au-Prince, a direct violation of the international customs regulating such matters. The Government is investigating. The talk about annexing these two countries has died out.

The Boycott as a Weapon.

The cessation of all rioting and the quiet condition of the city led to the withdrawal, last week, of a part of the troops on guard in Cleaveland. This was followed by a new dynamite outrage, a car containing passengers being blown from the track, without injury to anyone, as usual. A strike on top of a strike has been one of the developments of the week. The non-union carmen on the lines involved were promised two dollars a day and board. When the troops were withdrawn, the company, claiming that the strike was over, abolished the board. This caused a body of non-union motormen and conductors to join the strikers. Meanwhile, the boycott continues with unabated strength. The strikers themselves are surprised aa their success. It extends to all who patronize the lines, all who furnish supplies to them, and all who have business relations with non-union men or militia. At first, it was operative only in the case of the smaller dealers, but it is being extended to the larger department stores. Agents of the unions, many of them women, follow passengers on the car lines to their homes, in order that they may learn their names and report them for boycott. The cars are, as a consequence, practically empty, and all sorts of vehicles are still in use for rapid transit. The central committee of the strikers takes upon itself to say who shall or shall not be included in the "freeze-out." They are kept busy acting on the cases of strikers who claim to have been boycotted unfairly. The leaders express themselves as thoroughly confident of ultimate success. Lawyers are of the opinion that the Ohio anti-trust law may be so construed as to lay persons engaged in the boycott liable to charges of criminal conspiracy. The close of the week developed a counter movement among the wholesale and retail business houses of the city. A combination was formed, with a close agreement to disregard the boycott absolutely, and to resist the strike to the utmost.

Aftermath of the Wardner Riot.

The first stage in the punishment of the men connected with the riots and outrages at Wardner, Idaho, was the trial and conviction for murder in the second degree of Paul Corcoran, which occurred last month. This is to be followed, so the authorities declare, by the trial of all the other leaders. It was not an accident that, of all the offenders who were herded in the famous bull pen, Corcoran should have been chosen as the first defendant. He was financial secretary of the Burke union, a delegate of the central union, and the most rabid agitator in the district. It is believed that he, more than any other, was responsible for the mob violence employed in the Coeur d'Alene district. His conviction was expected, therefore, to have a great moral effect, and, in addition, a connection with the whole affair was more easily proven in his instance than in that of the other rioters. The case was fought most bitterly for three weeks. Both sides employed able counsel. The jury was empanelled from the most remote district of the county. The State did not claim that the accused fired the shot which killed James Cheyne, but it proved, or seemed to, that he was in the mob from beginning to end, and in the band of men by whom the murder was committed. The defense contested every point, attempting to prove an alibi and attacking the character of the State witnesses. An especial point of their line of argument was the claim that the State was persecuting the union by making the whole mob and its leaders responsible for the act of one lawless member. The State, on the other hand, sought to establish a conspiracy. The jury returned the verdict aboved stated, and a sentence of seventeen years was passed, rather a light one, considering that the extreme penalty, under the laws of Idaho, is imprisonment for life. Court then adjourned until September, when other cases will be dealt with. Those high in the miners' union declare that Corcoran will never serve out the sentence, because they will use every effort to have him pardoned. It is not unlikely that the remission of the sentence will follow, in case a State government favorable to the miners comes into power at the next election, which is to swing on the Ceour d'Alene troubles.

Guatemalan Financial Crisis Relieved.

An important step has been made towards unraveling the financial tangle in which Guatemala has been involved of late. It will be remembered that the Republic was in trouble over its currency, owing to a depleted national treasury. Guatemala

has always made government ownership a feature of its policy, but when it became necessary to raise funds somewhere, it was suggested that some of the government monopolies be unloaded. Negotiations, which have been going on some time, for the sale of the trans-isthmian railway system, came to a head late in July, with the sale of the Northern Railroad to a New York company for a sum sufficient to relieve the treasury. This sale is an accomplished fact, awaiting only legislative approval, which will most certainly be given. The news of the sale was the occasion of great rejoicing in Guatemala, especially in the capital, where a celebration followed the announcement. Exchange has already dropped one hundred points, an evidence of returning confidence. Cabrera's sensible acceptance of the situation has added to his popularity in his own country. It remains to be seen whether the private company, now being bonded, will not operate the road more successfully than the government, and add proof to the strong case against the national ownership of transportation lines.

Secretary Wilson Criticises California Farmers.

Secretary of Agriculture Wilson recently visited San Francisco and had something to say of the wasteful policy pursued by California farmers. His remarks were in accord with those of the delegates to the Convention of Agricultural Colleges, only he was not in the State as a guest and could therefore state his opinion more freely. He asserts emphatically that only a revolution in farming methods can save the agricultural resources of California from utter depletion. The natural resources are being excessively drawn upon by the farmers, stock-growers and lumbermen, he declares, and nothing is being given back to the land. The wheat-growers have already been made to realize that the soil is in process of exhaustion. Many of them are even now unable to get a crop oftener than every other year. The same is true of stock-raising; all the pasture land in the State is over-grazed and must eventually be ruined if nothing is done to bring cattlemen to their senses. The salmon industry is being overdone along the whole coast; as a proof of this, Mr. Wilson cites the failure of the Royal Chinook salmon to run this year. The worst effect of this policy, however, is seen in the destruction of the mountain forests. The last surviving forest reserves are on the Pacific Coast, but they, too, are disappearing as the result of greed. Their destruction means more than the death of an industry; it means a scarcity of the water supply for irrigation. The forests hold the supply of water for mountain streams, and their destruction means the desolation of great tracts now made fertile by irrigation. The Secretary urged that the State Legislature overcome its old prejudice against saving forest reserves and take some measures to preserve the native timber and the water supply.

Houses for Working Women.

Before the Woman's Congress in London, Gilbert Parker, the novelist, delivered an address, which bids fair to have practical results, on "The Housing of Educated Working Women." The paper included a scheme for a number of women's hotels. The plan which he proposed is not a charitable but a purely business proposition. A building of the better class, providing a place where reputable women could be housed at moderate price, would be, Mr. Parker believes, a paying investment. Just at present, the independent London woman of small means has trouble at finding a respectable place where she may lodge within her income. The buildings proposed would accommodate four hundred women each, at a price varying from $1.25 to $2 per week. The speaker showed figures to prove that such buildings could be equipped with all modern necessities, and be conducted so as to return a profit of five per cent on the investment. He did not advocate the scheme as a charity, because that would drive away the class the change proposed to benefit; he was only showing a way wherein a capitalist might benefit himself and the working class at one and the same time. An investigation, resulting on the interest aroused by this paper, proved the real need of such an improvement; managers of small establishments on this order are daily turning women away, for want of room. As a result, a company for the erection in London of several such hotels is in process of formation.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

THE SELF-SUPPORTING STUDENT.

In order to throw light on the purely monetary factor in college education, the *Saturday Evening Post* of Philadelphia lately addressed inquiries to all the leading colleges and universities in the country, asking for information on the comparative chances of students with small and large means. The questions were three in number, as follows:

1. In your opinion, taking all things into consideration, is the student paying his own way prevented thereby from accomplishing the best results?
2. Is an unlimited supply of money likely to be a serious handicap to the average student?
3. Of two students, having equal abilities, which has the better chance for success — the one with much or the one with little money?

Answers to these inquiries came from sixty insitutions, with an aggregate attendance of fifty-five thousand students, and the verdict on each question was nearly unanimous. To the second, the one regarding the advisibility of granting a student practically unlimited means, the answer was "no" with hardly a single exception. Nearly all the answers received were just as emphatic in declaring that the poor student has a better chance of success with his work than the rich one. There was more difference of opinion in the responses to the first query, but the large majority registered the opinion that a student working his way through college is thereby prevented from "securing the best results." Perhaps the answer from University of Pennsylvania comes the nearest to being typical: "We can only say that, as university courses are now arranged, he would not only not get the best results, but would be unable to keep up at all. We give our students very little time for other things than their studies." Others, indeed, admit that a man or woman of exceptional ability can accomplish the feat, but assert that it is impossible for the average student.

No one who has observed college students from within or without the cloister will be likely to disagree with the assertion that a large income is a bad thing for the youth in process of education. It is a reckless, callow stage, this period of the early twenties, and a man, or in a lesser degree a woman, with means to gratify all fancies and whims, is sure to draw away from that ideal of plain living and high thinking which is the true standard of a college atmosphere. The danger in a superfluous allowance does not come, as the puritanical are disposed to assert, in the opportunities it affords for dissipation. A young man whose tendencies run in the wrong direction will find means of gratification on almost any income. It comes, rather, in the introduction in a college course of conditions that belong to the outer world. Student life should be a thing apart from the world. In a sense, a college is a hot-house, where the young shoot is nurtured in a protective atmosphere that it may grow more luxuriantly when planted in native soil.

We feel bound to take issue, however, with the learned pedants in their answers to the first question. The limitation in their views stands out in their interpretation of the phrase, "the best results." In all or nearly all their answers the fact is patent that "the best results" are to them the attaining of a high standard of scholarship. Carried to its logical conclusion, the standpoint is that of the average professor, that he who ranks highest in his studies has made the greatest success of his college work. This point of view is not surprising when it is analyzed. Almost any successful man is likely to be of the firm opinion that the world revolves around his specialty. To the successful lawyer, the center of things is jurisprudence; the eminent bacteriologist believes that the systems hang upon microbes. The view of the pedant is the same. The professor has had to be an exact, hard methodical student, else he would not be fitted to teach his specialty. And he cannot see but that hard scholarship is the end and aim of higher education. That destroyer of the midnight oil known in campus slang as the "dig" is, in his opinion, the best type of student. The error of this assumption is accepted by most mature college graduates outside the profession of teaching. Time and again, it has been shown that first-honor men and women rarely achieve any great degree of success in later life. Those college graduates who are at the head of the arts and professions in this country to-day have never come from the "dig" class. Taking literary men for an example, Hawthorne stood only moderately high in his classes; Longfellow was not a rank student, neither were Emerson, Bryant or Holmes. Lowell was a good student, but he was decidedly not of the "dig" variety. The list of great American generals and admirals does not include the name of a single one of those who have led their classes in West Point or Annapolis. Similarly, those American statesmen who had college advantages in their youth were very generally in the middle of the ranking lists as regards scholarship.

The fact is that scholarship is not the only thing, perhaps not even the greatest thing, a student gets from his college life. The dwelling for four years in an atmosphere of culture, the chance to learn the ways of men under such conditions that the learning costs nothing — these and many other things of the same kind mean more to the man who is going into business or the professions than a thorough and exact knowledge of Greek declensions and mathematical theorems. And these things the college professor cannot realize. He does not see that such of the young men under him as are not going to follow his own profession are preparing to be citizens of the world — a thing which he can, in the fullest sense, never be — a condition which it is not even desirable that he should attain to. This limitation of view explains the opinion of our college presidents that a working student "cannot get the best results." He cannot, without breaking down, attain to the highest rank in his classes, but if the results are measured as the world measures them, it is admissible to believe that he can. While he is learning from his professors, he is also learning from the world. He has not the time, of course, to engage in many of those college activities, such as athletics and literary associations, that mean so much to the average student. He is, however, keeping a hold on the practical side which tempers the first cold plunge into the world. Add to this the development in strength of character which comes with making the double struggle, and one has to admit that the self-supporting student, though his marks be lower and chances at the valedictory slimmer, has yet an equal chance of success and usefulness in latter life with that student, the ideal of professors, who makes pure scholarship the end and aim of all things.

HIS PRIVATE RIGHT.

The renunciation of his American citizenship by William Waldorf Astor has brought forth an ill-smelling flood of abuse from the servers of yellow journalism. If Mr. Astor did not fancy the prying inquisitiveness of the daily press, if he objected to having his wife or his children or himself dished up regularly in Sunday supplements with "faked" undergarments, or a picture of his wife's corsets, or her bust measurement, with all the horrible et ceteras; if he objected to so contribute to the Sunday "colored supp" along with a motley array of freaks, animals and half-dressed women, if he resented the insistence of the tax gatherer, and, growing sick and tired of corruption in politics, sought an asylum where he might, in a measure, be free from their annoyance, he has merely resorted to a privilege the exercise of which has increased the population of America by hundreds of thousands. But for his wealth, Mr. Astor's action would not have caused the slightest criticism. Indeed, had it not been for his father's thrift, the young man would now be occupying a position in life obscure enough to ensure him the undisturbed privacy which, from all accounts, the press has denied to him. He may be a cad or a gentleman for aught we, or ninety-nine per cent of his critics, know. Neither his going nor his coming will affect us as individuals or otherwise. He has achieved nothing brilliant in life; and like the sons of most rich men, if left to his own resources, would never have risen above the level of a work-a-day life. Perhaps Mr. Astor's action will not better his condition, let us hope it may not, for it would not be pleasant to contemplate the possiblility of such a thing. We do believe that Millionaire Astor has told the truth concerning our daily press—its cowardice and its indecency. He has never felt the full weight of their devilishments, however, for the millionaire of the East is more happily situated than his brother of the West, so far as yellow journals go. The press "kodaker" and the "lady" interviewer are East as well as West, but onslaughts on property rights are not as frequent or as threatening as in the West. California capital has before now been driven to New York by the California agitator and his co-worker, the press. Perhaps the timid and sensitive are now, by the same agency, to be driven over to the other side of the pond.

The influence of yellow journalism goes for bad, seldom for good. While pretending to favor honest public officers, it probably, more than all else, contributes towards corrupt government. We will say this press prefers the honest man in office, but his honesty must be of a plastic character that will dovetail with the "policy" of "the paper." He must follow where sensationalism leads or he will be rated "unfit." It is just as dishonest to rob someone on behalf of the people as it is to rob the public purse itself. The truly honest official revolts at either theft—but the press does not. Things have come to such a pass that the independent honest man rather shrinks from a public office that will bring him within the friendly clutches or kindly notice of yellow journalism. Our legislative bodies would hold more upright men if there was less downright abuse of men who honestly disagreed with the editorial columns of some "journal of progress." Probably no man in America owes more to the press for having achieved national fame than ex-Mayor Pingree of Detroit, now Governor of Michigan. Yet it was only a few days ago that this gentleman, in a public speech, most vigorously condemned his political makers. He said: "I have come to believe that the institution most dangerous to one form of government is the newspaper. Its boasted liberty is rather a license. It has no scruple and no conscience. There are, of course, exceptions, but I speak of the press as a whole." Governor Pingree was fully mindful of the meaning of his words. For years he had been the idol of that press. The writer had come to regard him as a trickler with strong demagogue leanings, so popular was he with the yellow journals; but this brave indictment lifts him far above the trickler. Governor Pingree merely stated a truth that has been brought home to every thinking man familiar with the subject, but it required courage to speak the truth in this connection.

SOME ECCENTRIC STATESMANSHIP.

Mr. Jones submits a reply to an article in The Wave of last week on trusts. He justifies his suggestion to "pack" the legislative, judicial and executive branches of the Government in favor of his theories upon the loose statement that "plutocracy" has done the same thing. He justifies a violation of the fundamental law of the land upon the ground that his measure would benefit the great majority of the people, and therefore could not be unconstitutional, inasmuch as the constitution was framed expressly to protect the interest of the majority, etc. One can scarcely follow such wierd law and novel reasoning. If the "great majority" of the people desire Congress to regulate, repress or abolish the trusts, then the "great majority" must secure a constitutional amendment to that end. If courts could by any hocus pocus overturn the clear meaning of the constitution, as Mr. Jones suggests, they would be usurping the lawmaking power of the land, and be filching from the several States the right to amend the Federal constitution. Mr. Jones should first follow a course of reading of constitutional law. After that his views will undergo a decided change. Mr. Jones' letter is as follows:

Editor The Wave—Permit me to make rejoinder to your comments upon my communication in last week's Wave. Limitation of space precludes any elaboration of argument.

Government is instituted and maintained among men to protect persons and property; to promote the interests and welfare, political, economic, industrial, social, of the people governed. The highest type, the best form of government, is that which insures and secures "the greatest good to the greatest number."

Under a system of government such as our forefathers instituted in this republic, it was never contemplated that through the instrumentality of the law special privileges should be accorded to a class because of that class owning or controlling the major part of the country's wealth. The primal principle upon which rests the fabric of our government is "man's equality before the law." This principle becomes at once subverted if by the potency of law a class of citizens become superior to the mass by reason of their making or interpreting law for their own aggrandizement. The trusts are solely the creatures of law. Surely, it must lie in the power of the law, the creator, to control the operations of its creature. If it is a fact that just construction of the "Sherman Anti-Trust Law" renders it nugatory, and consequently impotent to accomplish restriction of trusts; or if it is true that this law is insufficient to control the trusts because it is inherently weak, by reason of its being open to evasion without subjecting the offender to such penalty as shall act as a deterrent, then this law should be displaced by another law not characterized by such weakness. As I understood it, the purpose of the Sherman law was and is to prevent restraint of competitive trade, by combination of industries which otherwise would operate in competition one with another. Herein lies the chief evil and primal cause of antagonism of the trusts —they destroy the competitive feature of trade, and in its stead build up monopoly of opportunity to engage in trade, and monopoly of the profits incident to the prosecution of such trade. This gives to the trust power to control prices by controlling supply. The power of the trusts to build up monopoly and to control government, inheres in and is derived from their colossal wealth working aggregatedly. Wherefore, it logically follows that, if such power is to be lessened or destroyed, its source must be curtailed. This may be done only by enactment or enforcement of law.

Under such a law as I suggest, there could be no such thing as a "million dollar trust." There might be a million dollar corporation; but such a law enforced would prevent the incorporating of two or more corporations into one. It is only by the combining or consolidating of several corporations prosecuting the same industry, that a trust is or can be formed. Keep such corporations separate as competitors, this will give employment to many more persons; occupancy for many more pieces of realty, and will directly insure to the advantage of consumers by keeping prices down to a level consonant with the demands of labor, and a provident manner of living.

As to my proposing to pack the legislative, judicial and executive branches of our Government in favor of restricting, or, if need be, abolishing trusts, would it not be as fair, for democracy to do this as it is for plutocracy to do the same thing, to conserve its interests by perpetuating and giving to the trusts almost unbridled license?

The possibility of the Constitution being so violated is a paradoxical assertion. The Constitution was framed expressly to insure and secure the rights, and to protect the interests of the majority against encroachment by powerful usurpers who might transform democracy into despotism.

To recapitulate: Trusts, as creatures of law, are subject to limitations by law.

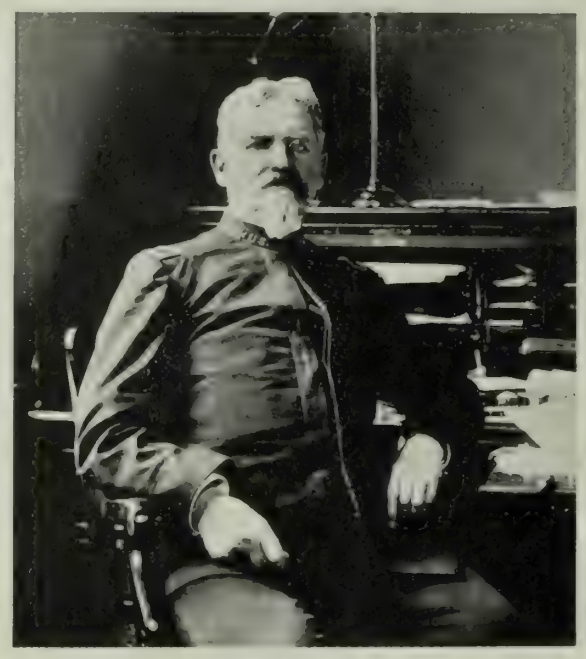
Trusts unrestricted in their operations are detrimental to the interests, the economic well-being of the great mass of the people; they are monopolistic.

The object of the Constitution is to insure and secure to the majority their lawful, equitable and ethical rights.

No law strictly enforced to such end would be unconstitutional.

A General View

The Piazza



Chief Surgeon Girard

Convalescents

The Culinary Department

The Dining Room

Sick Ward

Operating Room

Main Entrance

Rear View

THE UNITED STATES MILITARY HOSPITAL AT THE PRESIDIO, SAN FRANCISCO

Some Facts From Manila Regarding Major-General Otis.

MANILA, July 3d.—A change in the administration of affairs in the islands has become a necessity. The present regime is costing the United States not only a great amount of money, but unnecessary loss of life to Americans and of property to peaceful residents. I do not presume to say where the fault exists. If Washington is directing, controlling or influencing the situation here, it is a proof of the folly of attempting to govern territory ten thousand miles distant, and is a strong argument in favor of the anti-expansionists. If, on the other hand, General Otis is responsible, the expansionists would best serve their cause by obtaining his removal.

I was talking, this evening, with one of the most prominent and wealthy Englishmen in Manila, who is a resident of twenty years' standing, and, I dare say, the best-informed person on island history in the city. He is friendly to American occupation and personally concerned in the outcome of present difficulties. Said he: "The trouble could be remedied by the segregation of the civil administration from the military. General Otis would make a good civil governor. He is a lover of details and likes to know all about the workings of the departments under him. This does not leave him time to go to the front. If he could spend a week or ten days in the field, he might prove himself a general by successfully directing operations, but he has not made the attempt. With Lawton or some other competent general in command, there would be a chance for decisive operations. Besides an immense amount of civil business, Otis has thirty thousand scattered troops to look after. Both interests suffer because he has too much to do. No man could attend to it all. Where he makes his mistake is in not dropping the one or the other. You Americans have been here a year, and things stand as they did in the beginning. We know now that you are to remain, but we do not know what form of government to expect, You are fighting the natives and their proposed form of government, and at the same time you are letting them practically administer your sovereignty by handing over to them the judiciary. It seems to me that you are not consistent."

Personally, I would be more severe than my English friend upon the policy of Otis, but I thoroughly concur in his statement that we have not advanced this year. We are still enforcing the most rigid Spanish laws, even those regarding taxation, which the Spaniards themselves relaxed prior to our occupation and under which the natives rebelled. It is a matter of principles, not of practice, because the civil administration seems to be pretty well free from corruption — at least, I have heard of no serious cases. Bribe-taking and blackmail have been tried by petty officials, but the attempts have resulted disastrously for the culprits. But there has been plenty of mismanagement. A striking illustration is furnished by the movements of our transport system. Only this week I was told by the captain of one of the troop-ships that he could drop six transports from the government list and conduct the transfer of troops as well as it had been done. He cited in support of his view the unnecessary delays at Iloilo and the holding of six or eight transports in Manila bay for periods of from three to eight weeks. The *Hancock*, just departed, lay at the dock here for six weeks — nearly long enough for a trip to San Francisco and return. And the government pays one thousand dollars a day for these transports! The captain, who has been in the employ of an ocean steamship line all his life, was more than disgusted. He has been accustomed to do things "on the jump" and under competent management. Therefore he is to be heeded when he says that there is no reason for holding a transport in Manila bay for more than four days.

A few more examples of this extravagance have come under my observation recently. Last months $30,000 worth of hardtack was sold here for $2000. The government has been forwarding this hard bread all the year, while most of the troops have been feeding on fresh bread. Again, two foreign merchantmen with cargoes are lying at anchor in the harbor, because upon their arrival at their ports of destination they found them closed by Uncle Sam. The government is paying them indemnity for every day they are idle in this fashion, when there is no good reason why they should not be allowed to land their cargoes in the closed ports. General Otis is doing all he can to stop the leaks. Economy is his one virtue, but he cannot check this extravagance at the Washington end. I am convinced that when the taxpayers of the United States learn the true state of affairs they will call a halt on this reckless expenditure of money.

This extravagance is, however, an incident. The situation presents some much more serious phases. Without the least bit of prejudice, without any desire to find fault, with the thought of the dignity and honor of our government uppermost, I would insistently urge the appointment of a military commander distinct from the civil governor. This is the only way to establish peace and order in these unhappy islands. There is need of a general who can conduct an active campaign of irregular warfare, and of a civil governor with that diplomacy and breadth of mind necessary in the treatment of this strange people. The military commander should be under the civil governor, but both should operate separately. This is the only course likely to be effective, the only one consistent for a great republic, which should never sanction or maintain, within the sphere of its control, a military despotism.

F. R. S.

Liquid Air as an Agent in Surgical Operations.

WE walk to-day with the vision of yesterday. There is only one being in this bit of a globe who has imagined anything of scientific improvement which man has not made an immediate achievement. That man is Jules Verne, who has lived to see all his prophecies but one fulfilled — that one the voyage to the moon by a projectile from a giant cannon — and, who knows, but that, too, may yet be accomplished? I had overlooked flying-machines, you see. I was musing on this as I climbed the steps of the Vanderbilt clinic in New York, and the reflection made me forget for a moment that I was on the way to see a surgical operation, a thing for which I have a horrible, almost feminine, aversion. For the physician in charge had given me permission to watch his assistants carpenter the human frame with the aid of liquid air.

It was not so terrible, after all, when I passed the faintness of anticipation. They laid their first victim—so he seemed to me, although he was in reality a beneficiary—on the white-draped table, and the surgeon, looking in his robe like the priest of some ancient rite making a sacrifice, deftly ranged his instruments before him. They were about to incise for a tumor, he explained to us very briefly, and were going to use liquid air as an anæsthetic. Then he dipped a cotton swab down into the depths of a mysterious can; it came out steaming forth a heavy vapor, which seemed to fall instead of rising, as would steam or smoke. He passed this rapidly over the exposed surface; I saw the skin turn white, leper-like. He pressed the spot a moment, and questioned the patient with his eyes; the latter, a young, nervous-appearing fellow, pale with the horror of it, shook his head to signify that he felt nothing. The surgeon took up his knife and—cut. I was waiting for the blood, that outward sign of one's inward horror of bodily mutilation, but it did not come. There lay, on each side of that little blade, cutting deep and deeper, two straight, solid walls of pallid flesh. Then, the patient moved a bit, drew up his limbs with that characteristic centripetal motion of torment, as though in its distress the body were trying to draw all its members together for the consolation of companionship. At the same moment a reddish tinge came over the wound; the doctor spoke a quiet word to his assistant; again the strange, mysterious vapor fell from the cotton swab as it was laid on the bare skin and tissues, and again the surface went pallid white before the retreat of the blood. A few more swift, accurate incisions, and it was done. The operator disinfected and dressed the wound, and still there was no bleeding. Then, while they were removing the patient and clearing for action upon another one, I found a talkative assistant, who told me some things which I knew already about liquid air in general, and some things which I didn't know about its application to surgery.

The things which I knew already embraced a mass of newspaper information on liquid air. I knew of its intense cold, which approximates that of outer space, some three hundred degrees below zero. I knew how modern science had harnessed this fluid, so that it can be handled in cans and bottles like water. I knew something of its use in refrigerating warehouses.

"Come outside," said the student. "The next case is only a common ulcer"—one speaks lightly of these mortifications of the flesh when he has to do with them every day—"and I can afford to skip. That operation is a new thing in surgery. They froze that fellow's flesh with liquid air, and cut while it was as good as dead. The advantage of this way is that there is no flow of blood. When you use ether or cocaine or any other anæsthetic, the blood runs just as though you were cutting on sensitive flesh, and you are not only hindered in point of time—a big consideration in modern surgery, you know—but you can't see what you are doing, because it gets in the way. But put liquid air on the part, and everything freezes solid, blood, tissue, and all."

At this moment, thoughts of frostbite and its effect on my youthful toes caused me to interpose a question

"Frostbite?" said he. "Now I suppose that the queerest thing about it, when it's first sprung on you, is that you can freeze human flesh and blood without leaving any bad results. You saw that fellow jump when the stuff touched him? What he felt was a prickling like the jump of electric sparks, and that was all. When it thaws out, if no heat has been brought near it, the flesh will be as healthy as ever. The reason is that liquid air is what you might call a dry liquid; it is air reduced until it runs, but it hasn't a particle of moisture about it. I suppose you know that it is a wet cold that is most disagreeable. You can stand zero weather on a dry winter day as well as you can stand freezing point when the air is moist. In the same way, it is the moisture in cold air which makes frostbite and all that. With proper care about thawing out gradually, there is never any trouble—at least, we've had none here, and and we've used it for operations twice a week all this summer. Of course, doctors will have to learn how to handle it; they had to learn how to use chloroform and all those new things in the beginning, but when our experimenters find out the principles, it will be applied for all delicate operations. They are very careful just now. You saw the color begin to come back into the cut. That was because they hadn't frozen it solid. They put on the air two or three times in the course of an operation.

"We are finding other uses for it," he continued. "There was an idea, at first, that it might be death to bacteria, but that was a fallacy. They froze them up in liquid air for hours and days, but when they thawed the cultures out, the little beasts were as lively as ever. They have found that erysipelas can be relieved and even cured by rolling a bulb filled with the 'juice' over the inflammation. In painful nervous diseases, like neuralgia, it has made some successful cures, and they are trying it on a lot of diseases of that sort"— here he mentioned some ten or twelve modern complaints with Greek names as long as the alphabet. "They are going slow with these," he added, "because 312 degrees below is a bit too frosty for any monkeying."

I was a priviliged party, after the clinic, at a little grandstand exhibition of the properties of the "dope," as the irreverent medicos call liquid air. Professor Tripler, who is now furnishing it for fifteen cents a gallon — think of it, cheaper than gasoline!—superintended the exhibition. He had it stored in a can within a can, a non-conductive felt packing filling the space, because one could not handle an ordinary vessel containing it, any more than he could juggle with hot iron. The professor poured a dipper of the liquid on the floor. Zip! It popped and sizzled and vanished in steaming vapor, for all the world like water dropped on a hot stove. The principle is the same, for between a floor at ordinary temperature and air at this temperature, there is a difference of four hundred degrees or so. He dipped his hand in the liquid and withdrew it without injury, although, he explained, it would have been frozen solid had he permitted it to linger there. I screwed up the courage to put my own hand through the ordeal. There was no sense of liquid, only a cold, soft, almost velvety touch. Then the exhibitor poured out a little into a glass and dropped a lighted match into it; the flame went out immediately. He let it stand there awhile, fuming and steaming into that characteristic heavy vapor, which falls instead of rising, and repeated the act. This time, the match burned with an intense brilliancy. This, they told me, was due to the fact that nitrogen evaporates so much more rapidly than oxygen. It had been giving off nitrogen, in process of evaporation, leaving behind oxygen, the burning principle in air. Then he filled a bottle to the top and corked it lightly with a stopper pierced with one small hole. The liquid boiled fiercely for a time, and frost crystals came out heavy on the glass; as the frost grew thicker, the boiling subsided and stopped. The "dope" was only reducing the glass to something like its own temperature. After that, the presiding genius assured me there would be no more evaporation, although no one would dare handle the bottle. For a finale, he seized by a pair of pincers a dipper, which had been holding some of the liquid, threw it to the floor and ground it to bits under foot.

These experiments with liquid air as a surgical remedy have been going on all summer in the New York hospitals. For fear of ignorant and quack handling, like that which followed the introduction of the X-ray, Professor Tripler is careful to limit his customers. Just now, only a few experts can obtain a supply. The incomplete results of their work show that the new discovery, aside from all its commercial uses, may prove to be the most valuable anaesthetic brought into use since the discovery of ether.

New York, July 27th. DALTON.

The New Military Hospital at the Presidio in San Francisco.

IN the mass of low-toned colors, like the mixture on a discarded palette, which greets the eye of the visitor entering the Gate, there is a new splotch of pale, dull green, just north of the high white which marks the Presidio tents. It is the military hospital which Uncle Sam has just provided, the better to care for that wreckage of war drifting in daily from the Philippines. On first inspection, this great, low, rambling structure reminds one of nothing so much as a wooden imitation of Stanford University. It has the same arrangement of long, one-story buildings in quadrangle form, the same connecting arcades, the same projecting roofs and wide porches, so that invalids and attendants can pass from one part to another, in any weather, without danger from the elements. The institution is veritably a house of glass. The wards are almost walled with windows, the arcades are like solid panes, and there are skylights everywhere. It is all beautifully simple and plain, of course, a strict, clean, military plainness, with no fuss or frills about it.

The Philippine war was the immediate occasion of this extensive improvement in the military reservation. A hospital has long been a necessity there; before the war, experts used to wonder what would be done in case of the emergency. When that emergency came, in the shape of unpleasantness in Luzon, it was met by turning part of the regular occupants out of the brick barracks, and converting the space into emergency wards. But the war continuing, more sick and wounded were shipped, and the Government began, this spring, the erection of suitable accomodations.

To come down to statistics, the buildings are in the form of a quadrangle about three hundred feet square. There are nine wards, each 143 feet long and 33 feet wide, and each capable of holding nearly fifty patients. A large administration building, flanked by dormitories for male and female nurses, occupies the eastern frontage, and a kitchen, laundry, and commissary building form the side nearest the bay. Projecting into the quadrangle is a big dining-room. The hospital is normally capable of accommodating four hundred patients, with the employees necessary for their attention, and a good many more on a pinch. There are, or soon will be, all the necessaries for the care of the sick. Just now, the management is struggling along with oil-stoves for heating apparatus, and ice-boxes for cold storage, but when everything is installed, there will be steam heat, cold-storage plant, improved ventilation and electric lights. Something over a hundred and fifty persons make up the permanent working staff, including surgeons, attendants, nurses, cooks and waiters. There are forty-one female nurses.

The institution is rather a lively place, just now, with little suggestion of the hospital about it. The convalescents loaf about the piazzas on fine afternoons sunning themselves and chatting; there are plenty of visitors, always. The isolation of the different wards makes it possible for this to go on without disturbing the seriously ill or the dying. And the majority of the cases are not so badly off, after all. Most of them manage to get to the dining-room for their meals. Those who must stay in the wards are provided with special delicacies upon order of the surgeons and nurses, The others are fed generously but simply. Here is a sample bill of fare for one day: Breakfast—oatmeal, beefsteak, fried potatoes, coffee; dinner—boiled beef, mashed potatoes, string beans with cream sauce; supper—beef stew with vegetables, rice pudding, tea.

TWO events recorded in the newspapers of the past week show that there is romance still in this workaday world. A body of strikers in Cleveland were abusing two policemen, who had been trying to enforce order. The mob followed its victims to the door of a Catholic church, beating and taunting them. Here one fell, and was in danger of being kicked and trampled to death, when the priest, who had been celebrating mass within, came out and ordered the mob back. "In the name of the Church," he said, and stood in his vestments over the wounded man. The mob was cowed, and rolled back before the will of that one defenceless priest and the power behind him, of the thing he represented. A climax for a drama, that, were it not that the theme has been used up in "Richelieu."

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THE central figure in the other romance is an Indian Joan of Arc. As "Santa Theresa," she has long been known to the Indian population of Northern Mexico, A slim, brown girl, she lives the life of a saint and seems, if one can trust the region, to work the miracles of one. At any rate, she has not gone up suddenly and then proved a fake, like Schlatter. She is either a splendid impostor or a marvelous personage, for she has kept her hold for many years. Now it develops that she has been stirring up the Yaquis, that she is behind much of this latest outbreak. Before you condemn her compare her claims to those of her prototype, Joan of Arc, and you cannot think of her as so much of an impositor, after all. A heroic soul, guided by angels or by a magnificent self-delusion—according to how you look at miracles—Joan of Arc fought the good fight for her country and became its martyr. Her cause was no more just than that of Santa Theresa, because right is all on the side of the Indians' this time, and Theresa's self-delusion or revelation is just as complete. The Indian saint is not so picturesque, that is all the difference. A century or two hence and she may be a heroic figure of history.

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THE fact that returning regiments are coming into San Francisco weekly has not abated in the least the city's enthusiasm. The Pennsylvania men got the same cordial reception that was accorded to Nebraska and Oregon. The crack Eastern corps, which came from active service in smashing strikes in the coal region to active service in the Philippines, was perhaps the best-appearing regiment at Camp Merritt, and it still retains its air of soldierly, well-disciplined smartness. The Easterners are just as glad to be home, just as pleased with the reception of San Francisco, and just as "sore" on Otis and all things that to him pertain, as their Western comrades. They came back without their colonel, who died on the voyage, and who is generally and sincerely mourned by his men. "I would rather lead my regiment through the streets of Pittsburg," he said, shortly before his death, "than be President of the United States." Instead, his dead body led the gallant Tenth through the streets of an alien city.

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AN article by Surgeon Girard of the United States Army, published in the current *Pacific Medical Journal*, is instructive, if not particularly pleasant reading. The author, who is now in charge of the new Military Hospital at the Presidio, was Chief Surgeon of the Second Army Corps during the war, and had to fight the battles of science at Camp Alger. He was called upon to regulate the sanitation of a new camp on an unsanitary site, with insufficient assistance and almost no medical supplies. His paper gives the results of his observations on the proper sanitation, which is a matter of interest to the expert; it also explains the causes of the great epidemics of typhoid and camp-fever, so destructive in the permanent camps, which is a matter of interest to the layman. Major Girard makes it plain that the teaching of the observance of sanitary laws to raw recruits, who have never had to look out for sanitation before in their lives, is a hard task, and he shows that this knowledge is a most necessary factor in the education of the finished soldier. His review of sanitary conditions in the great camps is valuable because it is the finest summary given by an expert, of the conditions as they existed.

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A DAY unique in San Francisco's history was the one on which she watched her own sons go on the first military expedition that ever left American soil for a foreign land. The most glorious occasion in her history is going to be the day when "Johnnie comes marching home." The excitement of preparation is such that it has swamped politics, for the time being. The heart of the city is in these preliminaries. Two big tents which have just appeared on Union Square form the center of the disturbance. An appeal is being made to pocketbooks direct, and is having a generous response. Then there is also the big benefit at the Orpheum, where all the stage favorites of the city will auction off boxes, and will appear, later, on the program. There is to be the big banquet of the parents and relatives of the parents and relatives of the "boys"—without intoxicants, at the special request of the mothers—and a monster parade, and a reception and medal presentation, and a round of general festivity. The committee in charge has had a number of freak propositions to quash, one of them a wild plan for the illumination of Telegraph Hill. The welcome will be truly Californian. There will, beyond the shadow of a doubt, be plenty of bad taste displayed; the Western public has not learned to do these things sincerely and at the same time beautifully, but there will be the feeling back of it all, and intention is what counts in such matters, when all's said and done.

THERE is some consternation and more amusement in Manila over the latest order from Washington. It relates to trained nurses, and if there wasn't proof that Ruth Ashmore is dead, I should say that she lobbied it through the War Department. The department, it appears, is afraid of the effect that the horrid coarse soldiers may have upon the efficiency of the female nurses, and has ordered that the women's quarters at the hospitals shall be visited no more by soldiers, whether, officers, non-coms, or privates. The soldiers are the only Caucasian men to speak of in Luzon, and, conversely, the nurses are the only white women, so that the prospects of society at Manila are just now particularly slim. The frank social intercourse which has formerly existed between the two classes has never been the cause of any trouble or scandal, and the nurses around headquarters are therefore somewhat indignant. At Manila no one believes that the hospital authorities will enforce the order.

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RECENT performances in the Philippines have rather diverted attention from the Santiago campaign. I have long awaited a criticism of that famous expedition from the pen of an expert, and at last the book is at hand. John Bigelow, Jr., Captain of the 11th U. S. Cavalry a colored regiment, by the way, has published *Reminiscences of the Santiago Campaign* (Harper & Brothers), and the conservatives, with whom the name of Richard Harding Davis, the venturesome censor, is anathema, may read there such an indictment of the management and conduct of the affair as will enlighten if not horrify them. Captain Bigelow is the author of *The Principles of Strategy*, and when the war began he was Professor of Military Science and Tactics at the Boston Institute of Technology. There is abundant testimony that he is an intelligent and learned officer highly skilled in all the conveyances of war, and abundantly outfitted with the knowledge to act as critic. And how he does make plain the errors and neglect of the War Department and the glaring incompetence of the leadership. Theodore Roosevelt showed partially the extraordinary manner in which the transport system was handled, but Captain Bigelow supplies facts and figures and details that form a terrific indictment. One is struck at times with the impression that the critic is rather given to captiousness, but that does not palliate or condone the failure of the authorities to plan intelligently, their extraordinary lack of foresight or defects of organization.

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THE Filipino village, brought over by the Mechanics' Institute for their fair, isn't allowed to come ashore as yet. The authorities hold them, their water buffalo and their household goods, pending permission from the Treasury Department as to landing, because it was held that these natives were coming in as contract laborers. Doubtless the clause regarding actors in the immigration laws will be held to cover their case. They are making themselves as comfortable as possible, all at the expense of the institute. Crowded together on the transport *Leelanaw*, they were not a beautiful set of beings, not even picturesque, just small, expressionless, and passing dirty. Perhaps they are not typical natives; most of them are circus performers at home. The orchestra has attracted the most attention from visitors; the wonderful thing about it is that not one performer knows a note of music; they play, like all Filipinos, by force of a wonderful imitative faculty. If Otis ever gets out and gives us a chance to take the Philippines under our wing, we are sure to see more of the little brown people on this Coast. Already there are Filipino dishwashers and bootblacks in certain establishments of San Francisco. They make excellent servants, report says. They are quick, fairly industrious, very imitative, but, like the Japanese house-servants, none too honest. They have one advantage over Chinese and Japanese "help"—they do not require "breaking in" to a great extent, because they know the white man and his ways.

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CHICAGO, more noted for pork production than for the output of ideas on art, startles the world once in a while by a move in the right direction. Such was the removal, two years ago, of an atrociously bad statue of Columbus, which the authorities had pulled down and hauled to a resting-place on the dumps, and such is a new censorship over public gifts to the Windy City. Hereafter, there is to be an act commission to sit in judgment upon all designs or works of art bought by the city or given to it. All things ornamental, from pictures to monuments, come under its jurisdiction. The commissioners serve without pay and are to include the Mayor, the president of the Art Association, the presidents of the various park boards, a sculptor, an architect and a painter. It goes without saying that the move is a good one, and quite surprising for Chicago. Had the City and County of San Francisco passed such a law many years ago, we might have been spared a number of monstrosities, for this city has ever suffered from the generosity of its citizens.

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DON ANTONIO BARRIOS, ex-Minister of Public Works in Guatemala, talked a good deal for publication during a recent visit to San Francisco. According to this unveracious chronicler, the government of that country is administered by a tyrant, who threw him out of the country because of his popularity and prestige with the common people. He had conceived a whole program of reforms and innovations for the improvement of the country, but the jealous Cabrera prevented their execution. Among them was one for the improvement of the transportation system and the building of new railroads. Barrios also hinted at a revolution, and would not deny that he might be the logical man for the presidency in case of revolt. These published interviews were scattered all over the country and produced a general impression unfavorable to Cabrera. They also went to Guatemala, where they caused more amusement than alarm. The Guatemalan newspapers have had much fun with this Barrios, who, it seems, when in office as Minister of Public Works, expressed views radically opposed to those he expressed in San Francisco. In one of his reports, made just before his removal, he states that "the declared object has been accomplished, and at the present moment all the government roads are in perfect running order." Again, he there praises lavishly the government he is now reviling. Antonio Barrios is the son of the great Guatemalan patriot and liberator, but the mantle does not seem to have descended.

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THERE are only three undertakers in Seattle. This is a good indication that the city is healthy. These three, however, are always kept busy. There is a strong rivalry between them, as may be surmised from the following incident. There were two corpses on an Alaska ship which arrived the other day. Both were accompanied by friends. The coffins were unloaded on the wharf, and one of the guards turned his back for a moment. When he glanced around for his charge he found that it had disappeared. A spectator informed him that it had been taken by an undertaker. The guard still had his six-shooter strapped about his waist. He was due to leave with the body for the East in half an hour. The undertaker's shop was nearly a mile away and the depot was two miles from the undertaker's shop. The indignant man jumped into a cab, rode to the parlors, and saw the coffin resting on a pedestal in the "Chapel." He gave the undertaker twenty minutes to get it to the depot. His hand was on his gun as he spoke. The body was on the train in time, and it is scarcely necessary to say that there was none of the usual charges for storage. Had the care-taker been less determined, he might have been compelled to pay a good-sized bill.

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APROPOS of undertakers, two of their wagons participated in the procession that preceded a game of ball played last week for the benefit of the Washington volunteers in the Philippines. The wherefore of their presence no one seems able to explain. If ever there was a farce made of the national game, it was this event. Portland and Seattle were represented by the opposing nines, composed of railroad men, who appeared in all sorts of fantastic costumes. There was a good deal of merriment, much poor ball-playing, a number of bruised fingers, and several hundred dollars were raised for the boys who have been fighting their country's battles. This money will make their home-coming brighter and will enable some of them to make a new start in life.

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NOT long ago President Hill of the Great Northern Railroad told, at a banquet, what the Great Northern proposed to do for Seattle. No single man has helped the city more than he; but then he had the backing of as enterprising a community of citizens as there is in the United States. He spoke of the increased facilities which he proposed to create here for the Asiatic trade, of a new line of steamships to help the Japanese company handle the immense amount of freight the Great Northern is daily bringing to Seattle, and of other projects which will add to the prosperity of the city. Even as he spoke, hundreds of men were at work at the south and north terminals of the road in the Queen City getting things in readiness. The Great Northern has been to Seattle what the Northern Pacific has been to Tacoma, and now the latter has given up the idea of making Tacoma its principal terminal point. President Mellen said so the other day. He explained, further, that the people of Tacoma would have to do something for themselves, for the company, under his present management, had given up townsite promotion and is exclusively in the railroad business. The Northern Pacific has purchased eleven blocks of property on the waterfront of Seattle for a terminal point and proposes to put up a grand depot. This is a hard blow to Tacoma, for with the building of the Palmer cutoff the Northern Pacific may come direct to Seattle, and its erstwhile rival will be off on a direct line. President Mellen's new policy means that Seattle will divide the business of the great railroad with Tacoma. It means, also, another line of Oriental steamers running from this port. With the Japaneee line, the Great Northern line, and the Northern Pacific fleet, there will be three great organizations navigating the Pacific from Seattle. It is said, too, the Union Pacific is negotiating with the O. R. & N. and the Northern Pacific to run trains over their lines from Portland, all of which would seem to assure Seattle's future.

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THERE is soon to be established a permanent exposition in Seattle. The first step in that direction was taken last week, and the business men and citizens generally rallied to its support. It is proposed to secure a lease of the Armory building from the city and to add wings thereon so as to double its capacity, and to place on exhibition the products of the State and the Territory of Alaska. The Armory is the largest public structure in Seattle, and there is an enormous amount of space to be utilized. The minerals of the State, its plants, fruits, agricultural products, fisheries, and all its industries will have a place, and strangers will be able to educate themselves on the great resources of Washington without being compelled to travel over its many miles of territory. The exposition will be a public affair. The money to establish it is being raised by subscription, and this money will be returned as soon as the building earns it. After that it will undoubtedly be self-supporting.

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SINCE the first American occupation, merchants and officials in the Philippines have been deluged by letters inquiring into the chances for employment in the new possessions. In most cases these letters are unanswered—Americans in the islands have troubles of their own just now. The following extracts from a letter, received by a resident of Spokane from a young Washington man who has built up a successful business in Manila, is about as clear a statement as has yet come to hand:

I get many letters similar to yours; however, I'll make an exception in your case and take the time to reply, because I get the impression from your letter that you would get along where others would fail. Notwithstanding, I shall not venture to advise. Wide-awake, energetic young men, sober and ambitious, and ready to accept conditions as they are, should do much better here than in the United States, for a time at least. In the case of a middle-aged marfied man, without capital, I would not hazard an opinion. Such a man would deserve a double credit for success. While luck has favored me and I have been remarkably successful from a financial point alone, I am too young to advise. So much for a general statement. As for your particular case, your knowledge of Spanish and your experience in Indian scouting would stand you in good stead. Interpreters are in demand. Many volunteers are act-

g in that capacity; they leave soon. Civilian scouts under awton and others command good salaries. Myself, I employ urteen whites, laborers and experts, at salaries ranging from o to $250 per month. There are several American firms here, l employing American clerks and helpers, and others are in ocess of organization. There are many openings for Ameri- n commercial institutions. For myself, I say this much: ere I, young as I am, now in the United States and unhamp- ed by obligations or duties, I would go to the Philippines pronto." Out of a disturbed condition of affairs like the one ow existing here, a few smart men are sure to make money. ut, for the ordinary American of the working class, this is no ace to go to if he is looking for an increase in wages. He ill not find the channels of employment ordinarily open in e United States, and he will find an uncertain state of things. he islands, under the present system of customs duties, offer inducement to the skilled artizan, and the unskilled would ave to "buck" against cheap natives. Then the uncertainty our tenure must be taken into account. If the United States ves up the country, it ends American chances. Withal, re- ember that a large number of volunteers are looking forward discharge with a view of remaining here to go into business.

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QUITE a number of public men have visited Seattle during the past few months. There have been United States senators, congressmen, governors, cabinet officers and officials of minor note. One ay last week there were in that city Senator Teller of olorado, Governor Tanner of Illinois, members of the oint High Commission, and several well-known Eastern litors. Not one of these men had ever been in Washing- n before, and a few of them confessed that it was their st trip west of the Mississippi river. Their advent in eattle is an indication of the prominence Seattle has ained during the past two years. The Klondike dis- overies brought the city prominently forward, and al- ough the gold fields were lost sight of temporarily during e Spanish war, they quickly acquired attention when the old steamers began to arrive. Then followed the Atlin exclusion law, which excited the fraternal indignation. his subsiding, the news that Canada wanted a port on the ynn canal was heralded. Seattle, as the nearest American ipping point to the Klondike and Alaska, was mentioned nearly every dispatch in regard to the troubles in the rth, and now it will not be saying too much to announce at it is as well known as any city in the United States. his is why there have been so many prominent visitors to e city.

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N the invention of a successful milking machine (a de- vice which ought to have been American, but isn't) the time-honored and picturesque has received another blow. he shepherdess and her crook departed long ago, but we ll had the rosy milkmaid who has figured in song and ory ever since cows went to pasture. Her "nobody asked u to, sir," will linger with us when the wisdom of sages forgotten. We are not told what she did between times, t morning and evening she carried her pail and stool wn the dewy lane. And now she is supplanted! No re will she trip to the pasture at close of day, so that we n have the whippoorwills singing—although larks at sun- e are pretty good—in her short skirt, her buckled shoes, r white arms bare, her hair breaking away in captivating tdrils under a country sunbonnet, her eyes laughing, also r ruddy lips. She has been swept away, supplanted, literated, by a machine—a senseless, soulless, un-make- e-to-able machine. For the last time she has called oley and Crumple and Buttercup to her. slipped the pail m her plump arm, put down the three-legged stool and tled herself to the swish, swish, of the white streams cting the foam, with her cheek against the side of the therly brute and one eye out all the time for Robin, who sure to come along presently and "kiss her milking the w." She will cuff him, but he will not repent him even she lays about with her stool. This gracious, rural pic- e fades. We have instead an apparatus capable of milk- fifty cows at once. And the world calls this progress! Havens! If there is a spark of æsthetic feeling in the om of any machine-milked cow, she will make strong good hind leg and sweep the thing to the destruction it erves!

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THE difficulty of finding a Republican to accept the party nomination for the Mayoralty is a feature of the municipal campaign in San Francisco. The impression verywhere current that James D. Phelan is destined to e a walkover. Under the circumstances, opposition is a ungrateful task, for all a man gains by such a fight as M. C. L. Patton made in the last campaign is the doubtful stige of distinguished defeat. Application has been de to the strongest men in the party to allow their names be used, but without avail. There is no doubt Mayor Phelan has convinced people of his disinterestedness, and ar as I can gather the opposition of the corporations has injured him. After all is said and done, he is the only n San Francisco has had in the Mayor's office who has e things. The others, like successive grand juries, have lored the existence of evils which they declared them- es powerless to remedy. With such arms and ammuniti as the office furnished, Mayor Phelan has patiently en- ed the common enemy, and the degree of his victory y be measured by the virulence of the opposition to him. wever, all this is counterbalanced by the good feeling his ness has enlisted. To the proffered nomination of the chine the reply of several prominent Republicans was, an't run against Phelan, I'm going to vote for him." actly a similar evidence of good will is accorded Assessor dge, who, though he has raised the assessments of the rcantile element in a manner that defied tradition, did so wh so much evenness and fairness as to enlist its friend- sb. He is safe, certainly, of nomination and election.

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ONE hesitates to mention Ex-Governor Budd, on the basis of *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*. A distinguished Democratic politician, in alluding to the late Execu- ti, recently offered to wager that the reincarnation of an E ptian mummy would prove an easier task than the reha- bitation of Mr. Budd's political corpse. Perhaps he un- de ates the influence of Governor Gage, who busies himself h ping coals of fire on all who condemned his predecessor. O one fact, I am certain—when the history of Gage's ca- re comes to be written, four years hence, the task will h e to be entrusted to a geologist rather than a historian, a at that a geologist skilled in fossils. Apropos of the distinguished dead, I am reminded of Ex-Congressman Maguire, who is said to be writing a book. In the volume his friends declare he will hold up to public contumely the factions and forces that opposed his candidacy in the last Gubernatorial election, with especial reference to Father Peter Yorke. Such a volume, if written with due frankness, should minister to the gaiety of Californians, who love better than any other the spectacle of enemies in the throes of mortal combat.

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WHILE there are hundreds of men in Washington interested in the beet sugar industry, it remained for D. C. Corbin of Spokane and Colonel E. H. Morrison of Fairfield, in Spokane County, to inaugurate the first beet sugar factory in the State. These gentlemen are now engaged in building a plant at Waverly, near Fairfield to cost $400,000. Some time ago they expended $50,000 in beet seed and planted some 1,400 acres in the vicinity of the factory. Over 1,000 acres will be cultivated before the end of the season, and these two energetic pioneers will have the largest beet farm in the world. Experts have been brought from France to teach the farmers how to grow the beet, and they are enthusiastic over the prospects. They say the ground is admirably adapted, and predict a yield of from eighteen to twenty tons to the acre. Such a crop would produce an income of between $62 and $80 per acre. The factory is to be 300 by 90 feet and will be four stories high. Its capacity will be 350 tons of beets a day, which means about 40 tons of sugar every working day. The farmers in the vicinity of Fairfield are all planting beets.

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THE members of the Harriman expedition, which journeyed North on the steamer *Elder*, a little over a month ago, have all returned to their homes. Some of the most prominent scientists in the country were persuaded to accompany the party by Mr. Harriman and were well repaid for their excursion. Mr. Harriman is a millionaire New Yorker, who is very much interested in Alaska. He charted the steamer and paid for everything. The vessel left Seattle and proceeded North, touching at nearly all the American islands and at various points in Alaska. A short trip was made to Siberia. Any number of specimens were gathered and much valuable information was secured, which will be put to good use hereafter.

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NOW look for the regeneration of humanity. Now is the millenium at hand. The *Sunday Examiner* has started a bible class! It is true that the bible has been frosted a little in the assignment of space for this Great Religious Movement. In the last issue, for example, about a third of the space is filled by a picture of Adam and Eve in the best Sunday Supplement manner. About one-sixth is occupied by a passage from Genesis, and the rest is a delightful symposium of the enterprise of the Monarch of the Dailies in thus bringing the scriptures to revivify the souls vitiated by a long course in the Mammoth Sunday Supplement. This assignment of space represents very fairly the comparative importance, in the minds of the editors, of the bible and the *Examiner* as a moral agent.

BOSWELL JR.

The copper production of the United States in the year 1898 was the largest ever recorded in a single year, or a total of 535,900,232 pounds of fine copper, which was an increase over 1897 of 34,529,737 pounds, or 6.8 per cent. The exports for the year amounted to 299,765,054 pounds, or about 55 per cent of the total production. During the current year the production has increased but very slightly, while the consumption has grown on a large scale, and an extraordinary increase in prices has resulted.

The two greatest medical men of England, who were at the same time two of the greatest workers on this planet, are dead. One was Sir William Jenner, a physician who has held the highest positions attainable by any British doctor, the other was Lawson Tait, the most daring surgeon of his time. Paradoxically, the surgeon was the picturesque figure, possessed of a personality, and the physician was the machine.

William Jenner died last month, after fifty years in harness and five years of retirement, at the age of eighty-four. For thirty years he had been the Queen's physician; he was a baronet, a K. C. B. and a G. C. B., the only physician who ever held this last title. Probably no man ever valued that or any other honor less, for he was a perfect student, caring for nothing but his work. The son of a poor innkeeper, he fought his way upward by the hardest kind of application. "The Derby!" he said once in the lecture-room, when he heard that the historic race was the reason for the smallness of his class. "When I was a student, I no more knew when it was Derby Day than when it was Trinity Sunday." He had trained his body into accord with the machine-like perfection of his mind. He could sleep anywhere and everywhere. He was without injurious habits of any sort, although he was a tremendous eater. Indeed, he needed to eat heartily to keep himself up for the amount of work he had to do. Day after day, he visited or received patients from 8 a. m. to 10 p. m. He never contributed to medical knowledge to any extent; he was a supreme practitioner, that was all. In his latter years, he attended the illnesses of all the royal family, and his annual income during this last period of his practice was at least $70,000.

Lawson Tait's early life, his antecedents, his very parentage, were shrouded in mystery. Gossip had it that he was the illegitimate son of Sir James Simpson, the Scotch physician who invented chloroform. The resemblance between the two men was certainly remarkable, and Tait never took the trouble to deny the story. He, too, was a tremendous worker; it is said that overwork brought on his premature breakdown, but he had other interests. He was a brilliant conversationalist, with a ready tongue and an active wit. He was, like Jenner, a hearty eater, and he could outdrink a German student. A great, robust, strong-limbed man, strong and vital with an intense vitality, he was yet the most delicate as well as the most daring surgeon of the times. His big hands seemed to be able to feel out the diagnosis of a case by instinct, and they worked, during an operation, with ideal neatness and rapidity. His figure was as remarkable as his character. In youth he was athletic and strong, in later years his body was almost as broad as it was long. His head was massive, bull-like, and crowned by thick, curling hair. One never forgot his face, a strongly virile countenance made mobile by the exuberance of the character behind it.

Chauncey M. Depew, in summing up the French situation, illustrates the compromise character of President Loubet's new Cabinet by a clever analogy. To appreciate the situation, he says, we may suppose that McKinley, finding our Government in danger, should, to conciliate all parties, appoint the following Cabinet: Thomas B. Reed, Secretary of State; William J. Bryan, Secretary of the Treasury; Theodore Roosevelt, Secretary of War; Edward Atkinson, Secretary of the Navy; Jerry Simpson, Secretary of Agriculture; Governor Hazen W. Pingree, Secretary of the Interior; Simon B. Buckner, Attorney-General.

Denmark is having trouble with Iceland, whose Parliament is demanding home rule on the pattern of that enjoyed by the British colonies. It passed amendments to the constitution weich were vetoed at Copenhagen. The deadlock has resulted in unrest and dissatisfaction in Iceland.

FUNERAL OF COLONEL HAWKINS OF THE TENTH PENNSYLVANIA LEAVING MASONIC TEMPLE, SAN FRANCISCO. EN ROUTE TO THE FERRIES, AUGUST 5TH

Philippine Mouse Deer, the Regiment's Mascot

Marching Up Union Street

"Parade, Rest!"

General Shafter

Presents From the City

Transport "Senator"

Heads of the Regiment

ARRIVAL OF THE PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS IN SAN FRANCISCO

Artillery on the Road to Malalos

Troops at Malalos

Colonel Hawkins and Staff, Pennsylvania

Utah Battery at Caloocan

Section of Utah Battery Near Caloocan

Grayson, of Company D, Nebraska

Transferring Wounded to General Hospital in Manila

A Group of "Relief" Nurses

Landing an Invalid

The "Relief" at Anchor Off the Presidio

Transports "Hancock," "Relief," and "Tartar" at the Government Dock *Backus, photo*

ARRIVAL OF THE HOSPITAL SHIP "RELIEF"

London, July 20th.—Two notable events in journalistic society, this week, were *not* graced by my presence, but I heard of them, just the same. The one was Bohemian, the other Splendid, and if you had given my choice, Bohemia would have claimed its own, because the *Punch* "at home," given by its veteran editor, Frank Burand, was one of the gayest little affairs of the season. It was an epoch in British history, almost, since it marked a new departure in that renowned paper; henceforth it is to double its former size. Nothing shows the conservatism of the Briton better than the announcement that this step was taken only after earnest solicitation from the advertisers. Had it been on my own native heath, now, the business manager would have smelled the thing long, long ago, and ran up advertising space and the company's stock. I am told that positions in the advertising forms of *Punch* are so eagerly desired that large premiums for space have been paid to firms about to withdraw their announcements. Therefore, the great political weekly (I will not dare to throw myself in the faces of my scoffing countrymen and call it a humorous weekly) will run with double the present number of pages. The new reading space is to be filled with the addition of some new departments and the resumption of full-page cartoons.

I am getting away from the reception. The wonderful thing about it is that a new play of Burand's was having its first night that same evening—and he deliberately chose to entertain at home instead of going to the theatre! I do not know whether to call it heroism or lack of nerves. At any rate, they say he let no anxiety he may have felt show itself in his manner of entertaining. Considering the weather of the past week, his innovation of serving supper in the garden of his pretty South Kensington house was thoroughly appreciated. All literary London was there, and if the gowns were not *quite* what one sees at a Devonshire house reception, the conversation made up for it. Pinero made two of his *mots* that evening, and the English papers are already passing them from exchange to exchange. Concerning the Woman's Congress he said: "I observe that the Woman's International Congress discussed every topic but the affections." Someone remarking about Burand's indifference regarding his own first night, this dean of British playwrights remarked: "No, I rarely go the theatre; I don't care for plays!"

I saw Pinero two nights later, at a little reception in Trafalgar Square. One would connect him with the church rather than the theatre, to look at his face. It is lean, pale, high in the cheekbones, growing bald at the temples. He speaks very low and softly, and has a meditative air, as though he were sunk in high and holy thoughts. Never have I seen an author whose personality was so little like his works. Miss Braddon, who graced Burand's reception, was also present on this occasion. She carries her years, close bordering on sixty, with an ease which argues for hard work as a preservative, since she has written daily these forty years. She still keeps her bronze auburn hair, hardly whitening at all, and the exquisite fair skin which always accompanies hair of that shade. A simple, modest gentlewoman she is, who talks to you of her house and her children, and never by any chance of her books.

The Splendid journalistic occasion of the week was a concert, a gorgeous and formal one, given at Grafton Gallery, by Alfred Harmsworth, proprietor of the *Daily Mail* and the Napolean of British journalism. Think of it, ye poverty-stricken editors and correspondents, ye under-paid space-writers, here is one of the guild who has made a fortune out of newspapers! He did not begrudge the spending of it, either, on this occasion. It was a veritable flower-show, a paradise of roses, which hung in festoons from the ceilings, smothered the pillars, banked the platform. The excellent taste displayed in these decorations is due to Mrs Harmsworth, for she planned everything. There was a wonderful array of talent secured for the entertainment. Paderewski, the Coquelins, elder and younger, Madame Suzanne Adams, Mlle. de Saint Andre and Maurice Farkoa. There was a late, long supper downstairs, made radiant by the half of London society. No crowd of literary people this time, except a few lions, but those who make brilliant the London season. I am told that Mrs. Harmsworth received on a bank of rose-petals, heaped on the floor, in a Worth creation of blue silk with a cream lace overdress. She wore sapphires and diamonds, a superb tiara of the latter crowning her pretty young face.

Dear me, everyone is dressing so lavishly this season that it is hard to pick gowns for description amid the general elaboration. The only really unique thing I have seen this week was shown me by a modiste, who is crowding the French dressmakers out of London. Mrs. Theodore McKenna was the owner. The skirt is a mass of soft, grey spangles to the knee, where a light tulle flounce, spangled more sparsely, spreads out to the ground. Across the plain gray front of the waist extends a branch of flame-colored velvet. I can imagine that Mrs. McKenna, with her dark eyes and olive complexion, must look like an empress in this costume.

As in duty bound, I twined the stars and stripes in my bodice, and went to the American Ambassador's reception on the Glorious Fourth. Wasn't it last week that I raved over the supremacy of American beauty at the Charity Bazaar? There were all there again on this occasion, with some more who did not have the honor of being stall-holders at the exclusive function of a fortnight ago. There was the slim Duchess of Marlborough, in simple green and white, and Mrs. Eaton, who as Bessie French, before her marriage, was *the* beauty of a whole London season, and the sweet, petite Miss Choate, and many others just as beautiful and less exalted in station. Had I been giving a prize for looks, for ensemble—face, figure and costume—my vote would have gone for Mrs. Eaton. Great masses of reddish-brown hair, a brilliant complexion, expressive features, and a figure that the first touch of matronly maturity has improved; all this was set off in a costume of brown of the tone of her hair. It was most simple, this gown, only a touch of cream-colored lace relieved its plainness, and its very studied simplicity set off her figure.

KATRIONA.

When a customer asks for Jesse Moore whiskey, he does it because he knows it is good and pure.

Insist Upon Having Your Ticket to New York, Boston, or Other Eastern Cities

Read over the Nickel Plate (N. Y. C. & St. L. R. R.), the popular low-rate short line. Quick time, unexcelled accommodations, and no extra fares charged. Jay W. Adams, Pacific Coast Passenger Agent, 37 Crocker Building, San Francisco, Cal.

For health and strength: Damiana Bitters.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
ABSOLUTELY PURE
Makes the food more delicious and wholesome
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

Dr. G. A. Danziger, Dentist, 22 Geary street

GERMEA
The Ideal Breakfast Dish

What a pity it is, Diary, my dear, that one cannot travel in the fields of fancy for one's acts. What a delightful romance I might weave over my midsummer junketings; what a number of scalps I could hang to my belt. But, dear me, the prosaic reality of the facts! This last week at Del Monte, or rather week's end, was less gay than I had expected, though everyone is agog with anticipation. I came down on Thursday, having returned from San Rafael that morning. At the latter place we passed the end of July in saying farewell; for all the Smedburg crowd, and We, Us & Co. left in the early part of the week. The last Paper Chase, I hear, was quite as exciting as the former ones, and passed off without accident. Billy O'Connor and Marie Oge carried off the honors. Billy rode remarkably well; he had a fine horse—Deadwood, you know—so his carrying everything before him was almost a foregone conclusion.

Of those who are still at San Rafael are Admiral Kautz and Mrs. Kautz, the W. E. Deans, the Morgans, the Terrys and the Kips, beside the old habitues. Lieutenant Roberts and Mr. Cuyler Smith, who preceded us by a few days to Del Monte, were the heralders of our approach, so to speak. Mr. Roberts' stay here was very brief, as he was obliged to return to Mare Island on Saturday. Larry Van Winkle gave us a farewell dinner on Wednesday at Fairfax Villa, where we had a capital time. I must say I like Larry's manner of entertaining; he plays the host admirably, and always invites the prettiest girls and a bright man or two. My most recent crush, Miss Terry, was there looking awfully well, and her father and mother, the Fred Greens, Mr. Greenway, Walter Dean and my own particular friend, Fred Greenwood. The menu was capital, a fact that never escapes my observation be the company never so entertaining. I know few young people with so well trained a palate as your own Miss Cricket. Aunt Sybil says it is disgraceful to be an epicurean at my age, but with Papa for a teacher, surely I should be able even to criticize the Feasts of Auctolycus.

It was really like tearing open a wound to say adieu to San Rafael. I simply hated to do. Curious how attached one becomes to a place which has contributed to one's pleasure, is it not? But the thought of Del Monte was a balm, and on Thursday evening when I arrived there my spirits, which had been at zero during the afternoon, rose materially. I forgot to tell you about the dinner Mr. Warfield gave to little Roma Paxton, previous to her return to school. It took place on Wednesday in the private dining-room, which was decked in festal attire. The boys of the Tamalpias Military Academy and twelve of Roma's especial cronies. The youngsters had a splendid time, if noise be any criterion of enjoyment, for they whooped things up in great shape. That is one of my chiefest regrets in being grown up, that one has to learn to enjoy things quietly. To be obliged to laugh softly when one is hungering to go off into a loud peal of merriment is an awful bore. But being grown up is a bore anyway.

To return to Del Monte. We drove up to the hotel after a rather tiresome, hot trip, and I could not help thinking how huge the building seemed after our former abiding places. It was brilliantly lighted, and as we passed in I recognized many familiar forms on their way to dinner. We went to our rooms, which were decked in flowers ordered by my latest and most especial crush. Dear thoughtful chap! His stock went up past ninety when I saw how well he had remembered my particular floral preferences. Aunt Sybil was also pleased, and is usually most good-natured at Del Monte, which is her favorite of the summer resorts, and on the strength of her good humor promised me a new chain, with amethysts set in hearts, which I have longed for at least for the last week, and I have spent all my allowance for the next three months, so despaired of acquiring one. Well, we dressed and went down stairs to see who were our fellow guests—Emily Hager, looking extremely well, and Ethel, the Tobins and Brugieres, Katherine Dillon, Ethel Keeney, the Whittiers and several others. After dinner we all sat round and compared notes. The best things are in the future at Del Monte, although one always finds enough to do down there. Tennis appears to be too much work for most of the girls. Everybody goes in swimming in the morning, then a siesta. Shirt waists and pique skirts are so much the order of the day that one would fancy they were a uniform. The place is looking lovely, and great preparations are being made for the polo games and other sports of next week. The paucity of men is sad. Oh, why can we not import a regiment or so of the returning soldiers! They would at least be interesting. Freddie Poett is back from Manila, looking but a shadow of the former Freddie. He has had adventures to burn, and is much more serious and grown up than he was. One cannot go through the perils of war and come out unscarred, I suppose. Well, dearest Diary, this is all for the present. If aught else occur, you shall have a nice postscript.

Ever your devoted
MISS CRICKET.

* *

The Del Monte outing, set for August 19–27, is so close at hand that the entries are practically completed. It is safe to say that never before on this Coast has there been an opportunity to see so much pure amateur sport in one bunch. Of course, the pony racing and the struggle for supremacy between gentleman riders furnishes the main interest, but enthusiasts in all the other sports are sending in their entry blanks. August 19th the fnn begins with the pigeon shoot, and continues until August 27th, when society will take to the water to see the yacht races. That polo game—they are betting on it already in the clubs—brings up the old question of supremacy between Burlingame and the South. Down at Blingum, the game played this last week between Georgetown graduates and a picked team was only a warming-up heat, designed to get the players into condition. From the South, they are going to pick a team from the best players and ponies in the orange belt, because the Southrons have not forgotten their defeat last year. A special feature just arranged for will be a baseball game between Burlingame and a team picked from alumni of the universities.

* *

Mrs. Lucy Hamilton Kerr, widow of Hon. John Bogman Kerr, M. C. from Maryland and Minister to Nicaragua under President Fillmore, died at Berryville, Virginia, May 2d., in her 65th year. Mr. Mark B. Kerr, the mining engineer, well known in San Francisco, and Mr. Leeds C. Kerr, Paymaster U. S. Navy at Mare Island, have the sympathy of their friends in the sad loss of their mother, so favorably known in Washington society.

* *

At the Hamlin school, on Monday last, there was a pretty patriotic reception given by Miss Hamlin in honor of Mr. Philip Crosby Knapp, who served with the California Signal Corps during the Philippine campaign. Miss Hamlin and a bevy of young ladies received in the main hall, which was decorated with flags and patriotic emblems. Later in the evening, the school gymnasium, turned into a temporary ballroom, was the scene of an impromptu dance, in which forty couples participated.

* *

Mr. Arthur F. Mathews has returned from his year's sojourn in Europe and has resumed charge of the School of Design, which opened on Monday last with a large number of students. The instructors for this term are Mr. Mathews, painting and life classes in drawing; Mr. John A. Stanton, drawing from the antique; Mr. Douglas Tilden, modeling from life and antique; Mr. R. D. Yelland, sketch class and lectures on perspective; Mr. C. Chapel Judson, night class life and antique drawing, and Mrs. A. B. Chittenden, drawing in Saturday class. Captain Robert H. Fletcher will give a course of lectures on the history of art. The number of new students and applicants gives promise of a very large attendance.

* *

Mrs. B. Hunt and daughter, Emma L. Hunt, and son, Harry C. Hunt, are spending a month at Catalina Island.

A Sincere Utterance.

By gravy,
I'd like to know where I'm at,
I, William Jennings B.,
In this confounded
Harrison-Altgeld business.
I wonder if they think I'm the hyphen,
Or what?
I may be the Matchless Leader,
But if I don't smell brimstone
I'll be scratched.
Altgeld talk to me
Like a Dutch uncle,
And to all intents and purposes
Tells me he's IT;
And Carter Harrison smoothes me down in front,
While the red-headed anarchist
Is on the other side of me
With his foot up.
And there's Stone!
The Lord only knows
How the cat's going to jump
With that man
If I take my eyes off of him
A minute.
Willis Jonathan Abbot
Is my dear brother in affliction,
And the Debonair Delight of Deadham Mass.,
Is his twin.
And James Killemoff Jones!
Jones, Jones,
My cross of gold for a Jones!
What the dickens and Sam Hill's cow
Is he doing in Europe
At such an imminent moment as this?
Can it be that he is false
To his Willie-boy?
John Gilpin Shanklin of Indiana
Is a mile long and all Bryan,
And Dan Campau of Detroit
Is poor, but honest—
But by the Bales of Inspired Hay,
What about them other fellows
That are trying to split me
Up the back
As Solomon proposed
To do the baby?
What's 16 to 1
To this sort of thing?
What's Trusts to
Treason to the Chicago platform?
What's Free Silver to
Sacrficing Me?
What's Harrison?
What's Altgeld?
Rats!!
Where's the man who said
Politics is sheol?
I want to shake hands with him!

W. J. L. in New York Sun.

"Tommy," asked a mother of her three-year-old son, "what would you do if I gave you a nice orange?" "I'd wish you would give me another," replied Tommy. Little Alice had been delegated to rock the baby to sleep. By and by her mother came in and found him still awake. "Why, Alice," she said, "isn't your little brother asleep yet?" "No, mama," was the reply, "I tan't make him teep his eyes buttoned." Little four-year-old Clara had behaved very badly while her mother was entertaining a caller, and as the latter was about to depart Clara said: "Please, Mrs. Brown, don't go away yet!" "Why, Clara, I had no idea you were so fond of me." "Oh. it isn't that," was the frank reply, "but mama said I was to be whipped as soon as you went away." Sunday-school Teacher—Who was the wisest man, Johnnie? Johnnie — Solomon. "That's right. Now, Willie, who was the strongest man?" Willie—Jonah. Teacher — Wrong. But what reason have you for believing Jonah was the strongest man? "Cause the whale couldn't hold him after it got him down."

The old established house of J. J. O'Brien & Co. is offering its patrons special inducements in black and colored dress goods, ladies' tailor-made suits, golf caps, ladies' shirt waists, ladies' muslin underwear and boys and children's clothing. A department for the sale of the last mentioned goods, opened two months since by this enterprising establishment, is proving most convenient to parents who desire to purchase for themselves while outfitting their boys. The quality, style and prices of these ready-made suits commend them to the public.

Jesse Moore "AA" whiskey is a gentleman's drink.

Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Hayes Larkin and Ninth. American or European plan. Ira R. and James H. Doolittle.

The Original Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

What Yo' Gwine to Tell de Lawd?

When de trumpet am a tootin' an' de stahs dey am a shootin' an' de owls dey am a hootin' in de trees,
When de earf it am a quakin' an' de dead dey am awakin' an' de people am a shakin' in de knees,
When yo' hea' de rollin' thund h an' de rocks am rent asundeh an' de hosts am in deir wondeh standin' awed,
An' yo' find yo'self a tremblin' while de nations am assemblin', O! sinnah, what yo' gwine to tell de Lawd?

When de planets git a knockin' at each udder an' a rockin' an' de tempests seem a mockin' at yo' woe,
When de da'kness am a fallin' an' de buzzards am a squallin' an' de angels am a ca lin' yo' to go,
When de sun hab quits its shinin' an' de brack wolves am a whinin' an' de mou'nehs lay repinin' on de sod,
An' yo' asked to tell de story what yo' doin' up in glory, O! sinnah, what yo' gwine to tell de Lawd?

When yo' see de rightous swingin' up de road an' all a singin' twell de earf ll be a ringin' wif de psalm,
When dey fol' deir wings an' rally in de golden riveh valley singin' hallelujah-hally to de Lam',
When de hills dey am a crashin' an' de sulphur fia s a flashin' an' yo' feel de cuttin' lashin' ob de rod,
When de sheep am bein' chosen from de goats, what yo' supposin', wicked sinnah, you'se a gwine to tell de Lawd?

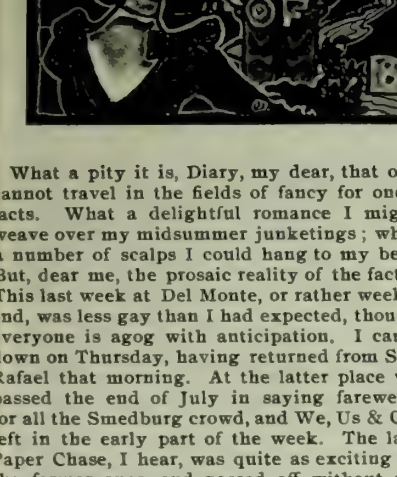
Oh! befo' de vial's broken an' de wrathful fiery token wif its awful names is chokin' up de sky,
'Fo' de dragons git a barkin' an' de earf begins to darken, ask de Mahstch fo' to hearken to yo' cry,
Stop yo' sinnin' an' transgressin', lissen to de wahnin' lesson, git yo' wicked knees to pressin' on de sod;
When you'se at de bar an' Satan am a eyein' yo' an' waitin', tremblin' sinnah, what yo' gwine to tell de Lawd?

—Denver Evening Post

Some enterprising artists are producing a pleasing novelty—pictures in gold and silver on surfaces of papier mache, polished wood, etc. The method pursued is a modification of the well-known process of dusting-on, and, as may naturally be supposed, is capable of producing exceedingly attractive pictures, in great variety. The workers select the color of the powders according to their discretion, employing, for instance, a slightly red bronze for a landscape view or street scene in sunlight, and a silver or aluminum bronze for portraits in light costumes, etc. By this means a remarkable depth and relief are obtainable, the resulting picture being described as a well-nigh indestructible piece of work, and, when framed with a narrow strip of metal corresponding in color and character with that used in the production of the print, presenting to the eye an effect of striking richness.

Jesse Moore "AA" whiskey is called for everywhere. It is the drink of the people, not of the select few.

Poodle Dog Restaurant, northeast corner of Eddy and Mason streets. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone Main 429. Blanco & Brun, proprietors



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His Money.... and His Wife.

"I say, Phil," suddenly demanded Jack Vinyard, from the deepest recesses of the most comfortable armchair in the smoking-room, "you are a judge of things——"

"What things?"

"Oh, things that happen. Tell me, which does a man feel most, the loss of his wife or the loss of his money?"

"My dear fellow," began Philip Monterey reprovingly, "It depends upon——"

"Oh, I can give you the circumstances. Figure to yourself a man, the possessor of a wife he adores, a diminishing income and inexpensive tastes. Imagine also a woman——"

"The possessor of an ideal husband and expensive tastes—who is probably the cause of the diminishing income aforesaid."

"Right, oh intelligent anticipator of events!"

"Well?"

"She has gone."

"How gone? Not dead?"

"Oh, dear no! Not dead, but gone before—that is, before the income diminished to vanishing-point."

Monterey joined his finger-tips.

"That was very considerate of her. She has probably saved an *impasse*."

"Which is the French for the workhouse?"

"Well, yes. I suppose we both sympathize with the woman, because the man will laugh last. But I wander from the subject. Wives and incomes, my dear fellow, are both perishable commodities, incomes especially so. The former are comparatively easy to replace. With the latter it is different. One can live with an income, yet without a wife. One can live with both, but—well, you see what I mean when I say that the woman has, in all probability, saved the situation. In such a *menage* as you have pictured, the onus of maintaining a mutual happiness would rest heavily upon the man—poor chap!"

"Poor chap, indeed! You don't understand."

"More circumstances?"

Vinyard leant forward.

"The man was desperately in love with his wife; worshipped the ground she walked on and all that sort of thing. They never quarrelled."

"Her demands were made exclusively upon his purse and his affections?"

"Yes; and they were invariably honored. In other matters she allowed him a superior knowledge and bowed religiously before it. Told the poor devil he was a man and knew best, while she was only a poor weak little woman who had thought that such and such a thing might possibly be correct, but was evidently mistaken, since he, her wise husband, knew otherwise."

"Which means that she always got what she wanted."

"She played upon him as a swell pianist plays upon a second-rate instrument; got every ounce of music out of him. Now she's playing the 'Danse Macabre!' You know—Pom! Pom! Pom!—oh those thumps!"

There was a pause; and Vinyard sank back in his chair.

"Yes, it's all over now," he went on. "While it las' it was good to see; only one cloud—the diminishing income, which he didn't worry about then, of which she knew nothing."

"No, nothing," echoed Montercy.

"There was not a family jar amongst all their domestic crockery. Had they entered for the Dunmow Flitch, they would have started the hottest favorites known for years and won comfortably. That marriage, my boy, was made in Heaven."

"But, like most things celestial, it has been spoilt by terrestial contact. And the end?"

"About a month ago, the man had a long and unpleasant interview with the keeper of his money-bags, who resides in a dusty office near Lincoln's Inn. He was informed that if he didn't pull up sharp, he would drive his cart over the precipice—that old, familiar precipice. So he went home and shaped a speech embodying his reasons for a policy of 'peace, retrenchment and reform.' He delivered it at what he deemed a favorable moment. This programme (having turned a Radical, he mentally spelt it with one 'm') speedily created an opposition. He carried the retrenchment part of it, for he meant business and held the purse strings. The reform he shelved, for a time. But the peace motion, despite his readiness to accept any reasonable amendment, was carried to a division and lost. Here, however, this Parliamentary simile gets a little mixed. He didn't resign; so the opposition has allied itself to a third party, sought the Chiltern Hundreds (which means, I suppose, the Continent) and the victory rests with the government. Now, Phil, which is it, his money or his wife?"

The light had entered Monterey's brain; and his hand flew to the other's shoulder.

"Good heavens, Jack! You cannot mean that Agnes has——"

"Yes, old man, she has——"

"Jack, what have I been saying? Are you sure?"

"Oh yes, it's the regulation *roman a trois*, with all its hackneyed accompaniments. I have her few last words on paper. I don't know who he is. I've made out a list; but I can't decide on a single starter. Even after the event, I can't prophesy. I only knew of it an hour ago; and I came round here to see if you were missing. In such a case, does not one always fly to one's best friend?"

"And after this——?"

"Nothing! Am I bound to scour the earth for them? Have they not put me to inconvenience enough already? If I chance upon them, I suppose I must shoot him, or, better still, horsewhip him. A man looks a bigger fool after a thrashing than he does upon a marble slab. At present I suppose I look a fool. The companion picture in the matrimonial farce to the rampant mother-in-law is the deceived husband. And she—she has two lords; one spells his name with a capital, I'm the other. Oh, Agnes, Agnes! I wonder what your patron saint, the Virgin and Martyr, thinks of you now! Yet, Phil, I'll do something. I'll—I'll have a drink, here and now, in mine own club. For behold I am once more a bachelor—or, the next best thing to it. Drink with me, Phil; and confess that, for a newly-deserted husband, I'm the deuce of a cool hand."

"Oh, stop that, Jack."

"Don't, Phil, please; don't say I'm sorrier than I look. It's a damned commonplace remark; and it will deprive me of the consolation I derive from imagining that I'm taking it philosophically."

"And you are ruined?"

"Oh dear no! From one point of view, that's the most galling part of it. I only ask for moderation. The question is, will my income continue to diminish? Upon my word, Phil, I'm afraid it will."

There was a long pause. Presently, Jack Vinyard spoke through a sickly smile.

"There are two things, Phil, in this unsavory business that positively give me pleasure."

"One is——?"

"That she didn't bolt with you!"

"And the other——"

"That she leaves me no souvenir of our companionship which I should be forced to keep as an index to her dishonor. Theatrical, isn't it? But, Phil, you haven't answered my question. Which do you think a fellow fancies the least, the Divorce Court or that set aside for the examination of bankrupts? Would you rather face the Judge or the Official Receiver?"

"Well, Jack, if I must answer, one looks a better kind of idiot before the one than he does before the other. And yet—— but you know what I mean, Jack, I'm beastly sorry."

A tear rolled down Vinyard's cheek; but he answered gaily:

"Well, old man, if you're beastly sorry, I have my fill of sympathy."

"I say, Jack, I'm running over to Ostend to-morrow; come along."

"That's a hackneyed way of forgetting things. But I'll come. Meanwhile, let us go out and kill something; time for choice—or a co-respondent."

And a few minutes later they left the club arm-in-arm.—*The Critic.*

Thirteen.

"Thirteen is unlucky," said I to John Gray,
That time he got married the 13th of May.

But John he just grinned and said I was sore
Because it wa'n't me that was gettin' Bess Moore.

Well, it's twelve years since then, and three weeks ago
I was out to John's house in New Mexico.

And we hadn't met in ten years, I guess,
When one day I seen him in Deming with Bess.

They coaxed and insisted and vowed I must go
To pay 'em a visit at their place, and so

I clim in their wagon, and when we got there
I thought we had lit on a Donnybrook Fair.

"It's only the children," said Bess, "and I'll send
Them in right away to see our old friend."

And then they come in, the big and the small
And I counted the lot—there was thirteen in all—

And I looked up at John and John looked away,
And says I to him, "How 'bout the 13th of May?"
And John said he guessed he had nothing to say.

P. S.—There was two pair of twins.

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J. F. MULGREW, Proprietor.

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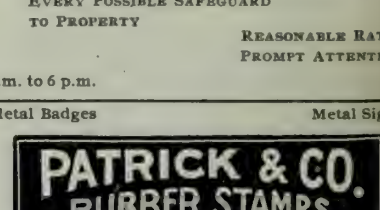

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Heartsease The Liars
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A laudable ambition to enact the role of the Melancholy Dane has long had lodgement in the mind of Henry Miller. This aspiration was consummated at the Columbia Theatre, San Francisco, last week, in the best production of Hamlet we have ever had in San Francisco. The credit for this is not due to the Henry Miller who rendered the leading role, but to the Henry Miller who engineered and directed the production. The success was the manager's rather than the actor's. The design seemed to be to render Hamlet in realistic fashion, not as an antique survival, but with up-to-date scenery and sccessories, rapid changes of background and an elaborate *mise en scene*. How thoroughly this was accomplished is a matter of record. Really the tragedy was excellently given; not a role slighted nor a detail neglected.

As to the Hamlet of Mr. Miller, I am sure he is dissatisfied with his rendering. It was essentially an incomplete and uneven portrayal. In the play scene and in the scene between himself and the Queen he was strong, intelligent and sincere; but otherwise he fell far below that level. The soliloquies were sternly disappointing, less because of the manner of rendering, which was original, being casual rather than declamatory, but because of the monotony of intonation that characterized the actor's delivery. However one may reduce the importance of these speeches they remain, in the estimation of the public, the feature of any rendering. Miller's phrasing was accurate, even graceful, but as he spoke them the lines were deprived of their charm and music. It was curiously apparent throughout the tragedy how much more artistic Mr. Miller is in playing against a woman than with a man. In the several dialogues he has with the males of the cast he appeared inflexible, immobile, harsh. With Ophelia and with the Queen he was brighter, softer and better inspired. His conception of the melancholy Dane is disillusionizing. Hamlet, for him, is a man infirm of purpose, strongly inspired but weak in accomplishment. He dares but does not do, is the prince of procrastinators and trusts his impulse for incentive to action. He is no philosopher or mystic, however—the subtler, more delicate shadings are omitted or glossed over by the actor. It devolves on Mr. Miller to supplement and perfect this rendering of the role. It calls for more thought, more business and more charm of manner.

As for the other roles, however subversive of tradition their rendering may have been, they seemed to me at least individual. Guy Standing made a conceivable character of Laertes; Mrs. Boucicault imbued the Queen with a veritable personality. C. Leslie Allen's Polonious was rather too senile, though in places he was admirable. Mr. Stevens, however, was quite out of his element as King, though Charles Walcott proved as worthy and competent as the Ghost as he does in in his other roles. His lines were given with proper realism.

Margaret Anglin's Ophelia was undoubtedly the best feature of the performance. This clever actress has subtlety and finesse, and unites with them the poetic sense which a true Ophelia must possess. It was really a charming presentation she gave, full of delicate sentiment and maidenly innocence exquisitly shaded. The delightful quality of her voice was exhibited in her rendering of the lines. In the mad scene she made an unaffectedly pathetic figure. One more word in conclusion for the expeditious changes of scene, the picturesque backgrounds, the costuming—a finer Hamlet is easily conceivable, but not a better presentation.

* *

It was as well, perhaps, for the success of the season, that Henry Miller reserved the production of "Brother Officers" to its latter end. The play is decidedly English in conception and elaboration. The dialogue is as tiresome as a clerical four o'clock tea, with but three bright speeches from start to finish. The acting was excellent, and Henry Miller showed himself in an entirely new light as the officer risen from the ranks. His costume, make-up and bearing were unsurpassable, especially in the first two acts; in the last he relapsed into himself and forgot he was not to the manor born. The Henry Miller of the society drama, who is accused of being unable to lose his personality, was entirely absent in this play. No matinee girl would have lost her heart to John Hinds, with his hair sleeked down like a groom's, his deprecatory manner and uneasy attitudes. Miss Anglin had a graceful part, requiring a great degree of skill as Baroness Roydon. For the first time I learned that there might be a place for Edwin Stevens in the company. As Robert Hutton, he was fine, his make-up as the swindling bookmaker, and later as the Australian millionairs, being inimitable. Very amusing, too, were his frantic efforts to acquire the letter "h" and brought forth one of the few bright speeches of the play. Otherwise, Mrs. Whiffen, as Lady Pleydell, had a monopoly of the witticisms. As a curtain-raiser, "Brother Officers," with its long-winded talks cut down, might prove interesting, but for a comedy in three acts, there is far too little action.

* *

The playbills conjure up a vision of elfin ballets and calcium mysteries and be-spangled choruses. Not so. It's all a frivolous name for a play that deserves a better introduction and put on by a company that deserves a better play. But I am too fresh from the spell of Sardou to be quite fair to another author. A comparison with "Madame Sans-Gene" is a severe test for any comedy. It is a laugh quickly forgotten, in which there is the least little twinkle of a tear somewhere down inside it. That is why "The Fairy Godmother" will be a bit hazy in your mind next day.

But you can't conceive of that dominant will of Blanche Bates as vanquished ever, can you? And it hasn't been yet. It matters not what she be called on the programme, be it Yvonne or Catharine or what you will, she is ever the same—controlling, nervous, whimsical, fascinating. Her witchery for this week must need be of the head rather than the heart. No girl wins one's sympathies by causing an unwilling and hungry gentleman to be imprisoned upon bread and water diet, and then offering him release and a chicken dinner if he will marry her. But such a girl becomes marvelously forgivable through Miss Bates' rendering, and even if the role has for the most part a coat-of-mail glitter, one rejoices in what one has rather than grieves for the lack.

Mr. Frawley has a leading part opposite the fair star, and with his curls a-fly and bows a-flutter, bears it off bravely. Pity that Mr. King has such a wee little mouthful of lines! It's a tidbit, anyway. And there is Miss Mould on the stage much of the time, with all her dear-girl-ness set off perfectly against Miss Bates' experienced sparkle.

* *

With grand opera of the grade now being presented at the Tivoli, and comic opera such as the Grand Company is rendering, San Francisco music lovers are in clover. I rejoice to see the Morosco Company going back to its own particular. Edith Mason and William Wolff rattled around a bit loosely in the roles of Marguerite and Mephisto, but in "Falka," as the old familiar heroine disguised in boy's clothes and the comic general, they shine again. The stage management of C. N. Jones is a perpetual delight. There is no reliance on makeshifts, no slouchy or uncertain business. Week after week, there is the same regard for artistic effect and the same finish in the work of both principals and chorus.

"Falka" is a rather mediocre opera, with a libretto patched up from reminiscences of fifty others that have gone before, and music that is just fair. The saving grace is the comedy of Wolff, Goff and Wooley. The latter, as the fussy old friar with troubles, did a creditable piece of work, especially in the drunken scene, which he refrained from overdoing. Thomas H. Perssee dropped the romantic lover for once, and made a success of the part of an irresponsible "kid" hero. Barring the fact that she rendered herself hideous by overdoing her make-up, Gertrude Hayes deserves credit for her Minna.

* *

The managerial search for something uncommon for the Orpheum brings us a "champion" bag-puncher who is being well received, and a really attractive trick jumping performance. The gymnasium has produced few artists so well worth seeing as the Deonzo Brothe in the latter specialty, and their work is sati factorily clean and finished. Speaking athletes, is it not singular that with all th acrid competition which is said to exist b tween the members of the fair sex on th stage, they should never have ventured upo comparative estimates in the manner so a proved by "ring" favorites. Perhaps it that men, being all much alike, can be judge of only on a quantitative basis. There can b no doubt, anyway, that if this method were t be applied to the stage, the class at the to would, of necessity, be reserved exclusivel for Alexandra Dagmar, the magnificent. Sh is superb, and, like the fair Jersey Lily, doe not require the mere accessories of song o acting to win her the admiration of every ma present.

Cotton and Long do some clever work, abou the best of the programme, notwithstandin the introduction of an Anna Held impersona tion. Adelman, the instrumentalist, win strong applause, and the Biograph seems a popular as ever.

* *

DRAMATIC NOTES

At the Orpheum next week a new comedy combination, Gertrude Mansfield and Cary Wilbur, appear in "Color Blind." Miss Mansfield was with May Irwin, while Mr. Wilbur appeared with Lilian Burkhart during her first engagement in San Francisco. Esmeralda, a pretty girl who, in regulation evening dress, walks a tight wire and while balanced on her narrow platform, plays the violin and zylophone, Caron & Herbert comedy acrobats, and the Cardownie troupe of national vocalists and dancers are the other new people. Dagmar, the Russian beauty; the Deonzo Brothers; Alden & Hill Linton & McIntyre and the Biograph appear again next week.

Next week, the final one of the Miller engagement at the Columbia, will be devoted to a repertoire, including "Heartsease," "The Liars" and "The Adventures of the Lady Ursula." The following week, Clay Clement opens his engagement in the romantic comedy "A Southern Gentleman."

The Alcazar, which has a reputation for giving new plays a hearing, has one of special promise dated for next week, a dramitization, by Edward Elsner, of Ouida's "Under Two Flags." Florence Roberts will play the abandoned but heroic Cigarette, and White Whittlesey will enact her English lover, Bertie Cecil.

In fifteen years the silk production of the United States has increased by three-fold, until now about two-thirds of all the silk used in this country is of home production. According to the statistics presented at the recent annual meeting of the Silk Association of America, our mills made during 1898 broad goods worth $40,000,000 and ribbons worth half that amount, besides all the sewing silk that was used here. In January of this year there were 861 silk mills in operation in this country, of which 257 were in New Jersey, 228 in New York, and 172 in Pennsylvania. It is further stated that there are in the country 27,000 power looms for broad silk weaving and 6,000 for ribbon weaving. The manufacturers are now worrying over the prospects of overproduction, as silk mills are springing up with wonderful rapidity, in Pennsylvania especially. A New York manufacturer, who owns two mills in that State, has recently decided to remove to North Carolina, where he has found what he considers an ideal spot for the work of the silk weaver, with all the natural requirements.

The Cleveland, O., papers announce the invention by W. H. Packer of that place of a ramie defibrator, which has proved to be a remarkable success, and, it is believed, must revolutionize the manufacture of fabrics. Other inventors, it is stated, have been at work on a machine with the same object in view for many years past, but notwithstanding large amounts of money have been expended and premiums have been offered by governments, the necessary qualifications of success have not been reached. The simplicity of the new machine is said to be such that it can be operated by a boy, and its capacity can be increased according to requirements. Ramie, which is grown so largely in South America and the Southern States, has long been regarded as a substitute for cotton, flax and silk.

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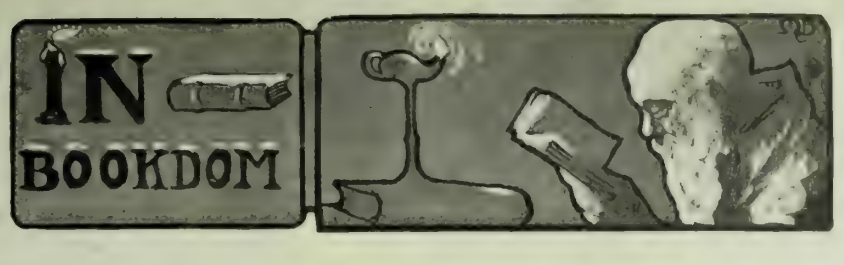

In bookdom one still hears of *David Harum*, and in less degree of *Richard Carvel*. The latter volume has been dealt with here, with appropriate appreciation, though a deprecatory comparison with *Hugh Wynne* seems to have evoked objections. To me the ease and breadth of Winston Churchill's novel are in distinct contrast with the precise and rather arbitrary handling of Dr. Weir Mitchell's characters and scenes. The latter writes because of his ambition, the former because he has the genius. The reception accorded *Richard Carvel* across the Atlantic will be interesting to note. Apart from the American setting of its first and latter chapters, it is a first-rate story of George III days, and should appeal to our cousins and allies on that account. About the same time they will have an opportunity of judging of *McTeague*, which Grant Richards publishes early in September.

The extraordinary success of *When Knighthood Was in Flower* set me to reading it last Sunday afternoon. I finished it before closing the book. Why—merely because it's an entertaining narrative, for, heaven knows, it lacks all literary distinction, grace or virtue. It is a *Family Herald* serial set in a court scene, with kings and princesses and doughty fighters for *dramatis personæ*. There is sentiment galore, action in plenty, situations for the million. What wonder it is having a run. At the Columbia Theatre in San Francisco "Heartsease," surely as worthless a piece of dramatic claptrap as was ever produced at a theatre, crowded the house for two weeks. Sentiment is the reason. "Heartsease" is another *Family Herald* serial. The receipe is simple. Romance, love, and action, in due proportion; mix in several noblemen, a poor young man, a lovely heiress, together with obdurate parents and a designing rival for flavor. Serve in large portions between paper covers. Save that the plot has swing to it, I could find no merit in *When Knighthood Was in Flower*, and my volume is of the fifty-seventh thousand.

Yet it is that very characteristic—swing—which is absent from *Defender of the Faith* (John Lane), by Frank Matthew. It is the same period, but a bit later. Anna Bullen is heroine and the Earl of Northumberland enacts the leading male role. The idea is rather a series of historical tableaux than mere romance. Though there are some excellent passages and considerable literary merit throughout, there is no grip to the plot, and I would not dream of staying up all night to finish it. After all, if a novel interests one positively, that is an important consideration in its favor.

The most entertaining and readable correspondence from Manila was that contributed by Oscar King Davis to the New York *Sun*. The descriptive articles he furnished the Sunday issue were interesting and vivid, and if they lacked the smartness of R. H. Davis' war contributions, or G. W. Stevens' inimitably picturesque style, they were easily the best stuff about the American expedition in the Philippines. These letters have made a book, *Our Conquests in the Pacific* (Frederick A. Stokes Co.) and are undoubtedly worth reading. From time to time, The Wave has made extracts from Mr. Davis' letters, or I should be tempted to decant his impressions into this column. They are worth reading *en masse*. Nothing more vivid has ever been written about surf riding or the hula than his chapter thereon, and there are other episodes quite as entertaining. Perhaps the book might have gained by omissions, and I imagine the author would have been glad to have re-written many of his sketches, but the volume is full of real life and brisk writing, and as a document is invaluable at the moment.

When *The Strong Arm* (Frederick Stokes Co.), by Robert Barr, reached my desk, I found I had read most of the tales composing the volume at other times and in other places. Be assured, however, that the fact did not deter me from re-reading. No, nor from honest enjoyment of the spirited fighting in which these yarns abound. *Thekla* was certainly a brisk book, but when *The Strong Arm* comes along it must be retired. It simply is "not in it." Count Herbert and Young Wilhelm are proper figures for romantic purposes, being ever ready for the fray with sword or fist, and as equal to a recondite occasion as Count Antonio or Rudolph Rassendyl. Their reverences, the Archbishops of Cologne, Mayence and Treves do proper service throughout the entire series of these tales, and in several instances are duly slain, discomfited or vanquished. I trust Mr. Barr has not exhausted his vein. C.

The best acting plays rarely read well. Perhaps their excellence as closet dramas may account for the permanence of some old plays which still hold the boards. "The Rivals," for example, survives from production to production, from the fact that it is printed and read and the intervals, while others, not so good, it is true, but well worth occasional staging from their value as acting plays, lie forgotten in the play books. Arthur Pinero is to be congratulated, therefore, on the fact that his "Trelawney of the Wells" has been considered good enough reading to be published in book form. This little comedy comes to us from the press of R. H. Russell, in a tasteful dress of pale drab, with wide margins and beautiful printing. And it makes excellent reading. With far less plot than the average comedy, it holds the reader because of its clean, human interest. The *motif* is pretty generally known from the reputation the play acquired when it was first staged. Rose Trelawney of the Bagnigge Wells Theatre—under which name Sadler's Wells is thinly disguised—leaves her theatrical friends to become the fiancee on trial of a grandson of a Vice-Chancellor of England. The dull, ultra-respectable life she has to lead in this new environment palls upon her; she leaves it to return to the stage and to find that her former ability to act has left her. The lover from the upper strata of society follows her to theatrical life, and eventually wins her and reconciles his own family to his marriage. A sub-plot running through the play deals with the trials of a young dramatic author who is in love with Rose, who finally achieves success with his plays and heroically hands his beloved over to his rival. The period is the early sixties, and the satire is sharp on the affected plays and players of that period.

The Baronet and the Butterfly, by J. McNeil Whistler. R. H. Russell, publisher.

Never was a trifle so admirably enshrined as this. But the gem is unworthy the setting. It is an account of the bitter controversy between the whimsical painter and Sir William Eden, of whose wife Whistler had made a portrait. Here is the preface:

A most rare and fascinating history from the palace of the courts, wherein it is shown, with much wit and circumstance, how the gentle master, unsuspecting, was sighted, tracked, waylaid, circumvented and run to earth by a commercial knight of untiring industry!

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And, further on, setting forth the methods, devices, cajoleries employed for the ensnaring, entrapping, bewildering and final confusion of the all-confiding, sweet and simple painter, culminating in the abrupt, ingenious and stupendous invention of the "Valentine," together with its application and manner of use. And in the recounting of such excellent matter, is again curiously brought to light the continued fallacy, danger, immodesty, immorality and monstrous inconvenience of shameless friendship.

All the documents in the case are presented at length, together with the court proceedings, the letters of Whistler and George Moore (henchman, expert, go-between). Of all this, the brief, witty commentaries of the enemy-maker alone are worthy attention, and surely if ever there was a pen with a sting—it is Whistler's. In spite of the arrogant assumption that the public must be interested, this is really a private quarrel between an adroit skinflint and an irascible artist. It does not deserve the typographical envelope given it by Mr. Russell.

The Real Hawaii, by Lucien Young, U. S. N., is an attempt at putting unbiased island history before American readers. The native Hawaiians, white or brown, are too near the missionary-trader controversies of early times to write impartially. Mr. Young, although an outsider, had an opportunity of studying Hawaiian history from original sources, while stationed at Honolulu during the troubles of 1892-93. The book is a sketch of native Hawaiian national life and customs as he saw them in those days of the dying monarchy.

[*The Real Hawaii*, by Lucien Young, U. S. N. Doubleday & McClure, publishers.]

St. Nicholas is up to its usual level this August, and is full of entertainment for the young idea. In looking over the number I was struck with some admirable drawings by M. Bowley to a "Fairy Story." They are beautifully done, with a charming imaginative quality, and in excellence approach the charming work of Maxfield Parrish.

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The manufacture of balloon ropes from spiders' webs, for the military-aeronautic section of the French Army, is announced as an accomplished industry, in operation at Chalais-Meudon, near Paris, and is an object of extreme interest not alone to entomologists. The insects are kept diligently active in a certain routine of movement, each one being required to spin some thirty or forty yards of thread before it is allowed to have a rest. The method of achieving such a result may well be characterized as an example of French ingenuity. Twelve spiders are placed above a reel, to which their threads are attached, and the reel, being gently revolved, winds off the thread as fast as the little spinners are able to produce it. Eight of the sets of thread thus brought to pass, after being carefully washed to rid them of their sticky outer covering, are then as carefully woven into cords. The latter are declared to be both stronger and lighter than the silken cords which have hitherto been used by balloonists, the great drawback being their necessarily extreme cost.

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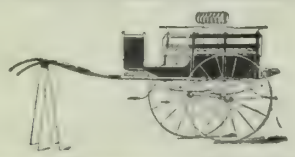

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NEW STORIES RE-TOLD

A Mission lady rejoices in the possession of a gay young daughter who cannot always be depended on to seriously object to the labial attentions of her gentlemen friends. For this reason her mother invariably plays chaperone when there are callers. One night she had an engagement, and as a fascinating young man was expected, she promised her young son, aged eight years, a nickel if he would go into the parlor and remain until her return. When she got back the three were merrily playing the game of blindman's buff. After Mr. Brown had gone Willie was rewarded with the nickel. "Did you have a good time?" asked his mother. "Yes," said Willie, who did not suspect that he was being employed as a watchdog, "but they are pretty hard for a little fellow like me to catch. They kept me blindfolded most of the time."

A leading citizen in a little town in the north of Scotland was asked to take the office of elder in the kirk. He was reluctant to accept the honor till a wag, who knew his weakness, whispered that if he became elder he would get five pounds and a pair of trousers at the end of the year. The year passed, but when the promise garment did not appear the elder went to the minister and said: "I haven't got the breeks yet." "What breeks?" said the minister. The elder explained, and the minister smiled, and replied that the promise was but a silly joke. The elder expressed disappointment about the trousers, and was turning away, when the minister said: "You seem to care more about the breeks than about the money?" "Oh, ay! the fi' pun," replied the elder; "I just helpt masel' to that fra the plate."

It was the custom on vessels of the navy to reserve space for luxuries that the crew may choose to lay in for use on the cruise. This rule obtained on the *Prairie*, which was manned by the Michigan Naval Reserves, who numbered in their ranks quite a few men either personally rich or else the sons of rich parents. On the day previous to sailing, the steward sought out the commander and asked: "Shall I take on the extra stores for the crew, sir?" "Of course. Why not?" answered that officer. "I didn't know whether you'd like it, sir. There's a shore boat alongside, loaded down with cases of champagne, and it seems out of the ordinary, sir." "Oh, that's all right," replied the astute sea dog. "Charge 'em corkage—two bottles for me and one for yourself out of each case."

During the Civil War a new Colonel with his regiment joined the Union forces in a Southern district which was being harrassed by Wheeler's Cavalry. Discipline was unwelcome to the arrivals, and they were much disturbed by the attacks of the enemy. After repelling these onslaughts for a week the new Colonel and a veteran Brigadier were out riding and ran into a corps of Confederates, narrowly escaping capture. "What do you think of war now?" asked the Brigadier of the Colonel. "Is Wheeler like this all the time?" replied the Colonel evasively. "That's it—he's here and everywhere." "Well," continued the Colonel, reflectively, "I wonder, isn't there some way this infernal thing can be compromised."

The Botanic Gardens of Washington have never been the pet of Congress, and their superintendent has been compelled to fight more than one stubborn battle in their behalf. This straightforward Scotsman has little patience with those who think that nothing save that which is utilitarian has any right to exist. It is recorded that on one occasion, when a party of Congressmen were making a tour of the gardens, "What is the use of it all?" one of them remarked. "Why should Congress spend the people's money for things that are only pretty?" "My dear sir," was Mr. Smith's quick response, "if the Great Architect of the Universe had thought of utility when he made you, he would have put you on four legs and fed you on hay."

When the street-car system was first inaugurated in Mexico City, the natives could not understand the rapidity of progress, for in the Southern republic no one ever hurries. One day, the president, Don Pablo Chora, after being out on the road, came to the superintendent, an American: "Senor," he said, "I am afraid we shall never get our people to accept this enterprise." "What is wrong now?" was asked. "Why one of our greatest merchants paid his fare to be taken to the Alameda in twenty minutes, and lo, and behold the driver cut the time down to fifteen! We shall be ruined by moving folks around too quickly. Let us tie up the legs of the mules and take the whips away from the drivers!"

Mrs. May Wright Sewell, the new president of the International Women's Council, was instructing a class at a girls' classical school on the difference between centrifugal and centripetal force. "Centrifugal," she explained, "is a force whose direction is from the center, and centripetal is a force whose direction is toward the center. You understand?" There was a chorus of assent. "Now, some girl give me an illustration," continued Mrs. Sewell. "The domestic virtues are centripetal," replied one of the girls, "because they keep a man in the center of his home, while a centrifugal force is—well, a saloon is a centrifugal force."

One was from Kentucky, and, of course, a colonel, and the other had served in the Northern Army during the Civil War. They had been discussing with rising heat the conduct of the Philippine campaign, when some remark of the Colonel's raised the Northerner's ire, and he said: "What do you know about military matters, anyway?" "I am a colonel," replied the Kentuckian, with dignity. "I don't see what that's got to do with it," rejoined the Northerner; "you were born a colonel."

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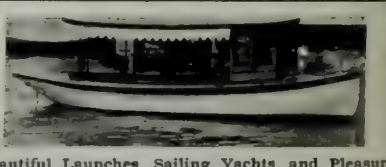

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CALIFORNIA STATE

VOL. XX. No. 8 SAN FRANCISCO — AUGUST 19, 1899 — SEATTLE PRICE 10 CENTS

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Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months, $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

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SAN FRANCISCO--AUGUST 19, 1899—SEATTLE

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EVENTS CURRENT.

Dreyfus' Cause Gaining Ground.

Dreyfus has now been on trial for over a week, and it may be confidently asserted that the results so far shown are very much in his favor. It must not be forgotten, in judging of this celebrated and tangled case, that American critics have all along been influenced in favor of the prisoner, and that the reports in the American press have always been tinged by a pro-Dreyfus prejudice. On the eve of the trial, the assertions of both sides, when impartially compared, showed about an even chance for acquittal or condemnation. Thus far, however, the claims of the prosecution have been more or less exploded. Mercier, for example, boasted that he had damning and clear evidence of guilt and treason; brought to the stand, he hedged almost completely. More than that, his evidence and that of Cassimier-Perier, both anti-Dreyfusites, conflicted so materially, that they are in a bitter controversy, each trying to save himself and his reputation from the other, and both forgetting the prisoner. So far, the only important witnesses examined have been Mercier, Cassimir-Perier, and the accused. The *bordereau* and the *dossier* have been placed under examination. The latter now contains several hundred documents, all bearing with more or less directness on the case. The Dreyfusites claim that most of them are fabrications or forgeries. In the army of witnesses called, both sides claim to have persons who will make startling revelations, but the fact that Mercier's threatened sensation never got before the court tempers the value of such assertions. Esterhazy has written from London, again refusing to appear as a witness and repeating his confession. Meanwhile, the army fanatics have injured their own cause. Labori, junior counsel for the defence, was shot and mortally wounded on Monday morning as he was passing from his home to the court. He has been the most valuable of Dreyfus' defenders. He was the "jury lawyer" of the case, as Demange was the counsellor, and in the hysterical French method of administrating justice, the keen cross-examiner and brilliant speaker is the most valuable advocate. He won his spurs in the Zola trial, and his fire of questioning did much to break down Mercier. Who fired the shot, and by what motive he was prompted, no one, as yet, knows. The assassin escaped. If, as now seems most likely, it was an army plot, the murderer has defeated his own ends, because the deed is turning public sympathy towards Dreyfus.

Transvaal Situation More Serious.

At this time of writing, it seems as though a conflict in the Transvaal were unavoidable. This scare has had, all along, more reality than any of the other rumors of war that have disturbed Europe the past twenty years. It is not a question of a clash between the ambitions of two governments, it is a conflict between two arrogant races, whose interests are so mixed and so tangled that the matter cannot be straightened out by any ordinary means. In the final issue, one of two things must happen; either the English and American citizens must withdraw from Transvaal, or the litlle republic must come under their control. Since the Anglo-Saxons are the dominant race in numbers, property and enterprise, it is not likely that they will submit to the first alternative; it is equally unlikely that the Dutch will submit to the second. A month ago when the Volesraad expressed a willingness to revise the franchise, it seemed as though the thing could be compromised; since then, events have shown that the Boers will not make concessions sufficient to grant their rights to the Uitlanders. Kruger still bluffs, and still seeks delay, but the English seem now convinced that he is not going to recede until absolutely forced to do so. On the other hand, the probable consequences of a South African war are becoming more and more apparent to British statesmen. The Boers declare that, upon the outbreak of hostilities, they will wreck every mine in the country; this alone means the loss of hundreds of millions to Americrn and English capitalists. The Uitlanders are unarmed, and at the mercy of their minority of rulers, who are traditionally unmerciful. The Zulus and the other neighboring African tribes are thoroughly acquainted with the state of affairs, and will revolt at the first sign of warfare, so that the horrors of savage massacre will be superadded to the difficulty. There has been no positive move lately on either side; the Boer legislators have only argued, projected and delayed, debating over religious qualifications for the franchise, while the English continue with war preparations, but both sides are coming nearer to a hostile attitude. The Queen's speech at the prorogation of Parlaiment, was a firm, almost sinister utterance of the government's intention. Now that Parlaiment it adjourned, the direction of matters lies wholly in the hands of the Ministry, and consequently of Secretary Chamberlain.

Terrible Hurricane in the West Indies.

A tropical hurricane, the severest experienced since the disastrous one of 1876, swept the West Indies early this week. It traveled an irregular course of about 12,000 miles, advancing, by a rough calculation, at the rate of 300 miles a day, and affected with more or less severity, all the islands in the group: Porto Rico and Santa Domingo were the heaviest sufferers. Ponce and San Juan de Porto Rico sustained the severest damages. At the former place, five hundred lives are reported lost in the immediate region, two hundred bodies having been recovered in the city alone. Five or six smaller towns with populations varying from one to eight thousands souls, are totally demolished. Particulars come in slowly, because telegraph lines, bridges, and railroads are all destroyed, and information travels by carriers. On Tuesday, the night of the heaviest storm, all shipping in the harbor came ashore, and the sea rolled into the streets of the city. Reports indicate that the damage in the interior was even more severe than it was along the coast. Almost equally cruel were the ravages in Martinique, Northern Santo Domingo, and smaller islands in the region. Cuba escaped with comparatively small damage. Key West, and the surrounding islands, although reached by the storm also sustained small damage. The situation Porto Rico, as reported by the army authorities, is most serious. General Davis telegraphs to Washington that at least 100,000 people have lost everything, that a famine is imminent, because all crops as well as stores have been destroyed completely. He has taken up the work of restoring order and relieving the populace, but unless supplies are sent at once, he will be unable to prevent starvation. The War Department has therefore sent an appeal for aid to all the larger cities of this country.

Philippina Campaign Re-opened

Active operations have been resumed at the front. Early last week General MacArthur, in camp at San Fernando, found the insurgents gathering in force around the town. At the same time there was discovered a plot to slaughter the garrison through the treachery of supposed "amigoes" resting under the protection of the American army. He thereupon cleared the city of inhabitants, and advanced, with four thousand troops, against the surrounding Filipino forces. In the resulting action, a rebel force estimated at six thousand was forced back six miles, where it melted away, as the Filipino forces have a way of doing, leaving nothing for our troops to chase. The Americans lost five killed and something over twenty wounded; the natives lost more heavily. MacArthur might have pushed on to Angeles, a rebel center, but would have gained no advantage from doing so, lacking forces to garrison the town. The small extent of our conquered territory is proven by the fact that an engagement occurred this week at San Mateo, ten miles from Manila. A squadron of cavalry here met a force of 300 rebels and drove them back, sustaining a loss of two killed and fourteen wounded. There have been small skirmishes along the railroad, near Malolos and Calumpit. All these actions were fought in deep mud. The Filipino junta has again addressed an appeal to the powers, calling for recognization. It is based on their old contention that they held the country at the time Spain traded the islands off. Major General Otis still holds on. Late unofficial advices from Manila show that is universally criticized and disliked by the European residents. Captain St. John of the British cruiser "Peacock," expressed such an opinion in an interview last week, and stirred up an international flurry in consequence. Secretary of War Root will not state whether or not he intends to remove the military governor, but his attitude is such as to convince experienced observers at Washington that he contemplates making a change. The secretary shows, nevertheless, a refreshingly strong attitude with regard to the cleaning out of the insurgents. He declares he is going to see that the war is pushed through and won in spite of all obstacles, and that the opening of the season will be the signal for the vigorous operations. The ten new regiments are virtually filled and are being trained and equipped.

A Settler for Indian Silver Coinage.

The British Parlaimentary Committee appointed to investigate the Indian mints has dealt a serious blow to the bimetallic theory. This body unequivocally and unanimously recommends that India be placed permanently on a gold standard. It need not be said that the attitude of the Indian government toward the free coinage of silver has been of tremendous importance in determining the policy of this country as regards the coinage problem. The closing of the Indian mints to silver, in 1893, brought about the fall in price of the white metal which immediately followed. The silver advocates have lived in hope that India would resume coinage; but this report puts an end to their expectations. The commissioners give their reasons at length, and make an answer to all objections. They declare the resumption of unlimited coinage is impossible, and that any measures for the gradual re-opening of the mints would be so fully and immediately discounted as to defeat the objects for which they were suggested. It is explained that the failure of negotiations with France and the United States demonstrates the impossibility of an international agreement. They believe that the resumption of silver coinage would bring about an unstable condition of exchange between India and gold standard countries, with which India has four-fifths of her trade. Professor Marshall's statement that the adoption of a gold standard is "like a movement toward bringing the railway guage on the side branches of the world's railways into unison with the main line" is quoted. In conclusion, the report urges a settlement of the question one way or another, because the present instability is keeping capital out of the East. While these are only recommendations and have no legal force, the fact that the commissioners are unanimous in their view makes it almost certain that Parlaiment will take action toward the permanent closing of the mints. At present, the means by which these recommendations are to be carried out, will be decided by the Indian government, but in no case will coinage be resumed.

A Congregation In Revolt.

In St. Louis, one of the strongest Roman Catholic cities of this country, there is a rebellion against the authority of Bishop Jentzen, at the head of the diocese. In St. Patrick's parish, a strong Irish congregation, a popular priest of that nationality was replaced by a German against this the congregation protested, but without avail. Seven hundred parishoners thereupon prevented by force the new appointee from entering the church or the parochial residence, placing guards around the property. The Bishop threatened excommunication; the mal-contents still held out, and, after one or two postponements, he carried out his threat, cutting off the rebels from the privileges of the church. The dissedents, still holding possession of the property, continue to have meetings and show no intention of receeding from their position. They claim that they are in communication with the Papal delegate in this country, and have been encouraged to stand firm. The Bishop announces his intention of forming another congregation in the parish from those still faithful to his authority, nearly five hundred all told. He may even get possession of the church property by indirect process of law. The church is in debt; the creditors intend to sue both the dissenting trustees and the Bishop. The courts, in deciding who is responsible for the debts, will also determine the legal ownership of the buildings. This point of law is almost a new one. Many other prelates have appealed to Bishop Jantzen to take comprise measures, but he is as firm as the rebels. It is understood that the matter has been referred to the higher church authorities, but they have made no sign as yet.

San Francisco Primary Election.

The primary election in San Francisco last week, showed a decided victory for the Reform element in both parties. The Central Republicans seem to have gained full control of their own convention, while the Democratic Committee of One Hundred swept their party. Eleven out of eighteen districts went to the victorious Republican wing, while the "One Hundred" men took every district but two. The election was the first under the new Stratton primary law, which worked well, so far as the casting of the ballots goes, for it was a quiet, orderly affair, with no fraud apparent and with a very large number of ballots cast, nearly 33,000 out of some 64,000 registered. This large vote, which was swelled by a reputable element that generally shuns primaries, was probably due to the safety guaranteed by the new law, and would have been even larger had the polls opened earlier and closed later.

Mexicans Rounding Up the Yaquis.

At latest reports, the Yaqui Indian uprising is not so serious as at first reported. Unreliable rumors having swelled the number of settlers reported massacred and of Indians on the warpath. All sorts of conflicting accounts come from the hostile country. The latest news shows General Torres, with nearly five thousand available men, pushing steadily onward, rounding up the various war parties toward the rendezvous in the uplands of their Country. These rather unusual military tactics are occasioned by the character of warfare preferred by the Yaquis. If allowed to separate into small bands, they can wage a guerilla war and keep the Mexicans chasing them for years. If, on the other hand, they are herded into a body, the troops can then crush them in one decisive battle. Torres intends to rely on artillery and machine guns to reduce their strongholds. Already, parties of soldiers engaged in this big "Indian drive" have had three or four lively brushes with the savages. It is reported that the Mayo Indians, a tribe dwelling on the Yaqui borders but much more civilized, are on the point of joining in the outbreak. Rumor also has it, that Santa Theresa, the noted "divine healer" of Northern Mexico, is at the Yaqui stronghold urging on the braves.

Australia to Be United.

It is practically certain that, with the coming of the twentieth Century, Australia will be a united colony. Formerly, the various districts—New South Wales, Queensland, Victoria, etc.—have been as separate colonies, governed under separate governors and parliments. There has generally been a good understanding between them all, and their laws were modelled on a common plan, but they were as distinct as Newfoundland and Cape Colony. The sentiment for a federation has been growing for a decade. At the beginning of this year, it had progressed so far that all the colonies excepting New South Wales favored it. Without this important division the change could not be made, and it therefore became the crucial test. The legislators of that Colony voted for a popular referndum, to be decided in June, this year. The campaign for and against federation raged hotly, therefore, all the spring. Influential capitalists, believing that it would increase their taxation, joined forces with labor leaders, who were disappointed because the projected government gave no recognition to a national referendum. These fought the measure bitterly, but the opinion of the steady middle class was against them, and swept the polls in favor of federation. The matter is now being submitted to official endorsement in the other colonies, but in these it is only a formality, because public sentiment is almost unamimous for union. In September, it is calculated, the wish of the people will be conveyed to England for approval. By Jan. 1, 1900, the new Australian nation will probably be a fact. The first steps toward forming a government will be taken in Sydney, the new Federal Parliment will sit at Melbourne and the permanent capital is yet to be decided upon. As things now stand, Mr. Ried, the premier of New South Wales, and the strongest Federalist in Australia, is the logical candidate for Premier of Federated Australia. A great celebration, in which all the world will be asked to participate, will mark the installation of the new regime.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

Anti-Imperialism and Its Professions.

The lectures of President David Starr Jordan of Stanford iversity, dealing with the "policy of the United States, ecially concerning the war with Spain and its results," ve been collected in book form under the title of "*Im-rial Democracy*". Dr. Jordan has succeeded in setting th about all there is to urge against the so-called Ameri-n colonial policy, but every argument he employs against e acquisition of these islands could, with two exceptions, th almost equal favor, have been urged against the quisition of all the great territory lying outside of the ginal thirteen States. Had his line of reasoning pre-iled, the soil on which the Stanford University is built uld today be under the dominion of Mexico. The prov-ce of Louisiana under the rule of some power foreign and rhaps antagonistic to our own, would stretch from the lf to the Pacific and the United States would have been ited to thirteen in number. Whatever may be the true lution of the colonial problem, there are a number of good mericans of a plain and respectable order who consider guments having a tendency to encourage continued resist-ce on the part of the Philipinos as being at least ill-timed. is scarcely a seasonable hour for men standing high in the tion to notify the little beast Aguinaldo to hold his enches, and resist the American troops "until his sym-thisers can get hold of the reins of the government in merica."

The present conflict in the Orient will probably not be r last. We may at any time become embroiled with some e of the great European powers in a struggle that will ean much to us, and which will receive the full approval President Jordan. It is not difficult to conceive that sty agitators may then create wide dissatisfaction among e masses with the war policy of the Administration and so riously embarrass the country and jeopardize our arms. ofessor Jordan need not look far for a possible case. He uld scarcely sanction such a performance, yet his course d that of the "Anti-Imperialist League" have impressed any good men as being quite as treasonable. There is no pending election at which Congressmen or Senators are be chosen to decide this issue. As a nation we are big ough, strong enough, and brave enough to retreat from a licy that upon close examination proves ill-considered, that, when submitted to practical tests proves harmful or suited to our form of government. The people can and uld soon decide such an issue at the ballot-box. Parties uld quickly adjust their policies to meet the popular ill; but no party in America would dare to advocate the ithdrawal of the American troops from the Philippines, or ywhere else, so long as armed resistance was maintained. There are many good plain citizens who will, on reading *Imperial Democracy*," be inclined not to look beyond the enches in Luzon; they will be inclined to attach more portance to what they are pleased to call Loyalty; and is consideration will, with them, probably outweigh the ost powerful of Dr. Jordan's arguments. Perhaps it is a isnomer to term it "Patriotism," this upholding of the dministration in the war in the Phillipines; perhaps it is misapplication of words to call it "treasonable" to com-rt the enemy, but in a simple-minded way we have been d to believe that such is the case. It would seem quite as lpable as to counsel with the Phillipinos on the firing line d advise them to stick to their guns, and resist our troops. would be somewhat braver to do the latter, for there uld be some certainty of a penalty to follow. Dr. Jordan es not suggest such a withdrawal, but endorses the petition the Anti-Imperialist League, which urges that our gov-nment take immediate steps towards a suspension of hos-lities and a conference with the Phillipine leaders, with a ew of a recognition of their freedom and independence as on as proper guarantees can be had of order and protection property. Necessarily this proposal is based upon the sumption that Aguinaldo and his followers are fighting for berty, that they are inspired by the same spirit that moved ur revolutionary sires. This we deny—deny it upon reports ought to us from Manila by returned soldiers and civilians, ny it upon the authority of men who have a peculiar and rsonal knowledge of the natives, and the motives which d to the uprising. They are fighting for loot not for berty. They are fighting for the privilege of murdering, bbing, torturing and maiming their ancient enemies or nyone else who may by chance fall in their way. The surrectionists are but a handful of men compared with the aceful population willing to live in harmony with America d Americans. To compare Aguinaldo with Washington his troops with the soldiers of the Revolution, is to do olence to every rule that respects facts. We are not argu-g in favor of expansion, or the engrafting of a strange lonial policy upon our tree of State But we do believe at had it not been for American encouragement, Agui-aldo would have surrendered before now, and we do believe at the movements of the Anti-Imperialist League instead "preventing further bloodshed" have encouraged it.

Anti-Monopoly in Kentucky.

According to the New York *Sun*, the New Constitution of entucky, which breathes a lusty opposition to capitalistic terprise, has succeeded in driving millions of capital out the State and has otherwise seriously demoralized busi-ness, to the great detriment of the State. It was the theory of the Kentucky law that all burdens possible should be thrown upon capital such as shares of banks and manufacturing and trading corporations, bank deposits and so on. The cry ran to the effect that the poor cottager was taxed to the full limit upon his home and that the bondholder and millionaire must bear an equal burden. It was determined to destroy all monopolies and to assess franchises and all rights and privileges then or thereafter to be acquired. Franchises no longer to be given away, but sold to the highest bidder for a limited term of years. Railroads, banks and financial institutions were the targets of the legislator and the Assessor. Even the *Examiner* would have been superbly happy over the turn of events in Kentucky. But the New York *Sun* says: "The results of the ad valorem and franchise taxes have been ruinous." Millions upon millions of dollars invested in banking have been promptly removed from the State. All the Banks, except the very strongest, have reduced their capital and surplus; the smaller institutions have closed entirely. For example, at the time of the adoption of the new constitution, Louisville had twenty-three banks with a joint capitalization and surplus of twenty-one million dollars. To-day it has fifteen banks with a capitalization of thirteen million dollars. The old Northern Bank of Kentucky, located at Lexington, having a capital and surplus of two million dollars, closed its doors and went out of business, after an honorable career extending over seventy years. All over the state banks, have removed millions of dollars from the assessment roll by withdrawing the money from that business and investing it in bonds "which are never returned."

In respect to the manufactories the *Sun* says: "The liquidation of manufactories has been so great that one hardly dares to use figures." The Louisville city railway is being held up for a tax which almost amounts to confiscation, for it aggregates more than ten per cent of its gross earnings. A protest is now going up from among the small merchants and traders, who are beginning to suffer. Eventually it will reach the great body of the people, who in the end must feel the evil effects of the present stagnation. After the harm has been done Kentucky may resume the old-fashioned way of doing business, eschew the legislative freaks of the wooly west, and endeavor to entice capital and enterprise to return. It is the tendency of Populism to destroy, not to build. Kentucky, now rated as a Populistic stronghold, cannot expect growth in wealth, in population or in development of enterprises so long as the threat of Populism survives. Populism is born of discontent, discontent through mercantile or agricultural failure. The bankrupt Populist reasons with himself that inasmuch as he, by honest endeavor, failed to succeed, therefore the fellow who has grown rich must be dishonest. He is willing to contribute his vote and his influence toward dragging the rest of the world down to his financial level, iswilling the Government should own everything, and inasmuch as his pecuniary condition cannot be made worse, regards every wierd governmental innovation with hopeful and approving eye. Every new burden placed on wealth, every stringent regulation affecting corporations, is evidence to him that Populistic "justice" and "right" are in the ascendant.

The Late Primaries in San Francisco.

No man can to-day foreshadow with any degree of certainty the result of the primaries just held in San Francisco. The new law worked smoothly and from the returns it appears the bosses of old will have but little strength in either the Republican or Democratic nominating conventions. It must be borne in mind, however, that a handful of entirely subservient delegates, under the control of one skilled manipulator, is usually a more powerful factor in nominating conventions than twice their number of independent reformers. The element makes for decency is not to be driven, ordinarily. A different in choice arises, one faction urges Jones who is a good man, the other supports White who is equally reputable. It is the old story of human selfishness and stubborness over again; when the forces of good government are divided, the trickster steps in and becomes a controlling factor. In such a performance the minority really defeats the purpose of the majority.

That Phelan will be renominated by the Democrats no one doubts. Assessor Dodge's renomination likewise seems certain, but down along the ticket, among the minor offices, the boss will show his hand. Honest men should compromise their differences, and doing so, insure a ticket free from the taint of the minority. The personnel of the Republican convention is somewhat more uncertain in its makeup than the Democratic, and its nominations are awaited with increasing anxiety by the public generally. As yet there has not appeared the strong man for the head of the ticket who is likely to lead that party to victory. The city is being scoured for a Republican whose past activities may have identified him with decency and reform. Mr. Dohrmann of the Merchant's Association is regarded as a likely man, and rumor has it that an organized effort is being made to induce him to become a candidate. Just why this gentleman should offer himself up as a sacrifice is not apparent. He is a strong man because he is not a politician, is thoroughly respected because he is honest; he would make an admirable mayor because he is thoroughly posted upon municipal affairs, and possesses sound business judgment. But it is doubtful if flattering invitations would move one so astute to enter the mayoralty fight at this juncture. Mr. Dohrmann is too valuable a citizen to destroy politically, and he would serve himself and the municipality better by "biding a wee."

The very estimable gentleman, Mr. John J. Valentine, ha entitled a document of something over two thousand words to prove that "war is murder" * * "occasions more evil than it cures or prevents. "That the patriotism it engenders is ordinarily false and spurious, a vice rather than a virtue" and that anyhow it is folly because the object for which wars are waged could almost always be obtained by other and less hazardous means. His monograph is a collection of quotation marks addressed to "War" in the abstract, and might be used with effect on the sainted and honorable Aguinaldo, who is guided by motives so high and by a spirit so virtuous that he might be inclined to lay down arms did he know he was comporting himself contrary to the ideas of the "Anti Imperialist League" Plain Americans are growing sick and tired of the procession of literary volunteers who are continually on the firing line, pelting the public with their ill-timed theories, and unseasonable arguments that lend comfort and encouragement to the man in arms against the American soldier.

MAZAMAS NAME A NEW PEAK.

The Mazama Club, which is composed of scientists, distinguished men of letters and mountain climbers, has returned from its sixth annual outing. Although the headquarters of the club is in Portland, a large majority of its members resides elsewhere, and Seattle is well represented among them. They have climbed the summit of Mt. Ranier, which is higher than Pike's Peak, Mt. Hood, St. Helens and Adams, and this year they decided to explore the Lake Chelan region. Although the lake is within a day of Seattle, little is known of the surrounding country, except that it is wildly beautiful. A new peak was discovered in the valley of the Stehekin and was named Mount Sahale, which in Chinook means "Away High Up." It is just 9,000 feet above the sea, lower, however, than any of the other peaks which the Mazamas have mounted, but the climb was very difficult. On the day the ascent was decided upon the Mazamas arose early and made for the glacier of Horseshoe Basin, close to the mountain. The club was formed into three companies as follows:

Company A—R. L. Gilson, captain; Miss Ella McBride, Fred A. Routledge, Miss Gile, A. Curtis, L. W. McArthur, Lew Wilmot, Dr. C. K. Smith and Miss Anne Shogren.

Company B—L. G. Patullo, captain; Dr. J. P. Sweeney, Fay Fuller, W. L. Harmon, Miss Kate E. Young, L. A. Anderson, Miss Vesta Baldwin and F. D. Fraser.

Company C (which was to go as far as Doubtful Lake, elevation 5,400 feet)—Saxe McClintock, captain; Miss May Shogren, George H. Stone, Mrs. W. T. Hume and E. Y. Judd. Dr. Young was in command.

For the first quarter of a mile the trail was over a rock butte, which was traversed by a bridge formed of a tree that was thrown acress a canyon. Then the real hard work of the climb began. After reaching a height of 4,500 feet the Mazamas were about to stop for a rest, when Dr. Young missed his footing and slid down the rugged side of the mountain for a a distance of nearly 250 feet before a growth of dwarf cedars stopped his descent. He was rescued with considerable difficulty. There were no other mishaps, and the party reached the peak in safety and unfurled the American flag, Then it was christened with the Indian title, Mt. Sahale. The view from the mountain was beyond description. Snow, ice, glaciers, dark woods, shimmering lakes and a long chain of mountains could be seen in the distance. The Mazamas have all returned to their homes, and will not meet again until next summer, when a decision as regards to their seventh expedition will be arrived at.

The demonstration that the air is ether, a sort of gelatigenous mass susceptible of atomical vibration and of the transmission of energy thereby, has been made in the wireless telegraphy tests which have recently been brought off on the coast of France. By analogy from this, Max Nordeau, the pessimistic author, has in his latest book, *The Drones Must Die*, developed a remarkable theory of the origin of thought. He holds that the human brain is simply a mechanism by which thought waves floating in from the ambient ether may be received; so received they awaken consciousness in the possessor of the brain and so prompt action. Nordeau thinks that no thought is generated in the brain. It comes from without. It is resident, vibrating in waves through the mundane ether waiting to record itself on some brain with a calibre to receive it. Ether teems with these winged things, says Nordeau. If the brain is fine spun, sensitive, easily quivered, it receives these waves in succession with marvelous rapidity. If it is heavy, sluggish, low strung, it is but slightly receptive of the wave currents. These impulses have abided in ether since the beginning; they are transmitted by existing brains on to eternity. No thought is new, no thought can be destroyed any more than can matter be destroyed. To act on form is all possible for the human in the world, for as brains have capacity for receiving and transmitting these vibrations, so is its possessor able and wise or stupid and dull. Character, temperament and talent are the expression of wave lengths and periods of vibration; and persons of similar capacity in this regard are attractive to each other. The theory is entertaining, and doubtless Mr. Nordeau's receiver is a perfect Aeolian harp; but the gentleman has not gone deep enough. He has failed to explore this realm of ether sufficiently to tell us who first started these shivers. He does not believe in God, so we understand, and if they were not pulsed by the Almighty, who first shook them up? And, besides, shall it be said that in our think apparatus we are using second-hand material? Does Mr. Nordeau confess that this brilliant idea of his, which has been floating around hunting for his peculiar kind of a head, was not original? We fear that if this admission should get to the ears of Mr. Nordeau's publishers, he would find that those persons would find themselves aggrieved.

Tunnel Near the Summit

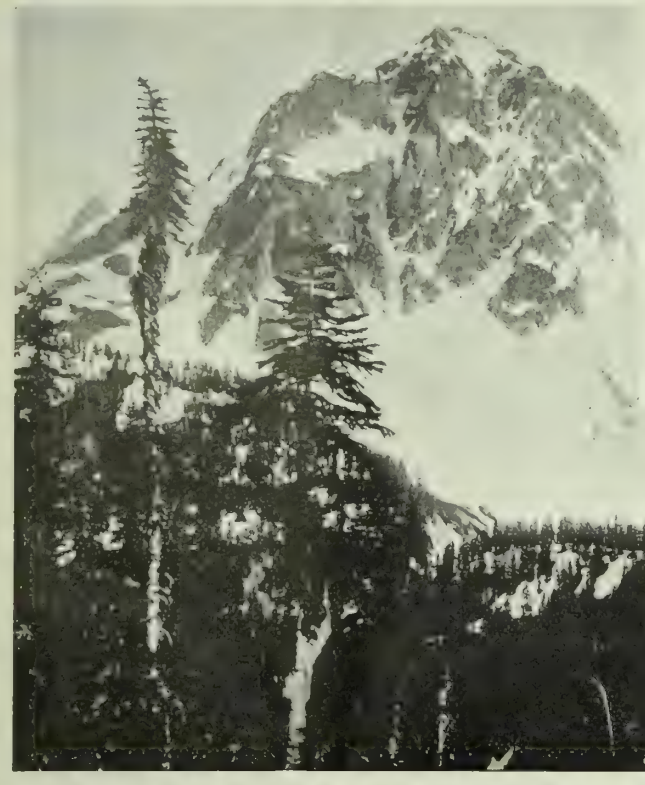
A Curve Below the Summit

Looking Down the Yukon

Driving the Golden Spike at Bennett City, July 6, 1899

THE YUKON RAILWAY REACHES LAKE BENNETT

Photos by H. C. Barley



Mt. Agnes

Mazama Party Embarking at Lake Shelan

Cascade Pass

Upper Stekehim Valley, near Camp Rvangeline

Rainbow Falls, Above Stekehin

Lower Stekehin Vall y

STEKEHIN VALLEY, WASHINGTON, EXPLORED BY THE MAZAMAS

THINGS AND PEOPLE

IN THE mixture of nationalites in the Far East, there is naturally a little friction, veiled under the polite courtesy of international neutrality. The Spaniards aren't saying anything; they have drawn themselves into the shell of their haughty Castilian reserve. The Germans are politely hostile to the Americans; that naval incident still rankles. The English stand between the two, and are disposed to joke at the expense of both sides. There was a formal dinner party given recently at Canton by a foreign Consul. Lieutenant Hobson, the English American, French and German Consuls, and a number of soldiers, civilians and merchants of all these countries, were around the table. When the ladies had retired, Hobson started a discussion by referring, very enthusiastically, to the recent expansion of his country. This led to much chaffing, good-natured enough until the German Consul got into a polite rage over the "self-assertiveness and impudence of America." Thereupon, an American citizen, himself a bit hot headed, came back at him with an expression of regret that Uncle Sam had not taken the opportunity of teaching Germany the lesson given England in 1776. The Consul arose, at this, and withdrew, remarking, as he left the room: "You Americans want the world." "Well," answered the Yankee, "I guess we can get it when we want it." The German flounced out, but the Americans and English arose together and drank, like the revellers of Kipling's song, to the "men of the six new nations."

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WHEN the supply of diverting and humorous literature falls low in Manila, the exiled Americans and English amuse themselves by reading the proclamations of General Otis, who has taken unto himself the authority for sending out imperial documents reading like the ukase of a Czar. The latest production was a supplement tacked on McKinley's letter of thanks to the volunteers. The President's message was a paragraph long; but the uncrowned Czar of the Philippines took himself seriously over a column or so. The most ridiculous feature of the whole document is the assumption that the Filipinos are lying subject at his feet. His most extravagant praise, however, is evoked for the patience and forbearance with which the volunteers, at his command, let the natives go on making trouble until they had intrenched themselves and gotten the revolt to sizzling. It is reported that the Major General has withdrawn the light of his countenance from the Navy, because the officers of that service have dared to criticise him. He refused, officially, to attend the Fourth of July reception on the flagship, and there is black despair in naval circles.

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THE Glorious Fourth, this year, was a gala occasion in Manila. Enough powder was burning around the city to make fireworks a superfluity, so that the Americans made it a society occasion. There are not a great many white women in our new Eastern territory, but there were sufficient to give quite a showing at the balls, dinners and receptions with which officers and civilians celebrated. The Bohemian Club dance, given in their new quarters on the Calle Victoria, was the main attraction. Over a hundred couples participated in the dancing, which was made an all-night affair. The wives and daughters of the army chiefs vied with the senoritas of the old Spanish families in the friendly rivalry of costumes and attractions. This was the first occasion at which the ladies of the exclusive Castilian families have consented to attend an American function. Colonel and Mrs. McCoy and the officers of the Colorado regiment were at home during the afternoon and evening in the old Spanish mansion now occupied by the McCoy's. Here, also, dancing was enjoyed, the band of the Colorado regiment furnishing the music. The Navy celebrated by an afternoon reception on the flagship Baltimore, and there was a subscription dance at the Hotel Oriental. The various regiments, such, at least, as were not doing business with the insurgents, celebrated after their own particular fashion, with extra rations and extemporary entertainments. Even at the hospitals, the men fared on dainties supplemented by an assortment of strictly national dishes, such as mince and pumpkin pie and cold Milwaukee beer.

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I SEE that the book-reviewers of the Sunday newspapers have taken to slaughtering Kipling, just for variety. Kipling, it will be remembered, "arrived" mainly through the praise of this breed of the literary species. Originally he was pretty universally criticised, especially by the purely literary class of critics, as a rough teller of plain tales. The newspaper reviewers, echoing the sentiments of a more or less unlettered public, were the first to take him up. Young authors have been taken up before and proclaimed to be coming voices, where they were really only echoes; but he went on from these first beginnings, and proved that the genuine tone was in him. In all his subsequent sudden rise to favor, Kipling has progressed least rapidly with the intensely literary class. Soaked in classical models, they have refused, more or less universally, to treat with a poet who draws beauty from machinery, a romancer who finds the true romance in a dirty fishing-smack or coal-mine. Only recently have such conservatives as college professors brought themselves to admit that the true thing is in him.

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Now, the newspaper reviewer, having worn out the sensation of finding the prodigy, discovers material for a new sensation in attacking him. The discovery of genius in Kipling, the young, obscure paragrapher of an Indian journal, made good copy; the overturning of Kipling, head of English penmen and the conscience of the Anglo Saxon race, is good stuff also. The papers have suddenly and simultaneously awakened to the last truth, and are giving a hearing to the dissenters. The disparaging criticisms are not likely to put Mr. Kipling out of the business of writing, being about as far-seeing and truly critical as those which heralded his coming and which, ignoring his points of real strength, praised him for his faults rather than for his virtues. Kipling is brutal, say these detractors; he is also non-universal, in that he represents only the Anglo-Saxon race, he writes for the hour, not for all time. I have not space, here, to attempt any refutation of these objections, any more than to point out that this author of brutalities wrote "Mary, Pity Women," that this wholly Anglo-Saxon poet is the author of "The Last Chantey" and "L'Envoi," that this man who writes for the hour fathered the "Jungle Book". Their last objection, that he writing for his own time only, comes the nearest to having weight. Kipling does, beyond all doubt, keep his eye too closely on the financial side of his work, and he has found that that product is best paid for which is also best timed.

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In the fifteen volumes of matter already produced by this young man of thirty-five, there is a great mass of stuff which will be dead in the covers long before he passes away, but there is also a certain amount that has, so far as human judgment can predict in advance, the lasting quality. This sort of limitation has been observed in nearly all writers of true genius. They have produced not only a body of work holding high and permanent rank, but they have done in addition, a great body of stuff which is good in the second rank, aud dies out in their own time. "So let it be with Kipling." He is young yet; he has twenty working years before him; he has turned out some trash, much good matter, some matter of the highest value; he has, moreover, increased in strength with each succeeding year, and the chances are in favor of his occupying a permanent place in literature.

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AGAIN has the wild-eyed citizen with a grievance come to kick the editor, and gone out a sadder, wiser man. In fact, he has been at it in Seattle recently with discouraging consequences. The facts were not published, but have come to light just the same. Early last week, a burly individual with a red eye and a decorated breath rolled into a sanctum in the Queen City, and piled himself upon the editor with tongue and fist. The young man behind the desk arose, dropped the excited citizen down two flights of stairs, and continued his editorial on the future of Washington. Another kicker started operations on an evening paper a few nights since. This one was a cyclonic scrapper who spake not but just waded in and started to clean things out. He himself was cleaned out in one gory round of three minutes. The editor turns occasionally.

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ADMIRAL DEWEY may well say, with the French cynic, "Heaven save me from my friends." The whole American nation, having named its hotels, its ninety-five cent hats, its babies, its boom towns and its saloons after the Admiral, is now waiting to overwhelm him, on his return, with every friendly horror from torchlight processions to dyspepsia. He had a taste of it, even at Manila. A correspondent of The Wave saw him on the Flagship, just before he left for home. The Admiral was seated in a cane chair in his usual place under the big canvas awning on the quarter-deck of the *Olympia*. He was attired in a plain white naval duck suit with shoulder straps of a Rear-Admiral. His head was uncovered and he was reading a small dainty letter; in front of him was a chair upon which there was a pile of mail-letters, papers and packages. After rising and extending a greeting, he read aloud this small letter:

"Dear Admiral:—I am a little boy seven years old, and read about your licking the Spaniards and I was glad. I am going to start a signature album and I want your name on this piece of paper so I can paste it on the first page. Hoping you are well, I am yours, TOMMY WILLIAMS."

Dewey looked up, and smiled wearily: "Now, I would like to favor this little boy," said he; "but then just look at that pile of letters; how can I do it? I wish the newspaper correspondents would explain in their way about the alarming increase in my mail. I do not want to be considered ungracions to anybody, but I must perform my duty first above all things."

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IT IS passing strange that the Olympic mountains in the state of Washington have not been explored. A number of expeditions have penetrated the range but in nearly every instance returned with the report that the undergrowth was so thick that it would require years and the expenditure of much money to lay out open trails. The most pretentious expedition left Seattle a few years ago. Its members made good progress but the financial collapse of their backers caused them to hurriedly return. They "cached" scientific instruments valued at nearly $5,000 expecting to resume their work, but the money was not forthcoming and the undertaking was given up. A short time ago two hunters found the iustruments and offered to return them to the owner but nobody claimed them and the finders disposed of them. Even the Indians know very little of the mountains. It is possible that this is because they are not hill men. The Utes or Apaches would not have been so slow, no matter how great the difficulties to surmount. The Siwash, however, is a river dweller. He won't leave the streams or the bays or lakes and he dos'nt like to undergo any unnecessary fatigue. Fish are too plentiful and so long as he can live without working very hard he is satisfied to let good enough alone. So if the secrets of the Olympics are to be given to the world, white men must do it. There is little doubt but that there is as much precious metal in the range as there is in the Rockys or the Cascades. It is a continuation of the mountains that run along the coast far into Alaska, and only broken by Puget Sound. Somebody more daring than others will find these deposits and then there will be a rush that will put the Klondike to blush. The formation of the ground shows there is gold, silver, copper, iron and coal there. There may also be petroleum and other things that make men rich. Now the question is who will make it possible to develope these mountains and bring forth their hidden wealth?

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BEFORE there was any excitement about Alaska. Washington was very proud of its hop crop. It is still proud of this product, but there is not so much heard about it. It is Alaska and gold all the time and at every place. As an indication of the immense amount of recent developments, and the richness of the soil it is announced that the hop crop will be twenty-five per cent greater this year than last. Farmers are already engaging help, but there is an agitator at work, who if he has his way make the operation pay a good deal more expensive than ever before. This individual has advertised in the daily papers of Washington a sort of proclamation in which he warns all professional hop-pickers to demand one-dollar a box for their labor. Last year the average price was seventy-five cents per box. The agitator however does not seem to have reckoned with the Indian hop-pickers. There are thousands of them and they know no unions. They are not alone found in Washington, but come in droves from British Columbia and the Islands just off the coast. They work in fields that are considered so bad that a white man cannot be induced to labor in them. The cut prices and lump work much to the detriment of the whites. The season usually lasts for about one month and during that period the cities and the hop-districts are crowded with gaily-bedecked natives. Those who come from the islands on the Sound make the trip to Seattle in boats and then walk to the farms no matter how great be the distance. At the close of the season they purchase all the finery their purses will admit, then return to their camps and live on clams and fish until another year goes by.

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THE recent primary election settled quite a number of conditions and pretentions in San Francisco. To commence with, the status of Boss Rainey is declared to the world, finally, I imagine. Buckley was absolutely disposed of. The attempted reanimation of this person was a lamentable and ludicrous failure. Further, the results which occurred have proved exactly what I have contended so often, that the old order hath changed and the new men know not the old methods. Whoever attempts doing politics in San Francisco must begin at the beginning and establish confidence, an operation which takes time by the way, gentlemen who assume the wisdom which they have not are declaring that Rainey and his clan will control the convention as he did one other organization of which the reformed Democracy was in control. That was precipitated by treachery, the agents in which have had their deserts. It will not happen again. Gavin McNab and his associates are masters of the situation and must remain so. The responsibility of victory they have accepted. They are ready to organize the convention and a first-rate ticket will be presented. Charles W. Fay is the executive of the One Hundred Committee and is taking care of the affairs of the compaign. He can be depended on to do so efficiently. It is credibly assumed that, the people having spoken, the *Examiner* will return to its natural allegiance and assist the party of its adoption.

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OF THE Central Republican organization which has triumphed over the Crimmins-Kelly outfit, a success which The Wave prophecied for it, little can be predicted. No one seems to know who is to control the organization, though I imagine the Republican Convention this time will be difficult to dictate to. That Colonel Burns will have a say in it, I cannot believe. The association would at once damn the Central Republicans. Crimmins and Kelly are in no position to domineer over their contingent because they, perforce, had to nominate a better class of citizens than ordinarily attend their gatherings. Pending the convention, the leaders are enjoying themselves finding a strong man to oppose James D. Phelan. Henry Crocker and George Newhall have definitely declared themselves out, Irving M. Scott might accept if given a satisfactory Board of Supervisors. There is also F. W. Dohrman of the Merchants' Association, with whom the powers are now working. Sooner or later Mr. Dohrman will be Mayor of San Francisco. I imagine he is too clever to hazard his chances for the future in what must prove almost a hopeless contest. The feeling of the community, plainly evinced at the recent primaries, is of confidence in James D. Phelan and I regard victory for him as a foregone conclusion.

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THE return of William Greer Harrison to the Presidency of the Olympic Club is a circumstance that calls for thought. Several years have elapsed since Mr. Harrison constituted himself the Messiah of this institution. It was then, in rather a small way, in the Alcazar Building. Taking hold with characteristic energy he began to increase the membership and then to set about acquiring a new Club House. Wonders were accomplished—the magnificent gymnasium on Post street and a roll of some 2,000 young gentlemen paying $3 50 per month. Alas, the Circus Maximus, organized to relieve the indebtedness which so often clings to a great achievement, failed to realize all that optimism anticipated and agitators denounced their leader for a false prophet. Though many a strong helmsman has been at the wheel the Club has, since his retirement, steadily failed in membership, prestige and income. Mr. J. C. Kirkpatrick, who retires, set about an intelligent movement for suspending the payment of interest on the bonded indebtedness pending the upgrowth of the Club. This succeeded beyond the wildest dreams of its projector, for several of the holders have entirely cancelled their indebtedness. Now it devolves on Wm. Greer Harrison to inaugurate the work of re-creation and I believe he will do it. His is a virile and enthusiastic personality, a power for good in whatever direction it moves. I believe him to be one of the best and most valuable as he is certainly one of the most generous citizens in San Francisco.

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WHOEVER knows aught of the reception to the California troops, busily organizing at the moment, is aware that the committee of arrangements is composed of journalists. The editors of the dailies have been pressed into service and the arrangements therefore cannot fail of approval in the quarter from which critisism is administered. At a recent gathering of the Committee, at which Mayor Phelan presided, the public business was promptly disposed of, and duly recorded by a cortege of reporters. Some matters of a private nature remained for discussion, and Manager Martin of the *Call* moved that "we go into executive session." "That means" said Mayor Phelan "that all memders of the press be excused". "Why yes" said Editor DeYoung of the *Chronicle*. "You may all retire then, gentlemen" continued the Mayor "and I'll run the rest of this thing myself." Of course everyone laughed when the joke had been arrived at.

The Flying Machine An Accomplished Fact.

HAS any one stopped to consider how many non-sensational but vastly important scientific discoveries have been made this year? No exceptionally startling ones, like the phonograph or electric light, but seemingly minor improvements in existing processes, improvements which are very likely to change the complexion of many and many an industry. The manufacture of graphite from carbon, the discovery of a cancer serum, Tesla's demonstration of the possiblility of fighting bacilli with electricity, the liquefaction of air, with its accompanying application to manufactures and surgery, these are a few of the more important. Marconi's invention may yet render existing telegraph lines useless, the new process produces graphite at a cost far below that of mining the purest natural product, and a score of industries are on a changed basis as the result of liquid air.

After all this, will you smile at me and tell me to go talk to the *Journal*, if I tell you that the successful flying machine is near at hand? I expect disbelief. There has been so much plain fiction written on the subject, so many times have the public been fooled, that no one has any right to expect credence. Also, I am writing this for the Pacific Coast, only two years away from the *Call* æromotor hoax. Yet in the face of all this, I dare assert that Professor Langley is not only on the borders of the discovery but over the line. He is the man who made, in 1896, the only air-navigating machine ever put into operation. It was but a model, carrying no passengers, and sinking to earth when its motive-power, furnished by a small steam-engine, was exhausted. It flew; that was the main thing, but to carry the experiment much farther in the same lines was impossible. To obtain higher power by steam alone, the weight of the engine must be increased out of all proportion to the increase of "lift" obtained. The professor turned, therefore, to experiments with other motors. Electricity was tested, but proved even less serviceable than steam. Electric dynamos and storage-batteries are bulky things; automobile manufacturers object to this motor for that very reason. Just when it seemed that no existing motive-power was light enough for service, along came Tripler and liquid air. This new substance has, amongst its other properties, immense possibilities as a motor. It is doubtiful if it will ever will displace steam and electricity for machinery operated on a large scale, any more than the gasoline engine, superior for small boats, has supplanted steam for use on large ones, but for service at up to twenty or thirty horse-power, a liquid æromotor is by far the lightest known. After a few experiments, the inventor became satisfied that his power was found, and he proceeded at once to the construction of a large, man-carrying machine on the plan of the earlier and smaller one.

He has worked this out in quiet, seclusion and concealment. In his retired laboratory at the Smithsonian institute the flying-machine is being fitted together, piece by piece. I have not seen it, neither has any other newspaper man, but I have done better, I have talked with those who have seen it, cool, skeptical scientists, practical mechanical engineers, people who are ready to cry out upon any worthless invention, and one and all declare their opinion that, so far as human judgment can predict, the machine will most certainly fly. Their word on the matter is better than mine, because even if I saw the thing for days and weeks my opinion would not weigh with theirs. I have a fairly accurate description from a high official of the Smithsonian who has been permitted to watch it growing together day after day. The engine, the crucial point, as I said before, gives twenty horse-power and weighs forty-seven pounds. The Langley aerophone is the basic principle of the lifting power. The aluminum wings—the inventor calls them "paddle-wheels"—are capable of two thousand revolutions a minute. In front of these, are the sails or æroplanes, which perform another function of birds' wings in guiding the thing and keeping it afloat by "sliding" along the air. Besides the motor the car will have space for several men. Above this car rises a baloon, not to be used in actual sailing, but only in lifting the machine from the ground; it will be collapsed and drawn in as soon as the engines get under way. From tip to tip of its wings, the ærodrome will measure forty-seven feet. Its flight is modelled upon that of a vulture, which Professor Langley believes to be the best navigator among the tribes of the air.

The money for this experiment does not come from the pockets of impractical, visionary dupes like those who kept up the Keeley motor. The War Department is paying for it. When Langley's first model flew, twenty-five thousand dollars was appropriated by the army authorities for use in further experiments; the "ærodrome" now stored in a nearly complete condition in the Smithsonian, is the result. Human judgement counts for little in advance of human achievement, but those whose prophecy is worth something are positive that it will fulfil its mission.

The statement that the air has already been navigated with success, will be news to the general public. Yet as far back as 1883, a dirigible balloon, built by the French government, made fourteen miles an hour and showed capability of being steered in any direction. Electric motors were used in this craft. Since then, the authorities of France have conducted their experiments in secret, but it is more than hinted that the army of that country have ærial vessels stored in their fortresses, held for a surprise to the enemy in the event of war. If not, why did the Czar, head of the nation most closely allied to France, and most likely, therefore, to be a participator in her secrets, lay such stress, in the Peace Conference, on explosives dropped from balloons; why did Germany, lately, add to all her fortresses guns capable of shooting directly upward? Indeed, it is likely that the empire across the Rhine has also made advances on this line. I have it from one formerly high in the German army, that the Fatherland holds photographs taken from dirigible balloons, of all important fortresses, French and Russian, near her borders.

It would be repeating old saws to say much about the possible effect of flying-machines on warfare. There is just one fortress on earth, that the British fort of Esquimault, hewed far under the solid rock, which could withstand such attacks. Explosives of great power cannot be thrown by guns, because the detonation of firing sets them off. The dynamite cruiser *Vesuvius* is an attempt to remedy this deficiency. An air-going vessel could take the most delicate explosive as safely as it could be carried by hand. Like a torpedo-boat, this craft would be in danger and would have to act quickly; unlike a torpedo-boat, it would be a very hard target to hit. One shudders at the possibility. Once over a fort or army, and annihilation would follow for all beneath; once hit by a shell, and annihilation for all its own crew. No wounds in such a service, only death or glory.

It is just as well that the Peace Congress prepared us for calling a halt. Professor Langley's machine has been gone one better by a new compound just weighed and found worthy by American experts. Formerly, armor-piercing shells could not be rendered explosive. The strength necessary to penetrate hardened steel, make the shell-case so thick that ordinary gunpowder cannot burst it; gun-cotton cannot be used for the purpose, because it bursts in the gun. There are many high-power explosives capable of giving gun-cotton and nitro-glycerine cards and spades, but they are all freaky and dangerous. Now, the government has found something that answers the purpose—jovite. It is not exploded by shock, but by a time-fuse in the shell. In experiments, a projectile charged with it has gone through fourteen inches of Harveyized steel plates, such plates as as are in use on the new battle-ship *Kentucky*, and exploded on the other side. Once through the armor, one such shell would make a "Maine" of any craft afloat.

DRAYTON.

Washington, August 3.

Automobiles and Mysticism Interest Newport Society.

AUTOMOBILES and mysticism. The material, "choo-choong" along in broad daylight, and the anti-materialistic "choo-chooing" in the heads of the passengers of these same material things, this is my theme. The two are flourishing side by side in Newport this summer, and the horse and the parson stand in equal danger of being shelved.

The automobile came slowly, but once here, it has come with a rush. Last summer; Paris began to take the new thing seriously, and slow old London followed at a distance; we were at the rear of the procession, as we were with the bicycle. This summer, the early comers to the palaces mis-named "cottages", along ths sea-cliffs, brought some of the machines down just to try them. Mrs. Herman Oelrichs began to use her gasoline phaeton to run around the city, shopping. She does not even take along a groom, as she used to, last year, with her little brown cob. Young Alfred Vanderbilt brought along a more pretentious machine, to use in his weekly trips to his father's farm at Portsmouth. With these to lead, the others followed. There are not enough automobiles in Newport, in all Rhode island, to come near supplying the demand; the main agency has had a waiting list of from fourteen to twenty all summer. Electric motors are most popular; after that, gasoline is in favor. William K. Vanderbilt, whose electric cab had an accident awhile ago, with more or less serious consequences to himself, has replaced it with a little steam runabout.

It is no easy trick to run one of these horseless carriages. It involves both hands, both feet, and a very very clear head. Anyone who has tried to guide a nervous vehicle of this sort through a crowded street realizes fully the superhuman intellegence of the despised horse. When one drives a horse, be it understood, he uses his own brains and those of the animal, which actually does most of the headwork. So that male experts are rare enough, and women who dare the attempt can be counted on your fingers. The most expert Newport woman is Mrs. Oelrichs, the pioneer. She was timid enough at first, keeping to the country lanes and quiet streets, but lately she has guided her machine daily down the business thoroughfares, dodging horses, trucks and traps with marvellous skill. Miss Daisy Post is the only other woman who has dared this feat, and she only once or twice. Next to these two, comes Mrs. John R. Drexel, with a whole stableful of horseless carriages, of every one of which she claims to be a mistress. Several fine carriages and a lot of good horses were sold out by the Drexel family to make way for the machines. Then there are Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., and Mrs. Arthur T. Kemp. These ladies are in an experimental stage, attempting the feat only very cautiously, and with their husbands beside them to take the levers in case of danger. The most beautiful of the Vanderbilts, Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, is the owner of a victoria automobile and the first cause of a boom for the manufacturers of those vehicles. She, however, rarely takes the lever into her own hands, but trusts to a driver who, in the neatest of liveries, manages the vehicles from the rear.

There is no need to mention the male automobilists, because every man of fashion at Newport is supposed to have added the accomplishment unto himself. Herman Oelrichs has given over his interest in swimming and puts in his time and attention on the new machines which occupy his stables. "Willie" Travers used to patronize cabs when he wanted to "drop up" to the club; now he, too, swirls thither in his coach without horses.

The new vehicle has brought a demand for new fashions. There is an automobile costume, as distinctive as the dress for golf or cycling or tennis. The shirt must be short, about half-way between the length of a bicycle dress and a street gown. There must not be the least suspicion of trimming on the waist, because the automobilist has sometimes to act quickly, and any frills may get in the way at a time when the tenth part of a second counts. Mrs. Oelrich's latest dress of this sort is of light material in navy blue, with just a tonch of white at the waist and on the hat. Her feet are somewhat heavily clad in low, tan oxfords, and she wears gloves of white dogskin.

The latest idea comes from Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish. It is a proposal to convert the annual Newport coaching parade into an automobile exhibition. Mrs. Fish sprung the idea at a dinner party; it took like wildfire. There are to be prizes given for the most expert drivers, with a special one for the women, for the best-decorated turnout, etc. If one were disposed to be cynical, he might wonder what part the manufacturers have had in getting up interest in this plan. What the exclusive set does, the country follows, and this Newport craze means millions for the firms engaged in the business.

As for mysticism, the interest dates from last winter, and is a movement rather than a craze. I leave to the learned the discussion of causes for it all. It may be a revolt against the materialism of the age, it may be, as enthusiasts assert the beginning of a new religion. And it may be only a Fad. About ten years ago, a wave of Buddhism swept New England and touched, in its full tide, the metropolis. More than one belle of the swell set turned a golden prayer wheel, in that time, and murmured the mystic formulas to the jewel in the lotus-flower. That craze ran through a winter and then died; this one has lapped over into the summer. A picturesque Indian, seer or enthusiast or fake, which I will not venture to say, although I have an opinion, started matters going in New York. Ibraham G. Kheiralla is the name under which he travels, and he attaches "Rev. Dr." to it. With his two daughters, Persian beauties in turban and flowing robes, he made his appearance at certain afternoon teas, and started the game. It became quite the thing to engage him as an entertainer, and he ended by making some converts. He comes, so he claims, as an apostle of the Persian mystic doctrines, and he takes neither money nor pay. He talks quite clearly and frankly, for one of his kind, although when he approaches the borders of the unknowable he becomes as obscure as Madame Blavatsky herself. He obtruded his picturesque personality only into the fashionable world, but to others, known respectively a Raja Yoga and Swâmi Vivakânanda, have been less exclusive. All three claim membership in a fraternity, to the adepts of which one must return, from time to time, for instruction in the doctrines. There is more than a mild interest in these mystics in many homes of high degree; there is one salon in the 400, they say, in which little else is talked about. I fancy that the cold weather will kill the germ.

New York, August 6. RAYMOND RUSH.

WHEN the California Commissioners took up the question of a State exhibit at the Paris Exposition of 1900, two or three courses were open to them. They could send exhibits of all California industries, or they could specialize on a few; they could make a theatrical and picturesque showing, or they could put up a display designed to further the commercial interests of the Golden State. They decided on commerce as opposed to show, and on specialization as against great range. There is to be, in consequence, an entire absence of prune horses and grape pyramids, and other startling features of doubtful taste, and the exhibit is to be confined to the advancement of five California industries, viz.: agriculture, horticulture, viticulture, forestry, mines and mining. Attractive exhibits of the work done by the State in these industries will constitute the display.

The Commission is going in for prizes on an extensive scale. At Chicago in 1893, California took the first prizes for viticulture and forestry. This time, in an exposition covering the whole world, there is no chance for the wine section, because competition will be with France, Spain and Italy, but the forestry exhibit has still a good chance for the gold medal. Indeed, the Commissioners are confident that the Chicago judgment will be reaffirmed, and this section is their especial pride. The gigantic slice of redwood, which is always a feature in any large exhibition of native woods, is now being sawed in Calaveras County. It will weigh about fourteen tons. Beautiful sections of wild walnut, white and sugar pine, Douglass spruce, redwood beryls and madrone are now in the process of polishing. Those in charge of this section pin their faith to the Douglass spruce as a native wood of a beauty and value hitherto overlooked, hoping to attract the attention of foreign buyers to its qualities. Certain of the South American countries are the only competitors likely to crowd this exhibit.

In the agricultural section, there is a surprise in store for France. That country has always swept the world with its glacé fruits, a French specialty. Since the last world's fair, California has itself taken a hand in that industry, and now turns out, owing to the high quality of materials, a first-class product. A fresh fruit exhibit, renewed every week or two by rapid shipments in cold storage, will be another surprise of the show.

In viticulture, California is to have three-fourths of the space given to this country. Already the number of applications far exceeds the available room. There is, as before stated, no chance for native wines to take prizes from the European product, but they will be an easy first in America. A part of this section will be devoted to vines, the curious old Mission plants of Southern California claiming particular attention.

About one-third the American space in the mining exhibit goes to California. In this one case the Commissioners are going to depart from their anti-sensational policy and show some startling features, including a miniature stamp-mill in operation, models of mines and exhibits of showy minerals. They have asked for the central space in the mining building, proposing, if it is granted, to erect upon onyx columns a great gilded ball equal in size to the amount of gold taken out of this State since '49. Gold, silver, asphaltum and borax are to be the principal features of this section.

In accordance with their policy of rendering the display of commercial value, the Commissioners are to send a commercial representative with the exhibit. His business will be to encourage foreign buyers to send their orders to California firms represented at the exposition.

Panorama of the y of

Puget Sound Wire Nail and Steel Factory

Hewitt Avenue, Looki Wes

Everett National Bank

First National Bank

Robinson Saw Doo

Establishment of L. K Church

Sumner Iron Works

Hewitt Avenue, Ea Fro

Everett on Puget Sound

...om Hewitt Block

Pacific Hardware Co.

...nd Blind Factory

Hotel Monte Cristo

...Colley Avenue

Jefferson School

Puget Sound Pulp and Paper Co's Mill

ON PUGET SOUND, WASH.

PHOTOS BY D. B. EWING.

IN the year 1891, a long wedge of wooded land lay unoccupied between the Snohomish river and the waters of the Sound. This spot was near to a great mining country, yet undeveloped, a great timber country, yet unopened, a great farming country, yet only half-cultivated. Had the chance prospector who wandered over the site, the chance mariner who sailed past it, possessed an eye for localities, he might have seen, here, the signs which point to a center of population. Here met some of these natural channels, along which railroads were bound to pass as the Northwestern country grew and developed; here was a harbor two hundred miles nearer to the commercial centers of the West than any other port as yet opened on the Sound; here was the direct line of communication between Northern America and Eastern Asia. With all the foresight in the world, he could hardly have known, then, how soon Asia was to become an important factor in our commerce, how soon the United States was to push still farther westward, until the West touched the East, and the Pacific Northwest moved toward the center of our national domain. The most that a hypothetical observer with ordinary intelligence could have seen, would have been that the ridge of land was a singularly beautiful and healthful spot, that a pretty island kept from it the cold breezes of the Sound, that all around lay a country of fair prospect, topped by the white peak of Mount Baker.

By 1892, there was a small collection of buildings on this site; then came the railroad, bringing settlers with it, then the boom. The subsequent collapse would have worked ruin to any town not built on a foundation of reliable resources, but Everett was not constructed on that principle. The boom had come about partly because of a like inflation over all the Northwest, partly because people were trying to realize too quickly the possibilities of the great resources in the surrounding country. There was never any belief, among those who knew the region and its possibilities, that the city would collapse, or degenerate into one of those railroad stations in a cluster of vacant houses waiting to be torn down for lumber, which strew this Western country as the monument of "busted" looms. The wise knew that they had but to wait in order to see the expansion, hoped for as a result of the boom, attained by slow, solid growth.

The resources for this growth were in Everett, and the depression from the boom did not last; the town, now developed into the fourth in size in all Washington, began to expand, and the steady progress of the last year or two places Everett in a position to take advantage of that new commerce between the Caucasian nations and the great East, of which the Pacific Northwest is a main channel. Already this influence is felt. There has never been such a demand for ships, in all the Sound region, as exists today. And Everett has, in most ways, natural advantages over the Puget Sound ports of entry. As near to the Asiatic ports as any other Northwestern city, it is, as has been said before, a very considerable distance nearer to Chicago, because it is the direct line, the others being more or less roundabout. Moreover, its fresh water harbor, watered by the Snohomish river, is valuable to vessels with foul bottoms. It has more than advantage of situation to conduce to slow and solid growth, however. It is the center of one of the richest agricultural regions in the Western hemisphere.

Let us glance, for the moment, at the possibilities of this section. Snohomish county, with Everett as its capital and county seat, contains 1600 square miles of rich and little developed land. Above soil, stands the rank, new timber of high quality, one of the few areas of uncut timber left in the confines of this country; the soil itself is fertile and productive. Below the soil is a great mineral wealth. The climate is mild and equable. During the rainy season one-third of the days are clear. Raw, gusty weather is never felt. The rain does not pelt or beat one in the face. It simply falls, steadily and penpendicularly, through a soft, mild atmosphere. The town itself, with an island between it and the sea, never feels the harsh sea-breezes which are the curse of most Pacific towns.

Fifty to sixty lumber and shingle mills are in operation throughout the country, steadily working the timber into saleable lumber. The market for this product, once confined to the surrounding region, has widened. Lumber from this district is now going South to California; it is only a question of time when the splendid Snohomish county product, now hardly known beyond the Rockies, will command a market in the East, where the depletion of near-by forests is creating a great demand. And there are millions and millions of dollars worth of this lumber waiting the capital to take it out and to send it around the Horn. The supply is tremendous; huge forests along the river and its tributaries have never felt the axe, have hardly been disturbed by the tread of human foot.

As for the mineral wealth of the county, one must speak with less exactness. The forests are above ground, for all to see; noue can tell how great are the treasures stored beneath the soil, When the great Monte Christo properties, with the hundreds of other small and paying mines that were subsidiary to them, met with the big disaster of 1897, when the Stillaguanish broke loose and washed away the railroad which snpplied the region, mining in the section received a terrible set-back. In ordinary times, the damage from disaster would have been repaired at once, but along came the Klondike boom. It took every miner who could get away, it turned capital away from the development of new properties and the repairing of the damage to the old. Now that the Klondike is explored and somewnat filled up, there is certain to be another impetus given to mining in the county. No one looks for a large mining boom; the new growth will be rather in the line of development of discovered districts which have ore rich enough to pay for working; after that, will come the discovery of new districts. The county has weathered the great misfortune to its mining interests, a misfortune which came at a time when it could be borne less easily, it has shown that there is a profitable field for the miner, the prospector and the capitalist. The ores vary in value and in properties. Silver creek, on the western spur of the Cascades, is rich in gold and copper, outside the value of the rock in silver. The gold value generally prevails. On Troublesome Creek, there is more lead and copper; in Elk basin, there is more gold, which occurs in company with bismuth. Lost Creek is rich in silver, in bodies of chalco-pyrite ore.

So much for the resources above and under the earth. In the soil itself lies the most lasting wealth of the district. Some day, the forests must dwindle, some day the mines must be worked out, but the soil and the climate will always remain. Comditions are such that the best of large cereals cannot be produced with the highest results; it is, on the other hand, ideal soil for hay-raising, for dairying, for the growth of such hardy grains as oats. With haphazard, rough-and-ready methods still in operation, the farmers grow four and five tons of hay and as high as 125 bushels of oats to the acre on the rich, deep, bottom lands. Berries and market-produce of all kinds do splendidly, and the fruit yield nearly equals that of California, The apples of the section, indeed, are better than those cultivated anywhere else on the coast; they are sounder, they have more firmness and flavor. The wet season irrigates the trees sufficiently to carry them over the dry summer, when sudden rains may not interfere with their ripening. Hops, that staple of the Northwest, bring good returns, as do poultry. Above all these, however, dairying stands preeminent as the greatest agricultural possibility. In the mild and gentle climate, animals, like men, thrive and are healthful, and the rich grasses of the pastures produce that quality of milk which makes the best butter.

In the midst of this rich region, Everett stands the natural center. The lumber from the woods passes over her docks, the ores come to her smelters, in time, the great harvests will go through her warehouses. Already, the natural products of the country are being manufactured, put into finished form, in the city itself. A paper mill, turning out eighteen tons of finished product every day, is working the wood of the forest into writing material. A nail factory, now idle but soon to resume operations can turn out wire nails at the rate of a thousand kegs a day. It is fitting that in the district where the material for boards is made, there should also be made the nails with which to fasten them, and Everett has seen this fact and profited by it. The Sumner Iron Works, incorporated for $90,000, is engaged in making the mining and milling machinery used in the district. More important than these, perhaps, is the smelter of the Puget Sound Reduction Co., the smelting industry has grown with the growth of the mining interests of the county. Begun in 1892, the plant took two years in building, commencing operations in 1894 With nearly a million dollars invested, it gives employment to a great number of men, and treats all kinds of ores produced in the section. J. D. Rockefeller is largely interested.

Space forbids further mention of the flourishing industries, the present richness, the grand possibilities of this attractive region, and this beautiful and growing young city, soon to play its part in the great activity coming to the Pacific Coast as a result of the industrial expansion in the Far East. My article has shown how the section teems with natural wealth. This can be estimated, but the great tide of commerce that is some day to pass through the city of Everett, that is beyond computation or estimation.

Puget Sound From Everett.

The Klondike by Steam.

Dawson Nine Days From Vancouver.....

The Dyea route over White Pass is a thing of the past. The railroad did it. When it was completed through to Lake Bennett, the company bought up the old Chilcot Tram, which ran over the summit. The packers who have been taking the tram's freight from the summit to Bennett, moved their one hundred or more head of horses down the river to Dawson, and the only remaining steamer on Lake Linderman was put out of commission. The tram was the crucial fact in all this chain of carriers; when the Company put that out of commission, it killed the Dyea route. The reported price of $100,000 is less than it cost the tramway company to build their line, but the immense profits they have made in the comparatively short time the tram has been operating brings its owners out way ahead on the venture. The railroad was in a position to beat them out in a rate war, and it was sell or break.

The railroad was finished into Bennett two days after the Fourth of July, and two trains, a passenger and a freight, make the run through from Skagway daily. The passenger, leaving at 8 a. m., does the trip into Bennett by 1.15; the freight, due at 10 p. m. is not a through train, but connects at the summit with a train from Skagway, the entire trip taking eight hours. Trunks are overhauled by the Canadian customs officials at Skagway, and hand baggage at Log Cabin, causing a delay, unavoidable but irritating, of about an hour. The road is not entirely set and finished, will not be for several days yet, and is running over uncompleted track in charge of the construction gangs. Passengers going on to White Horse may transfer to the steamers which connect daily with the train, and reach destination less than twenty-four hours from Skagway. There has been a rush of travel and of freight traffic. Freight rates now stand at three cents a pound by the car load, and three and a half cents in smaller lots, as against five cents under the tram system. Passenger rates from Skagway to Bennett are ten dollars a head, first-class, with no second-class running. There is also, for the benefit of tourists, a six dollar rate for the round trip between Skagway and the summit. This is now the end of that terrible two-score miles, the bane of every prospector going over to Dawson by the White Pass route. Of course, the departure has shifted things a little. Many business men, operating along the old route, have had to close down since the trail was abandoned.

The railroad's intention regarding further extension of the line has caused much discussion. It is practically certain that it will be extended to Selkirk. The officials made a mysterious trip up country to Cariboo and thereabout just after the first train ran into Bennett. Routes along the shores of Lake Bsnnett were surveyed long ago, and now prospectors report that grading of some sort is going on near Cariboo.

The Canadian company, which put the matter through, undertook and carried out a great piece of engineering. At the outset, many believed that a railroad could not built over the projected route. Those who put their money into the enterprise knew that they were going in on a gamble, with no chances between the loss of everything and a handsomely paying investment. Possibly in no other railroad ever constructed were the conditions so trying to the patience and ingenuity of the constructors. To many of the points where blasting was going on, supplies and tools had to be packed on the backs of men, no other burden-bearer being capable of the ascent. Much of the debris was carried out in the same manner. Yet the company and its engineers triumphed over all these obstacles, although this little stretch of narrow-guage road has been one of most expensive lines ever constructed. Thirteen months it has been abuilding, and the work never stopped for snow, ice, or miner's stampedes. Once, the Atlin excitement took twelve hundred men away in one afternoon; again, there was a month when nine men were shoveling snow in weather thirty degrees below to every one that was actually grading.

Dawson City is now but nine days from Vancouver, and the hardships of the early trail are over. The rates are not yet those of railways in settled lands, but they are as nothing to the expense of a trip in the old days, over the White Pass and up the lake and river, to say nothing of the expense. Moreover, modern machinery of any kind that can be handled in trains or steamers may now be transported direct to Dawson and beyond. This means the possibility of reducing low-grade ores and sands intractible to present methods.

The P. A. F. Cannery at Fairhaven, Wash., has actually more salmon than it can handle. They have been coming in thick since the run began; five scow loads, one from each of five traps, were dumped into the bins in one day. Some days since the catch began, the bins have been 20,000 to 30,000 fish ahead of the catch; on these occasions, the factory has been obliged to run all night in order to catch up. This concern took the catch the heaviest, but in other quarters results were far more meager. It is certain that this year's pack has been a small one, about two-thirds of the number set as a standard. Old fishermen declare that the runs are growing later with each season, so that the legal closing of fishing on Aug. 10th brings the total continually lower. They are agitating for a revision of the law. On the other hand, those interested in preserving the fish claim that too many were caught under the old conditions, and that this reduction of the pack as a consequence of late running is to the best interests of the industry.

A prominent English publisher said the other day that the abolition of the three volume novel had meant total loss of income to many novel writers, chiefly women, to each of whom his firm had previously paid some three or four hundred pounds a year.

At Del Monte during the past week, Diary dear, things have been ever so much gayer. Events have not crowded one another in after exciting fashion dear to the heart of a belle, but I can't look back on many unemployed moments.

However, I'd rather do nothing whatever at Del Monte than anywhere in the world. When the swimming, driving, tennis, and rowing, are exhausted one can exercise one's faculties of observation and I can assure you I find much to amuse Aunt Sybil with. How tremendously funny we are, Diary dear, and is it not entertaining to watch the amount of diplomacy exercised by a belle in her desire for popularity.

Usually at summer resorts, given a man and a maid, you have a pretty certain idea of the next move in the game; but at Del Monte even the caprices of a grandmother are apt to undergo modification. Perhaps it is that atmosphere charged with so many honeymoon experiences that affects us; however, it may be the unexpected is constantly happening down here.

* *

We are are still revelling in the delights of antipation and I think the next week will be exciting to a degree. In the interim we practice golf with the greatest and most untiring zeal and haunt the tennis courts to keep in good form. For my own part I am looking forward to the polo games as I hear they expect some very neat playing and some of the Southern California men are foes of no mean order. I rather look forward to meet one or two of them, a new man is an oasis nowadays.

Let me see what has happened since I last covered some of your pages, Dairy dear. One of the jolliest events was a supper given at the Club House by Mr. Herman Oelrichs and Mrs. Edgar Carroll to the winners of the golf contest. It was no end of fun. Mrs. Worden won the contest for the ladies and really played a very pretty game. The others who participated were Mrs. Cunningham, Mrs. George Crocker, Mrs. Carroll, Mrs. Folger, and Miss Ella Morgan. I don't really know what we should do without Mr. Oelrichs, for he keeps us alive. Another pleasant little spree he organized was a bicycle ride and later dinner at the Club House in pique skirts and shirtwaists. Mrs. Lord, who was Marion Louderback, Gertie Carroll, Mrs. Crocker, and Mrs. Edgar Carroll, were among the crowd. I am quite badly crushed on Mrs. Lesher of New York who, with her husband, has spent the past eight months on a tour through Mexico and the more interesting portions of the United States. She is charming and has a particularly amiable and gracious manner. Both Mr. and Mrs. Lesher are admirable golfists and never so happy as when on the links. I am taking points as rapidly as possible and who knows, in time may become a champion. What a day! Another good golfist is Mrs. Fuller who handles her sticks very prettily.

* *

I am quite jealous of Beatrice Tobin, for she is the only girl in the hotel who has two men always with her. One, Hon. Stuerton of England, sits his horse like an officer of a cavalry regiment and is a clean Saxon looking fellow. He, alas never gazes my way however so I can't tell you if his conversation be as interesting as his appearance. He is the guest of the Tobins you know. Louis Brugniere is also one of Beatrice's cavaliers but Emila and Francis are frequently at my shrine.

* *

There are not so many good swimmers here as usual, Miss Cunningham and Athern Folger are among the few who go out to the raft. Emily and Ethel Hager, Ella Morgan and Mrs. Lord are rather enthusiastic about the water, but are not particularly venturesome. So far the swimming contests have been conspicuous by their absence and none of the girls have dear little silver cups like those I won last year.

* *

I must tell you that the dressing here is tremenduously smart. Such gorgeous gowns. I am simply wild over them, especially Mrs. George Crocker's which are really superb—"Baer" gowns all from Paris—Mrs. Lord, too, has beautiful clothes—but the young girls Katherine Dillon and Gertrude Carroll carry off the palm—Few girls understand how to wear their clothes, as does Emily Hager; her's are literally the wings to a butterfly and seem part of her. Beatrice Tobin's figure is one of the best here, but I don't care so much for her frocks. There is more even in the dress question daily than meets the eye; one needs a liberal education and a large allowance to be truly up to date in the smaller matters of the toilette. I know heaps of girls who have awfully pretty frocks, but look quite sloppy because they don't understand the art of putting them on correctly.

* *

On Saturday I ran up to the races at Menlo; they were rather long drawn out, but some of the boys rode so well. All the San Mateo and Menlo people were there in their best bibs and tuckers. The Ford boys rode as if born in the saddle, it was really remarkable. Arthur has been over in San Rafael which he says is rather quiet this week. He has met an awfully interesting chap over there, Mr. Sellers. He is a great friend of Admiral and Mrs. Kautz, and is with them constantly. Arthur was at luncheon on the "*Iowa*" the other day. Captain Terry gave quite a swell luncheon and Arthur went over with Miss Terry. He says she is going to Del Monte next week. The Kips are also at San Rafael, Caro Crockett and Mary Scott spent a few days with the McBeans and now Helen Hopkins is with them. The only other recent arrival in the shape of a man is Larry Adams. Now Dairy my own, adios.

Your ever devoted
MISS CRICKET.

P. S. Two or three trifling events I found in Arthur's letter I forgot to mention Diary my dear—One a big dinner given by Mr. Greenway at the Villa on Saturday and a swell little affair by Mrs. Boardman—Edith McBean entertained some eight of the girls at luncheon Sunday at the Golf Club.

Rhyme for Vacation.

Oh, the elephant 's a-sitting on the watermelon tree.
A-singing of his home upon the deep and blooming sea,
While the noble kangaroo
Is inquiriug for the "zoo,"
And the snakes are riding bicycles, as happy as can be.

Oh, the whale is soaring gracefully through the warm Winter sky,
While the jelly-fish play football in the turnip field hard by;
And the tiger and the mouse
Are building of a house
In the green and fertile desert, while the rabbit wonders why.

Oh, parents in this country strange are striving every day
To foster in their little ones an aptitude for play;
But every girl and boy
Thinks studying a joy.
And play a bore, and begs for work to pass the time way!
—Isabel McCurdy, in *St. Nicholas.*

The Passing of the Pickaninny.

Unto a little nigger
A swimming in the Nile,
Appeared quite unexpectedly
A hungry crocodile,
Who, with that fierce politeness
That makes the warm blood freeze,
Remarked, "I'll take a little dark meat,
Without dressing, if you please."
State Journal.

Interiors of homes photographed; oil paintings copied; trade supplied with California, Chinatown and Mexican photographs; enlargements of same at resonable prices. Oscar Maurer, 220 Sutter street, San Francisco, care Passavant Printing Co. Telephone Black 1191.

Most everyone who has whiskey for sale compares its virtues to Jesse Moore "AA" whiskey.

The Del Monte Outing.

A Week of..... Amateur Sport

Time was, when the Del Monte pigeon shoot was the Henley of the Pacific Coast. It brought out the youth and beauty and fashion and wealth of every town from San Diego to the North. Everybody who pretended to be anybody was there. The belles saved their very swellest gowns to wear at the occasion; the mammas with marriageable daughters marked it out as the spot for the decisive battle of the campaign; the gilded youth of the Coast drifted thither to dance and flirt and frolic for a long, delightful week. Then, the social constitution of California became more complex; other resorts, other festivals began to steal attention away from this one great occasion of the year. Pigeon shooting went out of fashion, died a natural death, and golf and polo has not yet come. The region of tall palms, and gentle seabreezes and mystical cypresses was still made gay, all summer long, by youth and beauty and fashion, but the grand blaze of glory with which the season closed at the big resort, was known no more. It was not that the beauties of Del Monte had waned; it was only that the passing of the annual shoot took away the occasion for the gathering.

After that, new outdoor sports found their way to the Coast; a region suited for summer sport all the year round was waiting for tennis, polo, golf, and racing. The two Universities began their contests and got up a sporting instinct; the Coast learned how to play. The Burlingame Club, the Country Club, and similar organizations in the South encouraged and fostered these new games; occasionally, a team from one or the other made a pilgrimage, as when the Riverside polo enthusiasts came up to tackle the Burlingame team. But no one thought of a general meeting until the Del Monte Pacific Coast Pony Racing Association undertook the revival of the Annual Outing at Monterey with shooting as the very least feature.

It is doubtful if, even in the old days, there was ever such interest in a Del Monte outing. The leisure class of the Coast is going, just as formerly, but it is going in greater numbers, this time, because the body of people that can afford to play is greater than it used to be, and because in the variety of sports provided, some devotees of each and every form are coming to see the crack-a-jacks contest. The golf tournament, alone, is worth the trip to anyone who knows the difference between a caddie and a cleek. The exodus begins on Tuesday of this week, and Monday next the Scotch game begins the events of the main week. There is sure to be some lively and interesting play, and some genuine surprises are more than likely. Players from the North have never yet crossed drivers with the Southern contingent; the clubs of the orange region are sending up some good untried men, with the possible material in them for future champions. From Santa Monica came J. A. Monroe, W. H. Young, and others; from Los Angeles, E. C. Jones, W. Cosby, and J. F. Sartori, all unknown quantities to the Northern experts. The golf of the week is to end in a team match, South against North, six players on a side. If no dark horse appears among the new men, the honors will lie between Lawson and Charlie Hubbard. The former is just back from Scotland, where he has been studying the game in its stronghold. How much his playing has been strengthened, it is impossible to say, just now. Hubbard has gone in to give him the fight of his life. The Hubbard brothers have been on the ground for several weeks, getting in shape and becoming familiar with the links. It is possible that Miss Moffit cannot contest; in that case, the honors in the Ladies' Tournament are likely to revert to Miss Rowe, whose game has improved vastly of late. The play begins Monday morning, and continues through the week, concluding with the team contest. Sometime during the period there will be squeezed in a "booby" match for men who have never played the game.

Golf will draw its scores to the Monterey resort, but the ponies will bring out their hundreds. Somewhere in Kipling there is a story of a "Broken Link Handicap," so named because it was to break the chain of victories held by some one or other. This is to be a broken-link handicap for Walter Hobart, who has always had a monopoly of pony races in the days gone by. There are in the State many good horses of that measure which have never been entered in a race; some of these are coming up to try conclusions. One or two first-rate strings are to be sent up from the Southern towns—Riverside, Los Angeles, Bakersfield. With them comes the best polo team that can be gathered in the region—Maude and Bettner of Riverside, and Stillwell and Eeland of Santa Barbara. The first two are well known from their records made in the Riverside Burlingame matches; the others are strong players making their first appearance in competition against the North. The Tobins and Walter Hobart, Burlingame veterans, make up, with the new, brilliant player, C. Dunphy, the Burlingame team. If there is one event of the week that is drawing more attention than another, it is this match.

On Friday, the Burlingame baseball team is to play a nine picked from the graduates and ex-students of Stanford and University of California. The Clubmen are known to sport as followers of golf and polo rather than of the national game, but they have among them some really excellent men, ex-'Varsity players from the Eastern colleges, so that the teams have even chances. Dibblee and Reid, the two California stars who did so much to win Harvard's football and baseball victories for her this year, are among the number. "Billy" McLaine, the old Stanford player, is to pitch for the University men, and McLaren, ex-captain of the California nine, will direct the team from his position at short-stop.

There is hardly space here to more than mention the other events, the tennis tournament of which all the Pacific Coast cracks are to participate, the pigeon shoot which will gather the best shots of the Burlingame and Country Clubs, the five-mile bicycle race from Pacific Grove to the Del Monte porch, the yacht-racing, to end the week, the concert band, of forty pieces which is to furnish music on all occasions requiring its presence, the ball in the hotel Saturday night, or the unnumbered little impromptu entertainment that will help to make pleasant this week of sport and gaiety.

Even Suppose.

Even suppose that I could forget
What you were, I should know you yet;
Even suppose (and my hope in this:)
That bathed in the tides of an exquisite bliss,
Your face has lost, through those cloudless years,
The lines of trouble, the stain of tears,
I shall see it then, as I see it yet,
Even suppose that I could forget.

Even suppose I might choose to be
Friend of an angel, it seems to me
Heart's choice is once, though the flesh forget;
Not knowing why, I should choose you yet,
Even suppose that I could forget.

What will it be that will make you known?
I claimed you once; you are still my own;
Where all is spirit, will kisses speak?
Dead or living, I love you yet,
Even suppose that I could forget!
—E. M. Hewitt, *Pall Mall Magazine.*

For more than half a century the famous Jesse Moore whiskey has been the standard brand of the world.

BURDENED WOMEN.

We look in amazement at the burdens some women carry upon their heads. Yet how light they are compared with the burdens some women carry upon their hearts. There are childless women whose hearts ache ceaselessly because of the childless home. That burden of childlessness has been lifted from the heart of many a woman by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Many of the obstacles to maternity are removable. Such obstacles are entirely removed by "Favorite Prescription." It contains no alcohol nor narcotic.

Married Six Years and Childless.

"I have never written you how grateful I am to you for your help in securing good health and one of the sweetest, dearest, thirteen pound girls that ever came into a home," writes Mrs. M. Vastine, of 647 South Liberty Street, Galesburg, Ill. "I took six bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, four of the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and four vials of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. Before I had taken four bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription' I was a new woman. I cannot make pen describe my heartfelt gratitude, so will close by saying if any one disputes the value of Dr. Pierce's medicines I will be pleased to confirm the truth of all I say if they will enclose stamped envelope for reply."

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Mrs. Van's Bank Account.

"I believe that every woman should understand what pecuniary independence is," said Mr. Van Ripper at breakfast on the morning of his wife's birthday, "and I feel sure that you will appreciate the little gift I have for you."

"I know you've bought that opal and diamond ring I wanted!" said Mrs. Van, delightedly. "You dear extravagant thing!"

Van Ripper dived into his coat pocket and brought out two small books, which he gave impressively to his wife. She looked them through as though they were a Chinese puzzle.

"Those, my dear," said Van Ripper, evading the opal ring delicately, for he had discovered on inquiry that its price was $500, "are your two new bank books. I have deposited for you at the Rattlethem Bank the sum of $400 as your birthday gift, and hereafter I shall give you your monthly allowance also in the shape of a check, which you can deposit and draw against in due form."

"Oh, isn't that lovely!" said Mrs. Van Ripper, trying to conceal her disappointment about the ring. "Do I just show these at the shops when I want to buy anything?"

"The small book, said Van Ripper, "is your deposit book, in which will be recorded any amounts which you may wish to—er—save. You will find that having a bank book will cause you to save money almost unconsciously. This long book is your check book, on which I have had put your monogram in gold."

"And pink leaves, too!" said Mrs. Van. "Just my color! What do I do with this? Oh, isn't it sweet!"

"They got those things up very nicely at the Rattlethem Bank," said Mr. Van Ripper. "I believe they have more ladies among their depositors than men, and they have clerks specially selected for their politeness and their courtesy in explaining matters. These check books are a rather pretty idea. When you want to draw a check you tear out one of these and enter the amount on the stub."

"And spoil the book?" exclaimed Mrs. Van Ripper.

"That's what it is made for. See, these perforated lines show where you tear it off. This place is for the number of the check and this for the date. Here is where you sign your name and on this line you write the amount of money you wish to pay out."

"But I'm not going to tear out one of those pretty checks!" exclaimed Mrs. Van Ripper "I'll get money from you whenever I want it; or else I'll have things charged!"

"That is not exactly the idea, my dear," said Van Ripper, looking a trifle uneasy. "I want you to learn to take care of your own bank account and your own money. Of course you'll have to draw checks."

"But I never, never could draw, Adelbert; it was always my very worst lesson at the convent—it was"——

"Ha—ha—ha! You don't understand; to draw a check is to write it out—to fill it—see?"

"Suppose I want to pay my fare on the car or pay a cabman?"

"Oh, you don't use checks for such small bills as that. You just ask me about it any time when you want to draw a check, and I'll let you have the benefit of my advice."

"Well, just let me have $20 this morning," said Mrs. Van Ripper, "for I've got to go downtown and get some things. I don't want to spoil the book until I have had it awhile, anyhow!"

So Van Ripper gave his wife the money and she started downtown. Looking out of the car she saw the Rattlethem Bank and she decided to go in and see what it was like. It was a beautiful white marble place, with young men clerks at work behind plate-glass partitions. Then there was an inviting little carpeted inclosure where she saw several women sitting at small desks writing or counting money.

Mrs. Van walked in and said to the young man at the nearest window: "Will you be kind enough to let me have some notepaper and envelopes? I have a few letters to write."

He looked at her strangely. "We have nothing but the official paper madame," he said, "and it is against our rules to use that even for our own correspondence."

"I think that's very odd," said Mrs. Van Ripper. "My husband told me that you were specially courteous to ladies here."

"Are you a depositor?" asked the clerk.

"I beg your pardon. Am I what?" said Mrs. Van, haughtily.

"Do you have an account here?"

"I am a member here," said Mrs. Van Ripper, drawing out her books and confronting him with them triumphantly.

"Oh, a new account," said the clerk, smiling. "I see. Are you Angelice Van Ripper?"

"I am Mrs. Adelbert Hollingway Van Ripper," said Mrs. Van, drawing herself up. "Do you wish to identify me?"

"Oh, not at all! Not at all!" said the clerk; "Is there anything I can do for you, Mrs. Van Ripper; would you like to meet our cashier, Mr. Knockem?"

"Certainly not, sir," said Mrs. Van Ripper, grandly. "I should like to—to—draw a check!"

"Very well, madame; you will find a table and chair opposite with writing materials upon it. When you have made out your check you can give it to the paying teller, fifth window to the right. He will let you have the money."

"What money?"

"The money your check calls for."

"But I don't want any money. I simply wish to draw a check."

"Oh, very well? I beg your pardon. Be seated, madame. The small table opposite."

Mrs. Van Ripper sat down and took out her new book, toying affectionately with its pink pages. Then she tried one of the pens. In the date line she wrote "Thursday afternoon" in a sprawling, angular hand. In the space for the check number she wrote the date. Then she signed her name with a flourish.

"Is this correct?" she inquired of the young man at the window. He looked it over with a carefully suppressed smile.

"Er—you've got the date in the wrong place, but if you just write the amount and the name of the person you wish to——"

"Dear me; I shall never understand it!" said Mrs. Van desperately.

"Shall I fill it out for you?" asked the young man politely.

"If you will be so kind," said Mrs. Van.

"To whose order?" asked the clerk.

"Oh, it really doesn't matter," said Mrs. Van Ripper.

"To the order of bearer, shall I write?"

"That will do very nicely."

"Now the amount—what shall it be?"

"I don't care," said Mrs. Van. "You see, I have $20 that my husband gave me this morning. If you'll just draw the check I'll be so much obliged. I have an engagement with the dressmaker at 12."

"Then I'll leave the amount blank?"

"Just as you please," said Mrs. Van, graciously. "I'm so much obliged. Good morning!" and she turned to go.

"Here's the check," said the clerk, waving it through the window.

"Oh, do I take it with me?" inquired Mrs. Van Ripper. "I thought I left it here."

"Not unless you wish to draw some money."

"Oh, thank you so much. Good morning."

That evening Mrs. Van Ripper had a lesson in drawing checks from her husband, when she had shown him the fruit of her morning's interview in the Rattlethem Bank, which document he carefully destroyed. For the first time he made his wife understand that she personally had some money at her disposal in the bank.

Next morning she visited her dressmaker and then proceeded to do some shopping. She explained at the department store where she had always purchased goods that she wished to pay her bill with a check, and the superintendent filled it out for her and had her affix her signature.

"Now, you'll send these things home just as though they were paid for?" she said to the superintendent who had dealt with ladies who had bank accounts before.

"Precisely the same, madame," he said smilingly. The bill was for $60, and he knew that Van Ripper was good for it. Mrs. Van felt so elated over her success that she went to her milliner's and bought two hats for $60 more.

Two days later Mrs. Van Ripper had a visit from one of the bank clerks. He told her that she had overdrawn her account, but she indignantly denied it, and showed him that her book still existed as a proof of her financial soundness.

"You can see for yourself that it is quite full of checks!" she said indignantly. "I never heard of such a thing! Certainly, I have money in the bank!"

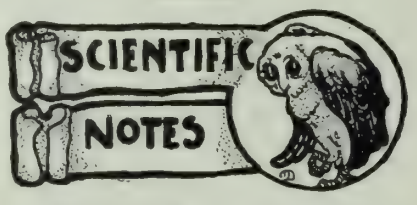
"On the contrary you owe us money, Mrs. Van Ripper. You have overdrawn. Can't you understand?"

"I shall certainly tell my husband about this!" exclaimed Mrs. Van Ripper.

"He may be able to explain it to you, and please make the amount of the overdraft good, as soon as possible."

When Van Ripper came home there was a stormy half-hour, tears and much explaining. As a result of it all Mrs. Van Ripper never renewed her bank account. She says that money is good enough for her, and that when she paid people with checks it always seemed as though she still owed them the cash.

"Besides that," she said to her husband, "I never had any pocket money, and as for that birthday present, I never saw it! And I had nothing but trouble all the time. But those pink checks do make the loveliest curl papers you ever saw!"



Two fields, at least, of explanation made possible by the fluorescence of vacuum tubes, have been recently entered, and give promise of noteworthy results. One of these is the examination of lung tissues in the case of consumption—the healthy lung gives comparatively little shadow in the sciograph, while the diseased tissue has a much darker appearance in the picture, and thus it is possible to ascertain exactly the part affected and to attempt palliative or remedial treatment accordingly. The other recent use of this discovery, regarded as especially valuable by the medical profession, is that of observing the movements of the stomach and its contents in the preliminary digestive process. By mixing subnitrate of bismuth, which is said to be a harmless powder, with the food, the movements of the stomach may be seen by means of the fluoroscope, under certain conditions. Further, when a focus tube is placed behind a person, so that the rays pass through the thorax, the bones are very clearly depicted, while the heart is seen as a definite shadow in contradistiction to the light area around. This light area is occupied by the lungs, which are not dense enough to stop the rays, but allow them to pass through and give rise to a fluorescence on the screen, and though the shadow of the heart is not of a uniform degree of intensity, being lighter at the margins than toward the centre, the outline can be clearly seen, and its pulsating movements detected.

According to the American *Machinist*, a Tennessee company purposes to make vaults secure against burglars without and jails secure against prisoners within, by a system of construction which employs vertical steel tubes and hollow floors and ceilings, all kept constantly charged with compressed air. The pressure of the air intended to be carried is only about fifteen or twenty pounds, the escape of air at any point when a break is made in the system instantly causing a fall of pressure and the sounding of alarms at different points. Another burglar discouragement purposed to be used in connection with the air is a loose hardened steel tube within the air, tube. If any attempt at sawing a tube were made, as soon as it was penetrated the saw would encounter the hard, loose tube within, which would roll around under the saw and prevent all further cutting.

From a lecture given by Dr. Nernst, in Berlin, it appears that Nernst lamps are now being made by the Allgemeine Elektricitats Gesellschaft in 25, 50 and 100 candle power sizes, with a life of about 300 hours and an efficiency of 1½ to 1¾ watts per candle power. Experiments are also being made with lamps of higher candle power. The wholesale manufacture of 110 and 220 volt lamps will be commenced as soon as the new works which are being erected by that company for that purpose are completed. The German Patent Office has dismissed all petitions against the validity of the Nernst patents.

A paper by Professor G. F. Sever and Mr. R. A. Fliess, read at the general meeting of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, gives valuable information regarding the relative economy of horse and electric delivery wagons. They have found that the average delivery wagon covers a distance of about 11,268 miles per year, at a cost of 13 86 cents per mile for a two-horse vehicle. An automobile will cover the same distance for 2.65 cents per mile less, equivalent to $298.60 per year. A further advantage is the higher speed of the electric vehicles, enabling the deliveries to be accomplished with greater celerity.

Electricity has been applied to the manufacture of glass. Formerly difficulties were experienced in melting the ingredients, owing to particles of coal and cinders entering the crucible, to the injury of the product. These are now eliminated by employing an electric arc within a carbon crucible to fuse the ingredients. Great economy results, as but forty per cent of the coal formerly used is required. A pot of glass can be melted in fifteen minutes that by the old process would require thirty hours.

The demand for calcium carbide is growing at a rate that promises to make wealthy those who were foresighted enough to prepare to supply the demand. The spread of acetylene lighting is of course responsible for the larger part of the demand. A New York export firm had a large order this week for shipment abroad, and found it impossible to secure a delivery of the calcium in less than four months. A French company has recently been formed with a capital of $500,000 to manufacture calcium carbide.

A Fire-Proof Hotel.

The California Hotel is the only modern-built, absolutely fire-proof hotel in San Francisco. It is strictly first-class in every respect. Many of our best families make it their permanent home, while it is undoubtedly the favorite stopping place for tourists from all parts of the world and for our army and navy officers. General R. H. Warfield is the manager, and he has drawn about him an able corps of gentlemanly assistants, all of whom study the comfort of guests, and who are thoroughly acquainted with all the details attached to the managing of a large and first-class house. San Francisco may well feel proud of her only fire-proof hotel—the California Hotel.

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A WELL-EQUIPPED medical and surgical institution. All forms of water treatment, all forms of electricity, large Static machine, Sinusoidal, Galvanic and Faradic electricity. A corps of well-trained nurses of both sexes, skilled in all forms of treatments and manipulations. "Ostepathic Treatment" (called by its proper name, Massage and Manual Swedish Movement) is scientifically given Rest Cure carried out in every detail. A fine line of health foods manufacturing and on sale. A quiet, home-like place; beautiful scenery; Mt. Hamilton and the famous Lick Observatory in view; one block from electric cars; fifteen minutes' walk from the centre of the city. Terms $8 to $20 per week, including medical attention and regular treatment. For further particulars, address THE GARDEN CITY SANITARIUM, San Jose, California.

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A NATURAL camping ground; five different mineral springs. We cater to campers only, and invite all who want good water, pure air fishing and hunting, to come. Hot and cold mineral baths. Cottages nearly furnished to rent from $1.50 per week. Provisions, hay, grain, etc., can be purchased on the grounds. One mile north of Howard Springs. Putah Postoffice, Money Order and daily mail. Address R. F. DOCKERY, Bonanza Springs, Putah Postoffice, Lake County, California.

Sea Beach Hotel

SANTA CRUZ, CAL

CALIFORNIA'S favorite resort. Located on a flowering slope from the beach. Unsurpassed view of beach, bay and mountains. Salmon fishing, tennis court, croquet grounds, and music. Reasonable rates. For terms, address J. B. PEAKES, proprietor. J. T. BROOKS, Chief Clerk.

CAPITOLA WITH ITS SUPERB HOTEL, cozy cottages and tent grounds, bids all to enjoy its rejuvenating climate, fine scenery and pleasures. Finest surf-bathing, hot salt water baths, boating, salmon and other fishing, golf links and other amusements, drives, walks and bicycling, etc. For accomodations at Hotel Capitola, address FRANK M. SMITH, the new manager, Capitola, Cal. For cottages and tent grounds, address FRANK REANIER, Superintendent, Capitola. Write for folders.

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NEW nineteen-passenger Yosemite stages, all outside seats, leave Calistoga daily, Sundays excepted, at 11:30 a.m., direct to Harbin, Seigler, Adams, Howard, Anderson, Astorgs and Glenbrook. Passengers have half an hour for lunch at Calistoga. This line also runs direct to Middletown, Lower Lake, Kelseyville and Lakeport

WILLIAM SPIERS, Proprietor.

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LEGAL NOTICE.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES in and for the Northern District of California.

IN THE MATTER OF EDWARD J. CLARK, Bankrupt.

Take notice, that Edward J. Clark, bankrupt above named, has been duly adjudicated a bankrupt under the Act of Congress of July 1, 1898, and that the first meeting of the creditors has been called to meet at the office of the undersigned, at room 94, Chronicle Building, San Francisco, California, on Monday the 28th day of August, 1899, at the hour of 11 o'clock a.m., for the purpose of proving their claims against the estate of said bankrupt; and that at the same time and place all creditors whose claims have been duly proven and allowed shall appoint one or three trustees of said estate.

Dated San Francisco, August 9, 1899.

MILTON J. GREEN,
Referee in Bankruptcy
in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

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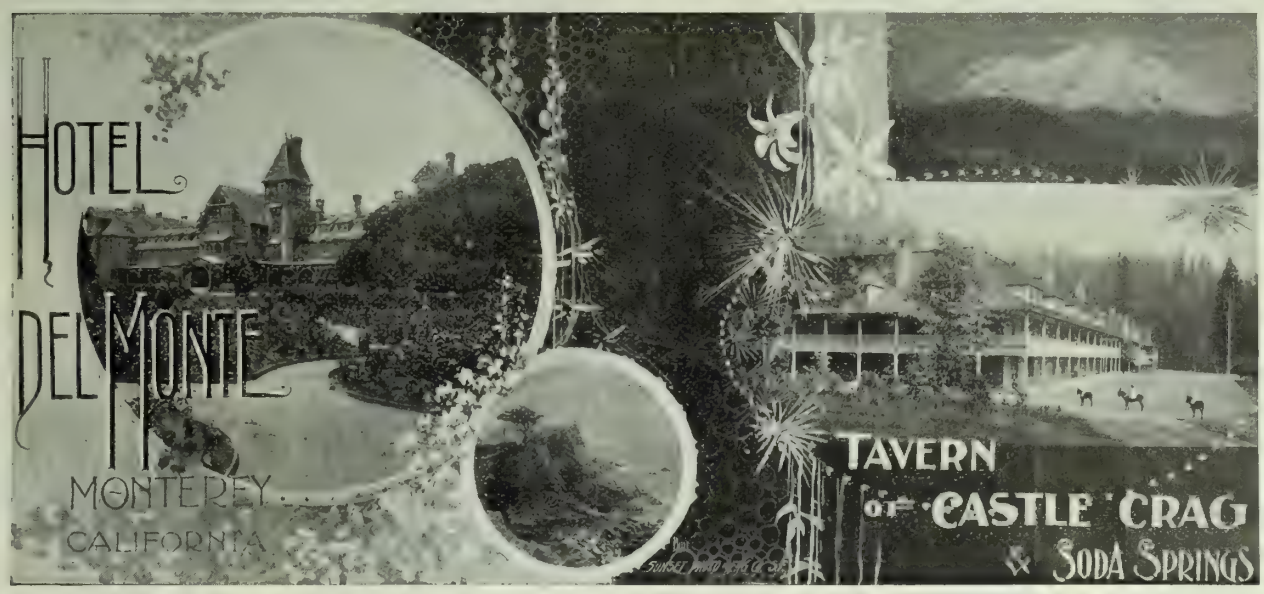

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Steamers leave Broadway wharf San Francisco.

For Alaskan ports, 10 a. m. Aug. 4, 9, 14, 19, 24, 29. Sept. 3, change to company's steamers at Seattle.

For B. C. and Puget Sound ports 10 a.m. Aug. 4, 9, 14, 19, 24, 29, Sept. 3 and every fifth day thereafter.

For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, 2 p.m. Aug. 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, Sept. 1, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Newport (Los Angeles) and Way Ports, 9 a. m. Aug. 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, Sept. 1, and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 a.m. Aug. 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, Sept. 3 and every fourth day thereafter.

For Mexican ports, 10 a. m. 7th of each month.

For further information, obtain folder.

The company reserves the right to change, without previous notice, steamers, sailing dates, and hours of sailing.

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AMATEUR SPORT AT DEL MONTE—Snapshots Illustrative of Events to Take Place Dur ng "Outing" Week, August 21–28

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Capital : : : : $100,000
Surplus and Undivided Profits 11,000
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Do you know that sketch of Zangwill's wherein an English lady of high degree visits Heine, lying amidst squalor on the mattrass grave of his last days, and renews old times and old thoughts with him before paralysis has clouded him beyond help? This week there was a death-bed scene a bit like that one for repulsive contrast, when Eugenie, once Empress of the French, paid her last visit to her who was fairest of face and meanest of soul amongst all the ladies of her vanished court. In a palace of the Faubourg St. Germain, the Duke and Duchess Tallyrand-Perigord, once the Prince and Princess de Sagan, are going their own separate ways toward the land of shadows. He, once the Beau Brummell of Paris, mutters and mumbles in hopeless paralytic imbecility; she, doomed by an incurable disease but still bright and malignant of mind as ever, conducts from her bed those vulgar and spiteful controversies and lawsuits which have driven from her every friend and relation. Rich, aristocratic, once a power among the social powers of France, she has few visitors of her own circle; most of them she has made her enemies. The carriages which stop at her door are mainly those of sycophants or of priests—because, through it all, she is devoutly religious. To such an abiding-place of burnt-out passions and wrecked possibilities, the deposed Empress came for her last visit. This call of an Imperial personage means, in the etiquette still rigidly maintained by those who constituted Napoleon's court, the same thing as the coming of the last sacrament. The persons only visited by the Empress are those who are past all earthly things.

Thirty years ago, the Prince and Princess de Sagan were conspicuous figures at the Court of the Tullleries. She was tremendously rich and a beauty, he the gayest, most fashionable of the Emperor's attendants. Even at that time, when she had immense influence because of her wealth and good-looks, the Princess de Sagan was sordid and vulgar. She was of peasant extraction; her father, from whom she inherited her gold, made his fortune out of army contracts by methods more than suspicious. He went too far with his dealings, was indicted, after the France-Prussian war, for trading on the misery of his country by palming off shoddy clothing on the army, and committed suicide to escape conviction. All the essential vulgarity of the French, in the shop-keeping class, showed in his daughter, through her veneer of court manners. The inner circle of the Third Empire had a way of giving nicknames; hers was "*Canailette*," a term untranslatable into English; "pretty rowdy" renders it fairly well.

Yet this woman, vulgar, mean, with a reputation not above suspicion, ruled society in the Tuilleries, ruled society in Paris when the Empire was past, by reason of her wealth and personal charms. For many years past, she has been called the most expensively-dressed woman in the world, not excepting even the Princesses of the European thrones. It was not long after the downfall of the Empire that there began the disagreements with her husband, which ended with a judicial separation, quite a different thing, in France, from a divorce. Simultaneously, she instituted those quarrels and lawsuits in which she became more and more deeply involved as time went on. She has sued her husband, her eldest son—a blackguard, by-the-way—her three brothers. The eldest of these she had confined in a private lunatic asylum, whence he escaped and fled to New York. Another one, Roger, followed him there, to escape the persecutions of their sister, and died in America under mysterious circumstances. When her youngest son was committed for forgery, executed to influence a suit she was prosecuting against him, she expressed publicly her satisfaction, until shamed into paying to have the case compromised. The young man subsequently transferred his allegiance to Germany, where he is now an officer in the army. The only relative with whom she has not been at war is her youngest son, her favorite, who is so like her that he has been blackballed in all the clubs of Paris and is practically ostracized.

All these years, her husband has been living apart from her. By the terms of the separation, she had to pay him an alimony of 100,000f a year. He has been subsisting on this, and ignoring her, although she has sometimes made overtures for a reunion. She offered him unsuccessfully, it is said, a sum equal to his annuity, to do the honors of her house for just one night, on the occasion of her entertainment to the Prince and Princess of Wales, in 1879. Two years ago, the death of his father gave him his hereditary title, Duc Talleyrand-Perigord, for which he abandoned the less honarable one Prince of Sagan. Inside the year, paralysis came, and made an end to his senses.

It was then that the Duchess took possession of him,—abducted him if you will—and carried him to her mansion in the Rue St. Dominique.

It would be a refreshing touch in the story if we could stop there, and suppose that, after all this, the woman's heart had conquered, but the truth must be told. She took him back because his annuity returned to her when he reentered her house.

This was the mansion into which Eugenie, herself an invalid, was half supported, half carried, last month for the final visit of ceremony—a house besieged by creditors with unpaid claims, shunned by the nobles who once made it brilliant by their society, inhabited by a foolish old man, helpless and idiotic after a fast life, a disgraced youth, a villainous and broken old woman. Eugenie has never once seen the Duchess in the years since her own downfall; the strictest of women in private life, the Ex-Empress has taken practical means of showing her disapproval of "Canailette"; she now took this practical means of expressing forgiveness for one whose own life has been as unforgiving as it has been splendidly sordid.

There was another unusual deathbed scene in Paris, last month. Adolphe d'Ennery, playwright and manager, the Dion Boucicalt of France, has been as ignoble in his way as the Duchess in hers. He died at the age of eighty-nine, worth millions of francs. He had a natural daughter, the issue of a union with an actress who shared his garret in his struggling youth. D'Ennery never saw his child after her birth; from time to time he sent her money to eke out a scant existence. But when his case was pronounced hopeless, he called a coterie of physicans to swear to his mental lucidity, and made her his sole heir. She is now nearing the end of her days, being over sixth years old. He would not see her at the last. "Emotions use up a man's life," said he, "and a prudent man avoids them. Besides, she would certainly poison me in order to inherit more speedily." He died forthwith, without any help from her, and now the heirs-at-law, with the worn-out plea of undue influence, are trying to break the will.

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ASSETS.

Cash on hand		$ 303.77
Mortgage Loans		1,131,232 00
Loans on Association Stock		59,225.00
Bank of California		2,246 53
Bills and Accounts Receivable		12,183 19
Furniture and Fixtures		1,600.00
Members' Accounts Due and Payable		20,445.13
Real Estate		56,325.28
Real Estate Sold on Contract		8,821.49
Sundry Avances Secured by Mortgages		29,861.95
		$1,321,845.14

LIABILITIES

Dues Account Installment Stock		$ 508.963.93
"A," "B," add "E"	$319,882.03	
"F"	132,533.90	
"I"	56,548.00	
Earnings Apportioned to the Installment Shares in Force		133,367.49
General Reserve Fund		10,474.49
Insurance Reserve Fund		25.927.95
Due Paid-up and Prepaid Srockholders		439,096.61
Class "D," Old	$ 8,223.75	
" "C" "	1,801.00	
" "B"	85,872.00	
" "C"	293,308.00	
" "D," Deposit	49,891.86	
Advanced Payments		15,085.06
"A," "E," "G," and "I"	$ 8,425.06	
"F"	6,660.00	
Loans Due and Incomplete		133,367.49
Bills Payable		10,474.49
All Other Liabilities		25,927 95
Interest Due Paip-up Stockholders	$ 7,118 58	
Repayment Account Mortgage Loans	24,067.71	
Received on Account Real Estate Sold under Contract	1,265.15	
Sundry Accounts Payable	2,922.57	
		$1,321.845 14

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Wednesday night.....Camille
Thursday night.....Romeo and Juliet
Friday night.....Romeo and Juliet
Saturday matinee.....Romeo and Juliet
Saturday night.....Romeo and Juliet
Sunday night.....Romeo and Juliet
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After seeing the attendance at the Tivoli Grand Opera season there can remain no doubt that the San Francisco public is a music loving one, and that it appreciates good music. It is doubtful whether there is any city of the size of this in which a local organization presents grand opera half so well, or at anything like the price of admission. It is true we do not hear of the magnificent salaries of our local stars, we do not see ladies bedecked with "jewels" advertised to be worth so and so many thousands, nor are there immense sums laid out in scenery. But what we have is, on the whole, a very good, conscientious performance of the best known operas and we are one and all possessed with feeling of being glad that the Tivoli "is alive." May it long continue. This week "Fidelio" and "Il Trovatore" alternate. "Fidelio" is one of the most difficult to present satisfactorily of the pre-Wagnerian operas. To say that the performance of Monday evening was satisfactory is giving very high praise to those who were engaged in it. It is true that some of the singers betrayed a degree of unfamiliarity with the score, but all the important arias were rendered with an unexpected finish and ease. It is unfortunate that the music taxes too greatly Mary Linck's mezzo voice, but her representation of the difficult part of Leonora was well sustained, notwithstanding her evident difficulty in handling what is heavy work for a full soprano. The sympathy and beauty of her tones attract one at every performance. Schuster, the invaluable, was thoroughly at home in the part of Rocco. He is one of those ever reliable singers whom you know beforehand will be even and sure all the way through. Ada Palmer Walker deserves credit for her rendering of the part of Marcelline and Mertens was very successfully the villain, Pizzaro.

* *

"Under Two Flags" is the best thing the Alcazar has shown us this summer. There is something living about the whole performance. The book has that same quality, but it was a problem before last evening whether the dramatist would prove himself in the spirit of Ouida. He has succeeded. In spite of soliloquies and over-long lines: in spite of many technical faults, the play moves, and the faults are superficial rather than radical. I hope that Florence Roberts will make Cigarette one of her roles. She can afford to identify herself with it. She can ripen it into something with a personality provided she can always find a leading man as obliging as Mr. Whittlesey. For obliging is a mild term for what Bertie Cecil is called upon to be. Statuesque, truly, but it is cold work to be a statue from one act's end to another. The staging is elaborate. The sandstorm is worth talking about.

* *

The curtain went down on the third act; there was the faintest flutter of applause, which died out before the edge of the drop reached the stage. Then, as if everyone thought as I did,—"What a frost for Blanche Bates—not a curtain-call yet!"—they began another easy and respectful patter which was interpreted to mean a recall, the actors bowed, the actresses curtseyed, with one eye out for the hoop-skirts with which they had been struggling all the evening, and pretended to be pleased with the honor. Then, a dead, funereal silence settled over the audience, the between-acts chatter was chastened and subdued; so that, had one come in from the outer world at that moment, he would have known that he was assisting at a theatrical failure. Presently, the girl behind me spoke:

"Blanche Bates plays it pretty well," with a wavy, rising inflection, to denote a reservation.

"Yes," answered her escort. "But oh, what a bum show!"

We were attending the resurrection of a corpse, also a great moral lesson on the evanescence of styles in the drama. From somewhere in the playbooks, Frawley has raked up "London Assurance," Boucicalt's masterpiece and the greatest play of its time, because it gives Blanche Bates a fat part and because there is a chance for a revival of outlandish costume, after the fashion of "Trelawney of the Wells." Such of us as prided ourselves on knowing the history of the English stage pretended we were really enjoying it; this callow youth, who possibly never heard of Bouccicalt and his fame, spoke out like an unspoiled child, and killed the pretence, for me at least.

And just think of it, this is the one play of its day, barring a melodrama or two, which has lived until our time! We still read the novels of the period, we still listen to its operas and pay stiff prices for its pictures, but of all its plays, this one alone comes down to us, and it is so caviare to our taste that not even the cleverness of Blanche Bates can rescue it from absolute boredom. Will the plays now crowding houses in the Miller repertoire seem so deadly, I wonder, when the manager of 1960 rakes them out from oblivion to show his generation the foolishness which amused his grandfathers? Iwas some time finding the thing which has made this piece drag on its existence for sixty years—for it has been acted occasionally all this time. I am now convinced that it is the character of Lady Gay Spanker. This sporting aristocrat is really a character; she stands out above the puppets strung together on the impossible situations of this gloomy comedy as Blanche Bates' acting stands out above that of the other Frawleys. Otherwise, the characters are a lot of perfectly stupid and utterly beastly people, whom the author has not even satirized, but has taken seriously. There is the degenerate nobleman who frantically conceals his age, engages himself to a young girl and tries to elope with a married woman while preparing for the marriage, doesn't recognize his own son when confronted with him, and otherwise acts the coxcomb and the cad; there is a son of this character, who manages to deceive his sweetheart into believing he is someone else without the help of a disguise; there are a half-dozen others equally impossible. These people talk a high-flown dialect, full of moral maxims, sounding phrases, and strained compliments. I wonder by the way, what the reviewer of 1960 is going to say about the smart epigrams of Pinero, of which we are so proud?

Of the actors who made the best of it, Blanche Bates, of course, carried off the honors. There is nothing but praise for her *Lady Gay*. I could have wished that the laughter with which she saw fit to fill the part had been a little more convincing; otherwise, her rendition of the reckless, masculine, kind-hearted and ever-charming queen of the hunt was excellent art. Mary Van Buren put her own charm into a part intended to be inane, so that she gained therein a victory over the author. The men did not suit so well. The Englishman of that time is a character far and away from any type of man the American knows; perhaps that is why the actors fitted into their parts as poorly as they did into their 1840 clothes. J. R. Amory as *Dolly Spanker* and Alfied Hickman as *Cool* came nearer than the rest. At one point or another, all the male characters, without exception, had to grow more or less mellow over their cups. Except Amory alone, they simulated it in a way that did great credit to their temperance principles. W. I.

* *

Opinions differ as to beauty. Indeed the authorities declare it is in the eyes of the beholder. Accredited belles are few and far between and really owe their distinction more to manner than to exterior. Among the exhibits at the Orpheum this week is an acclaimed beauty, Alexandra Dagmar, whose supernal curves the Sunday sups recently submitted for our inspection. Not at full length or breadth, be it understood, for there is a limit to the enterprise of daily journalism and to their pages. Mme. Dagmar—there is a husband—appears gowned in a manner to display her lusty opulence and captures the house at a glance. Actually the gallery cheered her the other night and joined the chorus of her song with spirited glee. The beauty smiled as well she might and introduced some extraordinary trills and cadenzas which called for volumes of applause. There are others. The best of them Caron and Herbert who must have India-rubber spines and leathern skins by the manner they knock one another about. The Cardownies are both graceful and energetic; Gertrude Mansfield and Carl Wilbur have rather a poor piece to set off their talents and do not enunciate very clearly. The Biograph, however, preserves it perennial charm, mainly by presenting new scenes.

The coming week, Florence Roberts will present the two greatest successes of her engagement at the Alcazar, "Camille" and "Romeo and Juliet," opening with former, which runs until Wednesday. The Roberts engagement lasts two weeks longer, and is to be followed by a stock company said to be the strongest yet presented by this house.

Next week, the Orpheum has listed among its new attractions Hall and Staley in "The Twentieth Century Burglars," a new sketch with original mechanical features, Freeze Brothers, dancers and jugglers; McMahon and King, black-face artists. The hold-overs will be Mansfield and Wilbur, Caron and Herbert, Esmeralda, the Cardownies and Dagmar.

Following Blanche Bates at the California, comes John Stapleton's new farce, "A Bachelor's Honeymoon." It had a long-run at Hoyt's theatre, in New York. After this engagement, the theater will be closed for a thorough renovation.

Next week, the Grand Opera season at the Tivoli continues with a double bill, "Cavaliera Rusticana" and "I'Pagliacci." There is a change of cast nightly, so that the full strength of the company is brought out. The season has been a great success, crowding the popular place of amusement to the doors nightly. The remainder of this week, "Fidelio" alternates with "Trovatore," the former being the bill for Friday and Saturday nights, the latter for Saturday afternoon and Sunday nights.

This is the last week of a successful Henry Miller season at the Columbia. Clay Clement opens next week in his new play, "A Southern Gentleman;" to be followed by "The Old Dominion."

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I have seen the most elaborate trousseau of the season, and my mind is so full of frills and fripperies and dainty lingerie that I can tell of nothing else this week. Miss Steinkopf, who is prettier than her name, is the fortunate owner of this expensive feminine deliciousness, worth all of fifty thousand dollars. Every woman with the true feminine instinct cares more, much more, for the lingerie in a trousseau than for that which goes over it, and oh, my soul, how I envied her the array which I have been privileged to see today, yes, even to touch respectfully and daintily. Most of it was of pale blue or pale pink silk, with trimmings of Valenciennes lace, the finest and filmiest to be had. The stockings, dozens of pairs of them, came to a cozy fortune of themselves. One set, of gauzy silk, was said to have cost fifty pounds for the half-dozen pairs, and the real lace ones went far and away beyond that price. There were exquisite dressing-gowns of heavy silk, with lace-lined hoods, petticoat bodices in wonderful array; in firm, clinging silk, in alternations of cambric and lace, in merino guaze, embroidered by hand. Among the hundreds of beautiful things, I noticed especially a neglige in fine, white cashmere with a cape of net frills and insertions of pale blue. A tea-jacket of cream silk, soft of hue and texture, showed wide revers embroidered with geranium-colored velvet, with a tucked chiffon vest of similar hue. Had I been given my choice, I would have taken a petticoat of Chartreuse green silk, with bands of lace and innumerable tiny flounces. Each article had the bride's name, "May," hand-embroidered. The accessories, such as sachets, pin-cushions, linen-cases, were of a prevailing soft cream shade, embroidered in purple heather.

The fashionable wedding-gown of this year must be so light, and fluffy, so long of train and wide of skirt, that the bride seems to walk in the midst of a cloud, enveloping her from head to foot. This one, designed by Hiley, was of lace and chiffon over a rich white satin foundation. The bridesmaids who attended Miss Steinropf to the altar, wore pale yellow frocks gauzy and diaphonous like the bride's. They came down the aisle like a great wave of sunshine.

The season's fashions in bridal gowns were hardly observed in the trousseau of Lady Constance Grosvener, who was the heroine of a very, very aristocratic wedding at St. Pauls on Saturday. Hers was rather a work of art. Plain, tight-fitting, it was in Venetian style and of white satin with edgings of silver lace. The veil of Brussels lace, matched the delicate flowers at the edge of the skirt. Her bridesmaids, fifteen of them, which I believe is the record for numbers, wore white net over white satin, with pale blue sashes, and white tulle hats trimmed with roses. She went away in fair gauze with little touches of satin, blue and mauve, and a white lace overdress. They are putting lace on everything this season, you observe. This wedding was honored by the presence of all England's highest and noblest—the Prince himself, Prince and Princess Christian, the Duke of Cambridge, the Archbishop of Canterbury, who performed the ceremony, and many others noble in lesser degree. In fact, titled guests were in the majority.

I have kept the true woman's eye, and failed to mention the bridegrooms. Miss Steinkopf married Colonel Stewart Mackenzie, and Lady Grosvenor was wedded to the Earl of Shaftesbury, with whom she has had a pretty romance, they say.

A third trousseau of the week was that of Miss Ella Casberd-Boteler, and was small and dainty, like the sweet lady who wore it. This wise virgin went in for picturesque effects; she might have stepped out of a Gains borough portrait, with her lace bodice, her court train of cloth of silver, and her lisse veil, falling in shimmery clouds over all. The going-away gown of duck's egg colored cloth had a short coat with a deep collar in cream lisse, run through with silver ribbon, and a skirt stiched in cream and silver braid. There were two delicate evening dresses worthy of especial attention, one of bright satin, rose-red, the tunic drawn closely over an underskirt with frills of ficelle lace. On the low bodice were frills of the same texture, veiled with rose-red chiffon, drawn by narrow rushings, and held in place at the bust by a big bow of black tulle. Another, and this one was my coveted favorite, was in pale yellow, an embroidery of true lover's knots, blue and manve, relieving the satin surface. It was touched with gold beading, and the skirt was built of myriad tiny flounces. The bodice, a heavenly creation, was made of point d' esprit with trails of yellow roses.

They who should know tell me that Miss Steinkopf's trousseau touched the high-water mark for elaboration. Henceforth, few garments and elegant are to be the rule, and great display is to be named vulgar. This is really sensible, because fashions change, in lingerie as in other things, and the bride of many fineries must find some of them *passe* before she can get around to the wearing of them all.

KATRINA.

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In Bookdom.

Among the penalties of fame is the resuscitation and republication of a writer's early literary efforts. It seldom happens that a man becomes great at a bound. By stress of much writing he attains a style. As he proceeds his phrases clarify. Naturally he is averse to having the enterprising publisher rake up his experiments, his first attempts. The outcries of Kipling under the process of exhumation has made many a paragraph these latter months. The regret of Sienkiewicz is less audible for he lives in Poland and were he to express wrath, it might be terrific, but would be incomprehensible. *In Vain* as published by Little, Brown & Co., is such an excellent piece of book—making that one regrets it had not been practiced on a finer effort of the author for the novel is unworthy the creator of *Pan Michael* or *Quo Vadis*. It narrates at laborious length the life of a student at Warsaw which while it seems tiresome enough is really good as the work of a boy of eighteen. Sienkiewicz had arrived at that ripe age when he perpetrated it.

Had there been more power in *Letitia Berkley A. M.*, by (F. A. Stokes Co.) it is conceivable it would have made a sensation. It is distinctly radical in its treatment of the sexual problem, though there are no erotic details for the prurient to dwell upon. The problem is concerned with the privileges of a woman to take such liberties as a man arrogates to himself and the solution is unhappy for all concerned. The heroine is unconventional, decisive and without compunction. She is aware of her offence, and accepts its consequences. She explains it and justifies it subsequently to the man she is about to marry on the plea that her lover was nothing to her, but the object of her subjective state. Unfortunately he could not see it that way and they part. The book is written with this situation in view and suffers from so unnatural a system of construction. Had it been a plain history Letitia Berkley and an appreciative transcription of her feelings and experiences in a walk of life of which the author had knowledge, the story would have been worth while but it is nothing of the sort. The Parisian passages seem like the transcription of facts, but the first chapters are fatuous attempts at reudering a genial atmospheric of which it is too evident Josephine Bontecou Steffens has no knowledge whatever.

The average magazine reader has surely made the acquaintance of Hayden Carruth. If he is an habitual reader of the light departments of *Harpers* especially, he has certainly met Mr. Milo Bush. Something in the vein of the lamented Bunner are the sketches which made up *Mr. Milo Bush and other Worthies* (Harpers & Brothers) though lacking the fanciful lightness and facility which characterized the ever delightful *Short Sixes*. The humor is more typically American. Bunner was rather French, but with a tenderness and soul the compatriots of General Mercier seldom infuse into their prose. There are, of course, certain honorable exceptions. Carruth's is broad. He enjoys elaborating a whimsical joke such as "Greely's Handwriting," or the tale of the peddler who sold the entire country-side clothes horses, all of which were wedding gifts presented to the fair Lena Knutson. To while away an idle afternoon, or for reading while the porter makes up the berths, this little volume is eminently appropriate. It is jolly, entertaining and does not unnecessarily concentrate one's attention.

How about a detective who has graduated from Harvard, and a deserted wife who becomes a stenographer and developes into a millionairess? There you have the leading characters in *M. S. Bradford Special* by Archibald Clavering Gunter (The Home Pub. Co.). The lady is lovely and Sergeant Renton is a splendid fellow, brave as a brace of Nemean lions and resourceful as a fox. I would be doing a foul injury to the fertile Gunter to expatiate on his plot. Suffice it to say, the heroine conducts from the privacy of her exquisitely furnished mansion a brokerage establishment on Wall street and her ambition is to be a member of the copper trust. The Chief of Police of New York suspects this establishment of being a bucket-shop and the stalwart Renton is called upon to investigate. In the course of his analysis, he encounters the beauteous Mrs. Brayton, the M. S. Bradford of the firm, to whom he succumbs under circumstances at once romantic and tragic. Their marriage is the fitting conclusion.

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NEW STORIES RE-TOLD

At the Whitefriars dinner to Mark Twain, in London, Sir Edward Chichester, the British Admiral at Manila during the siege told of the difficulty between Admiral Diedrichs and Admiral Dewey: "The German Admiral," he said, "sent me word that he was coming aboard my ship to get me to join him in a protest against Admiral Dewey's action. I looked up international law, and spread the books out on my cabin table, with the pages opened and marked—all in a row—and when he came I said 'What can I do? This American Admiral is so deadly right in all he has done, and all he proposes to do, that if we protest we'll merely show that we don't understand the law.' And of course there was nothing to be done, and I did it. We had to cling to international law, you know."

During the discussion of the Nicaraguan canal bill in Congress a New York member went up to Speaker Reed and asked to be recognized, on the ground that he knew something about the measure. "Think you know something about it?" asked Reed sarcastically. "Some of it," was the reply. "I've been there." The speaker shook his head, "Well I won't recognize you." "Why not?" asked the New Yorker. "What reason have you for not giving me recognition?" "The best of good reasons," Reed answered. "I'm your friend—your true friend—and I'll save you just once from making a durn fool of yourself."

Tod Sloan and some kindred spirits were dining at a hotel in the Strand, London. "Let me introduce these lads to you," presently remarked a passing acquaintance. "Say, you fellows, this is Mr. Bland, manager of the Frisk Variety Theatre in Leinster-square," "Pleased to meet you," Bland observed, affably, shaking hands with Sloan, "and all of you. I hope some night to see you at the theatre. I'll send you stalls one day." The jockeys remained dumb. "I can send you stalls one night," Bland repeated, "almost any night; what night shall it be?" Sloan glanced up at him, carelessly. "Anything wrong with the boxes?" he asked drily.

Soon after the marriage with George Christopher Riggs, Katie Douglas Wiggin returned to her home in Hollie, accompanied of course by the new husband, who was regarded with deep interest by the villagers. Two cronies met on the street Mr. Riggs, who by the way is a wealthy business man of New York, and of distinguished appearance. "Who's that chap," asked one of the other. "Why, don't you know who that is? That's Katie's husband. His name is Riggs." "Riggs!" repeated the inquisitive one meditavely. "He ain't the Riggs that used to work down in the glove shop at Salmon Falls, be he?"

A prominent American lawyer was sitting with Lord Esher in the County Appeals in London, while a prosy but prominent Queen's Counsel was arguing a point. Lord Esher said to the American: "What do you think of that gentlemen?" The other said, "Who is he?" "One of her Majesty's counsel." "Oh," said the American, "now I understand why you use the expression I have heard so much since I came to this country, 'God save the Queen.'"

Mr. Reed's bluntness while Speaker was at times almost paralizing. A Louisiana member at the beginning of the last Congress went to him and frankly said that he would like to be placed on the Committee on Rivers and Harbors. Reed looked at him gravely, and finally in a low but thrilling tone of voice asked: "How much of a steal do you want?" The reply was evidently not satisfactory, for the member's name did not appear among the names on the committee.

Robert Hilliard, the actor, brought a young Englishwoman to see "El Capitan." She was much impressed with De Wolf Hopper, and remarked, "What a charming man your Mr. Hopper is. Tell me is he married?" "Been divorced three times," was the reply. "Three times,!" she repeated. "And they are all three dead?" "No," was the answer; "divorced." "Ah!" she rejoined, "I see; he is a Grass-Hopper."

The reviewer of a London daily had the audacity to observe recently of the author of *Barrabas:* "Miss Corelli is a dazzlingly pretty woman, but fails as a novelist." Whereupon Miss Corelli replied in a personal letter to a rival journal: "Mr. Jones has a brown beard, three inches long and neatly trimmed. He is slightly bald, but on the whole good looking, yet he cannot write correct English." The controversy ended at this point.

At the Russian Embassy at Berlin the Muscovite Ambassador was discussing with Sir Frank Loscelles, the English diplomatist, the Peace conferences at the Hague, enthusiastically expatiating on the great results to humanity which must follow. Loscelles smiled enigmatically. The Russian remarked: "You do not look as if you swallowed what I have said." "If I did I should die of indigestion," was the reply.

While acting as arbitrator under the convention of December 6, 1888, between Denmark and the United States on the "Butterfield claim," Sir E. J. Monson was asked by the President, during one of the White House receptions, whether Great Britain had a Monroe doctrine. "We have," was the reply. "Indeed, what does it embrace?" "The entire globe, I imagine," said the Englishman.

A Dalkeith minister, previous to the recent visit of the Prince of Wales to Scotland, thus mentioned His Royal Highness in prayer as follows: "Grant that the Prince may have a good run from the South to our highly favored land, and that his visit may do a great deal of good to the trade and commerce of Dalkeith."

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Is published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal, and Colman Building, Seattle, Wash.

Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months, $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

The trade is supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 342 Geary street; east of the Rocky Mountains by the American News Company, New York.

The Wave is kept on file and is for sale at Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France; 31 Union Square, New York City; 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.; and 206 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

For advertising rates and on all other matters pertaining to city business, address The Wave, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

All business matters pertaining to the Northwest should be addressed to Trevor Corry, Colman Building, Seattle, Wash.

Eastern representative, D. M. Foltz, 34 Park Row, New York.

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SAN FRANCISCO—AUGUST 26, 1899—SEATTLE

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EVENTS CURRENT.

Progress of the Dreyfus Case.

Whatever may be the final outcome of the Dreyfus affair, just one thing is certain in the existing tangle; Dreyfus will not be convicted or released on the merits of the case, but upon the question of political expediency. So much has been shown by the attitude of all parties concerned in the trial, now about half concluded. The last week has been a very important one; it has proved the weakness of the case upheld by the prosecution, and the hatred upon which the opposition rests. The week opened with a setback for the prisoner, in the shooting of Labori, junior counsel. Under ordinary circumstances, this would have been a benefit rather than a misfortune to the prisoner, as it would have drawn that public sympathy which he needs more than even evidence. It did, in fact, have that effect, but the good was offset by two other factors. It deprived the accused temporarily of the services of the best jury lawyer in France, the person of all persons whom he needed to beat down the guard of the generals, and it had the rather discreditable effect of so intimidating his counsel that for a day or two the defense lost its vigor. Nevertheless, the subsequent events were strongly in his favor. Colonel Piquart came to the stand, and told a straight-forward story, unshaken by the severest cross-examination. He reiterated all that had been claimed for his evidence by the defense, making a statement which, if accepted, would have been sufficient to clear Dreyfus in any impartial tribunal in the world. On their side, the Generals of France, called one after another, shouted the burden of their common statement: "Dreyfus is guilty!" The defense missed Labori, who would probably have torn their statements to shreds. Mercier continues to promise revelations, but day piles on day and they do not appear. So far, therefore, the facts of the trial seems to favor the prisoner; but it must not be forgotten that all the accounts we receive through the press are tinged with the pro-Dreyfus feeling of the American correspondents. Other foreign observers predict a compromise verdict. This may be arranged in several ways. The Court may find the accused guilty, and sentence him to five years' imprisonment; this term he has already filled, and he would therefore go free. They may return a verdict equivalent to the judgment, "not proven," in Scotch law; this would mean freedom, but with loss of uniform, rank and honor. Finally, they may convict him and pardon him "for reasons of state," immediately afterward. Some are of the opinion that, in case of conviction, the Court of Cassation may declare new trials indefinitely until a favorable judgment is reached. As that Court has declared absolute conviction of his innocence, this is not unlikely. The trial promises to be long-drawn-out. Labori has already resumed his place. Who fired the shot which wounded him, and what was the plot of which this was the culmination will probably never be known, as the culprit escaped and lost himself in a population ready to shield him.

The Dangers of France.

A fierce riot, which may be the forerunner of a revolution, broke out in Paris Sunday. Some sort of demonstration had been expected on that day, since the Sabbath is the favored occasion for outbreaks in France, because the whole week had been one of unrest. Guerin, leader of the anti-Dreyfusites in the Capital, had already raised a teapot tempest by resisting arrest for conspiracy and barricading his home. To Anglo-Saxons it seems ridiculous that a legal malefactor should stand at bay and defy the police sent to apprehend him, but that is what happened. Doubtless the government feared the effect on his party of a forcible siezure; at any rate, when he held his ground, the constabulary made no attempt to take him by force, a condition which still continues. Encourged, perhaps, by this unstable attitude, the Anarchist leader, Faure, gathered a body of his followers early Sunday morning and began a demonstration which grew into a riot. The mob tore through the city carrying out his injunction to "make themselves masters of the streets." When they came opposite the church of Saint Joseph they made a rush, entered it by force, and demolished the interior; statutes, pictures, the Crucifix, the Sacrament were torn down and destroyed. They ended by applying the torch. The police drove them out and extinguished the fire. Next, the rioters met a body of Guerin's followers and a bloody conflict, ended by a charge of the police, was the result. There were a series of minor disorders in other parts of the city. About four hundred people were hurt, some fatally, during the day. This disturbance is in line with a prophecy made by observers at the opening of the Dreyfus revision proceedings, that the real danger of conflict in France is not from the army and the burgeoise, but rather from the hostility of the Moderate Republicans and the Collectivists—i.e. the Socialists and Communists. The trouble of Sunday was started by Anarchists, but Socialists composed most of the mob. The so-called Progressive Republicans, led by M. Meline, a shrewd and unscrupulous schemer, are the actual source of peril; they are trying to fan the hatred of the two parties for their own ends. If they succeed, it will be in line with the usual course of French revolutions, which are always precipitated at a time of universal confusion by a determined minority which knows whither it is going and what it wants. Outside of this danger, there are three or four other possible contingencies which may bring disorder or downfall to the unhappy republic. If Dreyfus goes free, the army may organize a revolt; if he is convicted, the widely-differing Socialist, Radical Republican and Semitic parties may make common cause. Again, the pronounced Anti-Semites may precipitate revolution by an attack on the Jews. The Imperialist and Royal plotters are incopetent; they have been thrust aside. An ambitious and able men, a Napoleon, has but to arise in France, and there will be a new order of things.

War Imminent in South Africa.

As we predicted last week, the progress of events in South Africa is still in the direction of settlement of the differences between the two hostile races by actual warfare. Three events of importance have occurred in the past week. First, President Kruger has returned a negative answer to Secretary Chamberlain's suggestions regarding a comprise. This refusal was not a direct one, but was couched in characteristic diplomatic terms, with plenty of loopholes left for escape. A direct refusal, as furnishing grounds for an immediate declaration of war, would have been much more welcome in England. Secondly, the Portugese at Delgoa bay have held, at the request of the British, a quantity of arms and ammunition consigned to the Transvaal. It is a little doubtful if Secresary Chamberlain is not here exceeding his authority, but he is acting on his avowed determination "not to let Kruger make an arsenal of the Transvaal." Finally, arms, ammunation, soldiers and supplies are being rushed into Cape Colony. The Afrikander feeling at the Cape is as strong as ever. It is even suggested that civil war may follow the outbreak of hostilities in Johannesburg. Last Sunday was observed by the South African Boers as a day of fasting and prayer, and their determination to stand together as a people in the event of war was shown by the utteranees of their ministers and leaders on this occasion. Cape Premier Schreiner keeps his Afrikander attitude. He is much criticised by the English at the Cape, and has even been accused of giving secret aid to the followers of Kruger. There has been some talk of an expedition organized on the the lines of the Jameson raid, led by Cecil Rhodes' followers and designed to precipitate the conflict.

The Bubonic Plague Reaches Europe

There has long been an uneasy feeling throughout Europe, regarding bubonic plague. French scientists, experts on the subject, have been prophecying the appearance of the scourge this year or next. The disease is a slow traveller, but it advances with terrible certainty. It is believed to be approaching Western Europe by two main channels, one through the Northern Semetic peoples, and the other through Turkey, along the Mediterranean. It has passed the Suez canal, where it might have been stopped, had measures been taken in time, and appeared at Alexandria. The hygienic conference at Venice made recommendations to the various governments urging strict measures. In their own ports and borders, Italy Russia and Austria adopted the recommendations, and passed draconian laws on the subject, but the vital point was not watched. Consequently, the disease has appeared in the two countries which have been least strict—Spain and Portugal, especially the latter. The city of Oporto has had several genuine cases, and is about to be isolated by order of the national sanitary board. At Figueiria, Barcelona, and La Puebla, cases are reported. In any other epidemic, a few scattered cases of this sort would not be alarming; for example, there are a few isolated cases of yellow fever in the Southern States nearly every year, but the plague is a terribly hard disease to isolate. While its progress is slow, it is fearfully stubborn. Marseilles, an entering spot of former plagues, has lately been thoroughly cleansed, and the authorities are on guard at every point of possible entry. The Latin nations complain bitterly of England's laxity in guarding Suez, claiming that the quarantine was not applied for fear of injuring British commerce. It is hardly expected that the disease, if is has really reached Europe, will make any great spread this season. The germ lives through the winter, however, requiring only a certain temperate humidity for its development, and next summer is the time when its ravages are most to be feared in Europe.

The War In the Philippines.

The Philippine army still continues inactive, prisoners to the weather. Two skirmishes have occurred, one with the bandit gangs of Negros, the other a brush between a reconnoitering force and an insurgent outpost near Angeles. In the latter, two lieutenants of the Sixth Infantry were killed. Reports have been circulated to the effect that the insurrection is spreading in Negros and Cebu; in the Cebu district, however, General Bates has just agreed on the terms of a favorable treaty with the Sultan, and our position is secure, on the surface at least. The ten new volunteer regiments having been raised and equipped, the President has issued a call this week for ten more, to be raised on the same conditions as the others, but in different districts. The first of the original ten will reach San Francisco en route inside the next fortnight. Secretary Root continues to plan for a dcisive campaign. "I intend," says he, "to capture Aguinaldo or push him into the sea." It looks now as though both he and President McKinley failed to realize that the first requirement of Aguinaldo's suppression is the removal of our drag-anchor, Major-General Otis. Root has been, until lately, a sphynx on that subject, but last week he spoke rather freely in an interview, stating that the removal of the Commander-General had not been discussed nor considered by himself or the President. Certain of the organs of the Opposition hold that this is only a diplomatic lie, designed to cover up the Administration's intention to make Major-General Merritt military governor as soon as the active Fall campaign begins.

Reactionary Success in Russia

The Reactionary party seems just now to be gaining in Russia. It has been already shown here that the future of Russian liberty depends on the birth of a son to the Czarina. The Emperor is not likely to live many years; if he dies without leaving male issue, the throne passes to the new Czarovitz Michael, an ultra-conservative. The Russians are a nation of courtiers, and are pretty generally under the conviction that Michael will be the next ruler; consequently they are following his policy rather than that of the Emperor. This has resulted in an opposition to all his reforms and to reluctant execution of his measures; it has lately had positive results in a mild persecution of the Lutherans, undertaken in response to conservative clamor, and in the virtual annexation of Finland as a province of the empire. The measures against the Lutherans consisted in the closing of their theological seminaries, the proclamation of laws restricting their freedom of worship, and the banishment of certain ministers and leaders. The cause alleged was fear of Germanic influence, since the Lutheran missionaries are Germans, it being claimed that Lutheran students in the pay of Germany had stirred up recent University riots. The real cause was probably the spread of Protestantism among the Russian peasants. In certain outlying districts, more especially the Baltic provinces, the number of conversions has been such as to alarm the Orthodox church. Even in the province of Pskov, a very stronghold of the national faith, these gains have been notable, a fact admitted and commented by all the conservative press. Along with this action against the Lutherans, anti-Jewish measures have been revived. The Shibboleth of the Conservative party has always been "Russia for the Russians, and the unification of the Empire;" they are, therefore, rejoicing over the abolition of provincial rule in Finland, a measure they have consistently advocated. From being a comparatively independent district, under an enlightened system of popular government, Finland becomes practically a part of the empire, as much under Imperial control as St. Petersburg itself. This Conservative and Pan-Slavonic party has its strength in the nobility, the army and the clergy; the Liberals, supporters of the Czar, are strong in the *burgoisie*, the professional people and the University men

The Democracy to Shelve Silver.

The Democrary is gradually finding "where it is at." Although Bryan if still regarded as the logical candidate, although the Central Committeemen of the thirty-three states openly favor his candidacy, his pet free silver policy will be shelved in the coming campaign. There is no doubt that a free silver plank will figure in the platform, but the fight is to be made on imperialism and trusts, with the main emphasis, probably, upon the former, as being the line upon which the administration of McKinley can be attacked most successfully. Silver will figure in campaign arguments as a live issue set aside for the time in view of the more urgent public contingencies brought up by the events of this year. So much is nearly certain. The uncertainty comes in the question whether Bryan will be a candidate on any other main issue than that of silver. This he refuses to discuss. A Chicago paper puts the question direct this week, and the Democratic leader dodged the issue. Said he, "Whether I shall be a candidate depends on the platform. The platform should fit the party and the candidate should fit the platform." This is a very artistic avoidance of the main issue, and indicates, if anything, that Bryan is waiting to see how the party is going to swing before declaring his own position. Richard Crocker, in a recent interview, put very squarely the position of Eastern Democrats. "Silver can look out for itself, the question will be regulated in time, and Congress may be safely trusted to settle the ratio. The Democratic party must prepare for the overthrow of trusts and imperialism. I believe that the party will be united and harmonious."

Industrial Phase of the Negro Question

The negro question in the South has its economic, as well as its humanitarian aspect. Throughout the cotton states, there is going on a peculiar movement of segregation, a sort of a division of the two races along industrial lines, followed by a driving out of the whites by the negroes. All over the cotton belt white farmers, especially those of that large southern class who rent their land and are known as the "poor whites," are being herded into the cities by black competition. The negro, instructed somewhat in advanced methods, can get as much out of a small holding as a white man, and he can live for next to nothing. The cotton weaving industry has just had a period of enormous expansion in the "black belt," and has furnished a refuge for the white farmers driven out by blacks, so it is coming to be more and more the rule that the outlying districts are peopled by the colored race, and the cities by the whites. Now, another forward move of the cotton industry has brought out still a different phase of the question. The newest factories are employing blacks as operatives. The negro asks about two-thirds of the wages required by his economic rivals; his standard of life is lower, so that he can afford to do so. Negroes are not, moreover, greatly inferior as operatives. They are less intelligent than white men, but are also stronger physically, and do quite as well in the merely mechanical processes of cotton manufacture. One thing which acts as a check is the fact that the two races cannot or will not work alongside one another. If negro opera-

ves are hired, the more responsible positions, such as fore-
ien and engineer, must be filled by blacks. This, together
ith a purely sentimental reluctance to go against Cau-
asian feeling in the South, has given pause to many em-
loyers. Still, the irresistable laws of economics are forc-
ng the negroes, with their low standard of life, against the
hites, and the probability is that the lower race will tri-
mph in the factory, as it has already done in the field.

etback of emale Suffrage n England

The complete report of the Parliamentary debates upon the question of the Lords' Amendment to the London government bill has just come to hand. This amendment, it will be remembered, nade women ineligible for the office of alderman or counillor in the new metropolitan municipalities; the full report would indicate that it means a serious check to the ause of female suffrage. The discussion turned upon the uestion as to whether or no Parliament was to take the irst step toward conferring full citizen rights upon women. Both houses returned a negative answer. This was to have been expected in the House of Lords, but it came as something of a surprise in the case of the House of Commons, which has heretofore seemed favorably disposed toward equal suffrage. The discussion began when the Lords sent back the bill as framed by the commons, on the ground that the provisions regarding qualification for the offices of councillor and alderman could be so construed as to admit women. The Commons took the matter under advisement; had they stood firm for the extension of the franchise, the Lords would probably have yielded, but the Commons went on record as opposed. It was clearly established at the beginning of the debate that the question involved Parliament's future policy on the woman question. The Chancellor stated this in most certain terms. A compromise, proposed by Mr. Courtney, making women eligible to the council but not to the office of alderman, was lost. Mr. Labouchere, who was formerly rated as an equal suffrage advocate, gave as his reason for opposing the measure his belief that, since women outnumber men in the United Kingdom, such a measure would pave the way for female control of the government. The Commons supported this view by a majority of 69 votes. Realizing that they have lost ground, the Suffrage societies are bestirring themselves to renew their hold on the Commons at the next election.

Arctic Exploration.

Walter Wellman, the Artic explorer, has returned to Norway with the surviving members of his expedition, after making a successful exploration of certain Polar lands, and failing dismally, as all others have done, in his effort to reach the North Pole. He himself is in a helpless state from an injury received in the ice-pack and he may be permanently crippled. The expedition had been out over a year. Last summer, he placed an outpost in North latitude 81, and wintered, with the greater part of his force, at Cape Tegethoff, on Hall's Island. At the first sign of the closing Polar night, he pushed on with three men and a large dog-train to explore Franz Joseph Land and try for the Pole. At the outpost, Fort McKinley, he found that one of his men had died. With the remnant of his party, the expedition went on, making some valuable surveys of hitherto unexplored regions. This advance was the earliest in the records of Polar research. By March they were in latitude 88, with an apparently clear track to the Pole, toward which they pressed in high spirits. Then, as though the Spirit of the North were defending his region, a series of unexpected disasters came upon them. Wellman fell into a crevice, and was seriously insured; the party still advanced, carrying him upon their sledges, but shortly afterwards an icequake, due to pressure, killed most of the dogs, damaged their supplies and all but overwhelmed the explorers. The advance was therefore abandoned, and the party made its way back to headquarters, dragging Wellman upon a sled by hand. Explorations were continued from this point, but the leader's condition became critical and he was brought back to Norway.

Insurrection Spreading in Santa Domingo.

At latest advices, Jiminez has his pocket revolution in Santa Domingo well under way. The movement are not yet organized, and the leader is not on the ground. His whereabouts, in fact, is a mystery. The warships of the Dominican republic are scouring the coast to prevent his landing. The revolutionists are operating in small bodies, without connection or definite plan, and are being supplied and reinforced by filibustering expeditions from Hayti and Cuba; some of the latter have been apprehended by the American authorities. The government forces met and crushed one such party in the first decisive engagement of the war. The rout of the insurgents, in this battle, became a massacre. Later, an expedition from Hayti met troops at Monte Christi, and was pushed back. Two days afterward, the party returned with reinforcements and won a victory, making the passage successfully. If the government succeeds in keeping the scattered bands apart, it may wear out the revolution in small skirmishes, but if the leader lands and his forces get together, the insurgents will have a fair chance of overthrowing the government. One of the great troubles of the republic has been the depression of its finances and the popular distrust growing from it. This has been somewhat ameliorated by the withdrawal of an obnoxious issue of paper money. The annexationist sentiment which was active at the first stage of the disturbance has died out in both countries. In the island, it is felt that independence is preferable; in this country, public opinion is averse to the adding of a disturbed and ignorant negro population to our other public burdens. San Domingo will undoubtedly be left to fight it out.

The beet sugar industry is assuming respectable proportions. Last year 33,960 "long" tons were produced in this country. California was by far the largest contributor, her nearest rival being Michigan. It is estimated that these States will during the coming season manufacture 54,000 and 32,000 tons respectively, the estimate for the whole country being 122,000 tons.

Mary Anderson now devotes herself to music. Her friends say that she has a voice that would be worth a fortune were she again to go on the stage, but her friends are probably a trifle optomistic.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

COLONEL GAGE AND GOVERNOR BURNS.

Again the question of an extra session of the California legislature has risen like a malodorous bubble on the pool of politics, and the greedy and corrupt are contemplating the possibilities with hungry anticipation. Again the respectable householder is asking his neighbor "Dare the Governor issue the call?" Of course he will. We have said before and now repeat, that Governor Gage *will* reconvene the legislature whenever he is ordered to do so by Col. Burns. And Colonel Burns will issue orders just as soon as the situation again seems to him "delightful"; that is al there is to it. If, after the adjournment of the last legislature, Governor Gage had possessed the manhood to truly announce his willingness to call an extra session whenever a sufficient number of members had agreed upon a United States Senator, he would have been fair at least. If he had in set terms declared that under no circumstances would he call an extra session, his stand would have been equally acceptable. No one could have complained at his determination so long as he acted with decision, one way or the other. He chose a contrary and less manly course, however, and by every trick and artifice known to the science of prevarication endeavored to lead the public and senatorial candidates to believe that he would not call such a session under *any* circumstances. His language was such as would be binding and conclusive among honest men, nothwithstanding the lack of definitiness that charactized it. The world of politics knows, however, that Col. Burns, ever since adjournment, and in the face of these gubernatorial protestations, has in the interest of his senatorial ambitions been industriously endeavoring to secure the signatures and support of the legislative members from all over the state. The attempt has been made to bind them to a specified action at an *extra session.* The conduct of his campaign has been that of a man who either absolutely dictated and controlled the actions of the Governor, or of one to whom the chief magistrate had confided a secret willingness to do a something, which has been carefully concealed from the public. Colonel Burns has thus far failed to secure the required number of supporters. The claim that he has already the signatures of sixty members willing to go into a party caucus, is a lie. He has not half that number. The boast is intended to influence country members to "jump in the band wagon;" it is the cheapest kind of bluff politics; it is calculated to "bunco" members who "want to be with the winner" to hurry forward with their signature. The same tactics marked his highly spectacular and most inglorious campaign during the late session of the legislature. Heavens knows from whence came his stupendous self-confidence. It fixed to him a character of "bluffer" and "claimer" that years will not remove.

Respectable members of the legislature may feel assured, in the event an extra session of the legislature be called, there will be put forward for their consideration a man of known integrity and ability to do battle with Mr. Burns. He will be a man whose reputation, besides being statewide, is national; and no member who casts his vote for him need, on returning home, go into hiding or take to back streets to avoid the condemnation of his neighbors and constituents. If Governor Gage calls an extra session, and by any unhappy perversion of fate Col. Burns should be shosen Senator, it would be a sad day for Republicanism in this State. It would, beyond any doubt, sound the death knell of the party at the next State election. Member after member of the legislature visiting San Francisco has told the writer within the past three months, that on all sides, Burns is anathemized by their constituents. One member in particular declared he was at one time almost persuaded to vote for Burns while at Sacramento, "But" said he "since my return home, nothing could induce me to do so. I would be ostracized. I have been able to find but two men in my county who are openly for Burns, and they are pot-house politicians who have no reputation to lose." This has been the experience, not of one or two members, but similar conditions have confronted ninety per cents of the senators and assembly-men from the interior of the State. Country members who went on record for Col. Burns have been shunned by many of their friends, and in one case a coat of tar and feathers was seriously threatened. There are many things that a member of the legislature may do, and still escape the censure and denunciations of his constituents, but voting for Burns is not one of them. Now that an extra session is a matter of public discussion, rumor from the South has it that little Bulla has had the audacity to announce his willingness to again become a candidate. If Bulla is impudent enough to insinuate his personality into the coming senatorial fight, he should be dealt with severely. He is already responsible to the South for enough mischief. His pretentions were the subject of jest even by those he claimed as friends; the fact that he wore breeches held up by suspenders qualified him as a candidate, nothing else, Let members from the interior beware of false rumors crediting Burns with new supporters among senators and assemblymen. It is the old game of "bluff" and deceit, and is meant to deceive.

A USELESS ENDOWMENT.

A CITIZEN of Denver has left a will bequeathing something over a million dollars for the founding of a University in that city, Without wishing to discourage humanitarian endeavor in any form, we believe that we take a position which will be agreed in by most educators and all friends of higher education, when we say that the bequest comes near to being a useless one. There are enough universities in this country; funds are needed for the strengthening of existing institutions, not the organization of new ones. Every state in the Union has its own University, all but three or four have one or more in addition. Hundreds of little struggling colleges, half-equipped, half-endowed, are dragging along on funds that would better have been applied to strengthen other schools of the same calibre and in the same region. In the very district in which the new University is to be founded, there are three institutions, none of them any too well endowed; a million dollars given to any one of them would have produced much better results than a million put into a new college, because a million dollars is a small endowment, as endowments go to-day.

There was a time when funds so spent would have been of value; that time has passed. The American University is passing from one stage of existence into another, following the growth of the American people. When the country was being broken up, when the pioneers of the new nation were still hewing out the wilderness, the main purpose of higher education was a purely utilarian one. In the new frontier settlements, they needed lawyers, physicians, teachers, clergymen. Because the people were mostly poor, they could not send their sons to the far-away and expensive institutions of the East. Little schools, set close to the homes of the people, were needed to develop men of these professions. Culture was not the final necessity in those days; what was needed was training for rough and ready men to lead in the world's work. This purpose was answered very well by such little and hampered, but energetic colleges as Oberlin was in its early days, as was Ohio Wesleyan and a score of others. But there comes a new need with our new civilization. We have broken our fallow ground; we have tamed the wilderness; the nation is growing up, and we need, nowadays, institutions which can do more than fit our professional men. Universities like Oxford, not planned necessarily on the Oxford model, but having the same ideals—the training of men in the higher lines, for the upbuilding of a cultivated governing class, the encouragement of letters and the arts, the teaching of broad ideas of citizenship and statesmanship, the pushing outward of the bounds of human knowledge—in a word, culture, if we may dare to throw that abused word into the teeth of the West—these are the Universities which must grow up to take up a new work alongside of the training of professional men in their specialties. And these results cannot, generally speaking, be achieved in small institutions. It takes all the things which money can buy, from buildings to teachers, to found such a University as the one we have outlined; besides that, it takes the wise and intelligent upbuilding of generations to develope it fully. This is the reason why such a gift as that the city of Denver has just received is mistaken generosity.

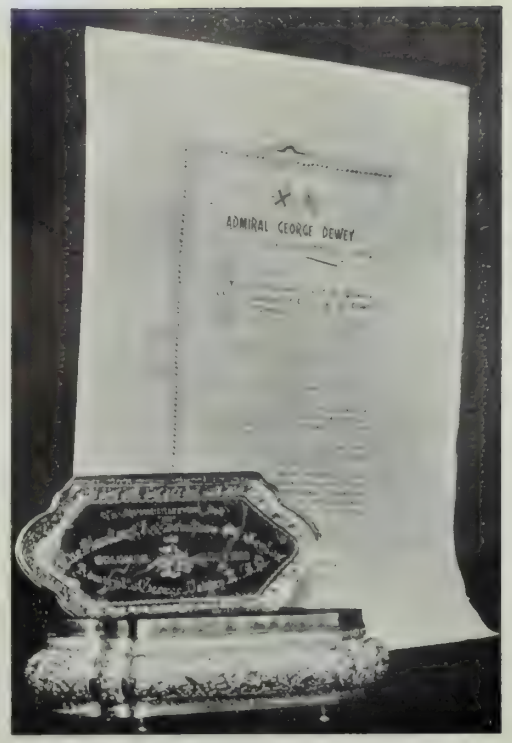
A BOORISH GOVERNOR.

California has ample cause to feel thoroughly ashamed of her present governor. It would seem as though he is lacking in about every essential that belongs to the gentleman. He is coarse, rude and uncivil and rides heedlessly over the feelings of the general run of people who come in business contact with him. He is allied with about all that is corrupt in politics and all that is abominable in his advisors. The people might bear in silence the shortcomings of boorishness and in patience bide the next election, but his present ungraceful posture is certainly putting the state itself in an undesirable light with distinguished visiting strangers. At the time of the launching of the *Wisconsin*, the press had no criticism to make of the chief executive who appeared at the Wisconsin banquet in a rough work coat and otherwise exhibited his police court manners to the distinguished men of that state, then visiting San Francisco. That episode was passed in silence. But within the past few months three governors and two committees from several states have journeyed westward to greet on American soil their home coming volunteers. A Hottentot ruler would have extended some kind of a welcome to such distinguished visitors. Certainly from a state noted for its hospitality, something was due, in the way of acknowledging their presence. The Governor of Oregon, the Governor of Nebraska, and the Governor of Colorado will return home, however, without knowing that California has a chief executive, or, knowing it will understand that he is lacking in the first essentials of politeness. On similar missions came delegations of prominent men from Pennsylvania. They came as representatives of their state and were entitled to some official greeting, but they were ignored entirely, so far as the chief executive was concerned. Common decency, the commonest kind of common courtesy, demanded that the Governor of Californla in the name of the state should extend some kind of a welcome to these gentlemen. At the disposal of the Governor there is a public fund for just such emergencies. There are state tug boats that could, without detriment to the public service, have been given over to the entertainment of those visitors. He could at least have met them and shaken hands with them. What did Governor Gage do? Simply nothing. He went into hiding with political manipulators, sneaked away from his duty, and acted like a boorish clown to the everlasting discredit of California.

Our oldest and best-beloved wanderer, Mark Twain, is still journeying. From time to time reports come to show how European courts and camps are recognizing the good fellowship concealed behind the stern exterior of our Prince of Humorists. I wonder how many Westerners remember that first joke by which he leaped into local fame? The pun has grown ancient, now; it bobs up perennially in the comic papers, but it was all his own in the beginning. Directly after the admission of Nevada to Statehood, the people of a church in Virginia City got up a supposed Third House, a burlesque on the new State Legislature, for some church benefit. Sam'l, the lazy and supposedly worthless member of the Clemens family, was made clerk. He had to deliver the speech opening the session. As he rose slowly to his feet, he glanced across the lights of the town to a spot where a wild-cat milling company had put up elaborate dams for a stamp-mill, without going any further with the project. "Gentlemen," said he, "I am reminded, as I stand before you to-night, of that unfortunate company known to us all, which has a dam by a mill-site, but no mill by a damn sight."

Recently, in the course of a speech in the House of Commons, Mr. Augustine Birrell told the members that if they looked into "Russell on Crimes," they would not find "a single crime, however outrageous; a single felony, however shameful; a single misdemeanor, however, discreditable and disgusting, that had not at one time or another been committed by a member of this house."

Lord Curzon and his Vicereine are by no means popular in India. Curzon was always celebrated for the possession of an enormous amount of "side." It is now said that Lady Curzon is a close second to him, and as the story of her Mayflower ancestors is not accepted at its face value, even in India, her airs and graces are also not appreciated at her valuation.



Address and Casket Presented by the Planters' Ass'n

The U. S. S. Olympia in Colombo Harbor

The Admiral's Dog "Bob"

Admiral Dewey Returns Thanks for his Reception

Admiral Dewey's Cabin on the Olympia

The Band Plays "Hail Columbia"

RECEPTION TO ADMIRAL DEWEY AND THE OLYMPIA IN COLOMBO HARBOR

Heroines of the Filipino War.

I HAVE seen heroines this day. I have talked with women of the type that make the mothers of heroes, such women as those who wrought with our Saxon men in the making of the New West, women who have been on the frontier and firing line in every forward movement of the new nation. As I sit with blank copy paper before me and try to collect and classify my recollections, a great wonder comes over me to think that these four who came in on the *Warren* but yesterday from that horrible campaign, the most trying American armies ever engaged in, have not become new, or advanced, or unfeminine. Through all the the anxieties of that troublesome time, through all their associations with rough and hardy men, free from the restraints of home, and desperate with the continual uncertainty of a dangerous to-morrow, they have come back women still, and not the semi-masculine war goddesses one imagines, somehow, as his type of the practical heroine.

I first found Mrs. Luce, wife of Chief Hospital Steward of the First Colorado. She was on the bridge of the transport, watching the Colorado men shift their loads and make packs for their last march. A soldier with a bandaged head had just come up to her and removed his hat.

"Fix it," said he.

She reached up without a word to waste, and adjusted the bandage, with a little feminine pat at the end.

"There," said she, "And now get something to eat before you go ashore." He went forthwith as ordered, and the turned to be interviewed.

"No," she said in answer to a question, "I don't think of it as so horrible, after all. Do you know, I'd rather like to live in Manila for awhile. It is very different from this country, but there is something about it I like—the scenery, and the quaint houses, and the funny little people. Was I on the firing line? No indeed, I kept away from *that*. All the war I wanted I saw in the hospitals. I went there in December, you know; Mrs. Dortenbough and I went from Greely together. We had expected the fight all the time, but we were all in a party when the firing broke out. My husband took an ambulance to go for the wounded, and left me at the hospital. I shall never forget that night in Manila.

"They began to come in—the dead and wounded—next morning. The strangest thing to me, was the way I forgot the blood. I didn't think of it until long afterward, but it was just like so much water to me. I suppose that is because I was so excited. Before that I always felt faint when anyone had a cut finger. There was one poor fellow, that day, shot through the face; I was trying to feed him and stopping the flow of blood with my handkerchief. After it was over, I looked at myself; my handkerchief and my hand and my dress were just soaked. No, I didn't mind the blood, but I saw some awful suffering, and I saw some of them die—" she stopped a moment, here, and let the brim of her army hat tilt between her eyes and mine. There are some things that cannot be talked about, even when war has deadened you to horror.

"Most of them were shot in the head then," said she after awhile. "The natives hadn't learned to shoot low yet, but later on, the men came in wounded in the chest, and now they are mostly hit in the legs. The Filipinos are fighting better and better, and I think, too, that they are getting meaner all the time. The ones we had in hospital all said that they hated the Americans, and were going right back to fight them as soon as ever they could get well.

"What do I think of Otis? I don't know that it's for me to say, but it's my opinion that he ought to be put into an old woman's home, where he belongs."

A NEW FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

Mrs. Luce and the others staid in hospital, where according to General MacArthur, women belong, but there is one who dared the perils of the firing-line. Mother in fact of one soldier, she was no less mother of the whole Phillippine army. I found Mrs. Boyeson, this new Florence Nightingale, unpacking her souvenirs. A bewildering array of curios and general loot was scattered over the floor or hung upon the chairs. On the mantle reposed a photograph of General Wheaton; beside it, lay the ancient jewelled emblem of some forgotten Spanish dignitary, a gift from "her wounded boys," she explained; on a sofa was spread the fineries of a native belle. Truly, long acquaintance with first-aid bandages and antiseptics and amputations does not avail to kill the feminine love of finery. She is a handsome woman, under her coat of tan, this unassuming heroine; a kind of beauty that depends upon sweetness and strength in the expression and a pair of fine eyes.

"I suppose you want to know all about it," she said. "There isn't a lot to tell. Dr. Locke persuaded my boy to go with the hospital corps, and when it came to August, and they were fighting down there, I made up my mind that it was time for me to go too. I was the fourth American woman in Luzon. They weren't going to let me into the hospital, at first; they didn't want women, but I said that they'd have to, and they did. I'm not a nurse, but I used to go in and make them milk toast and such things, until they saw that they needed women, and I really think it made the way for the Red Cross nurses. This was before the Filipinos broke loose. I went to the hospitals, at first; then I knew they needed me out in front, and I started out."

"Didn't they try to stop you?"

"How in time could they? I am a freeborn American citizen, and I could go where I pleased. I was going on my own hook. If I got killed, it was nobody's business but mine. You'll laugh when you hear what I took with me for a stock of supplies—a bottle of Florida water and a towel. You see, I knew they wanted someone to do things that men never think of doing, so I used to bathe their faces and hands, when the surgeons brought them in, and it did them good. They would just sigh with relief, when I did it, and then look up and jump to see a woman there. Some of them were delirious, and called me 'mother.' After that, I found plenty of things to do, for the wounded and dead."

"You saw some of them die, then?"

"Lots of them. In my arms." Here she, too, stopped, and the wells of pity flowed in her eyes. "MacArthur never forgave me, I suppose, for going against his ideas, but he used to tolerate me. One reason was that I minded my own business and gave no trouble. When there was nothing for me to do, I took a book and went off out of the way. They saw, in time, that they needed a woman there and were glad to have me.

ON THE FIRING LINE.

"Oh, yes, I was under fire. There is always danger in the hospitals when they are shooting. The only time it ever came very close to me was just after I went forward; it was the night I met Wheaton, too. I was picking up some pieces of burst shell with a corporal, and a bullet came along within an inch or so of me and wounded him, not very badly, though. An officer came up to me, just then, and asked who I was. I told him that, and my business. He said he wanted to shake hands hands with me, because I was the only woman he ever saw on the line. I learned afterward that it was Wheaton.

"I don't know the first thing about politics, and I am not going to give my opinions about the authorities, but I *will* say that I don't think we can end the war while we keep on this way, letting insurgents run in and out of the lines under a flag of truce. They can't be trusted, and they are all spies. They know in advance just what we are going to do, and they get out of the way. How do they do it? Well, there are Filipino servants in the palace, and as I said before, you can't trust them."

Did I say there were four women on board? I should have made it five, the fifth a very little woman, wee Alice Dortenbaugh, daughter of the Captain of Company A, who went to the islands with her mother last December, and has been the pampered daughter of the regiment ever since. She has over a thousand admirers in the officers and men of Colorado, and the wonder is that her sweet disposition has not been spoiled by their affectionate pampering.

As Miss Alice has been the daughter of the regiment, so Mrs. McCoy, wife of the energetic little colonel of the Colorado regiment, has been its mother. She was one of the two American women who first reached the islands—Mrs. Bass, wife of she *Harper's Weekly* correspondent, was the other—and she remained with her husband and his command to the end. Her home on the Calle Victoria, the residence of a former Spanish governor, has been a social center in Manila. She, too, worked with the wounded in the hospital, giving the femenine touch to ameliorate the hard conditions of army surgery.

W. I.

American Athletes in England.

THE Yale-Harvard-Oxford-Cambridge meet of this year bore the dignity of an historical event. Previous international university contests there have been, but they attracted little attention; this one came at the right time to clinch a feeling that has long been growing in certain important section of the British people, to-wit, the University men, students and graduates.

Before going farther. it is well to consider the importance of the University man, by which is meant the Oxford and Cambridge man, in the public life of England. Every profession, here, is filled from top to bottom with nurslings of the two institutions. Taking the clergy for an example, of thirty-five bishops, thirty-four are in this class; the odd one has his credentials from Dublin University. A big majority of the House of Lords comes from one or the other; the same is true, though to a slightly lesser degree, of the House of Commons. Nearly every tutor or master in the secondary schools boasts a degree from one of the two mother-schools, so that the English boys of the educated class come indirectly under the University influence. University men, therefore, make most of the public opinion that is worth considering in England. An American can hardly conceive how thoroughly the intellectual life of Great Britain is under their intellectual sway. The sole parallel, in America, is the dominance of Harvard over Massachusetts. These men are thoroughly conservative. They have the typical British indifference to anything outside their own island, and it was a great wrench to most of them when they agreed, very reluctantly, to the first international meetings. These early events passed off without attracting much attention, except that they proved to Oxonians and Cantabs that they had, on the other side, opponents worthy of their steel who would play the game for all that was in them and play it fair.

THE NEW ANGLO-SAXON RACE.

But this year, the athletes came to England at a time when little Britain had found out that there was another Anglo-Saxon nation with a navy and an army and colonizing instincts just across the seas. Then the Americans brought a lot of gentlemanly young sportsmen, and a goodly crowd of followers. They gave the English, in addition, such a struggle as it makes one tingle to think about, even now. For the first time, thereupon, the conservative Britisher realized that there were institutions over the "drink," maintained by gentlemen, centers of culture, giving the University stamp to their graduates, and the change of feeling was marked by tbe cordiality they showed in the role of hosts, by the favorable comment of the English papers at large. It will amuse Americans to hear that the transatlantic cousins expressed surprise on hearing that "the men of Yale and Harvard are real good fellows." Yet the contrary feeling was deeply rooted, and the discovery, on the part of the Cautabs and Oxonians, a genuine surprise. At the dinners and receptions and garden parties galore at which our men broke training after contest, the same thing was repeated to their faces with a frank assumption of superiority which would have been slightly offensive had it not been so well meant. The University is England, as I have said already, and their awakening to the existence of a new nation beyond their borders means also the awakening of England.

I could have wished that the college followers of our atheletes had been less glaringly American in some respects. The contestants themselves showed all that could be desired of modesty and good sense. Not so with the "rooters" who flung their college yell and their streaming ribbons into the faces of the amazed English. At home, we accustom ourselves to the ear-spuitting atrocity, we even regard it as a picturesque feature of the student, whom we love to consider indulgently as a picturesque child. But on this side, it is a thing unknown. When the "rooters" started the "combined" yell, at the opening of the games, British matrons lifted their lorgnettes and British grandees their eyebrows and almost shattered the solemnity of their British Ceremonial aspect by a smile—"How American!" they said. Which is nearly the highest condemnation on this side. I would advise the Yankee student, for reasons of international expediency, to leave his yell at home next time he goes a-visiting.

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN LEAGUE.

To clinch this era of good feeling, the Anglo-American league attended a large and important function at Stafford House this week. I am told that the League is better known on this side than on the other. Strange to say, it is composed mainly of Englishmen, and very prominent ones at that. Still more strangely, the ruling element is a conservative one—the church, the nobility, the country gentry. Two Protestant and two Catholic Arch-bishops, twenty-three peer-bishops, Cardinal Vaughan, five dukes and an imposing array of lesser peers head the executive committee. The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland were the hosts, and their guests the notables who compose the league, together with most of the American colony. I confess that I was made ashamed, more than once, by the conduct of a few of my countrymen. The great part of those we send abroad are ladies and gentlemen, but a few—and it is by these few that many Londoners judge the lot—act as did some I saw at Stafford House. These ill-bred wonders, on their first voyage from Podunk, I suppose, hung to the buffet, stared obtrusively at the ornaments of the beautiful house, or fell over themselves and each other in striving to express to the Duchess their appreciation of the good time they were having.

That high-bred lady, making the best of it, was dressed simply. She has a very sweet face, of the blonde English type, and was all in white. I take from a fashion paper the description of her gown, "of white satin, a tunic embroidered in silver, over a petticoat composed of many frills of chiffon. She wore a beautiful tiara of diamonds, resting on a coil of blue chiffon, and her neck was adorned with more fine diamonds and some strings of pearls."

The same authority informs me that "Lady Randolph Churchill was gowned in black net, glittering with jet, and she wore her imperial Order of the Crown of India suspended from her left shoulder by a pale blue ribbon. In her black hair was a curious diamond ornament like a trident, with the stones set on spiral wires that quivered with every motion of her head. Miss Ethel Barrymore, the only actress present, was in pale, mauve chiffon, with a touch of black velvet at her shoulders and her waist."

AMOS SHELDON.

THE COLORADO REGIMENT ARRIVES.

THE transport *Warren* brought into San Francisco on August 16, the crack volunteer regiment of the government service. The First Colorado has been rated, all along, as possessing the highest average of efficiency in drill, discipline and soldierly quality. They attracted universal attention, when quartered in San Francisco last summer, by a general efficiency which was the wonder and depair of the other regiments. This all-round superiority led to their selection, in the fight with the Spaniards, as leaders of the attack.

The reason for this general excellence is not far to seek. They were the only volunteer corps, excepting the Tenth Pennsylvania alone, which had seen active service in a recent period. Three times in the last five years, the Colorado troops have been in arms. In 1894, the Populistic Waite had them out in Denver to enforce his removal of a refactory police board. A little later in the same year, they were out again, this time for several mouths, to restore order at Cripple Creek. They lived there, under conditions like those undergone in a regular campaign, with the fighting left out, and came back seasoned troops. A little later, and the new Cripple Creek Company, unorganized at the time of the strike, turned and fought, in lieu of a fire department, a conflagration which swept that town. Finally, at the time that the war broke out the whole regiment had just returned from five month's active service at Leadville, suppressing the miners' riots at that place. This service had taught the men something of actual campaigning; they were far from raw troops, and were efficiently officered. Colonel, (now General) Hale was a thorough disciplinarian, one of the best in the volunteer service, and he put life and "style" into his men.

THE ATTACK ON MANILA.

The Colorado men got away on the second expedition. Once in Manila, they were picked as the leaders in the attack on the walled town, and were the first to enter its gates, losing more heavily in this battte, a skirmish to what they went through this spring, than any other volunteer regiment.

The night the Filipinos broke loose, the Colorado officers were at a card party at Major Anderson's when the long-expected firing began; inside of a half-hour, they were in their service uniforms and had the regiment lined up for action. In the subsequent fighting, Colorado was stationed at San Sebastian church. From this position, they rushed blockhouses 5 and 6, on the fifth of February, losing five killed and eleven wounded in this action alone. Subsequently, they were assigned to the water-works, where comparative quiet reigned, and the only fighting was in the way of small skirmishes. A battallion, however, was detached to take part in the Malabon campaign, in which Captain Stuart of Company A was killed outright. The last month before their return, they were on the firing-line again, participating in the lively actions of Tayti and Los Pinos; in the last-named they lost heavily, Lieutenant-Colonel Moses being among the wounded.

THINGS AND PEOPLE

SOLDIER boys are the heroes of the day in San Francisco. The hospitable people of the Golden Gate have taken them to themselves, and are making up for the hard days they have passed through in Manila by giving them the "best time possible" between their arrival and their mustering out. The reception accorded to the Oregonians, the Nebraskians, the Utah men, the Pennsylvanians and the Coloradans were only warming-up heats to the big things in store for the city when its own particular regiment comes home. From the huge afternoon parade on the bay and the banquet by their companions in arms from Colorado, to the big occasion set for a week later, when the city and state shows its appreciation by the public reception and the presentation of the war medals, the town will make holiday as it has never done before. The *Wave* will endeavor to rise to the occasion, presenting several pages of half-tones, representing the scenes of the bay pagaent and of the public reception. There will also be some special articles on the regiment and its record.

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THE sleek, well-fed appearance of the Colorado men, as compared with that of the other returning volunteers, was a matter of universal comment in San Francisco. The mountaineers were sunburned, their clothes were ragged, but they were actually fat, through it all. The reason for this state of affairs lies in a keen little business stroke. It happened that among the regimental cooks there were a number of bakers. When the Coloradans were put into more or less stationary quarters in guard of the water-works, they established a bakery and took the contract for furnishing fresh bread to the hospitals. At the same time, they opened a canteen for their own use and that of the other troops at the front. Some months, the bakery turned in to the regimental mess-fund as high as two thousand dollars, while the canteen paid over a thousand a month. This surplus provided the fat of the land during their stay and for their voyage across; indeed they had four thousand dollars still in the treasury on sighting American soil. With this, they propose to continue the fattening process while in San Francisco, to give a banquet to the First California on their arrival at the Presidio, and to have a big regimental banquet of their own for a final clean-up. So that there is one regiment in the service not "kicking about the grub."

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A DEED of daring which, for cool, picturesque deviltry had hardly a parallel in the whole war, was that of Sergeant Bert Givens of Company B, First Colorado. It occurred during the fighting of March 25, around the water-works, and the spot where it took place bears the name of "Givens' Point" in his honor. He was on outpost duty, with a squad of eighteen men. They were given orders to rush a point where a small body of insurgents were peppering at the skirmish-line from a little hill. Givens and his squad advanced, to find that they were being drawn into an ambush; insurgents opened on them from both sides at once, and a body closed in to cover up the retreat. There was only one thing to be done; the knoll must be taken. The sergeant halted his men, ordered two corporals to act as officers, and spreading out his force to make it appear like a large body, he sent them in with instructions to fire rapidly and make as much noise as possible. The squad went at it with a will; the insurgents, believing from the magnitude of the bluff that a whole regiment was advancing, broke and fled. There had been some sixty Filipinos on the knoll and they left behind them fourteen dead and three wounded, beside the wounded they carried away. Givens continues in the post of sergeant, promotion went past him somehow, but if the opinion of the regiment had counted in the assigning of shoulder-straps, he wuold certainly have a commission today.

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WITH the opening of the college year, the undergraduate mind turns to football again. In California, there is just one big holiday in the University cycle—Thanksgiving. Christmas, Fourth of July, and such minor occasions have no rating with the student. The prospects this year are all in favor of California. The team of colts which swept the gridiron last year is practically intact. For those places made vacant by graduation, good men from the college eleven of last year can be supplied, and there is the entering class yet to hear from. This is one result of Cochran's wise policy of developing a second eleven. Stanford has only two first-rate men left from her patched-up '98 team—Captain Murphy at quarter, and Parker at end. She will have to depend very largely upon the entering class. One thing which raises Cardinal hopes is the return of the First California with some forty men, among whom are several old players who broke into their college course to enlist. Among these, are Burnett, the active cow-boy center of the '97 team, Dole and Wrigley, looked upon as 'Varsity certainties before their enlistment, and two or three others who won their spurs in Freshman games and who are possibilities. So that, while the outlook is decidedly favorable to the Berkeley collegians, the Stanford men have more than a fighting chance to turn out a winning team.

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THIS season promises new life in both the California institutions. The State University, having a new President, a new policy to back him, and a complete new equipment in prospect, begins the season with an increased attendance and a lively Freshman class. Stanford, with its full endowment now practically assured, and a group of new buildings well under way, has not yet opened, but advance statistics show that the attendance will probably be increased at Palo Alto as at Berkeley. The recent restriction placed on the number of woman students at Stanford will not effact the number enrolled this year, as the limit was not reached last term. Every indication points to a rapid growth in both institutions during the next decade. They have enough funds and equipment in prospect to fit them for expansion. I would not be surprised to see one or the other reach the front group of American colleges in point of numbers before the new century is well under way, because the attendance is sure to be swelled by that class of students who formerly went East to college, but who are now, owing to the raising of educational standards on the Coast, planning to finish their education in California.

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A MAUSOLEUM which is really a work of art has just been placed on the Crocker family lot in Cypress Lawn Cemetery over the remains of Colonel Fred. Crocker. Simple and solid throughout, it is moulded on the Grecian style, although original in proportioning and detail. The exterior is of white Raymond granite from the quarries of Fresno; the interior is of Italian marble in white and soft gray. The single stained-glass window at the rear comes from the studio of Tiffany, but the rest, including the bronze door, is all Californian in design and execution. This door is worthy of special mention. Four feet wide and eight high, the proportions are such that the casting alone was a delicate task. It was accomplished by Louis de Rome, the casting being made in one piece, and in a manner that would do credit to the Parisian foundries. The design, by R. L. Aitkin, is a notable piece of work. It is a hackneyed subject, treated with real tenderness and with originality of execution. It represents the Angel of Rest, a calmly beautiful figure standing with downcast eyes and relaxed wings, holding out "the poppies of eternal rest." No suggestion of sadness or grief, only a great calm. Tharp & Holmes are the designers of the mausoleum, which contains eight sarcophagi.

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EDITORS who can draw the long bow on occasion are not confined to this land of magnificent distances. Some Easterners have shown ability in that line since the recent editorial pilgrimage to Seattle. One of them was so enthusistic that he turned loose at once. He spoke of fourteen vessels in the excursion on Lake Washington. There were just four, and two barges. He described the scores of streets, miles and miles of them, brilliantly lighted in their honor. There were less than three miles of streets lighted with incandescents. That man is all right. He means well. Booming Seattle is a diversion to him from his constant grind of writing up the fact that his distinguished fellow-townsman, Zeke Turner, is putting up a new woodshed. He won't hurt Seattle, but a good many of the people who were with the editors on their trip wonder what was in the Lake Washington water which, served with fireworks and other things, was a feature of the excursion up the Lake.

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INNUMERABLE conventions are to be held throughout Washington during the next two months. Probably the most important will be the exposition in Seattle, which is to hold the boards from October 2 to October 15. Spokane will have an exposition at about the same time. The two cities are so widely separated, however, that they will not come in conflict. Walla Walla will hold its famous fruit fair early in September. This is always one of the events of the year, and thousands of strangers usually attend. Then there will be a fair at North Yakima, between September 25 and October 2. This is a state function, and will probably be the most important next to the Seattle exposition. The Enumclaw fair beginning on October 5 will also be popular. Skagit and Snohomish counties are arranging for expositions, and there will be a fair at New Westminister, B. C., early in October. These methods of exploiting the industries and products of the state are productive of much good, and they undoubtedly add to the business of the communities in which they are held.

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ALASKA is a never a worn out subject with Washington people. Thousands of residents of the state have been there, and thousands more are going every week. A conjugation of prominent Presbyterians decided to make the trip in a body. In order to secure privacy and comfort, they chartered a vessel to carry them north. So as to combine business with pleasure, the synod of the church held its annual meeting on board en route, and when the steamer arrived at Sitka the party was ready for sightseeing. They went as far as White Pass, saw Skagway and several other coast cities, and had a very enjoyable time. Now they are back at home, and know more of Uncle Sam's far northern territory than they did before. They understand, too, the difficulties the missionaries have to contend with, not alone in their dealings with the Indians, but also with the newly migrated population of miners.

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THROUGH the efforts of the managers of the *Post-Intelligencer*, a number of business men of Washington have been enabled to make a visit to Alaska. A fine steamer was chartered, and a quick run made north. A brief stop was made at Victoria, and then onwards. The excursionists were taken over White Pass to Lake Bennett on a special train, and were given a glimpse of the famous Treadwell mines. They also saw the Muir glacier, and had the opportunity of encountering Alaska business men, with whom they have had dealings, but whom they never met before. The excursion was a great success.

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GOVERNOR ROGERS of Washington recently predicted that Spokane would be the Denver of the Pacific northwest. The latter city is far away from the mines that supported it, and Spokane is in exactly the same position. The owners of the producing properties, however, secured their supplies from Falls City, and it is their headquarters. Large numbers have also made it their home. New discoveries are constantly being made in its vicinity, and indications are that it will become one of the largest cities in the far West. So, with a great interior town like Spokane, and with Seattle and Tacoma on the coast, Washington will be well represented in the list of large cities.

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THE Index mining district is slowly but surely gaining recognition from the mining men of the state. As a copper proposition, it is said to be the best ever discovered outside of Butte. The ore is there in big ledges, and all that is needed is development work to make productive a dozen claims that have just been prospected. With better transportation facilities, the camp will go ahead with a vengeance. The producing mines in the district are many, and they will undoubtedly make their owners rich. As an evidence that there is no false boom on, very little Index mining stock can be purchased.

Mrs. McCoy Mrs. Boyeson Mrs. Luce Mrs. Dortenbaugh

RETURNING HEROINES OF THE PHILIPPINE WAR

THE MAUSOLEUM OF COLONEL FRED CROCKER

San Francisco's Greatest Day.

IF A stranger from farthest Cathay had dropped into San Francisco last Wednesday, he would have seen, even had he disregarded the street decorations and the bustle of the preparation at the store fronts, that the city was waiting for something. By no one thing could you recognize this expectancy, it was in the air. People did not stop to gaze at the windows, or even to look at one another; they hurried on at a faster gait than is usual in the Spanish city of St. Francis, where the pace of the streets is nothing if not leisurely. The burg was preparing for the greatest day in its history, a day greater than those on which the early gold-seekers drew law and order out of lawlessness and misrule, greater than the day when the Central Pacific brought East and West together, greater than those days when Dennis Kearney from his cart-tail on the sand-lots all but made a new system of things, greater even than that day, an eventful fifteen months age, when the bay of San Francisco gave passage to the first American military expedition that ever left our soil for a foreign shore. The "boys" were coming home, and the common heart of the great city was beating high in anticipation. Unexpectedly early a gun from one of the tall newspaper buildings gave the signal; in five minutes the city was wild. From then on for the next two days subsequent events are a confused jumble to the average San Franciscan. It was a royal welcome, a truly Western one; it would be hard to tell how it could have been any more genuinely enthusistic. The city started out to "do the thing in shape," and it did it, according to its lights. If those same lights showed the way to absurdities and to exhibitions of bad taste, the intentions were the best in the world, and good heart is far, far better than good taste.

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Two Home-Comings.

I VENTURE that few of the younger generation have any idea of the difference between such a home-coming as this and the last return of American troops—at the close of the Civil War. These men come back to a prosperous country after a contest which has, so far, drawn so lightly on the national resources that it has amounted to almost nothing to a section so full of young, strong life that it could have sent, without seriousiy feeling it, ten times as many men to the war; they bring back, moreover, the record of a hard and trying campaign, but not one fraught with any very great danger as compared with the veritable slaughters of the Civil War—Manassas, Cold Harbor, Antietam, Gettysburg, the Wilderness. The few of us who saw the home-coming of this week, and who remember, at the same time, the home-coming of the victorious but shattered Northern Armies, alone know how terrible a thing war can be. The regiments of the Rebellion crept back to a country drained of every element of strength, from money to young men; they were, indeed, the last of her young men; the others had been used up in that awful four years. There was no such enthusiasm then as we saw this week, because more Northern families preferred to remain away on account of their own stalwarts who could never return than cared to gather and greet the battered few; and the whole North could hardly have afforded such a demonstration as that we gave to-day. As for the South, there was no cheering for them; their own loyal people gathered in silence to see them come back, not only worn out and depleted in numbers, but beaten, broken, even starving, and returning to take up the work of making a new empire on the ruins of the old. Heaven knows, this war bore upon us heavily enough, not in resources, but in lives. California ill spares a single one of the thirty-eight men left behind in the graves of Luzon, and yet this generation does not know war as it really is.

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Influence of the Reception.

I HOPE that we will not think of it as a day for the sight-seer, that day the Gallant First marched up the streets of San Francisco. It was something more than a cross between the Fourth of July and a circus parade. There was a thing beyond bunting and palms, flags and olive branches to feast the eye, and wild clamor to deafen the ear, even for such of us as had no one of our own in that battered regiment. We who did not wear the little yellow badges of relatives might not feel our spines thrill and our eyes blur as we looked upon those marching men—the world has been too much with us while someone else has been away fighting for us, and it bore no great and especial significance to many of us, I am afraid. But to the children whom we have ever with us, I think it meant more, much more than they can realize for some twenty years to come. The gamin blowing a horn behind the parade, the child of wealth held up by his nurse to look over the heads in front, could not help but drink in an unconscious influence which may escape him in the history written in his school books. The throng doing homage to the returning soldiers, the bay leaves around their hats, the flowers on their breasts, the faces bronzed in the service of the common country, the torn banner, the red college flags on certain muskets, the sobbing, smiling women rushing past the guard into the dusty brown arms of the men—all these must have left an imprint to be made into a feeling by maturity of years, as the impression on a photographic negative lies dormant until the developer brings it out. I saw, at one point along the line, a strong, beautiful woman of the people holding on either shoulder her two little sons; the small flags in their hands were not waving, theirs were almost the only silent voices in the whole press, but in their awed young eyes one could read an awakening—the first realization of the fact that this soldier business is not all play, but is a part of some great, dim thing behind it.

A Mystery of the War.

A MYSTERY of the war which may never be explained is the disappearance of Private Ralph Coates of the First California. Coates was one of the Stanford men enlisted in Company K, and one of his college mates, Private A. E. Stowe, was the last white man, so far as known, to have a sight of him. It was in the advance of April 6th, and Coates was on the skirmish line, well in front of the regiment. The natives opened on the Americans from cover; Stowe looked up and saw Coates advancing, when a party of insurgents made a dash and came in between the two men, cutting off Coates' retreat. That was the last seen of him. There was a rumor in the city that he had been captured and was held alive in the Filipino lines. His chum, "Bob" Wrigley, of the same company, sought permission to go into the native lines with a flag of truce in order to investigate, but he was refused. Later, it was reported that a decomposed body, missed in the search for the dead, had been found near the spot where Coates was last seen. The Company K men were never able to trace this report to its foundation, and the fate of the missing man remains a mystery.

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The Night Parade.

I HAVE no hesitation in pronouncing the night parade which ended the welcome to the volunteers an occasion of the firstwater. It was a splendid pageant from the word go, an example of how a police-court attorney can run a procession when he can get a horse strong enough to hold him. It was an artistic success, also. There were three regiments of troops and three miles of prominent citizens in carriages, and fraternal orders elegantly costumed in black clothes and derby hats. It was lots of fun for the paraders, and of course the spectators on the sidewalks enjoyed the unique and original spectacle of the Ancient Order of Tagalos, the Order of Retired Hack-Horses and the Knights of Milpitas chumping over the cobble-stones and trying to look important. The promptness with which the events came to the post was, however, the most pleasing feature. The volunteers lined up on Van Ness avenue at seven o'clock; they reached the ferry-building in the record time of six hours. The procession stopped no oftener than at each block; when there was any danger of a halt between streets, the puissant and able Grand Marshal Pistolesi, squired by his Pull, sent some of the push to investigate and generally got things started inside the hour. The Regiment for which all this splendor was arranged received elegant souvenirs in the shape of San Francisco colds to remind them of their litte two-hour rest on Van Ness avenue, and to assure them that they were home again.

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The Klondyke Cleanup.

THE Klondyke season is virtually over, though there may yet be some few large shipments of gold from Alaska. Individuals, doubtless will bring out treasure from time to time, but hardly enough to disturb the totals. Thus far in '99 according to a record kept by a Seattle steamship company, the total output has been sixteen million dollars at least. This is the amount reported by the pursers of the various vessels which have come in from the north since the clean-up. I imagine this is not far wrong. The Seattle essay office has dealt with over half of this; of the remainder a good deal was sent to the San Francisco mint and the rest was taken by miners who were hurrying homewards. There is very little Atlin or Cape Nome gold represented in this total. In the former district, the act including American miners put a stop to all operations for many months, in fact, until the Canadian government sent a fair minded judge to straighten out the tangle which resulted from the passage of the obnoxious law. This judge has vindicated the right of the Americans who had recorded claims before the act became operative, and active work is now in progress there. The district, it is thought, will produce about one million this year, but the clean-up will not take place until later. The fact that there is gold in Cape Nome has been established. Disappointed fortune hunters have denied the truth of this, but they were mistaken. The beach about the Cape has been staked out for miles, and hundreds of men are at work taking out from $5 to $100 per day. The precious metal is found in pockets and when one is exhausted the miner moves to another. This beach digging is the most peculiar feature of the district. It is the first time in history, I believe, that gold has been found on the shore of the ocean. Judging from the latest reports, Cape Nome promises to be a second Klondyke.

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Wise Men and Fools.

APROPOS the extra session and the Senatorial contest I heard a tale the other night which may be taken as proof that wit is not confined to club men as some of my contemporaries would have us believe. It was at a card-party in the modest home of a certain Assemblyman—one of the purblind band which had supported Colonel Burns at Sacramento, indeed had so far compromised himself as to make one of the nominating speeches. After supper, when cigars were being puffed, the Assemblyman looked around at his friends and supporters. "It looks as though we're to have an extra session, boys," he said, "and I don't know yet whom I'm going to support." "You don't?" spoke up the wife, who is under no delusion about her husband. "I'll tell you what you're going to do. You'll get up on the floor in the Assembly chamber and you'll say: 'Mr. Speaker and members of the Assembly: wise men change their minds often, fools never; therefore, I am here again to put in nomination that distinguished citizen Daniel M. Burns for the United States Senate."

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Bunco Steering in Seattle.

THE sure-thing men and the bunco steering gentry that make the state of Washington their headquarters might well give points to the fraternity elsewhere. They operate not only in the big cities; the small towns also come in for a share of their attention, and they manage to escape punishment with unfailing regularity. A few days ago a returned Klondiker deposited his gold dust with the Seattle assay office and was given a certificate for $2,400. He exchanged this for a draft on an eastern bank and then decided to take a little journey down the Sound. Then he made the acquaintance of a stranger and he disappeared from view. Next day his draft was cashed at a Seattle bank and a letter printed in one of the Seattle papers purporting to be from the victim, in which he explained he was in Portland on his way to San Francisco. Since the robbery, the Klondiker has had ample time to return to Seattle, even if he had journeyed as far south as San Francisco, but he has not put in an appearance. One of the bunco fraternity was asked his whereabouts; he replied that unfortunately he would not dare show his nose in Washington, because he had been made to believe that he had been engaged in an illegal enterprise and would be arrested. Either this man is very simple, or the fellow who worked the deal is a past master in deceit. However the poor fellow lost his money, probably he dropped the fruits of several years of hard work and sufferings in the north, while the police go about as if nothing had happened.

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Municipal Politics.

WITH deep solicitude I note that the Central Republican organization has invoked the assistance of certain leading Democrats. It is a sign of the times. The free silver mania has driven many of the ablest young men out of the Democracy and the supremacy of Bryan in its councils seems to show that clap-trap rather than character are the essentials of success under its ægis. While it appears certain that the Nebraskan will be re-nominated yet his defeat in 1900 will be instrumental in bringing the party to its senses and there may again be a chance for capacity and intelligence to gain ascendancy. The chairman of the new organization, Sheldon Kellogg, a well-known lawyer of San Francisco, used to be a director of the Young Men's Democratic League, was in the non-Partisian Convention and voted with the Democracy. He believes in monometallism and favors McKinley, hence his defection. John Curry, perennial Democratic candidate for State Printer, is another Bourbon deserter. Between the several clans of Kelly, Crimmins, Ruef and the reformers, the party is pretty badly split up, however, and if no strong standard bearer can be found to unify the organization, San Francisco will surely be Democratic in November. The tremendous patronage at the control of that party may consolidate its power for years to come. At the moment it seems as if nothing can stop the success of Mayor Phelan. The leaders of the "One Hundred" Democracy are inagurating some new ideas in party management; for instance each district delegations is encouraged to caucus by itself. The chairmen are sent out to confer with one another and ascertain the majority feeling and everything is being put in harmonious shape for the convention. It is not proposed to sacrafice the party's chances of success by the nomination of weak men.

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W. J. Bryan Coming West.

SO W. J. Bryan is to visit California. Wherefore? There must be some good reason why he has come so far afield. It is not because of a love for California or an extraordinary interest in San Francisco. The fact seems to be that certain leaders in Eastern States are trying to operate in California to secure a delegation to the National Convention favorable to some other candidate. This would undoubtedly injure Bryan's chances and lead to defections in other localities. The consequences may readily be imagined. Bryan's present distinction secures him an income, for his writing are in much demand in yellow democratic papers and his books have a large sale thoroughout east and west. His role, then, must be sustained at any cost. Control in the California democracy, has been materially changed by recent events? To whom will W. J. Bryan appeal for aid and insight. I presume he will discuss his interests with the Commissioner to Paris, W. W. Foote, who having been an office-holder under administrations both Republican and Democratic, should be in the best possible position to see both sides of the question.

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The Examiner's Theology.

I HAVE always felt that the exclusive knowledge of theology and moral philosophy possessed by the "*Examiner*" fitted that great American Paper for the American People to run a Bible Class and to regenerate the morals of a lost race. I never realized, however, the thorough and accurate information on religious subjects possessed by the Champion of the Cause of the Oppressed until I saw on the front page of last Monday's issue the interview with Rev. Peter MacQueen, just returned from the scene of operations at the Philippines. The star feature of the illustrations accompanying the article is labeled "Peter MacQueen Confessing a Dying Filipino." Further down, it is stated that the reverend gentleman is a Congregational minister. Great is the "*Examiner*", and its prize stunt is accuracy, so that I rejoice to spread the news that the confessional has been introduced into the Congregational doctrine.

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Oriental Steamer Lines.

IN the gossip about new steamer lines across the Pacific there is naturally a great deal of exaggeration. Progress there is, both north and south along the Coast, but the yarn that President Hill of the Great Northern has undertaken to build fifteen powerful steamers for the Oriental trade, is imagination. At a banquet in Seattle some month ago the great railroad builder said that he had found it well-nigh impossible to purchase the type of vessel that he wanted, but that he had not yet given up the search. Failing to suit his requirements, he would build. I believe he talks of needing six steamers to ply in connection with the Japanese line which already handles the traffic of the Great Northern. The inaguration of a new steamer line would mean much to Seattle, for the Japanese line is unable to handle the freight offered.

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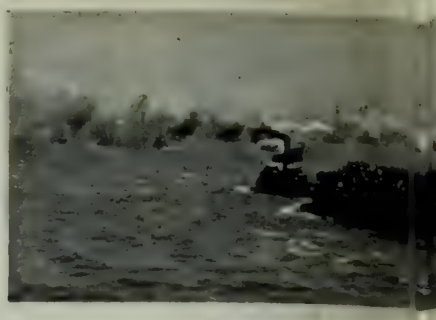
An Embarrassing Situation.

CAN you imagine anything more embarrassing than this? On the day of the great parade a pleasant-looking lady fainted on Van Ness avenue. The nearest man went to her assistance and supported her recumbent body in his arms while another went after water. This latter returned in a great rush with a tumblerful of the precious fluid and proceeded to force it between the invalid's closed lips. Alas, she opened her mouth and a set of artificial teeth fell into his hand. In due course the lady recovered consciousnes and resumed possession of her molars, and her face wore a Turneresque sunset effect when she realized the publicity of the revelation.

A Vista from the "Newark"



The Bar

Commodore Spreckels of the Fleet with Colonel Long and Party on the Flag Tug Fearless

TURNER

A Grou

The Yacht Lurline

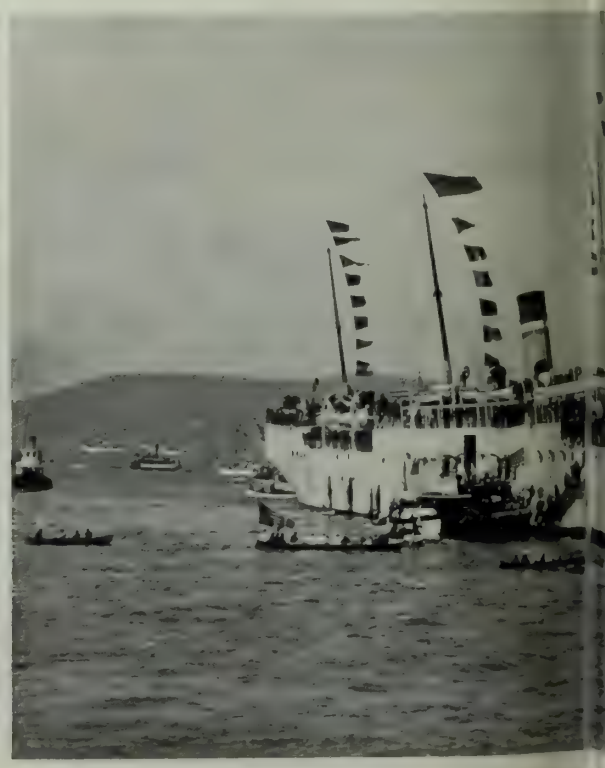
Senator Perkins and Party on the Santa Rosa

Entering the

The Scene o

Bow of the Transport

HODSON



The Trans

RECEPTION IN SAN FRANCISCO HARBOR OF THE TRANSPORT

TURNER

An An mated Seascape

HODSON

Assembling the Fleet

TURNER

land

HODSON

chor

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The Executive Committee's Tug Monticello

HODSON

HERMAN," WITH THE CALIFORNIA REGIMENTS ON BOARD.

Impressions of the Volunteers' Home-Coming.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE COMMONPLACE.

THE city had not yet awakened to its greatest day. The gay streets, to be packed a few hours later by such a crowd as should have bent the earth's crust, stretched nearly deserted in the early level sunlight At the dock, where the big, white transport lay poking its snout peacefully over the manger, only a score of people were gathered as yet—a squad of policemen, taking stations for the fight with the crowd, a few water-front loafers, passing up the good things of a land of plenty in a bucket which some red-throated artillerymen were swinging from the rail. Just a little space of the vessels bows extended on the area between the close-running sheds and the edge of the wharf; on this stretch the men, already accountred for the march, were calling down to the stragglers on the piles below. There was only one woman among all these, a very little, very fluttering woman, still pretty in spite of her gray hairs. She was looking eagerly, first at the transport and then at the people, and there was a question in her eyes. Presently she accosted me timidly:

"My son is on board—could you—that is, could you ask some one to shout up there and call for him?"

The name was passed up at once, and a volunteer started in a hurry when he found who it was that wanted "Harry." All during the long, tense moments of waiting, she talked rapidly to me, because she must do something or shriek, of Jim's virtues and his cleverness, and why he enlisted, and how there was a good job waiting for him, and how he had leaned over the rail, when they went away, to kiss her hand because he couldn't reach her lips and—just then a huge, brown beard was poked over the edge; she took one step forward, with her arms outstretched toward the rail above her, so that, had I not put out a hand to restrain her, she might have stepped into the water.

"Darling, my darling!" she said. And then, she realized that the crowd was watching her, that she was showing her heart "before people." The color came into her face, although her eyes were still fastened on the brown beard and dusty uniform above, and she took refuge in the commonplace nearest at hand.

"Harry, are your flannels warm enough?" she said.

AT THE RELATIVES' RECEPTION.

It was like intruding on the privacy of a home, this duty of being present at the parent's reception, the first meeting between the heroes and their people. All others who wore the yellow badges and crowded the long building were waiting for their own, and were a big family already, for introductions had been dispensed with; humanity shows through the veneer at such times as these, and there was a great, common interest binding them together. Some had been waiting there, standing up or moving with the constant shifting of an impatient crowd, since early morning, but no one thought of being tired; excitement was sustaining them all. At last, the faint, far-off sound of the cheering, which had been going on ever since the whistles began to blow, sounded nearer and nearer. They were coming. Such a silence fell upon the throng as I have seen and felt at a big football game in the eternal moments between the time when the fullback set the ball and the instant when he run forward for the kickoff. Women all around me—for it was a woman's crowd—were catching their breath in little gasps; men were chewing their beards and gripping their hands. Then—a brown khaki suit showed at the doorway, and we took up, from the inside, the noise of the multitude without. The officers marched passed, trying to push military dignity in front of the smiles and tears struggling in their faces, and then—a brown canvas body flashed from the line and a black serge one from the press, and the first mother among us all was crying on the shoulder of her own soldier. After that, it was all confusion. The line went on and on, each man sweeping the crowd with his eyes to right and left for his dear ones and dropping out at that little shriek in a familiar voice which told that mother or sister or sweetheart had found him. The laughable thing in the pathetic seriousness of it all was the scared and hunted look in the eyes of the men. They were really afraid of it; you could see that. The American man doesn't know how to show his feelings in public. Away deep down, he is ashamed of having any feelings. Surely the line which faced the Spanish fire on that sodden, rainy night before Manila showed no such scared eyes to the foe as the ones that looked over the heads of happy women, crying, because they were happy, on the chests of brown canvas uniforms. For that was the one thing they all did, every woman of them; after she had kissed her dear hero and looked at his face, each one just laid her head down on his breast and was tearful or only just thankfully silent according to the mold of her nature. They were away past caring whether or no the whole world saw *their* emotion. One sister, an attendant at the breakfast table, would stop every time she passed Him and lay her head down beside his for a space and stay there with her lips moving. Perhaps Chaplain MacKinnon could have told what their unvocalized movement was saying.

There was one girl who stood quite near to me when they made their entry. We had been talking before the regiment came—for common presence in the place was an introduction—about her own especial company. She told me how ten men "in our block" had gone to the war, and how they were all coming back. One by one, as they passed, she stepped out and put up her mouth—a large, full-blown, comely California mouth—and they took the hint with more or less of a shame-faced look. It must have been nearly the last of the ten who started perceptibly when he saw her, and let a softening creep into the scared expression of his eyes. Him, she did not offer to kiss; she only took his hand just for a moment before she slipped away in the crowd.

THE LITTLE SISTER.

The little maid stood about three feet high and others had jostled in front of her, so that there were five or six layers of humanity between her and the line, squeezing through single file. She was trying hard to keep still and not make a bother, but the tears *would* come once in a while, into her blue eyes, shining with suppressed excitement. And every now and then she would tug at a coat-tail in front of her and ask.

"Is company G here yet?"

At last the word was passed along—G was coming—and the owner of the coat tails lifted her up so that she might see.

"There he is, there he is!"

"Who?"

"My brother, call to him, please."

"What's his name?"

"Jim."

"Jim what?"

"Jim, just Jim! Can't you understand?"

A dozen voices called out the simple pet name; a tall corporal turned; saw the arms stretched out over the crowd. and the man with the coat tails was relieved of his burden.

THE STANFORD MAN.

This one had no family waiting for him at the ferry, because he had come from the far interior to a California college, and there passed from the football squad of his university to the firing squad of his regiment. The only family waiting for him in company K section was a part of the larger family of the university, who had somehow worked press pulls and personal pulls to get the coveted yellow badges in order to welcome him and the forty others with him. Of all the greetings of that day of emotions, his was the only one that did not rip your heart out with the pathos of it. He tumbled in among them, and was pounded and hugged and pulled around as though he had just gotten off the train at the depot after summer vacation. When they stopped for very weariness, he stood for a moment to catch his breath, his arm around a chum in true college style; then he spoke.

"Hello, you fellows. What in blazes was the matter Thanksgiving, and what are the chances this fall?"

A YANKEE GREETING.

He was big and burly and quiet, the sort of man who cannot express the thoughts of his big mind and the emotions of his big soul, because the expression has to come through so many layers laid upon the feelings by training and by the hereditary solidity bred of a race which has wrestled with the hard soil of New England through many generations. He stood out above that excited, hysterical, almost Latin crowd of smiling, crying women and moist-eyed men, the one tranquil amongst the raging storms. His shoulders held the conventional military pose, drilled into him so that it had become a part of him; the other soldiers were holding themselves unnecessarily stiff, for fear of collapsing, but he alone bent neither forward nor back. If there was any emotion in his face, it was the prevailing one of embarassment, but even that hardly showed beneath his yellow, Saxon brows. Just occasionally he cast a glance, very stealthily, to the right and left. Once, a girl who seemed to know him, broke through and almost hugged him—almost, not quite, because he held her off, somehow. by his bristling stiffness. He almost blushed after that, and then his face grew more stolid than ever, and he kept his glances to himself. Close up to the space allotted for his own company, an erect, gray-haired man was waiting. The two came face to face, with the crowd between. The soldier took two or three steps forward, no more rapid than those by which he had advanced through the throng. He held out his hand.

"How d'ye do, father?" said he.

"Pretty well, Sam. How are you?"

That was all. His feelings had been saved.

ACROSS THE GULF.

The kitchen was a-bustle with big preparations, although there was only just one woman stirring it all up. A lunch-basket, foolishly dainty considering that it was intended for a man who had not used a napkin for fifteen months, was open on the table and filled to the brim. *Her* wounded hero was going to have his first meal in port, not from stranger hands, but from those of his own mother. She was sure that she could find someone to get it aboard, past the quarantine. She was just experimenting with the arrangement of the flowers which were to put a finishing touch on the whole confection, when a sympathetic neighbor, who was trying to be useful, came fluttering in with more posies, and was sent outside forthwith on some small errand. As the latter stepped from the kitchen into the small, neat parlor, a man, with heavy eyes and grave news written on his serious face, stopped her on the threshold.

"Is she in?" he asked.

The neighbor read the Something in his face and his voice.

"What is it?" she whispered. "Is it— did he—" and she stopped, afraid to go on.

The man nodded. "He died on the way over," said he.

"Good God, how can we tell her?"

From the kitchen came the mother's voice:

"Oh, Mrs. Jones, I forgot the olives, and he is so fond of them. Do you think you can run down and get me some?"

WILL IRWIN.

Excommunication up to Date.

THE decree of excommunication pronounced by Bishop Jentzen of the diocese of St. Louis against the offending congregation of St. Patrick's, recalls the fact that this extreme penalty of the church has undergone some changes in these later years. In medieval and early modern times, and especially at the period of the Reformation, this was a weapon extensively used by the ecclesiastical authorities, and was universally dreaded because of the social disabilities which followed. The decree was always formally pronounced by the priest, in terms of a stated ceremonial, the character of which is denoted by the old phrase: "by bell, book and candle." This had reference to the tolling of the bell, as for the dead, by which the ceremony was concluded, the closing of the book from which the service was read to denote the closing of the culprit's connection with the church, and the extinction of a candle on the altar to symbolize the darkness into which his soul was to be plunged. This was followed by ostracism on the part of all the faithful, and as religion went by communities in those times, amounted to a cutting-off from society. The glance of the excommunicate was avoided by the superstitious, as it was believed to be the evil eye. Those who had any dealing with him were liable to a decree of "minor excommunication," carrying with it the same disabilities, though in lesser degree.

THE REVISED CANONS.

In 1869, Pope Pius IX revised the canons governing this penalty, not, as he explained, as a sign that the church had changed her policy, but as an adjustment to modern conditions, which have made strictness regarding certain offences needless. The ceremony is now rarely a part of the decree. The offending person is warned in advance that if he remain obstinate, he will be, *ipso facto*, considered excommunicate. The faithful are cautioned not to have any dealing more than those absolutely necessary with the offender, but the minor decree has fallen in abeyance, and, of course, the mixing of religions in modern life has done away with that entire cutting off from society which was the accompaniment of the church's ban in former times. The punishment consists in the refusal of all the sacraments of the Church. In the case of a community "interdicted," or cut off in a body, as was the case with St. Patrick's parish, the celebration of mass, and the rites of burial, matrimony, etc., are forbidden within its borders.

EXCOMMUNICATED ROYALTIES.

It may not be known that three royal personages of Europe are living under the ban of the church. For various reasons, the king of Italy, the Crown Prince of Roumania, and Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria are thus cut off from the sacraments of tbe church, and are under its ban. King Humbert is in a peculiar position. He may be said to have inherited his excommunication. Roman Catholicism is the official religion of the country and the court, yet the head of the country is officially barred from this religion, by a decree pronounced against the throne of Italy, because of its rebellion against the Pope's temporal power. Yet Humbert lives in amity with the ecclesiastical authorities. He has his private chapel, where he attends mass, although he is cut off from confession or communion; his wife and all his family, who are not included in the standing decree, are Roman Catholics in the full sense. Neither does the Pope make this state of things a bar between the Italian king and his Catholic "cousins" of the European states. Italy and Austria have an alliance, although the Austrian Emperor is faithful to the Pope and the church. Almost the only restriction upon which the Sovereign Pontiff insists is that the Catholic monarchs and sovereigns shall not visit the Quirinal as guests of the King. Should Humbert die, he would, theoretically, be deprived of the last sacraments, unless he expressed repentance and agreed to restore the Papal lands to their original owners. In practice, there is little doubt that he would be allowed to confess and receive extreme unction. This privilege was granted to his father, Victor Emmanuel, a personage much less friendly to the church than he has ever been. The circumstances of this rather remarkable occurrence were never fully understood. If Victor made any concessions, the terms are hidden under the seal of the confessional. All that is known is that the royal chaplain administered the Viaticum, that he was later called to account by the Pope, who rebuked him officially, but privately commended the act as being in line with that charity toward the failings of others taught by Christ.

THE RUSSIAN MARPLOT.

Ferdinand of Bulgaria is excommunicate for reasons rather discreditable to his sense of honor. He was bound by oath to rear his children in the Catholic faith, but he transferred the allegiance of his infant son from the Roman to the Greek faith. There was not even the excuse of political expediency; only personal vanity. Ferdinand was not accorded, when abroad, the honors usually paid to a sovereign, owing to the fact that Russia would not recognize him. He was given to understand that the recognition would be forthcoming if he put his son under the sway of the Orthodox Russian Church; he did so, and was placed under the ban of his own church as a consequence. Even in this case, the decree has been imitigated in practice. His wife, a devout daughter of Rome, was for leaving him, and in fact did effect a temporary separation, but the Pope requested her to return, and she obeyed. This incident alone serves to show how excommunieation has been mollified by modern practice.

The Crown Prince of Roumania is in a similar position, though his action was one of political expediency. When he married Princess Marie of Great Britain and Coburg, a member of the English Church, he took a solemn obligation to rear his children in the Roman Catholic Church. For reasons of political expediency, not of personal vanity, they were baptized in the Greek Church, and he, too, was cut off from the faith of his fathers. ETIENNE MARCEL.

I HAVE learned to philosophise, Diary dear, while watching the athletic sports this week at Del Monte, and have arrived at the conclusion that life is like a tennis tournament. You see, we all start out nticipating winning the finals. In the first wo or three years we come out ahead, then he wheel of fortune turns and the other chap nds by becoming victor. The real bearer of he laurels, however, is the man who carries off efeat as if it were the crown he hoped to vin. I was much amused the first day when he scores came out, by the manner in which ome of the men carried off their honors—he unconscious swagger of those who went n to the court anticipating victory.

The way Sam Hardy holds a racquet is in self a pleasure to see. He is perfect master f every turn and twist of it, and uses it with he skill of a master hand. Mr. Code, too, lays a pretty game. It rained or Scotch misted" all day long but that did not pre-ent our being present at the sports—after all, ain is merely a question of habitude and we alifornians have been spoiled by our climate o a great extent. I must say I loathe wet eather, that nasty feeling of dampness ound the ankles affects my temper more than warm tilt of words with Aunt Sybil or amma.

I did not go to see the pigeon shooting, for hough I love to eat all manner of concoctions ade of the birds later on, I feel like a mem-er of the Audubon society during the pro-ess. The birds look so pretty, as with hope igh in their breasts they wing their way om captivity to freedom or death. Mr. R. . Murdoch carried off the prize for the largest umber of birds.

ENTERTAINMENTS AT DEL MONTE.

But I anticipate, for my excitement over he athletics has caused me to blot from the ages of my memory the other events of the eek. We had a gay time in spite of the bsence of Mr. Oelrichs, who is really the rganizer of most of the entertainments. We ave had picnics pretty nearly every day—lly little informal affairs. About a dozen of s usually go. First we take the Seventeen ile Drive, and then eat our luncheon either mong the pine trees or on the beach. These icnics are most popular with the Tobins, arrolls and Katherine Dillon. Then we rive about in our little carts, go to Monterey nd have a Spanish luncheon with *Enchiladas*, *hili con Carne*, *Tortillas*, etc., which is great n. Mary Crocker and Miss McCook of New ork, a niece of Mr. Alexander, are down ere together. Mary's cart is our envy and lmiration. Mrs. Cunningham too, has sev-al swell carts and fine horses, and a particu-rly pretty rig is the "Newport" which arold Casey drives. Let me see what new eople of interest have been here—Mr. and rs. Kitchen, English Canadians have been he most widely entertained. They are iends of the Paysons, Alexanders and George rockers. Mrs. Kitchen is rather an interest-g looking woman, but like most of her race eemed devoid of that intelligence which we mericans possess, of making the very most her personal appearance. Mrs. George rocker's gowns continue to surprise and elight us, for each evening she appears in a ew and more ravishing toilette. Mrs. Frank arolan wears pretty frocks; she has the ypical "Burlingame" figure, very small aist, very tightly belted and rounded hips.

There are several awfully nice looking men ere, but Arthur not being with us I have iled to meet them. Really, Diary dear, the irls never introduce a man to the other girls; suppose they are afraid he would be lost in ie uortex and never return. I must say, never feel that way, but then I have been ble to estimate my popularity and not afraid iat any other maiden will deprive me of my ell-won laurels.

THE SOUTHERN CONTINGENT.

On Sunday we had an exceedingly jolly day it, played golf, watched the teams and had capital time in every respect. A number of en arrived from the South. They are splen-id-looking fellows and seem quite capable of iving our men a hard contest. Mr. Maud of iverside is literally laden with honors as an hlete. Then there is Mr. Jones, a Stanford raduate, who won high honors in the football am there, was the champion kicker of '92. e is also a good golfist and has a fine all-und record. Also Mr. Sidney Stillwell, of anta Barbara, another Englishman, is quite famous athlete who carried off the majority honors in the Los Angeles Horse Show. e is to represent with Mr. Belaud the Santa arbara Polo Club—and is considered rather a rmidable opponent. All the men look worth while and I shall probably be able to tell you mypersonal impressions before another week has passed over our heads.

I have told you nothing yet about the ball which occurred on Saturday night. There were lots of tennis players, the Hubbard boys, whom I like particularly, especially Mr. Will Hubbard who is a peach, the finest sort of a chap—I must admit I am a bit crushed in that direction—Sam Hardy is an awfully nice chap, but Sam and I are such old friends that my affection for him is well understood. A new man I quite lost my heart to was Dr. Philips of Nevada; he is not an M. D., Diary my dear, but a P. H. D., much nicer, for he has more time for the Miss Crickets and frivolities, the chiffons of this life you know. He played against Sam Hardy and Mr. Code, with Mr. Grant Smith—far the most exciting game of the day, all ties or nearly all you know—But I must tell you how lovely we all looked at the ball. Mrs. Walter Hobart wore white and looked quite exquisite; Mrs. Frank Carolan was also in white; Mrs. Will Whittier in a stunning blue gown looked unusually well—no one is in it with her when it comes to a question of shoulders; Miss Terry was easily the handsomest girl and was so bright and vivacious, she is a real Gibson type and very popular. Dorothy Potton wore black lace, and Hortense Childs a very dainty cream colored frock; Beatrice Tobin wore white satin, Katherine Dillon's gown of blue Dresden silk and lace was quite the most chic concoction in the room; Miss McCook of New York wore cream poplin over pink and looked very smart and my dear Mrs. Lesher looked her loveliest in grey chiffon, she is the dearest of women! We had capital fun. I think Mrs. Alexander's jewels were the finest I saw there—Everybody continues to practice for the Golf tournament and the excitement is immense. The Martins, Peter and Walter, are, as usual, keeping everyone amused. Emily Hager is no longer here, she has gone to the Van Ness Ranch and will, later on be at San Rafael.

There are the greatest number of entries in the golf tournament; all, or nearly all, the girls who play any kind of a game are to take part. Miss Carolan, Caro Crockett, Edith McBean, Miss Rowe, Mary Scott, Belle Mhoon, Dorothy Patton, Maud Mullins, Lillie O'Connor, Genevieve Carolan and Miss Jarecki of New York are among the ones in whom I am interested. Of course one never knows what the outcome will be and it is hardly fair to pick out a winner.

SAN RAFAEL

From San Rafael, Arthur writes: "everybody at the Hotel Rafael has been most interested in the 'Howard' case, for the Howards and the 'blackman,' as Adams was nicknamed, were all over there and Mrs. Howard wore the most gorgeous jewels and elaborate toilettes. They had fine carriages and we all used to make up various romantic stories about them. It is so rarely that one comes in contact with people who achieve undesirable notoriety that we have been much impressed."

Pretty nearly everybody we know who is not already in Monterey comes down this week. The Voorhies, Hopkins, and nearly all the Burlingamites among the number.

Genevieve Goad is in Santa Barbara, staying with the Martins, and Kate Clement goes down there on Wednesday with the Fithians and George Loughborough. Andrew Martin seems much better since he has been South and Mrs. Martin begins to have more hope of his ultimate recovery. Mr. and Mrs. Downey Harvey and her children and Alice Hager are in Edinburgh having a capital time. Next month they anticipate spending in Ireland.

And now for the present, Diary dear, I must say farewell, for all are calling me to go to The Links. For a week your ever devoted,

MISS CRICKET.

A Fire-Proof Hotel.

The California Hotel is the only modern-built, absolutely fire-proof hotel in San Francisco. It is strictly first-class in every respect. Many of our best families make it their permanent home, while it is undoubtedly the favorite stopping place for tourists from all parts of the world and for our army and navy officers. General R. H. Warfield is the manager, and he has drawn about him an able corps of gentlemanly assistants, all of whom study the comfort of guests, and who are thoroughly acquainted with all the details attached to the managing of a large and first-class house. San Francisco may well feel proud of her only fire-proof hotel—the California Hotel.

Insist Upon Having Your Ticket to New York, Boston, or Other Eastern Cities

Read over the Nickel Plate (N. Y. C. & St. L. R. R.), the popular low-rate short line. Quick time, unexcelled accommodations, and no extra fares charged. Jay W. Adams, Pacific Coast Passenger Agent, 37 Crocker Building, San Francisco, Cal.

There is not an ounce of headache in a barrel of it — Jesse Moore "AA" Whiskey.

MOORE' POISON OAK REMEDY
ures Poison Oak and All Skin Diseases. Sold by All Druggists

THE distinctive feature of this Newport season its is restfulness. People are not taking their summer outing so madly as in former years. There is absolutely a movement toward a reversion to the period when the cottagers came to this resort to rest not to prolong the gaieties of the winter season. And such entertainments as do flourish are more on the unconventional, the small-and-early order. The "Dutch treat" clambake, an occasion of untrammeled hilarity, has been very much in favor; dances, elaborate ones at least, and formal dinners, have not been popular. Two projected balls, set for last week were given up for lack of dancing men. Society is taking nothing very seriously, not even the yacht races. It has been the custom among all but the enthusiasts, the genuine racing people, to drop over to the start in the morning, stay long enough to be able to talk about the event, and beat back to port in time for luncheon. The older set are sighing to think that they must shake themselves together and pay up social debts before September sends them back to town; the young set, giddy youth and maidens in the very early twenties are the only ones who have made much pretence of entertaining, and now the leader of this clique, young Alfred Vanderbilt, with several other men of his own age has gone for a trip, around the world, leaving a great gap in the ranks. The last week before his departure was made by his parents a season of gaiety at the Breakers.

Except for this lazy quiet and the automobile craze, this season at Newport is as other seasons. There was a famine of men at first, but that was ended last week by a relief-ship from England, which brought some *junesse dore* of the aristocracy, in the trail of the British Embassy. Of these, the young and dashing Earl of Yarmoth is most in demand. The Marquis de San Vito is popular with the matrons; the picturesque Prince Lubomirsky, who has some difficulties with the language, is having "one good time", as he himself expresses it. All these are dancing men, and they have plunged into the whirl with enthusiasm. The Earl of Yarmouth, an amateur actor of fame, is already organizing a charity performance. The object is of no particular consequence, I have really forgotten what it is; the main point is the fact that he has chosen a play in which as many beaux, belles and matrons take part as can be crowded on the stage, and that those belles not engaged behind the footlights are to sell programs and flowers at the door.

I predict a rise in the social barometer when the white sails of the New York Yacht Club, with the cup-defenders, old and new, in the lead, glide into Newport Harbor. The postponed festivities which the older set have been dreading, will then come in a bunch. "The truce of God" some society woman dubbed this quiet spell, and Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, it is reported, changed the name to "the truce of the millionaires." The Depew's break this truce next week by a state dinner; following this, cards are out for like functions at the homes of Mrs. E. Rollins Moore, Mrs. H. McK. Twombley, Mrs. Harold Brown, and Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish. There will also be a fancy dress ball, a subscription affair, at the Golf Club, besides scores of smaller functions. The new polo grounds on Bateman's Avenue will be opened at the same time, with a special match game between two picked teams, including such veteran players as Foxhall Keene, Harry Payne Whitney, Stanley Mortimer and George Eustus. Next, is the tennis tournament, less interesting than last year's, because there are to be no trans-Atlantic visitors. After that, the Horse Show and the coaching parade which, former reports to the contrary notwithstanding, is *not* to be supplanted by an automobile parade. Yet, in spite of all this blaze of fashion at the end, the season has been a quiet and restful one. If you consider the matter, you will see that this ought to appeal to all but the very young enthusiastic, because Lent alone does not furnish enough time to rest up for a whole year of frivolity and the summer was made for a vacation.

The notable engagement of the year links a historic family of the New World with a very aristocratic one of the old. The odd thing, considering that it is an international engagement with a title involved, is that the groom has the fortune. It is a love match, this of Julia Dent Grant, granddaughter of the General, to Prince Catacuzene of Russia, a lieutenant in the Russian Imperial Guards, and one of the largest landowners in Eastern Europe. The young people met in Rome, where he was stationed with the Russian Embassy, and the Prince, it is said, succumbed at first sight. Miss Grant and her aunt, Mrs. Potter Palmer, had their stay in the Eternal City made very pleasant by his efforts and those of his compatriots. When Mrs. Palmer took her charge to Cannes and Paris, he followed them, and in the latter city, the during May of this year, the engagement was announced. The Prince is but twenty-five years of age, and is now the head of his family, through the late death of his father. A sort of Slavonic Sir Galahad in character, he has yet a charming personality. It was expected that he would visit Newport this summer, but the army maneouvres, from which it is nearly impossible to obtain leave of absence, keeps him in his own land until September, when the marriage is to take place. At Mrs. Palmer's beautiful summer palace, "Beaulieu," his coming will be marked by a fortnight of festivities, preceding the ceremony.

RAYMOND RUSH.

Newport, Aug. 5.

The Tryst of Queen Hynde.

Queen Hynde was in the rowan-wood with scarlet fruit aflame,
Her face was as the berries were, one sun-hot wave of shame.
With scythes of fire the August sun mowed down vast swathes of shade;
With blazing eyes the waiting Queen stared on her steel-blue blade.
"What, thirsty hound," she muttered low, "with thirst you flash and gleam;
Bide, bide a wee, my bonny hound, I'll show ye soon a stream!"
The sun had tossed against the West his broken scythes of fire
When Lord Gillanders bowed before his Queen and Sweet Desire.
She did not give him smile or kiss; her hand she did not give:
"But are ye come for death," she said, "or are ye come to live?"
Gillanders reined and looked at her: "Hynde Queen, and Love," he said,
"I wooed in love, I come in love, to this the tryst we made.
Why are your eyes so fierce and wild; why is your face so white;
I love you with all my love," he said, "by day and by night."
"What o' the word that's come to me, of how my lord's to wed
The lily-white maid o' one that has a gold crown on his head?
What o' the word that yesternight ye wantoned with my name,
And on a windy scorn let loose the blown leaf o' my shame?"
The Lord Gillanders looked at her, and never a word said he,
But sprang from off his black horse and sank upon his knee.
"This is my love," said white Queen Hynde, "and this, and this, and this"—
Four times she stabbed him to the heart while she his lips did kiss.
She left him in the darkling wood; and as she rose she sang
(The little notes swirled out in air amid the horse-hoof clang):
My love was sweet, was sweet, was sweet, but not so sweet as now.
A deep long sleep my sweet love has beneath the rowan-bough.
They let her in, they lifted swords, his head each one did bare;
Slowly she bowed, slowly she passed, slowly she clomb the stair.
Her little son she lifted up, and whispered 'neath his cries:
"The old King's son, they say; mayhap; he has Gillander's eyes."

—Fiona Macleod in Literature.

Sweet butter can't be made in a sour churn. The stomach is a churn. A foul stomach fouls the food put into it. When the food is fouled the blood made from it is fouled also. Foul blood means disease. Cleanse the churn and you have sweet butter. Cleanse the stomach and you have pure blood. The far reaching action of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is due to its effect on the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition. Diseases that begin in the stomach are cured through the stomach.

"Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has proved a great blessing to me," writes Mrs. Ellen E. Bacon, of Shutesbury, Franklin Co., Mass. "Prior to September, 1897, I had doctored for my stomach trouble for several years, going through a course of treatment without any real benefit. In September, 1896, I had very sick spells and grew worse; could eat but little. I commenced to take Dr. Pierce's medicine and in a short time I could eat and work. I have gained twenty pounds in two months."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing *only*. Send 21 one-cent stamps for paper-bound volume, or 31 cents for cloth binding, to Dr. R. V. Pierce, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

SNARELY.

"The last time I was up in the hemlock belt I missed the only train that ran that day from Geeville to Scrubb's Junction. The junction was only three miles away and as I had plenty of time to catch a train there I thought I would walk. I had tramped over the rough and lonely road about half the way when I came to a log cabin surrounded by an acre or so of cleared ground. A lank, yellow-bearded backwoodsman was sitting on a stump just off the road. I stopped and said:

"'Whose clearing is this?'

"'Snarely's', said the man.

"'Are you Snarely?' I inquired.

"'You kin bet your boots I be!' he replied, 'and I'm jist spilein, to be' lectioneered with, too! You'm a candidate, ain't you?'

"I told him I wasn't a candidate, and I thought he looked woefully disappointed.

"'I kind o' hoped you was', said he. 'The tie business an' the hoop-pole busines an' the bark business we kin keep goin' nigh on to pooty much all the year through, but candidates only comes wunst a year an' don't last long, an' we like to get arun on 'em all we kin.'

"I passed him my flask, he sampled its contents generously and placed it on the stump beside him.

"'I s'pose you've heerd that b'ar is more than crowdin' one another in the woods around here this fall, hain't you?' said he.

"I told Snarely that I hadn't heard of it.

"'That's queer,' he said. 'Ain't a candidate, hay? Then you must be buyin' tan bark.'

"No; I wasn't buying tanbark, I told him.

"'You're lucky!' said Snarely. 'Bark is getting mighty scarce around this neck o' the hemlock timber. Peelins is few and a long shot betwixt 'em. Bark would be bound to come high if you wanted to buy any around here. I jist thought I'd warn you. I've got quite a jag o' bark myself to dicker off. You didn't happen to hear what folks was willin' to sell out for bark this year, did you?'

"I told Snarely that I hadn't heard.

"'Mebbe you'd like to go down to the swamp an' take a leetle turn out'n a b'ar?' said he, after pondering a while. 'I'll take the dogs down and mebbe you mowt strike luck and hev a bully good rassell. No? 'Feard on 'em, mebbe? There hain't no harm in b'ar if ye only know how to take 'em. Why that boy Pete 'o mine, only t'other day, tripped down to the swamp to chip some tamarack for gum' He hadn't got back yit 'long t'ord night, and his mammy thought,t somebody orter kinder go down an, see if Pete hadn't fell in the swamp hole an' drowned, or sumpin' o' that kind. Zeke was peelin' a coon, an' couldn't leave it, an' I was busy greasin' the bark wagon; but I went down to the swamp to see if there was any sign o' Pete. I met him half way up the Blazed Ridge, tuggin' to drag a pooty good-sized b'ar along with him.

"'"Hullo, Pete!" says I. "Shell I give you a lift with him?" says I.

"'"No, you needn't, dad," says Pete. "But you mowt go inter the edge o' the swamp an' fotch up t'other one," says he.

"'I went in, and there laid another b'ar, bigger'n the one Pete was snakin' up the ridge. I yanked him out, an' we got 'em both home. They had stuck their noses inter Pete's business as he was chippin' the trees, and he turned to an' chipped the b'ar, and one of 'em was an old socker, I tell you!'

"'How old did you say he was?' I asked.

"'Who? The b'ar?' said Snarely.

"'No! Your boy Pete,' I replied.

"'Oh! I didn't say,' said he; but Pete must be climbin' pooty clus to 'leven, and if he had Zeke's health he'd turn out better'n sixteen ounces to the pound. Did I hear ye say what was the top notch you'm offerin' fer hoop poles?'

"'No,' said I. 'I ain't offering anything fer hoop poles.'

"'Oh!' said Snarely. 'Ain't you hoop-pole buyin' nuther?'

"And I assured him that I wasn't hoop-pole buyin'.

"'Sing'lar,' said he.' 'Most everybody buys hoop poles! Humph! Why, yes. There's more sign o' b'ar than I've seen in twenty year. Now, if ye only had a hankerin' arter a whack or so at b'ar hide, I'd outie ol' Belix, an' we'd go down and hussle one out. Belix is my b'ar dog and he's a terror to 'em I have to keep him tied up or he'd clean out the swamps before two weeks an' spile all the fun. I let him out twice a week, so he kin edge over and git a b'ar now an' then, so's to keep his hand in an' his humor good. He hain't been out yit this week, an' if you say the word I'll outie him an' you kin have a bar'l o' fun with him an' a b'ar.'

"I told the obliging proprietor of old Belix that I was afraid I wouldn't have time.

"'I see you don't hanker after b'ar, Cap,' said he. That's onfort'nit for you, but if you don't hanker after b'ar, there's a cattymoun't as big as a sheep keeps over on t'other side o Tammarack. Tain't more'n three miles from here, goin' roun', but you kin cut through the b'ar swamp an' make it in a mile. Mebbe you'm achin' to go tackle the cattymount?'

"I was positive that my desire in that respect was not giving me the slightest pain, and I told Snarely so. He sampled my flask again and said:

"'Don't care for that nuther, hay? Well, Cap, I'd like to do sump'in to make it cheerful for you, as you journey through the hemlock belt, an' mebbe it'd satisfy you to go out an' see Zeke dig a groun' hog out. There ain't much excitement 'bout diggin' out a groun' hog, though, unless, your pork bar'l's empty an' you're dependin' on who kin dig the fastest, you or the groun' hog, whether you git any dinner or not that day. Shell I send Zeke out to unearth a groun' hog for you?'"

"I declined the offer with thanks.

"That don't ketch ye, nuther, hay?' said he. 'Wall, Cap, I'm durn sorry I hain't got a tame doe rabbit 'round the plantation' or I'd bring her in and hold her up while ye slugged her with my ol' army musket, jist to give ye a sip o' how it feels to be a hunter. It's too bad I hain't got none. As to ties, now, what be you payin this year?'

"'Ties!' said I.

"'Yes,' replied Snarely. 'Railroad ties. You don't mean to tell me that you ain't looking up railroad ties, nuther.?'

"'Not even railroad ties,' said I.

"'Well, that beats me all to thunder!' exclaimed Snarely. 'Ain't a candidate; don't hanker fer b'ar; ain't buyin' bark; gives cattymounts the go-by; ain't nosin' round after hoop poles; don't care for ground hog diggin'; an' ain't lookrn' up ties! Say you'm a nat'ral born curiosity, and I've got a good notion to holler up the hull fam'ly, the ol' woman and Sairy Lib and Zeke and Pete and ol' Belix, an' the hull durn caboodle of 'em an' let 'em have a look at you, Cap, 'cause they'll never have the chance to see the likes of you ag'in in the hull spread o' hemlock belt waters, not if they live to be a hundred years old apiece!"

"He didn't holler the family up, though; but after pondering awhile, he said:

"'But, anyhow, if you've got any friends that likes to b'ar hunt, you kin tell 'em that there'll be more b,ar in the hemlock belt this year than there is sheep in pas'tur; an' if any one wants a b'ar or two, an' hain't got time to come out here and pick 'em out hisself jist send me word, an' me an' Belix'll mosey over to Tamarack an' gether 'em in. Here's all the hair off your head, Cap!'

"Then he emptied my flask and handed it back. I put it in my pocket. It was time to be moving, and I asked Snarely the best way to get to the Junction road.

"'Well,' said he, 'there's a way that takes you over the ridge yonder, an' a way that leads down through the holler. If I was goin' ter strike out for the Junction 'bout this time o' day I'd take the road through the holler, ten to one.'

"So I thanked him and started on the road that he said led through the hollow. I hadn't gone more than a hundred yards when Snarely hailed me. I stopped and waited to hear what further he had to say.

"'Mebbe you don't know the reason why I'd take the road through the holler?' he shouted.

"I shouted back, that I didn't.

"'Well,' said he, 'its because if I took the road over the ridge I would't meet a consarned b'ar an' that'd make it lonesome! Always sure to meet 'em on the holler road!'

"Whereupon I tacked and took the road that led over the ridge. I turned and looked back once more at Snarely's clearing. Snarely was rolling in the road, laughing fit to die and kicking up his heels like all posessed. And to this day I'm glad I didn't have a gun. But I am also glad that I walked, for if I hadn't I wouldn't have met Snarely."—*N. Y. Sun.*

Jesse Moore "AA" whiskey is a gentleman's drink.

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Blue Lakes Hotel

CONDUCTED in a quiet, home-like manner. The best of tables, fine fishing and hunting. Inclosure of 25x 60 feet in shallow water for women and children. Rates $10 to $12 per week in hotel or cottages, according to location Ample accomodation. Round trip, good for six months, $9.50, via S. F. and N. P. to Ukiah, thence by stage from Palace Hotel. Address J. WILSON, Bertha P. O., Lake Co., Cal.

CAPITOLA

WITH ITS SUPERB HOTEL, cozy cottages and tent grounds, bids all to enjoy its rejuvenating climate, fine scenery and pleasures. Finest surf-bathing. hot salt water baths, boating, salmon and other fishing, golf links and other amusements, drives, walks and bicycling, etc For accomodations at Hotel Capitola, address FRANK M. SMITH, the new manager, Capitola, Cal. For cottages and tent grounds, address FRANK RHANIER, Superintendent. Capitola. Write for folders

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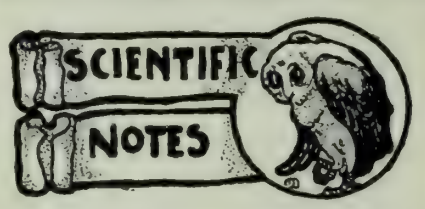
A SUPERB resort in the Sierras, 6507 feet elevation. Modern comforts. with wildness and grandeur on every side. Mineral springs, excellent table and cordial hospitality. Trout fishing not excelled anywhere. Rates $10 to $16 per week; round trip $13.50. Address J. B. SCOTT, Truckee, Cal.

Lake County

NEW nineteen-passenger Yosemite stages, all outside seats, leave Calistoga daily, Sundays excepted, at 11:30 a.m, direct to Harbin, Seigler, Adams, Howard, Anderson, Astorgs and Glenbrook. Passengers have half an hour for lunch at Calistoga. This line also runs direct to Middletown, Lower Lake, Kelseyville and Lakeport

WILLIAM SPIERS, Proprietor.



SHEEP SHEARING–Various automatic devices have been contrived from time to time, to facilitate the process of sheep shearing, but not with the satisfactory results desired. One of the most recent mechanisms in this line is, however, said to be so effective as a substitute for hand work that it is coming into extensive use in some of the wool-raising States, and, so rapid is the operation that one man has been reported to have sheared two hundred and ten sheep in one day, while the general average is about one hundred daily, four minutes being the minimum time for shearing, in each case, by employing this machine. The wool is taken off in one piece, leaving the animal as smooth and clean as though it had been shaved, while the only force required of the shearer is that of holding the sheep and guiding the clippers. The well-known operators in this line, Long Brothers of Sycamore, Ill., are said to have clipped no less than fifteen thousand sheep with the new machines, an additional advantage in their employment being also mentioned, viz., that about one pound more wool is obtained from each sheep than was possible in the old way.

THE OPAL MINES in Mexico and the United States have been about exhausted, no gems of much value being extracted from them, though at one time large sums were made out of these mines. Opals occur in veins in the same manner as silver and gold. Those coming from below the level of water in a mine are not considered desirable. They may lose their color or crack after being exposed to the sunlight, so as soon as a mine reaches water level, it is abandoned.

ON THE NEW street cars between St. Paul and Stillwater there will be air brakes and whistles, the air being supplied by a small motor which operates an air pump. The whistles will be used in the country, where a high rate of speed is maintained. Each car is also to be provided with a telephone and fifty feet of wire. Each half mile there will be a place where this telephone can be attached, so that the conductor can communicate with the power house or car barn.

THE FIRST ELECTRIC CART of the firemen in Paris is now running on the streets and has already begun its work of saving life and property. It is a handsome vehicle, with a seat in front for several firemen, and a horizontal steering wheel. Back of this is a "dos-a-dos" arrangement which will permit of seating several firemen. Between these seats is a box for hose. The batteries are carried underneath, and scaling ladders are carried at the side.

The latest conclusion of the scientist is that petroleum is of organic origin, derived from either animal or vegetable remains. He also argues for the importance of rock structure in determining the position of petroleum deposits, and further, that the oil is formed in the identical stratum or rock in which it is found.

Sixty-seven motor cars started on July 16th to race around France, at a distance of some fourteen hundred and fifty miles. It is expected that the trip will occupy nine days.

WAKELEE'S... Foot Powder FOR Golfers, Hunters, Fisherman.....

Relieves and Cures Hot, Swollen, Smarting, Aching, Sweating and Tired Feet.
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Metal Checks Steel Stamps

LEGAL NOTICES

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES in and for the Northern District of California.

IN THE MATTER OF CHARLES E. KIBBEY, Bankrupt.

Take notice that Charles E. Kibbey, bankrupt above named, has been duly adjudicated a bankrupt under the Act of Congress of July 1, 1898, and that the first meeting of the Creditors has been called to meet at the office of the undersigned, at room 94, Chronicle Building, San Francisco, California, on Saturday, the 2nd day of September, 1899, at the hour of 11 o'clock a.m, for the purpose of proving their claims against the estate of said bankrupt; and that at the same time and place all creditors whose claims have been duly proven and allowed shall appoint one or three trustees of said estate.

Dated San Francisco, August 16th, 1899

MILTON J. GREEN,
Referee in Bankruptcy
in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES in and for the Northern District of California.

IN THE MATTER OF GEORGE MAYERLE, Bankrupt.

Take notice, that George Mayerle, bankrupt above named, has been duly adjudicated a bankrupt under the Act of Congress of July 1, 1898, and that the first meeting of the creditors has been called to meet at the office of the undersigned, at room 94, Chronicle Building, San Francisco, California, on Saturday the 2nd day of September, 1899, at the hour of 11 o'clock a.m., for the purpose of proving their claims against the estate of said bankrupt; and that at the same time and place all creditors whose claims have been duly proven and allowed shall appoint one or three trustees of said estate.

Dated San Francisco, August 17th, 1899.

MILTON J. GREEN,
Referee in Bankruptcy
in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

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Farewell week of FLORENCE ROBERTS
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Staged and Costumed to the Period.
Beginning September 3d, opening of the New Stock Season in "Christopher, Jr."
Prices—15c, 25c, 35c, 50c.

Columbia Theatre

Sunday night, Last time—
"A Southern Gentleman"
Beginning Next Monday, August 28th
MR. CLAY CLEMENT
And his own company Elaborate production of the beautiful play
THE NEW DOMINION
Mr. Clement as Count von Hohenstauffen

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Week Commencing August 28th.
Grand Opera Season.
Cavalliera and Pagliacci
Last times to-night and Sunday evening
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Gioconda—Monday, Wednesday, Friday, Saturday Evenings.
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Great Cast in each Opera.
Popular Prices—25 and 50c.
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NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT—POTOSI MINING COMPANY.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 12th day of August, 1899 an assessment (No 53) of fifteen (15) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 79, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 14th day of September, 1899, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Thursday, the 5th day of October, 1899, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.
CHARLES E. ELLIOTT, Secretary.
Office, room 79 Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

A BACHELOR'S HONEYMOON.

John Stapleton's "A Bachelor's Honeymoon" is about as good a farce comedy as one could wish to see. It is true there is little wit in the dialogue, but the situations are laughable and the piece has plenty of action and is clean and good-humored from beginning to end. It is to be hoped that the aggregation of persons playing in it at the California will get over the effects of their travels or family jars or whatever was the matter on the opening evening, for notwithstanding the excellence of the piece itself the performance was largely a failure. Some portion of the New York public may glow over the acting of Miss Delia Stacey, but while she might live through a one-scene sketch at the Orpheum it is too much to ask of a long-suffering public to have her occupy the stage for an entire evening. Miss Stacey's singing can scarcely be called her strong point either, though she had a chance to add a "Philippine" verse to her song. Charles Bates as Dr. Rudwing Schwartz undoubtedly did the best work of the evening, while McVay as the Bachelor was quite good. After this engagement the California will be closed for a thorough renovation.

THE TIVOLI.

It was worth while being at the Tivoli just to hear that applause at the end of Berthald's solo. It rose up from the parquet and it rained down from the balcony, and the boxes forgot their reserve. He was called back and back and back, and he dragged forward one associate after another, but it was Canio the people wanted, poor maddened Canio of Pagliacci. Throughout the Monday night cast, it was the men carried off the honors. They will do the same on the alternate nights. Too much depends on Nedda to have her treated as indifferently as Anna Lichter treats her. Her voice rises and falls with the same delicate flutters as ever, but there is a lack of feeling that the audience realizes. Mary Linck as the Santuzza of Cavalliera Rusticana does better. There is an impassioned quality in her tones that suits the part. But still the fact remains, that the men hold up the performance.

Zani struggles manfully and shows the result of laborious study. He is a bit disappointing in the place of Schuster. But William Mertens! His prologue! His Tonio! I was glad I was there. Rhys Thomas as Turridu carries a strong part less strongly than I expected. The later week will see an improvement. Charlotte Beckwith, my adored of comic opera, rose to her wee occasion in Lola with more appreciation and voice than I dreamed was in her. Altogether it is a good week down there at the Tivoli.

A SOUTHERN GENTLEMEN

One goes to a play dealing with Southern life rather expecting to see the same old run of characters. He can be perfectly sure of meeting the chivalric old gentleman, with a military title of course, the negro mammy, the faithful slave, the clinging-vine type of heroine, beloved of romantic Kentucky or Virginia, and the haughty Southern youth. These are the common elements; the decayed country lawyer, the deck-hand and a few others are also possibilities to be thrown in for seasoning *ad lib*, but the afore-mentioned principals are as certain as the introduction of Confederate uniforms and of high-flown diction. I had expected all this when I went to see Clay Clement's new production, "A Southern Gentleman" and I got it.

Outside of these hackeyed features, the so-called comedy may be described as a toned-down melodrama without a plot, if you can conceive of such a melodrama. A bloody and relentless villain murders a man under pretence of fighting a duel with him, and then, after a laspe of some 22 years, pays court to his daughter. The interval, it may be added, has been placed to no virtuous advantage. In the old-time melodrama, a file of soldiers would have removed him in chains, or he would have shot himself two inches above his black wig to escape the police waiting outside. In Mr. Clement's anomalous play, the villain drifts gently out into the night, after receiving a thorough raking-over from the persecuted heroine and the self-sacrificing hero. If melodrama we must have, I prefer the real thing. It has more thrill, and just as much art. There is not even a strong situation in this play, except, perhaps, the one where the Southern Gentleman, as portrayed by Clement himself, rises to a denunciation of the villain and checks himself on the sight of the woman to whom the denunciation will bring the loss of an ideal. Otherwise the slender and strained material is badly handled and drowned in a deluge of words.

It is the sort of play that makes one a little uncomfortable, because one feels perfectly sure that the actors themselves know what an unnatural thing they are trying to make artistic, and cannot convince themselves, let alone the audience. The virtue in it all lies in the fact that it is healthy, what there is of it. It is a stringing together of some picturesque and intimate scenes of Southern life, and it is not touched with decadence, which negative praise for a play means something nowadays. Milk and and water is not stimulating, but is wholesome. Clement has made really a good play, a new theme around a new character in "The New Dominion"; why he did not open here with that tested success instead of this anomaly passes all understanding.

Clement himself is the whole show, but even his subie and graceful acting cannot save it. He has given himself a fat part, but not one which affords him much opportunity after all, and those who see him wrestling with the role of General Carroll this week should not judge him until they have seen him as the Baron in "The Old Dominion." The rest of the company, in the rare spaces in which the star part gave them a chance, were a little above fair. Mrs. Clement was out of her element as the persecuted horoine, pursued by a villain and in love with a man whom her mother rejected. Considering that his part called for unnatural black-heartedness of the old-time stamp, Augustus Cook did well as the abandoned Creole. Miss O'Malley did a good piece of work throughout as an old Southern mammy. The production bore the stamp of Clement's careful stage management. I.

Duel Scene From "A Southern Gentleman"

The Original Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

BOLD MISS BATES

In the individuality of Miss Blanche Bates there is no lack of enterprise. To suggest that there are roles which she has not essayed is to incite her to enact them. Her daring and vital personality is not to be deterred by the mention of difficulties, intellectual, temperamental, or physical. With the same fine insouciance, she undertakes the Dancing Girl, Madame Sans Gene, Lady Gay Spanker, Hedda Gabler and Rosalind. Last week she slipped from Boucicault to Ibsen and thence to Shakespeare without a tremor or a stumble and managed to identify each part, if not with it finest qualities, at least with a colorable imitation thereof. Such a superb daring and energy coupled with so much genuine ability are not paralleled on the stage to-day.

Is not Miss Bates doing too much? Each of these characters for its embodiment requires study and experience. It is true, a talented actress might, at a first venture, intuitively realize and render Rosalind; but hardly after a comparatively successful presentation of "Hedda Gabler." It was a clever and insteresting Rosalind that she gave us, but the degree of her success is rather to be measured by the conditions under which it was achieved than by comparison with Julia Marlowe or Ada Rehan. To commence with, Blanche Bates' temperament fits her rather for tragic and heroic roles, than for high comedy. She has not the fine constraint, the delicacy of sentiment essential to Rosalind. Her comedy too often broadens into farce. In her efforts to suggest maidenly modesty when in doublet and hose she encounters Orlando in the forest, she was droll rather than constrained. Her diffidence was skittish coyness, rather than refinement of feeling. The lines were given with charm and harmony of expression and as a figure, this actress was gracefully effective, but she was not an ideal, nor a real Rosalind as she was a real Mme. Sans Gene.

In the same manner Alfred Hickman is to be commended for his rendering of Orlando—the part was quite unfitted to his figure and personality, but really he did it well considering. His talent lies in a different direction; but he is a conscientious artist and seldom falls below the level. Miss Van Buren was such a queenly Celia that one almost forgave her lack of art. As for the others—they were honestly inadequate.

The large number of patrons who crowded the Black and Colored Dress Goods aisles of J. J. O'Brien & Co. during the business hours of the past few days was the most satisfactory proof that the various lines advertised by them to be on sale throughout the present week were found to be as they expressed it, Positive Bargains at the Prices Quoted. Among the other leading attractions offered by J. J. O'Brien are their Ladies' Tailor-made Suits and Black Silk Waists, which are being sold at remarkably low prices. These goods comprise the season's very latest patterns.

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"THE Market Place."

APART from plot interest and cleverness of construction, *The Market Place* (F.A Stokes Co.) presents a literary problem of some merit. Harold Frederic was an American born and bred and singularly well acquainted with the detail of certain phases of American life, As the correspondent of the N. Y. *Times* he became expatriated, lived in England for many years and finally began to write novels of English life. His studies of native character and environment had been notable for grasp of the subject and accuracy of observation. Even *Theron Ware*, written in London, years after the author had left New York was singularly truthful in its delinination of individualities in specific relations. It was distinctly American. However one might quarrel with the scheme of the book, the *dramatis personæ* were singularly vital.

Then followed *Gloria Mundi* a curious study of an individual in an aristocratic environment under extraordinary circumstances. In the handling of the young Frenchman, so singularly transformed into an English nobleman, there was demonstrated subtlety rather than strength. A personality of excessive sensibilities and many moods was developed, and much skill was shown in the characterization, but the figure that stood forth had not the lifelike qualities which made Thereon Ware, also a weak man, so real. In *The Market Place*, again, the *metier* is distinctly English, as too, are the *dramatis personæ* yet, though the leading figure, Stormont Thorpe, is strong and ruthless, the effect is, on the whole, superficial. It is a slight story, which falls below its opportunities, in spite of being cleverly put together. The point is that this book and its predecessor are the product of conscious observation, whereas *The Copperhead*, *In the Valley* and *Theron Ware* represented the knowledge and information that had been absorbed during the earlier years of the author's life—the knowledge which was in his brain and his blood through nativity and upbringing. In *The Market Place* the details have been gathered by a man of middle life, and though the correct utilization of them is the mark of a fine brain, yet reverse the situation and set it in Frederic's own environment, and he would have had at his finger's ends an infinity of material to work with, that would have been reflected into the background.

A BEAR SQUEEZE.

The story may be called the history of a "bear squeeze." The hero, Stormont Thorpe, has acquired a rubber commission from the Mexican government, which, though he had already sold it to a broken-down friend in Central America, he proceeds to promote and sell on the London market. He organizes a corporation with an ornamental directorate capitalized for two and one-half million dollars, and with half a million shares at $5 each. The vendor takes 400,000 shares as his purchase price, the remaining 100,000 being offered to the public. After the subscription list has been opened for a few days, it is found that the public have only applied for 5000 shares. It seems the promotion has failed, and Thorpe in a mode of deep depression, is walking down Throgmorton street, wondering what his next turn must be. He observes that a group of South African Jews, who have interfered with him before, are "hammering" his securities, offering them before allotment at discount of seven-eighths, three-fourths, and a half. An idea strikes him—how can shares be delivered that have not been alloted. He goes at once to his broker Colin Semple, and the two put up a deal. The broker gets his office boys, clerks and pals to make application for the 95,000 rubber consols, and provides the coin, $47,000, to complete the transaction. The board duly allots the shares, and the corner is "rigged." The Kaffir crowd has sold 26,000 shares and there are none in the market except the 5000 which are scattered all over the country. In six months Thorpe puts the $5 shares up to $75, and takes two and a half million out of his Hebraic enemies. There are ups and downs to the transaction; at times the corner is in imminent danger of collapse. Had it not been for extraordinary luck, exposure must have been precipitated by the return to England of Tavender, the man to whom Thorpe had sold the concession. However, he successfully weathers all storms, and comes out at the end gloriously triumphant, rich, with a beautiful wife and a superb establishment. Eminently readable, *The Market Place* is yet distinctly below the possibilities of subject and background. The chance for an illuminative rendering of the English Stock Exchange is missed, and we have much futile wandering on the continent, and discussion with a prosaic sister, who, while utilized as the medium to explain events, adds nothing to the story. The suggestion of Lady Cressage is slight and tentative, but the rendering of Lord Plowden, the young Englishman, who assists Thorpe in creating his company, is excellent. In conclusion, it is only proper to give the illustrations the compliment they deserve. They are charming, though they appeared to better advantage in the *Saturday Evening Post*, of Philadelphia, in which *The Market Place* was originally published.

Dr. C. W. Decker, Dentist, 806 Market Street

The Mormon Prophet.

It is a favorite theory of mine that no American need cross the ocean for literary material. In our own history there are events and episodes in plenty awaiting conversion into novels and stories. We have neither wars of the Roses nor of the Spanish successions, it is true, to draw upon, nor feudal institutions nor Castles on the Rhine to make romance out of, but the last hundred years have been full of progress and action, of wars and movements. The up-building of a great nation in so brief a period is in itself an incident of extraordinary value, but in the wide continent, besides, there are few localities that do not yield to exploration episodes of real life, characteristic of flavor and full of human interest. It is true there is not in America material for such a novel as *Tristram Lacy* by W. H. Mallock, which is the flower of an older civilization than our own, but there abounds the stuff for stories of great achievement, of heroism and of conquest, be it in the mart or in the field.

A notable example of the possibilities of American fiction is *The Mormon Prophet*, (D. Appleton & Co.) by Lily Dougal. Most people are vaguely aware of the origin of the Church of the Latter Day Saints and have dim ideas of the evolution of Joseph Smith, Junior, and the book of Mormon. This novel is founded on the career of the so-called Prophet and utilizes as its material the origin of the sect, its persecutions, up to the building of Kirkland and Quincy, and the subsequent creation of Nauvoo City, a series of events almost without parallel in modern times. There is no plot in the sense of an embroglio; the narrative details the life of Susannah a beautiful young girl who, strangely influenced by Joseph Smith, leaves home and family to be baptized and at his behest marries Angel Halsey, a young Quaker who is one of the early disciples of Mormonism. Their career together, the cruel oppressions the followers of Smith undergo, the progression of the sect from New York to Ohio and thence to Quincy, make a series of striking episodes, which set before the reader this extraordinary movement in a singularly vivid manner.

JOSEPH SMITH.

The figure of the novel is Joseph Smith who is first introduced as an uncouth, modest young man, "large, blue-eyed, mild." He is already the victim of persecution on account of the announcement of the revelation of the golden book which was shown to him by the Angel Maroni. His character is unfolded with great skill, largely through the agency of conversations and discussions with Susannah to whom he goes in his difficulties and who, incredulous herself, draws from him explanations of his revelations and inspirations. The personality of this prophet is rendered in the light of modern psychical research and indeed it is on a scientific basis that the supernatural manifestations with which this early history abounds, are treated. The author in the preface states it her belief that Smith was "genuinely deluded by the automatic freaks of a vigorous but undisciplined brain, and that, yielding to these, he became confirmed in the hysterical temperament which always adds to delusion self-deception, and to self-deception, half-conscious fraud. In his day it was necessary to reject a marvel or admit its spiritual significance; granting an honest delusion as to his visions and his books, his only choice lay between counting himself the sport of devils or the agent of heaven; an optimistic temperament cast the die." The conditions of life in the early days of the century and the character of the people, descended from Covenanters and Quakers, rendered them susceptible to religious excitement. Revivals were many and with them came a wave of psychical phenomena which in many places were interpreted as the direct interposition of God. The rest of the populace explained all such supernatural signs or tokens as evidences of demoniac possession and hence the cruel persecutions which were heaped on the unfortunate Mormons.

This is explanation rather than criticism, however. The *Mormon Prophet* falls but little short of being a great novel. The details are too crowded for the subject to disengage itself to the highest artistic advantage. The rendering suffers by the very incredulity of Susannah which continually keeps the reader outside the movement rather than in sympathy with it. A certain monotony of tone is doubtless due to the desire for historical accuracy. Nor are the exigencies of time properly respected—the progression is too rapid to cover all that occurs. However, to handle to better advantage the problem and its individualities would require a mind of the first rank. Decidedly this is a notable book and far worthier of acclaim than many of those that are to-day in their tenth and twelfth editions. C.

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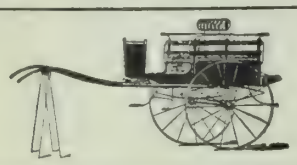

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New Stories Re-Told.

x x x

At Langtry, Texas, Squire Roy Bean who administers justice and keeps the leading saloon, had to sit in judgment on one Jim Anderson, a redheaded railroad clerk who had killed Ah Ling, a laundry man, for, as he claimed, insulting him. Anderson was arrested and brought before Magistrate Bean, who listened to the evidence, which was given by the accused himself, and then proceeded to turn the pages of his copy of the Revised Statutes: "This here book, which is a Texis law book" he announced, "says thet hommyside is th' killin' of a human, male ur female. They is many kinds of hommyside—murder, manslaughter, plain hommyside, negl'gent hommyside, justifi'ble hommyside an' praiseworthy hommyside. They is three kinds of humans—white men, niggers an' Mexikins. It stan's to reason thet a Chinym'n ain't human. Ef a Chinym'n was human, killin' of him would come under th' head of praiseworthy hommyside. Th' pris'ner is discharged, on conditions thet he pays f'r havin' th' Chink buried." Since this decision, the laundry work of Langtry has been done wholly by Mexicans.

x

In a conversation between Editor Medill and President Lincoln, during the war, the former asked the President as to the whereabouts of Sherman. "I can't say exactly" was Lincoln's reply. "The last time I heard from him" he added pointing to the map, "he had his artillery here, and his infantry here, and horse here, and expecting to bring them all together here. Now, when he does that he'll—but that reminds me of the horse-dealer in Kentucky who got baptized in the river. He asked to be immersed the second time. The preacher demurred, but the horse-jockey prevailed. When he came up from the second ducking he gasped: "There now! Now, the devil may go to hell!" "

x

A notorious cattle rustler named Dick Woods operated in the neighborhood of Langtry, Texas, for some time, His raids were almost invaribly successful and he managed to get away with several thousand head of cattle. Finally he was rounded up by a dozen stockmen and shot so thoroughly that he had 15 bullet holes in his right arm alone. The verdict rendered by Squire Bean, who presided at the inquest, is treasurered on the ra·ches as the acme of judicial wisdom: "This here party come to his death f'um too many of the other folks' cows an' about 400 pistols in th' han's of parties unbeknownsts t' me, th' jury."

x

When Henry Guy Carleton was living in Madison Square, he used to pass daily the New York club of which he was a member. One day a frivolous youth remarked to him. "I say Carleton; saw you this morning carrying your poodle through the Square. Good excuse of course, but guess I'd rather have my man do it if it were me." "Und-doubtedly said Carleton who stammers badly "when anyone sees m-me carrying m-my d-d-dog, they say, 'There g-g-goes Henry G-Guy Carleton with his d-dog. But if they should see y-you they'd ask, 'W-w-who's that in-infernal i-idiot c-c-carrying a p-p-poodle?' "

x

When General Ludlow was stationed at Detroit in charge of the river and harbor work, a contractor visited him who wanted to do some Government Commissions. With his visiting card, the contractor put on the table a fifty dollar bill. General Ludlow drew forth two cigars and gave the contractor one of them. Then turning to the table, and not seeing a match, he took the fifty dollar note, twisted it into a lighter, set it aflame at the open grate fire, and lit his cigar with tt slowly and carefully. Then he handed the burning stump of the bill to the contractor.

x

Lieut. Colonel Sargeant, in his capacity as military governor of Guantomo, had to inspect the premises of a wealthy Castilian who had declined to make changes ordered by his subordinates. Colonel Sargeant pointed to a huge pile of melodorous refuse matter and asked that is be removed at once. The hildago asked "*Cui bono*, your excellency" "That heap" Sargeant replied "is a nuisance to health and should have been cleared long long ago." The Spaniard bowed with great dignity. "If you insist, your excellency, yes, but you deprive my dogs of their favorite resting place."

x

Speaker Reed has the appointment of the host of the minor officials of the House of Representatives, but does not generally interfere with the matter of petty patronage. On one occasion, Congressman Walker of Mass. complained to the Speaker of an elevator man and requested his discharge. "My dear Mr. Walker," Reed replied "I regret to be obliged to refuse you what you ask, but it so happens that the man you mention is the only employee of the House whom I have appointed because of personal inclination on my own part."

x

F. W. Holl, Secretary of the American delegation to the Peace Conference, is a clever lawyer and noted at the New York bar for his quickness of wit. In court, on an occassion, he was interrupted with the question "Suppose there was three defendants." "That my dear sir," retorted Holls "is a question of grammar and not of law."

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VOL. XX. No. 10 SAN FRANCISCO —SEPTEMBER 2, 1899 — SEATTLE PRICE 10 CENTS

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THE WAVE

Is published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal, and Colman Building, Seattle, Wash.

Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months, $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

The trade is supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 342 Geary street; east of the Rocky Mountains by the American News Company, New York.

The Wave is kept on file and is for sale at Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France; 31 Union Square, New York City; 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.; and 206 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

For advertising rates and on all other matters pertaining to city business, address The Wave, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

All business matters pertaining to the Northwest should be addressed to Trevor Corry, Colman Building, Seattle, Wash.

Eastern representative, D. M. Foltz, 34 Park Row, New York.

THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY
PROPRIETORS

SAN FRANCISCO—September 3, 1899—SEATTLE

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EVENTS CURRENT.

Return of the California Volunteers.

The welcome given by San Francisco to the returning volunteers of the First California and the Heavy Artillery absorbed attention in the Golden Gate City, last week, to the exclusion of every other interest. So much happened in the course of the three days' celebration which marked the event, that it will be possible here to give only a bare outline. The transport *Sherman*, with the troops on board, was sighted off the Gate at 5:45 Wednesday afternoon, August 23, and news of the arrival was conveyed to the city by releasing of balloons, the blowing of whistles and sirens, and the ringing of bells. The ship was about a day ahead of schedule time, so that the city was not entirely ready with its celebration. Boats carrying the Citizens' Committee and Press representatives put off and got alongside at once, bringing back the first news. It was learned that three of the sick had died on the passage; otherwise the voyage had been pleasant and uneventful. The *Sherman* was anchored outside the Heads for the night, in anticipation of the big naval parade of next day, and remained there until early Thursday afternoon, when the parade, consisting of every available craft on the bay, came out to meet her. The multitude of vessels swung into line behind her, as she passed through the Gate, and escorted her to anchorage. The Health authorities gave her a clean bill that evening, and at dawn Friday, the *Sherman* was docked. That morning, the high-tide of the week for enthusiam, was begun by the disembarking of the regiment and a march to the ferry-building, where their relatives were gathered aud where they were breakfasted. They then took up their march to the Presidio, through a passageway kept clear, part of the time, by the police. Almost the entire population of San Francisco was along the line of march, together with over 100,000 visitors from outside points and this crowd was nearly beyond control, so that the procession was broken again and again by a rush of the mob, anxious to get at the regiment. The Californians went into camp at the Presidio, and were given leave of absence until next day; that night, the bay and city were illuminated, and there was a display of fireworks. On Saturday night, there was a huge night parade, the largest and, except for the heroes themselves, the least interesting pageant that ever took place in San Francisco. At its conclusion, the men were "fed" again at the ferry-building. This ended the big celebration, though there is to be a public reception and presentation of medals at the same time this week. Considering the size of the crowd and the hurried nature of the preparations, it is wonderful that there were so few accidents; barring a few minor occurrences, no one was hurt. The men, owing, doubtless, to their quiet station at Negros, came back in fairly good shape, not so plump as the well-fed Coloradans, but not nearly so emaciated as the Nebraskans and Oregonians.

War Impending in South Africa.

In the Transvaal, events are still moving toward that conflict which seems fated to ensue before very long between the two dominant white races of South Africa. The fear of the disastrous effects of war, including native uprisings, civil strife at Cape Colony and the wholesale destruction of property has kept both sides from the last recourse for many months, but even this dread cannot delay the outcome much longer. Last week, the Volksraad refused to give up the dynamite monoply, a grievance of the Uitlanders only second to their franchise disabilities; two or three days later, President Kruger made his offer regarding sufferage concessions, and Secretary Chamberlain promptly rejected it. The little republic has already refused arbitration. Thus every course but one—show of armed force—has been blocked. The Cape government is preparing, and the dispatch of forces from England continues. Arms and munitions are coming into the Transvaal by all available channels. The munitions held by the Portuguese at Delagoa Bay were only a part of a great quantity being smuggled in by various channels. Such a shipment was lately permitted by Cape Premier Schreiner to pass into Orange Free State. This has put him in bad odor among the British element. He contends, however, that a seizure would be a violation of neutrality, and reiterates his devotion to the Crown. A possible outcome of the affair may be the surrounding of the Transvaal by a cordon of British troops in order to show the Boers the futility of resistance.

The Dreyfus Affair.

The events of the week in the celebrated French affair have been only a confirmation of previous results. Still the burden of testimony lies in favor of the prisoner, still the Generals reiterate their belief in his guilt, and fail to produce any evidence to back this opinion. Their testimony has been pretty thoroughly shattered by the cross-examination of Maitre Labori, who has returned to the trial and is now the man of the hour. Two very important points have been made by the defence. The first is a body of testimony from handwriting experts in support of the belief that Colonel Esterhazy and not the accused wrote the *bordereau*. Almost the only expert who gave a dissenting opinion was M. Bertillion, inventor of the French system for measuring criminals, and a man who has always had a good reputation. He attempted to prove, by an elaborate system, that Dreyfus wrote the document, forging the hand of Esterhazy by tracing. His scheme was too complicated to be understood by the audience, however much weight it may have had with the judges. But the great preponderance of expert testimony favored Dreyfus. The second point, and by far the more important one, was the deposition of Captain Freystmeyer, one of the judges who voted for conviction at the original trial, and who now comes forward to repudiate his former opinion, to declare his belief in Dreyfus' innocence, and to reveal the proceedings of the court of 1894. His testimony gives the lie direct to that of former witnesses from among the original judges. He declares that the conviction was obtained on the testimony of Henry and Du Paty de Clam—the one a professed forger and suicide, the other discredited and afraid to appear at the trial—and not upon the secret dossier. This would go to prove that the hypothetical conspirators who engineered the first conviction overreached themselves, since no other one thing has been so ruinous to the prosecution as the disclosure of the forgeries, scandals and insinuations of that collection of documents. General Mercier, who was so sure of obtaining a verdict in favor of the army, is in a dangerous position; his testimony has been ripped up by Labori, his statements discredited by succeeding witnesses, and he is closely watched by the police in anticipation of arrest. Du Paty de Clam claims to be ill, and his testimony is to be taken privately; this is a favor to the prosecution, since he cannot then be cross-examined by Labori. The late disturbances evoked by this case have quieted down. The anarchist outbreak of two Sundays ago has not been repeated; only Guerin continues to furnish the one note of comedy in this tragedy of France by his stand against arrest; he still occupies his barricaded house, and the police still keep guard outside and negotiate with him.

Treachery of the Filipino Natives.

In an interview published in the last issue of the "Wave" a strong point was made of the treachery of the Filipinos and their elaborate spy system. The events of the past week have proved that this is not mere talk, but is a thing to be reckoned with in all our operations. Formerly, it has been noted that the natives have known and have anticipated all our movements, that they were able to "bunco" our commanders as they pleased. It has been a standing joke among the soldiers that a native attack was sure *not* to come at the place where the Governor-General's "exclusive" information predicted. The generals are now aware of this, and are fighting shy of "Amigos". Lawton is refusing passage to those who come in under flag of truce, firing on the men and ordering back the women and children. Major-General Otis, who wakes up to a situation some months after everyone else, has not yet realized all this; his official papers are still at the disposal of native servants. A startling proof of this treachery is the treason of the Mayor of San Pedro Macati, a professed friend of the Americans, who was caught last week recruiting for the army. All trustworthy reports would indicate that, as we are going to push our Fall campaign as energetically as circumstances and Otis will let us, so the natives are going to push theirs. They had played to hold off the Americans until the rainy season. In this they succeeded, and they are now recruiting and gathering supplies, which are being smuggled through from Japan. The War Department is considering the advisability of blockading all the principal ports. Six of the volunteer regiments of the first quota are under orders to be in San Francisco September 20. One or two more regiments above the twenty already ordered, may be recruited by the department, These, if raised, will be composed of negroes, and are designed to be used for garrison duty in the fever-haunted districts.

The Labor Problem in Hawaii.

The vexed question of contract *vs.* free labor is agitating Hawaii. It will be remembered that the Islands, under the old system of government, imported farm-hands in batches by contract. Most of these were Japanese coolies, and were kept under a system of semi-slavery, made very mild, however, by the construction put upon the laws by the authorities. This system had become an intregral part of the economic structure of Hawaii, nearly all plantations being operated by such laborers. There is a clause in the American constitution prohibiting absolutely the importation of laborers under contract, and when the Islands become a full integral part of the Republic the system must go. In establishing a temporary government for Hawaii, Congress failed to cover this point, and the contract method may still legally be followed. A month ago, nearly a thousand Portugese bound for Honolulu were held at Madeira, preparatory to shipment. United States Consul Jones, failing to understand the true state of affairs, officiously protested to their representatives, declaring the contract to be illegal and asserting that the men would not be allowed to land. This caused the laborers to repudiate their contract and refuse to ship. The Consul was censured by the State department, which pointed out his error. There has been a disposition on the part of Hawaiian planters to rush in as many laborers as possible pending the enforcement of the federal law, and this projected shipment of Portugese was a part of the general movement, which has also included the importation of nearly 15,000 Japanese since 1898. Quite recently the planters have rececived a sudden check from the action of President Dole, who has the right to authorize or annul permits for the landing of contract laborers, and who has refused to pass any more for the present. It may be observed that the existing temporary government is showing a commendable spirit in arranging this and all other matters in which they have discretion in accordance with American ideas, so that the change from the old order to the new shall be as gradual as possible. Failing in their efforts to crowd in contract laborers, the planters are likely to fall back on white laborers from the Pacific Coast, not brought in by contract, but lured to the Islands by the opportunity for employment.

Increasing Commerce With Our New Possession.

The fact that a policy of expansion is a benefit to American commerce, is clearly proven by the by the late report of the the Treasury Department concerning the exports and imports of the half-year just ended. The report does not include the shipment of supplies for the American army or for the relief of those temporarily destitute; it deals only with Simon-pure trade. The figures show that the exports to Porto Rico are 25 per cent grater than the average for a similar period of the preceeding decade. In like manner, the exports to Cuba have increased 50 per cent, to Hawaii 100 per cent. This increase is, in every case, materially greater than that of the banner years of '92 to '94, when the reciprocity act gave such stimulus to commerce with foreign countries. Imports from the new possessions are not quite up to previous standard, but this is entirely due to the paralysis of industry brought on by the turbulent year just past and by the devastation of their territories by war. Cuba, for example, is sending out very little of her heaviest export—sugar—because the cane-fields and mills were burned by the insurgents in the latter years of Spanish occupation. With this financial report, comes one from the War Department showing the financial status of Cuba under American rule. It is interesting as proving that the island is self-sustaining. In the half-year just past, receipts have exceeded expenses by over a million dollars, the total revenue from all sources being within a few thousands of seven millions.

Bryan Solid for Silver.

William J. Bryan's position on the silver question, as stated last week, was that of a man waiting to see how his party was going to swing before swinging into line himself. He had been keeping quiet on the silver question, and the party, particularly the Eastern section, always lukewarm that issue, was showing a general disposition to shelve silver. He has spoken at last, and his utterance puts him in a position antagonistic to his party. He declares that free silver *must* be the issue, that trusts and imperialism are only secondary, and intimates that he can take the nomination on no other basis. It remains to be seen whether the Bryan conscience is elastic enough to let him accept the leadership if, as is almost certain to be the case, the bimetalic plank is made secondary. He can have the place if he but bend to the majority's will; this seems certain. In that event, anti-imperialism will be the main issue. In the remote event of Bryan's refusing the nomination or of the party's refusing to nominate him, William C. Whitney, Secretary of the Navy under Cleveland, is talked of, but the possibility of his acceptance is doubtful. If he would run, he would prove a dangerous rival to McKinley, for he is backed by the biggest corporations in the country and seems to have an excellent popular standing. After him, there is a little talk of Judge Van Wyck and of Senator Gorman.

Revolution Gaining Ground in San Domingo.

At latest accounts, the revolution of Jiminez in San Domingo, which American observers have been disposed to ridicule as one of the opera-bouffe uprisings popular in the Spanish-American countries, is really a serious outbreak and has a good chance of ultimate success. The marauding bands of revolutionists who have been ranging the country engaging in skirmishes with the government forces are now making connections with one another; filibusters still continue to cross the line from Hayti. The city of Santiago de Los Caballeros came very near to falling into their hands last week, and was only saved by a determined sortie on the part of the government troops. A part of this force, returning from the relief of the city, was met and defeated by a section of the revolutionary army and rolled back to Monte Christi. In a number of unimportant engagements, the government men have lost heavily. Jiminez was off the coast of Cuba last week, and tried to land on the 28th, but was prevented by the authorities. A report has just come from his representative at San Domingo to the effect that the city had surrendered. This has not been confirmed, and, in view of its source, is doubtful.

British Naval Maneouvres.

The British naval maneouvres of this year were a bit unsatisfactory so far as general results are concerned. The problem to be worked out touched directly a point which has been discussed very warmly the past year—the chance of getting food-supplies to England in case of a blockade of its coast by an enemy. The general plan involved the interception of a convoy leaving the coast of Ireland to escort a fleet of supply-ships from America, by an enemy located at Belfast. The commanders of the British fleet were told the location of the enemy and of the supply-ships with their convoy, while the supposedly hostile fleet was kept in ignorance of the location of both fleets; to offset this, the British commanders gave twenty hours' start, and allowed to the "hostile" Commodore the swifter ships. The fleet of the enemy was supposed to scout, by torpedo-boat destroyers and swift cruisers, with a view of locating and capturing the supply-ships before the British arrived. In this, the commanders of the hostile fleet failed completely, never once sighting their opponents; the British captains made the junction and proceeded to Milford Haven unmolested. Therefore, the only principle of any moment established by these maneouvres, was the difficulty of locating an enemy at sea, and the importance of knowing your opponent's plans. A minor point of considerable consequence was the testing of wireless telegraphy. The Marconi apparatus was used on three British vessels and worked admirably, transmitting messages with perfect accuracy to a distance as great as thirty miles.

Political Corruption and Its Causes.

IN *Scribner's Magazine* for September, Robert Grant discusses the prevalence of political corruption in American and bribery in official life, in an amiable yet incisive way that ought to bring home to the every-day citizen a consciousness of his share of responsibility for the festering evils that disfigure American politics. The American people are not dishonest, however strongly appearances may seem to bear out the charge. Expose a wrong, and as a rule they make haste to mend it, but one must confess, it often requires a discouraging amount of culmulative evidence to awaken popular indignation and subsequent conviction. Imbedded at the root of most of our political corruption is that ineradicable phylloxera of politics, "Party Spirit"—the creature of a sickening, inexcusable sentimentality, intolerable to common sense, and unjustified in its existence, by past experience or future promise. Jones may be a Republican because that party advocates Protection and Sound money, and Green a Democrat because his party upholds Free trade and Free silver. A good many Republicans are Republicans because they are Republican and a good many Democrats, are Democrats for the very same good reason. They do not uphold a party for the sake of its principles, but rather uphold the principle for the sake of the party. But crediting Jones and Green with being the highest type of partisans, in adhering to their national parties for principle sake alone, they, by some false sense of party loyalty, are led to abandon a much higher and holier consideration.

Party Loyalty.

For party loyalty, by some mysterious mental operation' they both endorse knavery and fraud; both gulp down an entire party ticket, municipal, state and national, put up by party bosses, merely because it represents the ticket of their party. If in municipal affairs, the obliteration of party lines were possible, if the issues could be narowed down to a contest between honesty and dishonesty, or between what is synonymous, the people and the bosses, the question of honest municipal government would *ipso facto* be solved. No such condition is likey to continue for long, even if it ever presents itself. It cannot survive, in the nature of things. Party spirit would destroy it. Though White be elected mayor on a Citizen's ticket, he is at heart still a Republican or a Democrat. Such influence as he may possess by virtue of his office will very naturally, go toward assisting his national party at the ensuing state election. Municipal control assists materially toward state domination. State victories exercise a potent influence in national elections. The effect one has upon the other is always exaggerated by the party man, who as a rule would prefer a rascal of his own political faith to an honest man of contrary belief. "The baneful effects of Party Spirit" against which Washington solemnly warned the American people in his farewell address, are very much in evidence at this day. Spasms of virtue may take violent hold of a community, for a time party lines may be ignored, and the issue clearly made between good and bad government, but such conditions are essentially ephemeral. Political contests soon gravitate back to party lines; the victory of decency is forgotten and the leading spirits of the rebellion relegated to obscurity because they lack in party fealty. It is about useless to look for a remedy among partisans, nor can we even expect the ordinary voter to have a knowledge sufficient to make him even a fair judge of the qualifications—the honesty and competency—of the several candidates for a dozen or more offices. The time may come when these conditions may no longer exist, it is not here yet.

Dismissing for the present all hope from the partisan voter, still the outlook is not unpromising. The solution of at least one branch of the municipal problem seems reasonably simple. Why do dishonest men seek a legislative office? Not for the salary attached to it, for that is trifling, as a rule. It is the illegal profits that tempt them. Eliminate the possibility of such profits, and it would seem as though the dishonest alderman, to whom Mr. Grant makes reference, would also cease to exist. Remove the temptation, wipe out the enticing opportunities for "easy money," and forthwith the field becomes barren of interest to the bribe-gatherer. He will not scramble for an office lean of illegal gains, and fat, only in passing local honors.

Curbing Competition.

It has long been a pet theory of the American people that corporations needed curbing, and in the curbing process we have established boards of railroad commssioners, to whom have been delegated the legislative power to regulate transportation rates. We have taken from the legislature other prerogatives and vested in local legislative boards power to regulate certain *quasi-public* corporations, to grant or withhold municipal franchises and the like. Things have come to such a pass that besides employing general managers and superintendents these corporations maintain and control, as part of their equipment, some sort of a commission or regulating board to which has been delegated the power to regulate their earnings, and, perhaps, the power to terminate their existence. Here is where "opportunity" opens for the bribe-taker, here is where large unlawful "profits" step in. In the womb of Regulation, the twin evils, bribery and corruption are conceived. They are cradled and nursed by the very wench that mistaken zeal has set up as conservator of the public welfare. The illicit profits these offices may be made to yield begets the itch among the corrupt to be chosen for the trust, and Party Spirit coupled with public indifference makes it possible for the unfit to be chosen. The theory of the thing may be right, but put to the practicnl test the plan is abortive.

We have an illustration close at hand, and doubtless its duplicate may be found in every State in the Union. The present California Constitution, which was essentially a "people's document," has, ever since its adoption, constituted one of the chief corrupting influences in San Francisco politics. By its terms Boards of Supervisors are compelled to annually fix the rates of compensation to be collected for the use of water. This is a "people's measure" pure and simple; but witness the damnable and degrading effect it has had upon the politics of the municipality. The power to regulate treads dangerously near to the power to destroy. Acting safely within the law the corporation may be harassed and annoyed by designing supervisors until life itself is intolerable or until a bribe is given for the sake of peace; the income of the corporation may, without doing serious violence to the law, be seriously crippled and its profits whittled down to a point unbearable. Here then is created a necessity for such a corporation to enter politics. Self-preservation demands it and nothing short of stubborness would keep such an institution out of the party caucusses and conventions. It is not difficult to prophesy the result. The past has rendered prophecy unnecessary. One needs but to read history. The mischief of it is the wrong does not end with the Water Company. A member who will accept a bribe from that corporation will demand similar recognition from another. The Water Company's contract only extends to water rates. The official thief, after this service has been performed, is turned loose to prey upon the rest of the community. Franchises are a source of revenue, the street department and every branch of the public service that falls within his jurisdiction must pay tribute to him or suffer in consequence. A brief clause in the Constitution clothing the supervisors with this extraordinary power has made it expedient for a wealthy corporation to exert its powerful influence and to expend its money, to secure what? Supervisors who will *not* reduce water rates. The entire municipal government is the sufferer. In San Francisco it may be safely asserted that the results flowing from this constitutional provision constitute the most degrading influence in that city's politics to-day. The same assertion is probably true in every municipality where a similar law is in force.

The Water Company and the Supervisors.

Probably no Board of Supervisors elected to office in San Francisco since the new constitution, has cost the water company less then twenty-five thousand dollars. Not to take into consideration the amounts expended during election. Time was when the "tariff" was much higher, but the rate now averages about that sum. If water rates are exhorbitant as many claim, then the water company must in the nature of things be directly opposed to good government itself. They must to preserve their status oppose any charter that will increase the number of supervisors or diminish the opportunity of electing corrupt members. Good government has a grievance against such an institution, and such corporation may very profitably take up the cudgel of the corruptible and corrupt.

So long as party spirit prevents the conduct of municipal elections along business lines and so inducts dishonest men into office, the only remedy discoverable to avoid this character of corruption is to take the power of regulation from the municipal authorities. The anti-corporate reader —and he is responsible for a deal of mischief is this modern reformer — is likely to protest vigorously against such a suggestion as immunity from supervisorial regulation, and yet he will be unable to indicate any good that has been accomplished commensurate with the political degradation for which "regulation" is primarily responsible.

The writer does not favor complete exemption from regulation. We maintain this much however, the decisions of our highest courts have with reasonable clearness set limits upon state regulation beyond which the courts will not permit the regulating body to go. Let those limits be clearly defined by statute, and so long as the corporation profits lie within such limits prohibit regulation; when they go beyond them, make regulation compulsory. For instance, there are certain fixed expenses which the quasi public corporations must meet, or go out of business; besides this it may be set down that its stockholders are entitled to a fair profit.

The writer favors a law that will compel all quasi public municipal corporations to file annually with the Board of Supervisors a sworn statement showing

First: Annual income from all sources.

Second: A detailed statement showing actual operating expenses and itemized cost of betterments.

Third: Interest on bonded debt.

Fourth: Amount paid into sinking fund, if there be such.

Fifth: Amount paid in dividends to stockholders, not to exceed, say five per cent.

When the annual income exceeds the sum of operating expenses, interest, sinking fund deposit and dividend, then and not until then shall the power to regulate begin. "But," says the demagogue and reformer, "the corporation will doctor its accounts. Operating expenses and betterments will swallow the surplus." Then upon the relation of a given per-centage of water consumers, or on motion of one third of the members of the Board of Supervisors, let an investigation be held of the books and accounts of the corporation, to ascertain the fact. It is said that our water company although paying for betterments out of the current income has been in the habit of charging up betterments to operating expenses, and subsequently issuing new mortgage bonds, and new stock, upon which to claim interest, while the betterments were actually paid for out of the corporation's regular income. This seems impossible, but if so it might be made a subject of public inquiry. Any stockholder may now test the question.

Inspection of Accounts.

Under the laws of this State the books and papers of mining corporations are, during business hours, open to the examination of the any stockholder, and upon request of such stockholder, the secretary of the corporation must attend such stockholder at the office of the corporation, at least one hour each day outside of regular office hours, and exhibit such books and papers of the corporation as the stockholder may demand. Besides this, the stockholder may be accompanied by an expert and take such copies or extracts from books or papers as he may desire. This law might well be extended to all quasi-public corporations, and then our enterprising daily press might play policeman for the stockholder as well as the public.

"What shall be done about municipal franchises," do you ask? Make them as free as sunshine; make it compulsory to grant them to all bona fide applicants filing a proper bond to commence and complete the construction of the undertaking for which a franchise is requested. Encourage competition by making the way easy for the new-comer. Competition will lower rates to a point where no commission devised by man dare put them. Competition may bring rates down to the point of bankruptcy, but the courts will not permit commissions or regulation boards to do so. In case of controversy, when two applicants seek to obtain the same franchise, let them bid against each other and the highest bidder take it. Even under this arrangement, street railroads in California would have a monopoly. There is a state law that prohibits a joint use of a street by two or more companies for a distance of more than five continuous blocks. Repeal the law, and let written assent of the owners of a majority of the frontage on the affected portion of the street make it compulsory with the Board to grant another franchise. In the case of municipalities we need to strip away the powers of the Supervisors, and by general law compel them to act when a given contingency arises and restrain them from acting (abusing their power) until such contingency does arise.

PARTY ISSUES IN NEXT CAMPAIGN.

General O. O. Howard, after an investigation made during a prolonged lecture tour through the New England States and the middle west has recently given voice to his ideas of the campaign issues of 1900.

He does not believe the silver question is a settled issue and while doubting whether the old figures of sixteen to one will be pressed feels confident the silver party, the Populists and the Chicago Platform Democracy will demand "fair play for silver; because, right or wrong, the ordinary common people of the country have a fixed belief that silver untrammeled can somehow relieve all that stringency which the single gold standard is supposed to have produced."

If the Populists, the silver party and Chicago platform Democracy again combine, and in their platform abandon the hard and fast sixteen to one plank, pledging their candidates to a "healthy and necessary increase of the circulating medium of the country and to the free coinage of silver so soon as the same may with entire safety be accomplished, etc, etc," it will multiply the difficulties encountered over this question in '96. The same well seasoned financial principles will, of course, stand opposed to this new compromise plank, but the tangible, self-condemning iron-clad 16 to 1 folly will be missed on the stump and in the editorial chair. It will be infinitely more difficult in addressing the masses, to controvert a vague, indirect expression of friendliness to silver than it was to flatten out that concrete absurdity of 16 to 1. If the new Populistic-Democratic platform declares its intent to adopt free coinage only "so soon as the same may with entire safety be accomplished," it will be difficult to convince some voters that such a declaration means "immediate free coinage." Yet it would, for the true silver man is firm in the belief that free coinage may be accomplished to-day with perfect safety to the nation and the great betterment of mankind. There was a dare-devil frankness to the last Bryan platform that left no room for doubting its meaning and it gave encouragement and arguments to the enemy. Diplomatic cunning may be more in evidence in the next. Fortunately, however, the Free-silver advocate is so unalterably fixed in his views and his belief in the rectitude of his cause, that compromise is not likely to be tolerated by him, hence we may at least hope for a platform that will express those views in all candor.

The Republican party, can scarcely—in the next campaign—urge international bi-metalism, inasmuch as the monetary commission to Europe failed in its purpose, but it is not likely, as General Howard intimates, to declare for the single gold standard.

REAL JOURNALISM.

AMONG the most interesting articles in that clever journal the *Saturday Evening Post*, are the notes on journalism contributed by Julian Ralph. Some things this writer does better than all the other correspondents. He can give you the flavor of a country and the aspect of its people in a manner not one of his rivals can touch. He is not brilliant and charming as G. S. Stevens is, nor picturesque like Harding Davis, but he can cover territory and do it accurately. Among the experiences of journalistic life that Ralph narrates in the *Post* is a reminiscence of Ballard Smith, who for a long time engineered the N. Y. *World* for Joseph Pulitzer. Smith was a believer in the theory that a newspaper should have one great piece of news or story of wide interest in every number. One quiet summer afternoon when nothing whatever was stirring, Smith and Ralph sat down to read the evening papers to make copy for the following issue. They went over every paragraph, even to the small ads.

"I have it!" at last Smith cried out after half an hour's reading, and, catching up a pair of shears, he clipped out a three-line paragraph and handed it to me. It was simply an announcement that a tiny baby girl had been found in a vacant plot of ground in Harlem. The only uncommon feature of the case was that the infant was richly dressed. "There!" said he triumphantly. "It is five o'clock, and by midnight we should have a page or nearly a page of this in type or ready to be set up. You write the main story. See the place where the baby was found, the policeman who found it; follow it to Matron Webb's room in the police headquarters, where all foundlings are first taken, and get a long, full account from the matron of her experience with such cases—the most remarkable, strangest, most pathetic, moving or stirring experiences she has had. Then jump into a cab and go to the asylum where these babies are brought up, and to the Potter's Field where they are buried. The idea is to hang the whole story of the treatment of foundlings upon the case of this beautiful, richly dressed baby which you are to use as the text. Before you start, map out work bearing on the subject for the rest of the staff to do. You can have twenty reporters if you need them. We will drop everything else and tell the public, for the first time, the Story of a Foundling."

To the average editor such a scheme would hardly suggest itself, but—that is real journalism.

First California Tents at Camp Dewey

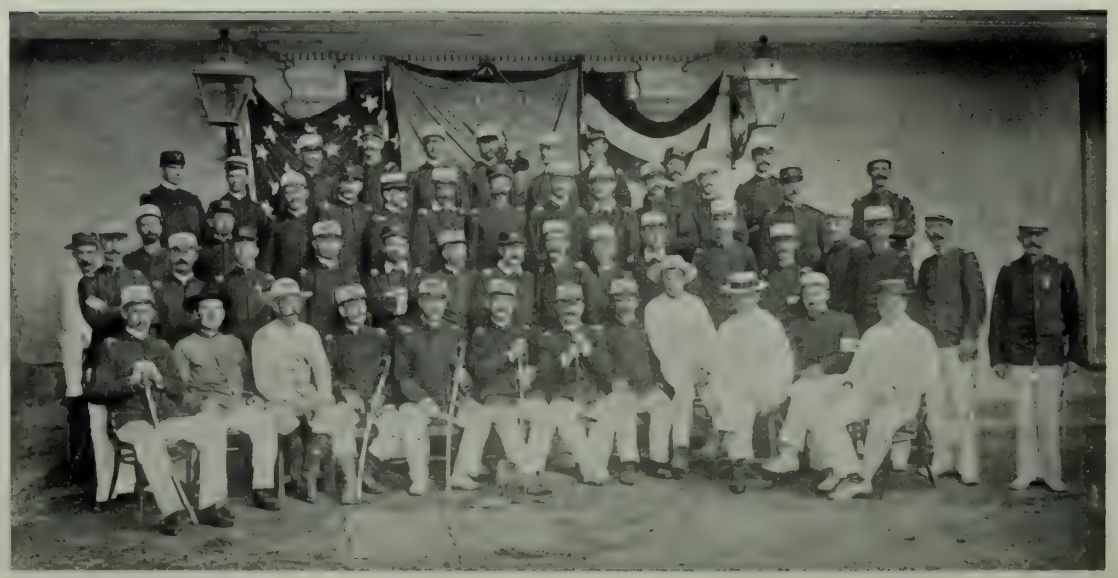
After California's Charge

Bringing in a Wounded Californian

Californians Fighting in Santa Ana

Blockhouse on the Road to Santa Ana

Church at Santa Ana, Scene of a Fierce Encounter



Officers of the First California at Manila

An Insurgent Outpost near Camp Dewey

THE CALIFORNIA REGIMENT IN THE PHILIPPINES.

Courtesy of Philippine Commercial Bureau

The Crowd on Market Street Rushes for the Californians — Photo by Turner

The Californians on Van Ness Avenue — Copyright Photo by Taber

RETURN OF THE CALIFORNIA REGIMENTS TO SAN FRANCISCO.

Passing St. Mary's Cathedral

The Crowd at the Ferries

At the Native Son Memorial

Colonel Victor Duboce

Maj Genl. Shafter in Response

The Regimental Banner

U. S. Cavalry in the Van

The First Company of Californians

Camp of the Californians

The Regiment Entering the Presidio

THE GREAT PARADE OF THE CALIFORNIA VOLUNTEERS.

THE impression is current that Mayor Phelan in the approaching election will be opposed by no less distinguished a citizen than Irving M. Scott. To the builder of the *Oregon* and the *Olympia*, great prestige accrues and undoubtedly he would prove as strong a candidate as the Republicans could nominate. Backed by a Board of Supervisors of his own choosing, he would attract many votes that in the course of events Mr. Phelan might reasonably expect. The question is, however, what degree of enthusiasm his candidacy would excite from the *Call* and the *Chronicle*. To their support the Republican candidate is of course entitled, but there are several grades of journalistic backing, and indifference is really more damaging than hostility. Next week I shall have the pleasure of discussing the nominations of the Democratic Convention.

THE past few seasons have been so prolific of large crops that the farmers of Washington have been slow in disposing of their holdings. They have been waiting for higher prices, and being well provided with ready cash, have been able to hold on until the buyer come to their terms. The action of the government in making Seattle a starting point for Manila has caused the price of grain to go up and the farmers are slowly disposing of their surplus at a good profit. A scarcity of grain bags has rather interfered with their plans, however. A ship from Calcutta with a cargo of bags on board was due two weeks ago, but she is still at sea. It is alleged that she is hovering along the coast ready to come into port as soon as the supply now on hand is disposed of at high prices. A junk man last week unloaded on the market nearly 100,000 second-hand bags.

THE purpose of Govenor Gage's interpellation in the reception pageant in San Francisco was to intercept for himself some of the plaudits the populace will shower on the arriving soldiers. The impression which the *Wave* has all along given currency to, that the Govenor of California was a singularly unprejudiced Philistine is rapidly being accepted thoughout the state. It has become an article of faith in San Francisco. As a discerning politician who is also somewhat of a diplomat phrased it, "Gage is quite the most sullen, dogged, perverse and ill-natured official I have ever encountered in public life." This Carlylesque epitome seems an intelligent summing up of the man's personality. I imagine that on his way through the streets on the great occasion he will be accorded more groans than cheers. BOSWELL, JR.

Exit From the U. S Army Dock HODSON

The Transport Warren at the Dock TURNER

Turning into East Street HODSON

The Crowd on Market Street TURNER

Saluting Major-General Shafter HODSON

The Coloradans on Market Street

Turning into Golden Gate Avenue WEIDNER

ARRIVAL OF THE COLORADO REGIMENT IN SAN FRANCISCO

PHOTOS BY TURNER, HODSON AND WEIDNER

First Breakfast at the Pumping Station

A Squad of Coloradans W

Company K

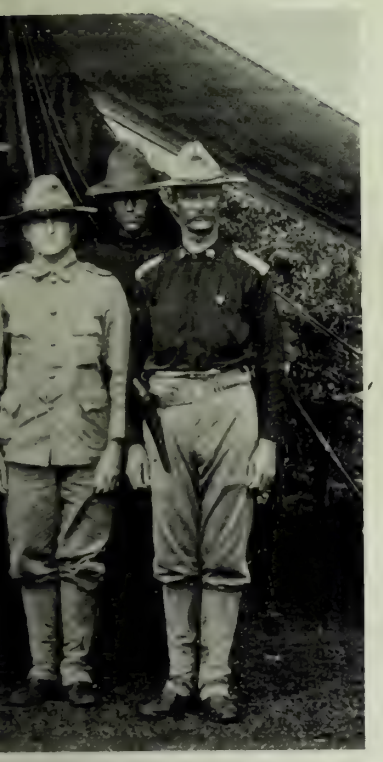
Colonel M

Company A

Company C at

Succoring a Wounded Coloradan

o Prisoners



taff

s in Manila

Company L

Company I

Coloradans in the Trenches at the Pumping Station

Company E

Company M at Maraquina

FRONT IN THE PHILIPPINES

From photographs made for "Campaigning in the Philippines"

General de Boisdeffre

The late Colonel Henry

Count Esterhazy

General Zurlinden

Colonel Picquart

Captain Dreyfus

Maitre Labori

PERSONALITIES OF THE DREYFUS CASE

Letters of Dreyfus

Human Documents of Rare Pattern.....

At last we have, in available English form, those letters of Captain Dreyfus to his wife, which have had such effect in turning French sentiment on the side of the unfortunate prisoner. I had thought that this revulsion of feeling through the publication of a few private documents a convincing proof that hysteria and not reason was the ruling force in this celebrated French case. I had thought so, I say, but I have seen the letters; and I now defy anyone who brings an impartial judgment to the reading, to lay them down without the absolute conviction of Dreyfus' innocence. Either he is falsely accused or he is a marvellous literary genius, who has been able to simulate, with every show of truth, the inner life of one unjustly condemned. Either innocence, or the absolute genius of lying; no middle course.

The letters cover a period of over four years, from the date of his first imprisonment to that period, just before the clouds began to open, when Dreyfus put aside hope and lay down to die, declaring that he could write no more. The cry of the very inner soul, they give one a clear idea of the character behind them, clearer than could be conveyed by any description of novelist or historian. The main and dominant feature, as it shows through them all, as the strong suppressed feeling. One is certain that this is an ungenial man, he himself complains, in the period before his trial, "that he has not the magnetism to make men believe him." One of the people who have tremendous capacity for suffering, he can yet display that suffering only to the favored few; to the outside world, he must always appear the stoic he showed himself on the day of his degradation, when the French saw in his calm demeanor the hardened carriage of conscious guilt. To a man so constituted, his affection for the chosen ones is everything; he lavishes on them the social side which most men dissipate on the outer world. And through all the four years, when the tone of his letters travels from indignation tempered with hope though wild protest, vain grief, and finally to despair, there runs a beautiful and touching affection for his wife, his "Dear, good, Lucie." Reiteration of his innocence, fierce and tender love for his wife and children, these two notes dominate the gloomy epistles. Otherwise, they show the varying moods of despair. They are not "literary" in tone; perhaps some of their convincing quality come from this very fact. The man writes unskilfully, with numberless vain repetitions and awkward expressions, but this unstudied awkwardness brings the conviction that he was not adopting a pose.

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Otherwise, Dreyfus, this plain man ground between the upper and nether millstones is not all a hero. He has not the greatness of soul to be steadfast through misfortune, or to dissimulate his own sufferings in order to comfort those of her who suffered for him. His own sufferings are placed first; hers are made secondary; he leans on her, implores her, calls upon her to be steadfast in her efforts to clear his name. A great soul would have been calm for her sake, would have rested in the faith that she loved him enough to work for him without constant prodding, but Dreyfus' is not a great soul. He is merely a conscientious, self-repressed and affectionate man, with the ideas and prejudices of his class.

On the day of his supreme humiliation, he sent the most touching epistle of the series.

"I will not tell you what I have suffered today" he writes "Your greif is great enough already. I will not augment it. In promising you to live, in promising you to resist until my name is rehabilitated, I have made the greatest sacrafice that a man of deep feeling of heart, an upright man, from whom his honor is taken, can make. My God, let not my physical strength forsake me! My spirit is unshaken; a conscience that has nothing with which to reproach me upholds me, but I am coming to the end of patience and my strength. * * * This day's emotions have broken my heart. * * * I will tell you later, when we are happy again, what I have suffered today, surrounded by men who are truly guilty, how my heart bled. I asked myself why I was there; what I was doing there. I seemed the victim of an hallucination; but alas! my garments, torn, sullied, brought me back roughly to the truth. The looks of scorn they cast on me told me too well why I was there. * * But how easy it is to understand them! In their place, I could not have contained my contempt for an officer who I had been told was a traitor. Alas, there is the tragedy. There is a traitor, but it is not I."

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The hope expressed in these words, "when we are happy again," mixed with the same affection, and at times, with the same overwhelming grief, prevails in the tone of the letters written in the following months, when he was in prison, awaiting his deportation.

"How you must suffer," he writes in January. "The tragedy of which we are the victims is certainly the most terrible of the century. To have everything—happiness, the future, a charming home, and then, all at once, to be accused and condemned for a crime so monstrous! * * * Sufferings borne for a noble cause are elevating; but to suffer because I am unjustly condemned for an infamous crime—ah, no! * * * After all, what do I beg for day and night? Justice, Justice! Are we in the nineteenth century, or must we turn back for centuries? Is it possible that innocence can be unrecognized in a century of light and truth? I do not ask for mercy, but I demand the justice due every human creature."

And again, "At last the happy day is here! I can write to you. I count them my happy days. I have not received any letters from you since last Sunday. Until now, I have had a moment of happiness each day on receiving your letter. It warmed my poor frozen heart. I used to read and reread them until the written words were given a voice; you seemed to be by my side. Oh, the delicious music that thrilled ms soul * * To die would now be but a moment of suffering, but it would be but to forget all my woes. Only * * we have none of us the right to die."

It was in March, 1895, that Dreyfus was deported of the Isle du Diable. The letters of the period covered by the next three years are the most pathetic, perhaps, of all, because they show the gradual deadening of hope, the oncoming of despair. It is noticeable that he speaks less passionately of his Lucie in the latter portion and more tenderly of his children, whose comfort and safety seems to be his only hope, but in every letter, he implores his wife, and continues to implore, that for her own sake, for that of the children, she will work for his rehabilitation. He writes in September, 1895:

"I should, without making any noise about it, without any go-between, have taken a child by each hand and gone to demand justice everywhere, without waiting until the guilty wretches should have been unmasked. These means are 'heroic,' but they are the best means, because they come from the heart, and they proceed from the strength given by innocence. * * Strong in my innocence, march straight on to your goal, even if you are forced to carry your cause before the highest in the land. Do not look back over the past, but speak from the heart; this tragedy of which we are the victims is touching enough even in its simplicity."

As the months went on, he grew more hopeless, until, in the fall of 1898, after several months of silence, he bade his final and pathetic farewell to his wife, and abandoned himself to despair. Two months later, his jailer threw open the door, and informed him that the Court of Cassation had decided for revision.

These extracts, few and meager, can convey nothing of that conviction of innocence borne in on the reader by these letters. It is in repetition, in the constant reiteration of the same ideas, the same feelings, that their force lies; this cannot be conveyed by mere extracts.

"The Letters of Captain Dreyfus." *Harper & Brothers, publishers.* W. I.

After Supper.

(An old Song Reversed.)

"When the bosom heaves a sigh,"
After eating pigeon-pie;
"When the heart o'erflows with grief,"
Veal and ham won't bring relief;
When the joys of life are fled,
Lobster-salad weighs like lead;
When you hate the world's cold ways,
After too much mayonnaise.

When fair Nature fails to please,
Thro' not stinting Stilton cheese;
When you find that love is vain,
Port don't mix well with champagne;
When the earth is all ajar
Thro' that beastly big cigar;
When each nerve begins to ache
Green Chartreuse is a mistake.

ENVOY.

To allievate your distress,
Try a stiffish B. and S.;
Later, when your sorrows stop,
Eat a plain grilled mutton chop,
With a pomme au naturel—
Soon you will be feeling well.

—*London Punch.*

A Song of Patents.

" The name I canna utter
O' my braw new patent putter,
For the name it is derivit frae the Greek;
But I canna hole a ba' off it,
In faith I ha'e a straw of it,
But no to use a patent wad be weak.

" A'm mysel' the sole survivor
O' the last new patent driver,
For it split and and killed my pairtners on the green;
And a spinster slew my caddie
(A weedy's son, the laddie!),
But a patent is the sicht for sair eyne.

" For we've patents a', ye ken,
And the race o' thinking men
Mauna use the clubs their faithers likit weel,
So we've companies and shares,
And we've bonnie 'bulls and bears,
Or the country would be gaeging to the Deil!"—*Andrew Lang.*

There was a young man from Lenore
Who boldly went off to the war
The "beef" made him sick, he recovered quite quick
By the prompt use of old Jesse Moore.

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ABSOLUTELY PURE
Makes the food more delicious and wholesome
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

This week, Diary my dear, life has been e constant blaze of excitement. I do not nk I have ever really had a better time, d no one can possibly say anything dis-reeable about me. This is, of course, all out soldier boys and Del Monte. Aunt bil would not give me a moment's peace, til I promised I would go up on Friday to n Francisco to see the troops. It was a fine ght. All my pent-up patriotism burst forth the soldiers marched along Van Ness enue in their Khaki suits. I forgot all out my conventional smiles, and refinement. y heart and soul were all for the soldiers. ow I longed to rush up to one and all of em and shake hands, or pat them on the ck. Alas! amongst all the crowd I knew no e. Poor little Miss Cricket could only out Bravo! Bravo! As I stood there on Van ss Avenue, I heard one working man say to other.

"These are our boys, our people; there is t one of the Four Hundred amongst them, ere is not one of the Four Hundred mixed up any of this affair."

"No," said the other fellow "not at this end the country. It's different in New York ough."

It hurt me terribly, for I thought of all the ys with whom I waltzed and two-stepped, d wondered why none of them had enlisted. hen my sense of humor came to my assist-ce, and I could picture half a dozen of them my mind's eye, in Manila and then all I uld see was their finish. Then, too, I membered the youths who enlisted in the gulars. Ira Boss, Howard Avery, young nter, and Jennings, and I began to be con-led.

However, Diary dear, to return to Del onte. On Tuesday we all went out to the nks. Every girl had her caddy and every ddy had his bag; how I do wish that, now we ve reached the contest period, we would y to remember that golf is pronounced goff," which is the only pronunciation, not ly of the Scotch, but in our own dear ctionaries.

I stood at the gate to watch the first "drive" d felt that those who were accustomed to that well, failed miserably, and vice versa. iss Rowe did not do herself justice at all, d from the beginning I feared for her suc-ss. She is so patient and takes defeat so well, at I have put her down as a real thorough-red. She easily plays a better game, than ary Scott, but this was Mary's lucky day. was so funny to hear the apologies the girls ade for their poor work, for I who have atched them knew that but a few did really ay worse that day than any other. Golf is not ildly exciting to watch, so I wandered off to e Ella Baldwin practice tennis, for Mrs. lexander had promised prizes for the after-oon games. The girls played so indifferently owever, that I wandered down to the beach see the swimming. Marie Wells, Dorothy atton and Mr. Kuma seemed to have the most n out of the surf. There are lots of good wimmers however, and the water has been uite warm this week. Next day the men ualified for the golf contest. Mr. Maud and Ir. Fitzgerald were the only two in it from e start; I think had Mr. Fitzgerald not lost is ball, he would have carried of the cup. I ould not have felt much honor in winning had I been Mr. Maud. Of course it is the ame, still one always prefers to gain a game y merit, rather than by the misfortune of ne's adversary. What rather surprised me as that neither of the players thanked the rockers for the cup. Of course the Crockers id not put up the prizes for thanks, but when e are so particularly polite about the little ings in this world I do think Mr. Maud and nd Mary Scott might have at least offered a ote of thanks to Mr. and Mrs. George rocker for their kindness in interesting emselves in California sports at all.

Next afternoon we were all gaily attirred for olo. Frank Carolan's turn-out was the wellest. He has the dearest horses and they ep so well and his drag is fine. Aunt Sybril as his guest. Peter Martin, Dick Tobin and Charley Baldwin all had coaches. Mrs. Scott had the old Stanford drag and Mary Crocker, Edith McBean, Carrie Taylor and I were on. We had great fun, but could not help wishing I had been with Peter Martin for he is so amusing. However we were all wildly excited. I did not know any of the Southern men except Mr. Stillwell and I just loved all the Burlingame fellows, so of course I wanted them to win. They did; it was a jolly walk over for them, but had the Tobins and young Dunphy been out, there would have been much less chance of victory as was seen on Sunday's game. Mr. Mand is the best of the polo team. Joe Tobin I think is great at polo, but then I admire him tremendously anyway. Cyril, of the younger Tobins is my crush. He is so manly, and has a keen sense of humour. The only really amusing Britisher I have ever met is Buckley Johnson. He is really clever, has a good mind and is bright and interesting. Unfortunately Marie Wells, and Marie Oge have been so entertaining, I have not been able to see as much of him as I should like, but I intend to rush him this winter. The Burlingame girls really do not care particularly for men, so we all stick together, and walk and drive by our sweet selves. Of course we have a few boys, the Scotts' friends, but they are not sufficient for this girl. I envied the girls who had the men and Edith McBean whom we all know is a girly girl of the first order said the other night "Oh, girls won't you all be glad when winter comes, and we shall have a few older boys."

Mary Crocker is going East, and anticipates the time of her life. As for me I have never had a better time at Del Monte. It never has been so gay; the table was never better. All the men tell me that. The band was superb and when I skipped off of an evening to sit under the trees with one of my crushes, I really wondered could it be real, or was this world of music, lights and beauty fairyland. The Southern men are Del Monte crazy. Mr. Mand said that in his wildest imagination he had never pictured so beautiful a spot as Monterey and he has been at the "Ponce de Leon" hotel in Florida, so we can say safely after all, that Del Monte excels in each particular every resort in the world.

Mrs. Will Crocker is an ideal mother; it is so nice to see her with her children. I like her better than ever; she always wants to assist the girls to a good time, and is ever anxious to be inspired in a direction to amuse them. Her gowns are lovely; so are Mrs. Hobarts. No girl is so beautiful as she is, nor carries herself so well. I feel so sorry for her being in so much gayety and trying not to let the world see her sorrow, for her husband is really very ill. I think she has the deepest sympathy of all the guests. Mrs. Henry Crocker is just as pretty as ever. I do not think there are many couples in San Francisco who seem to enjoy each other as much as she and her husband do.

There have been a good many small dinners and suppers at the hotel and club house every night, but as they have consisted chiefly of about the same people! the Scotts, Tobins, Whittiers, Crockers, etc., they were not wildly exciting. A good many people expect to stay down for the tennis contest in September, for tennis is such a very interesting game to watch. I have been trying to induce Aunt Sybil, and as Arthur hopes to take part, perhaps she will. I could stay here forever I really believe, it is so perfectly beautiful.

I was rather surprised to receive a letter from Andrew Martin on Friday telling me of his engagement to the handsomest girl in San Francisco. Of course I immediately guessed Genevieve Goad, knowing how devoted Andrew had always been to her. He is ever so much stronger now, and they hope to be married early in the winter. Mrs. Patton aud Dorothy sail in September for Australia where they will spend a few months and then Dorothy will return and Fritz and she will be married sometime in the beginning of the year. So far as I can learn none of the other girls contemplate matrimony. Ethel Hager, Katherine Dillon and Mary Scott are the only three of this year's debutantes who are at Del Monte. I ashed Georgia Hopkins to come down, but she says they have such fun at home she does not care to leave. This year's debutantes expect to have a very good time. They all are fine for entertaining. Mrs. Casey has taken the Schwabacher house on Jackson and Laguna streets for the winter. This mansion has a big ball room, so if we do not have some jolly dances, Miss Cricket will start for New York.

MISS CRICKET.

Sports at Del Monte.

Results of the Contests in Golf, Polo and Racing.

The South met the North at Del Monte, and each surprised the other. The South came up with an eye on polo, which was captured handily by the Burlingame aggregation, while the Northern golfers who counted on the cup, were not "in it" with the men of the orange belt. These were not the only surprises, because the pony races, as predicted, were "Broken-Link Handicaps" for Walter Hobart, his colors showing first only once.

It was a sennight of good, exciting amateur sport, the best of its kind. The week before the Carnival time, the comparatively minor features, tennis and pigeon shooting, were disposed of. In the former Sam Hardy took the singles without much trouble in the absence of his brother and of Whitney; in the doubles, he and Code were winners, with Grant Smith and Dr. Phillips runners-up. The finals in this event furnished as close and exciting a match as the Coast ever saw, the last being a deuce game run out to 7-9 before it could be decided. Had not Smith been suffering from cramp during the match, the result might have been different. Hunt and Stone took a consolation prize in this event. The same day the pigeon-shoot, once the feature of a Del Monte meet, but now outshone by the superior attractions of the new sports, was won, after a tie contest, by R. B. Murdoch of the Country Club.

GOLF AND POLO.

The ladies led off the golf matches, which demonstrated by the improved scores recorded, how greatly the game has advanced on the Coast. Miss Mary Scott, of San Francisco, a player not counted upon in forecasts, won handily from a long list of entries. The Southern players showed their superiority early in the men's contest by the excellence of their scores in the preliminary rounds. The semi-finals showed three Southern as against one Northern man—Fitzgerald. He was dropped in this round, leaving Maude and Tufts, both from the South, to fight it out. The former took the cup in a close match.

When the polo game came on, however, the Northerners got it back. The Santa Barbara men showed knowledge of the game, but their team work was poor and they had inferior ponies. It was rather an interesting and one-sided game for the first half, but warmed up later, and ended in a brilliant rally by the Southerners. The score was 9 to 1; by the same score, a picked team from Santa Barbara and Riverside defeated the San Mateo team next day.

BASEBALL AND RACES

The baseball was rather slow, the collegians and club men both being out of training. The sort of sportsman that frequents Del Monte does not care greatly for the national game. Lanagan and Kaarsburg, the pitchers of the two University teams of this year alternated in the box for the Alumni and managed to hold the Burlingame men down and win out by the loose score of 14-15.

Saturday, the pony races ended the "outing" in a blaze of glory. This was *the* event of the week from a society standpoint, and was witnessed by a brilliant audience. As before stated, Hobart did not take many of the plums, although his Ali Baba carried away the San Mateo Hunt Club cup in the steeplechase. This was a pretty race, the horses taking the jumps beautifully. The Del Monte cup was captured, in a stirring finish, by Peter Martin's Six Bits. In the remainder of the eight events, several horses in the string of the Southern polo players got first under the wire.

For soldier's pictures Hodson's on Geary street is headquarters. The opportunity for photography presented by the gathering of the volunteers in San Francisco Hodson realized and straightway set about making negatives of the companies and their officers of which he now has an unarivalled collection. Since the Oregonians arrived in the Golden Gate he has been hard at it making new views, and whoever wants pictures of the transports, the camp and the regiments can safely apply to him. On the day of the great parade Hodson had five buggies stationed at various parts of San Francisco, and flew from one vantage place to another making views. He made three times as many negatives on that great day as any other artist and the degree of his success may be estimated from pictures in the current issue of the Wave.

Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Hayes Larkin and Ninth. American or European plan. Ira R. and James H. Doolittle.

A comparison between the cost of oil locomotives and electric moters in some of the mines of Europe, where both are used, has been made with interesting results. It is said that in one mine the cost of the former has been one and a half pence per train mile, as against three and a fourth pence in the case of the electric motor, while the cost of two oil locomotives is reported to have been one-fourth of the cost of one electric motor. The steam, nitrogen and carbonic acid evolved by the former are not enough to vitiate the atmosphere, and it has the advantage of compactness; working on a two-foot and one inch gauge and when exerting six horse power, it is able to take a maximum load of seventeen tons. It further appears that, when running maximum speed of four and one-half miles per hour, and with the full load, the consumption of oil is barely six and one-half pounds per hour. By means of special gear, the engine runs backward or forward at the will of the operator.

Look at the Facts.

Mrs. T. Dolan, of Madrid, Perkins Co., Neb., writes: "I was cured of painful periods by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and his 'Compound Extract of Smart-Weed.' I think Dr. Pierce's medicines the best in the world."

Mrs. Carrie B. Donner, of Dayton, Green Co., Wis., writes: "I can highly recommend Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription — having taken it for nine months previous to confinement. I suffered scarcely any compared with what I had at other times."

"I suffered fifteen years with female weakness and nervousness," writes Mrs. Vincent Bohall, of Franklin, Johnson Co., Indiana. "One year ago I began taking your 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I took six bottles of each and now I am well. I owe my life to Dr. Pierce."

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"BETWEEN you and me" said the old convict, "I don't blame society for not huggin' every old lag to its buzzom. Not unless his hands was tied leastwise. But it takes big resks, it does, when it snubs the childer', let me tell you. There's somethin' in their blood that rebels when they're ill-treated, and when they fight back, it's for keeps. Here is a case in pint:

"Over in Lunnon, years ago, I used to work in with a likely-looking Irishman we called Sheeny Mike. He was about the top-notch of the light-fingered gentry; a bloke that could go through a crowd and not leave an ivory button and then start the hue and cry ag'inst some innercent party. There was one queer thing about Mike—he was clus-fisted; that's how he got the name. Every-think he prigged was melted down or hocked or sold through a fence, but what he did with the kine, I didn't know, except he did'nt blow them. Some of the boys was cold on him; but we kept thicker'n ever. One Sun-day, when we was in Manchester, he brought up the subject hisself. 'Donald,' said he, 'do you really want to know why I hang on to the shiners and don't throw them to the pigges in the mud, like the rest of you bloomink asses? Come now, and I'll show you.' And, blast me, if he didn't lead the way into a swell church, up in the gallery, where we sat with half the liveried sarvents in town stickin' up their noses at us, as if we were wuss than hanimated dure-mats. For the moment I was so impressed with the fly people, the bang-up women, the music, the percessions, the byes in white petticuts, and all that, I clean forgot why I was there. Say, but there was dia-monds there, the hull output of the mines of Goldconder, I should say. I was jest thinkin' how it would be for Sheeny Mike 'nd me to raise the cry of 'Fire!' and then rush down stairs, and pick them off gintly as the wimmin ran screamin' through the vestibule, when he plucked my arm. 'Look there,' he whispered.

x

"There was another percession a comin' down the aisle, boys. First, a half-dozen frowsy old dames, with giglamps and green-vails, reg'lar vinegar-sweeteners; and then, two by two, the prettiest lot of bloomin' young gals you ever see. My, but it was a sight to make an old man leery and a young man crazy. Fifty boardin-school gals, all in the full blush of innercence, dressed in white, like angels with their wings tucked in. 'There's a flower-garden for you, Sheeny,' I said; 'exceptin' the withered wegetables in front'; and then I stopped; for there was a look in his face I had never seed there before, a sort of soft tremblin' as if he wanted to cry and didn't quite know how. 'See that young gal in the fourth row, Donald,' says he, 'the one with the pale face and the big black eyes? That's my darter.'

"Well, if Sheeny Mike had said that the rector was his mother, I couldn't have been more taken off my feet. It was a good thing I was a settin', rally it was. Of all the bang-up ones that gal was the bang-up-est. Tall and slight, like a poplar, with beauteous features, and the complexion of a pearl, you'd swear that a queen had been her wet-nuss. Proud? I never seed such a haughty ker-ridge. Thinks I to meself, thinks I, 'young woman, if you knowd what I know, you'd be doin' the double back flip-flap over the pews, in amazement.' And yet, somehow, I could see a resemblance to Sheeny Mike, as he had looked a moment before.

I glared at her for five minutes when I felt Sheeny Mike give me another nudge. 'Come on,' he said, 'let's dust. I don't want her to see me in any sech company'; so we stumbled over the footmen's calves, and got by their glances of arrogance without freezin', and so out into the street, and back to the inn. 'Any sech company,' I repeated. 'I'll have you kuow, Mike, and your darter, too, that I'm just as fly a hand at the business as you are seven days in the week.' 'Hush,' he said, entreatin' like, 'She doesn't know. She thinks I'm a furrin marchint. Come, I'll stand a wet for onct, and tell you the hull story.'

"So, over our glasses, he explained. It seemed that twenty years before, Sheeny Mike had been running with a handsome bar-maid. He liked her so well that they were spliced good and reg'lar, and if she helped Mike in the biz, she was as straight as a string; it was hands off with the swell mob. Well, when the baby was born, a little gal, the doctor he said that the missus must die.

"'I remember well,' said Mike, to me, with the tears a runnin' down his cheeks, 'the night she called me to her bedside, lyin' there all white and weak like a broken lily. 'Mike, you've been a good square man to me,' she whispered, 'and I loves you for it. You've got your graft, and it's not for the likes of me to say that you should give it up; but the little one, Mike, my little tender flower, keep her unspotted from the world. Let her never know her father's crimes, nor her mother's shame; and if you must keep on priggin', spend the stuff on her, and then some good may come from it.' And then, it seems, Mike swore by all that's good and holy that never should the little gal know of her parent's peculiar livelihood, but should be brung up like the leddy her mother ought to have been. And his missus smiled and closed her eyes and died.

"All this Mike told me, as we set over the drink, and then he said: 'So you see, Donald, why it is they call me Sheeny; but never you peach a word of it, man, or I'll drive a knife through your black heart. I appeased Mike quickly enough by sayin' fust that I had no consarn to turn meself into a pincushion on his account, and sicondly, I'd go considerably out of my way to keep from harm so pritty a young cretur'. And I meant it, too; if I had the dispinsing power this earth would be a Eden; but what's the use of dreamin'; it's a scramble, that's what it is, and the man that tries to keep his hands clean, keeps them impty, also.

x

"Mike softened at onct. 'I know'd you would be square, Donald,' said he; 'you're the only man of the push I'd hev' told; but you've got imagination, and sentimental idees, that's what you hev'. It is a rigular flower-garden, isn't it,' he went on; 'for all the old sorrel-tops in the lead, and my gal is the sweetest of the lot. They don't let them wear di'monds, Donald, but did you mind the fineness of that white stuff she's wearin' and the rale old lace on it? She thinks I'm in the South American trade, and so do they all, a bonny-fide mar-chant prince. I've had her down to Bourne-mouth every summer when the gang's on the Continent, and I b'long to a club there and have a pew in church. I'll marry her, Donald, to a swell. One of them frosty-faces told me that already there's a curate a makin' eyes at her, that one with his v'ice in his boots, and in the white gownd; and there'll be fifty thousand pund for them to go a house-keepin' with, and that's what it means to be called Sheeny Mike.'

"The very next summer, biz was slack, and I was down in the mouth. One day a news-paper reporter whom I knew, and who, wuss luck, know'd me, met me, and said, says he, 'Donald, what kind of a graft is Sheeny Mike workin' down at Bournemouth, anny way, moving in upper suckles, with a young dutchiss for a darter?' 'I don't know what y'are talkin' about,' I answered as innercent as you please. 'There's a twenty-pund note in it for you,' he continooed, 'and I'll protict you when I write it up, takin' all the risponsibility on meself, sayin' I copped it by accident, as I did, you know, excipt a few trifling details.' I was hard up, boys.

"'You surely didn't betray your friend,' said one of his listeners.

"Well, betray is hardly the word for it; but if you had a chance to change a few trifling details for a twinty-pund note, you wouldn't be so saft as to let it go by, now would you? He looked round for sympathy, but met only stary glances.

"Well, to g'wan with the story, continued the convict. That fall, the Manchester *Daily Press*, a rather flash sheet, given to sensations, came out with the hull 'orrible tale: the life and career of Sheeny Mike, and his impostures on society; a detailed account of the boardin' school, and how pop'lar his darter was with the highest toned of the gals, a pictur' of the young curate and of his leddy mother, and the views of several of the leading citizens on the scandal; all worked up to the queen's taste, as if the reporter had been pipin' the lay for mont's, with nobbody to thank but his own hinginuity.

x

"I may as well tell you at onct, how the best people in Manchester tr'ated this poor little ewe lamb. The old screw at the head of the school med a vi'lent attack on her in the chapel, and sint her to her room to pack up her duds; with twinty-four hours' grace before bag and baggage she was put out on the sidewalk. Many of the people sint for their darters at onct, lest they should be contaminated, and the curate's mother wrote a letter all filled with abuse, to which he added a line sayin' as how he was a goin' to pray for her. I tell you, whoever it was called charity a stay-to-hum, know'd what he was a talkin' about.

"Me and Sheeny Mike was in Lunnun when the catastrophe occurred, and he was at fust wild to go down and clean out the hull town, never suspectin' me o'course. But the more he talked and thought, the more ca'm he growed. 'Them are good folks,' he said; 'and they love me darter. Surely in her dis-tress and grief they'll love her more. Perhaps some of them will adopt her; I'll agree to turn over the sock at onct, and never see her again, that I will. I'll wait, Donald, until they write and tell me the bist coorse they've decided for the child; but, oh, man, it will be hard to part with her forever.'

"We were a setin aloue in the tap-room of a quiet j'int where we hung up, with the sperrits between us. Mike laid his arms on the table and his head on his arms, as if he had just pleaded guilty, and I was a turnin' of some consolin' words in me mind, when the dure opened, and in walked his darter, with her cheeks gaskly pale, and her two eyes shinin' and snappin' like Guy Falkes' day. 'I've come to my own people,' she said; and her voice rang out as proud and as clear as a Life Guard's trumpet; and blast me, gents, if she didn't slip open a reddercule she wore at her pretty waist; and dump out afore us the watches, lace pins, and wallets of the hull school. After that, there was no use for Sheeny Mike to expostulate; 'you'll take your mother's part, my dear,' he said; and away they went on a dashin' career, in which you can bet that young divil of a gal didn't take the hindermost. And so you see, and here Donald's voice took a whining tone; 'there's no hope for an old lag like me unless gintlemin who have the heart and the means and the understandin' give him a lift against the day of his goin' out.'"—*N. Y. Sun.*

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The American Drama.

We are still waiting for the native drama, which cometh not. This season, there has been only one new American play—that is, a play set on home soil and by an American author—which has made any kind of success, and even that was nothing exceptional. Another drama by a native author had a long enough run, but it dealt not with this country, but with the Ireland of many years ago. The greatest successes have been English plays. With three exceptions, New York production that had a longer run than 100 hundred nights came from London; two of these exceptions were of French origin, and had the best record of the season, the other was American, but it was an extravaganza, a lot of coon-songs strung together on an excuse for a plot, and cannot be counted drama at all. In number, of plays staged, it may be said that the native product holds up its end, but the majority of these are weak little third-class things, put on in the third-class playhouses by cheap companies. It is in plays of the first rank, such as Daly used to produce, such as Frohman is trying to bring before us at present, that the lack is felt. The cheap theatres depend on the native product to a very great extent in their low-comedy farces, and English melodrama is falling into disfavor on this side.

* *

No one has ever been able to tell just why it is that we cannot turn out good plays in America—not necessarily very great plays, like those of Shakespere or Moliere or Sudermann, but good, interesting plays which will act. We produce good fiction, if you are not over-critical; in the same way, we have, in past times, produced a good grade of second-rate poetry; also, among those who produce drama, actors, managers, directors, are numbered Americans who have reached the highest rank. Witness Booth and Daly, both supreme artists in their own lines; witness countless lesser actors and actresses all with something of the divine fire in them. It would be trite to add that we have no plays to match all this. Just one American play—except the cheap and perennial "Uncle Tom's Cabin" ever managed to hold the boards. That one lives partly because of its literary flavor, which keeps it in the libraries, and partly because it *is* a good play. I refer to "Francesca de Rimini", by the poet Boker.

Discussion of the causes for this condition is an old, trite subject, but I venture one addition to all that has been said and written about it. I hold that managers are responsible, but in a different way from that generally supposed. The theatre is an uncertain thing. No one ever discovered a formula by which one can tell the value of a play before trying it on, and managerial judgment is very, very faulty. Plays that seem to have every element of success; fall flat when they came before the public, *vice versa*, some of the greatest money-makers known to the business have been brought to their first production in spite of every sort of doubt and discouragement. Therefore, managers are not disposed to risk their good gold on the chances of unknown plays, while French, German and English dramas, tried successes, are to be had for "right of prodaction" prices. In the mass of manuscripts weekly sent back without a reading or hurried over distainfully by the managers of big houses, the Great American Drama may be lying unseen. Yet these same managers are crying out their need for native plays. The need is real enough, and they would be glad of the chance, *if they themselves took no risks*. A play tested and found successful in the provinces—the West, the South, San Francisco—would be snapped up without delay. That is the situation; they want native plays, but they are afraid to risk new ones.

* *

Dramatized Novels.

A surprising development of the last few years is the success of plays built upon novels. It used to be said, a few years ago, that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "The Three Guardsmen" were the only novels which had ever made good plays. That was long before *Trilby* duplicated, on the boards, the success it made between covers. Following the season in which Du Maurier's flashy masterpiece had its long American and English runs, popular novels of Hope and Barrie met with a like success, and we were immediately overwhelmed. Here is a partial list for this season. "Sherlock Holmes" dramatized from the stories of Doyle, is to be played by Gillette, who is also author of the stage version. In London, George Meredith is making a play of his own story, "The Egotist" and S. R. Crockett's "The Lilac Sunbonnet" is undergoing a similar process. "Ben-Hur," a novel with real possibilities in the situation and setting ought to be a dramatic success and is bound to be a money-maker, because it is in the category of plays like "The Sign of the Cross" and "The Christian," which drawn upon a class who are naturally hostile to the theatre, but who make an exception in the case of such plays. Two classical novels by English masters are on the the list—"Vanity Fair" and "A Tale of Two Cities," the former known as "Becky Sharp," the latter as "The Only Way." Zangwill is over here in person to superintend a New York production taken from his "Children of the Ghetto," and those late romantic novels "Richard Carvel," and "When Knighthood was in Flower" are undergoing the recasting process. Even James Lane Allen's pseudo-phychological novel "The Choir Invisible" is being worked into a drama, though it is rather hard to see how its slender thread of a plot can be made effective for the stage. Stuart Robson, who has been a little in obscurity the last two or three years, is to have a dramatization of "The Gadfly."

* *

A New Historical Drama.

Encouraged by the success of "Nathan Hale," the one native play to do much this year, Clyde Fitch is trying his hand at later American history. Julia Marlowe is to present, later in the season his "Barbara Freitchie," a strongly dramatic rendering of Whitter's poem. The new Barbara Freitchie is to be young and beautiful, and the sweetheart of a soldier. Brander Matthews and Bronson Howard have gone farther back for the material of their forthcoming play, "Peter Stuyvesant." Crane is to have the production, and it is safe to assert that no Ameiican drama has ever stirred up so much interest in advance. Matthews has tried his hand at hand at play writing twice before. "On Probation," produced a few years back, was a qualified failure, while "The Gold Mine," a comedy with the elements of strength, was only a success of esteem. The trouble with his dramas, as with his stories, is that he has never seemed to have the faculty of handling his excellent material, so as to miss an amateur effect. Bronson Howard, the best tinker among American dramatists, ought to supply the defect. The play deals with the crisis in the rule of the "kindly tyrant of old New York." It is not farcical in tone, like Irving's "Knickerbocker History," but treats the whimsical, domineering, but gentle old Dutchman in a vein of sympathetic comedy. The idea of treating the old one-legged governor in the drama came from Matthews, who was inspired by the acting of Crane as "Sir Anthony Absolute" in "The Rivals," and Howard was called in to give it a praceical touch. It opens at Wallack's on Oct. 9, with a strong cast and an elaborate scenic setting by H. A. Ogden, a descendant of the builders of New Amsterdam.

* *

The Theatres.

A musical event of real interest will be the appearance of Mr. Harry Samuels at Sherman Clay Hall next week. Mr. Samuels is a San Franciscan, member of a well known family, a pupil of Henry Heyman, first, and subsequently of Joachim and Ceasar Thompson. He is really a great violinist, has a superb tone and is recognized in New York, though he has been there but a few months as one of the two or three most brilliant violinists in the country. I am told that Mr. Samuels' genius is really apparent, just as Ysaye's was, and that he cannot fail to make quite a sensation. Miss Asher, who assists Mr. Samuels is also a San Franciscan. After a career in in California as a prodigy, she studied at the Royal Academy in Berlin, was a pupil of Professor Barth there, and after graduating, studied with Moszkowski in Paris. There will surely be a large assemblage to hear these gifted young Californians, who from all accounts, are bound to cut figures in the musical world.

* *

Felix Morris, who has brought art out of the vaudeville sketch, is at the Orpheum again with an adaptation of Boucicult's "Night and Morning." It is really the best vaudeville turn San Francisco has seen since his last appearance as the aged lover in "The Old Violinist." The success of Mr. Morris and the respectful attention paid to his work, than which there is no acting move truly artistic being done on the American stage, proves the wide range of taste represented in a vaudeville audience. Not long ago, the manager of a London concert-hall had selections from "The Idylls of the King" rendered as a regular feature of a winter's attractions, and the innovation made a hit, perhaps because of the contrast it afforded to the rest of the bill. Mr. Morris has contrast enough in the program in which his little gem is set this week, because Caron and Herbert, "comedy acrobats" have an act too *risque* even for an audience trained in vaudeville.

Hazel Callahan and Arnold Grazer, two pretty and graceful children, have a new mirror dance which is very pleasing. The rest of the program is acceptable, especially the biograph with some new and clear scenes much better than those generally afforded in this sort of entertainment.

* *

The stock season at the Alcazar Theatre begins next week. The company opens in "Christopher, Jr." It is a competent combination, headed by Eugene Ormonde, a clever actor. Miss Gertrude Foster returns, to support him. Miss Helen Henry will do soubrette roles.

* *

The event at the Orpheum next week will, be the return of the Hungarian Boy's Military Band. The boys have traveled far afield since they left San Francisco two years ago and are said to have materially improved in their art. Charley Case, the clever monologuist, Stinson and Merton, sketch artists and Montrell, the juggler are the new features. Felix Morris and his clever company present "Behind the Scenes."

* *

"The New Dominion" at the Columbia is a great improvement on its predecessor and Clay Clement is seen to much better advantage. Next week something of a treat is promised in a production of "The Bells" in which Mr. Clement does Mathias. It is a very strong rendering he gives of that well known role.

* *

By general desire, Mr. Denis O'Sullivan has reconsidered his determination not to sing again before his departure, and will be heard once more in Sherman and Clay's Music Hall. This time it is a ballad concert to be given Tuesday evening, September 12. The programme will include Schumann, Cornelius, Lowe, Brahms, Berlioz, some early Italian music of the 13th and 14th centuries, two genuine Troubadour songs, as well as a large proportion of the Irish airs so dear to the singer himself. This variety of selection will perhaps give Mr. O'Sullivan a better opportunity than his purely Irish program earlier in the season, particularly for the "*bel canto*"

* *

The performances of "La Gioconda" and "Rigoletto" have attracted large audiences to the Tivoli this week. Next week the troupe will be heard in Carmen on Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday evenings, and "Romeo and Juliet" which will be given on alternate nights and at the Saturday matinee. In Carmen, Mary Linck, Ella Prosnitz and Signors Avedano, Schuster and Zani will be heard. In Romeo and Juliet, Barron Berthald, Anna Lichter, Wanrell and Schuster. The audiences are as large as ever.

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ONE cannot afford to be eccentric, they tell us, unless one has either brains or money. Lady Howard de Walden, who died in London recently at an advanced age, had both, and she used her privilege to the full. A wit, a charming conversationalist, she was also rich beyond the dream of avarice—the wealthiest woman in all England, and one of the three greatest landholders. Her property lay in the city, and consisted mostly of large and fine houses, the residences of the wealthy middle class. She had, therefore, the means of gratifying her whims, and princely ones they were. Having an aversion to railways she used to travel, whenever it could be done, by carriage, and she made her journeys in the style of a royal progess. It is said that if she found that there were no roads to any district into which her fancy might lead her, she had good ones built, at her own expense, and waited, herself, until they were completed for her. I have it on the word of a former trusted employe that she spent something over fifty thousand pounds in this manner alone. If she found herself growing attached to any one part of the Kingdom, she put up a palace there, for building was, with her, a ruling passion, as it was if you remember, with Mrs. Mark Hopkins-Searles of California. At Malvern stands one such house, only recently finished and much ridiculed by tourists by reason of its lack of harmony with the surroundings. It is a great, rambling castle of a place, set squarely in the midst of many small cottages. There are no grounds; there is no room for them. Placed in the midst of a great park, the structure would have been not unimposing; here it is a misfit.

Then there was her mansion in London, Portland Place, a great, gloomy house of state, once the center of fashion and the scene of princely hospitality, but rarely opened, or even occupied in these latter days, for Lady De Walden had outlived her generation. More often she dwelt at De Walden House, Eastbourne, or at the Moat, a charming country house near Maidstone, built by her many years ago. It is somewhat paradoxical that this queen of landlords occupied at this place rented ground. They tell a somewhat grim story regarding her tenure. It is said she refused for a time to live in this place because her landlord would not extend her lease beyond twenty-one years, although she was at the time nearly seventy-five years old.

A curious, somewhat perverted, but always strong and interesting race, that from which she sprang. England had forgotten, until her death recalled his memory, her brilliant but aggressive brother, who bade fair at one time to be premier of England—Lord George Bentinck. He was a man for whom history has kept no permanant place, yet in his time he made history. He above all others ruined Peel's career by the high Tory and Protectionist revolt which he led in 1846; on the other hand, he was the fore-runner of Disraeli, whos career he helped to build. Disraeli was not ungrateful; one of the best of his writings is a biography, a charming and brilliant one, of this same Lord George Bentinck. As he possessed all the brillancy of the family, so his elder brother, the Duke of Portland, partook of all his eccentricity. Possessed of a morbid desire for solitute and of a *penchant* for building almost equal to that of Lady De Walden, he built on his great estates all kinds of subterranean mansions in order to hide himself from mankind. From the first Bentinck who came from Holland with William III., bringing that gloom and that savor of the border-land between the real and the unreal which has marked all its subsequent history, the race has had a strange record, full of strong characters, tragic episodes, mysterious and sometimes horrible events; such a history as Balzac would have delighted to delineate, showing in its different branches the scarlet thread of the master-passion.

I find that I have wandered far from Lady Howard. Her character lay between that of her talented brother and that of her erratic one. I have said something about her peculiarities; on the othre side she was nearly the wittiest woman in all London, and certainly the most brilliant letter-writer; for she had cultivated the well-nigh lost art of correspondence. Her letters, writen, in the fine, clear hand of an older generation, a hand that remained legible and firm to her last days, may yet furnish to succeeding generations such a picture of contemporaneous life as did the letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montague and the diaries of Evelyn and Pepys.

I turned out with the rest of artistic and journalistic London at the closing fete of the International Art Exposition. I went to see the pictures, I stayed to admire the clothes. You know, or perhaps, you do not know, that this exhibition is patronized by yonng artists in revolt against the conventional standards of the Royal Academy. James McNeil Whistler, the Moses of this new Exodus, has gathered around him a crowd of the younger, more daring, and more obsure artists, and has set their work for all the world to see on the walls of the Prince's Club, Knightsbridge. Formerly no picture has been accounted worthy of much attention unless it had the seal of the R. A., but these young dissenters have really made a place for themselves and their organization. So we wandered from wall to wall of the big skating-rink, converted for the summer into a gallery, and we pretended to be admiring the painted beauty of the unknown and *outre* which dazzled us from the walls, while in reality we were keeping our eyes out for the more or less natural beauty, if unpainted, of fair women in their evening finery. Were I of the sex which possesses intimate knowledge of these high and complicated matters, I might describe in detail certain frocks, which in their general effect were bewilderingly beautiful. Out of the throng of smart women in clever clothes I marked Marie Tempest in a gown of white with silver embroidery, to which the only touch of color was a splash of pale pink on the shoulder and an ornament of rubies and diamonds set where the white of her dress met the white of her bosom. She saug for us at the concert which closed the affair, only indifferently well, by the way. Rumor has it that the queenly Marie does not take kindly to London, and her work has been listless. Mrs. Walter Crane, wife of the illustrator and decorator so well known in my own country, was one of the handsomest women present, if you take my word for it. She wore dull gray, I think the material was velvet and lace which I should call ancient and valuable, but the item of her costume which caught my eye was a string of curiously carved amber beads twisted, coil upon coil, around her neck. Still another handsome American hails, I believe, from your part of the world—Miss Kubne Beveridge. She wore a gown of pink and white, some heavy stuff, brocade, maybe. She has been very successful, from a financial point at least, in London; now she is on her way to South Africa, where her work has sold well. A bust of Cecil Rhodes, which she executed during his stay in London, attracted the attention of other South African millionaires, and paying orders have rolled in upon her; for Alfred Beit she has constructed a bronze staue of heroic size called "Rhodesia," typifying that wonderful land of gold. Dr. Jamieson, he of the famous raid, has also patronized her, paying a liberal figure for a strong piece of marble which she calls "Lascive."

To return to dresses, one or two of my charming compatriots were gotten up in a fashion much more striking than beautiful. I regret that, as I cannot give the specifications of the really smart costumes, so I cannot tell you exactly what was the matter with these dresses, but I am sure it is not right to wear natural cherries in the hair, especially if the hair is gray, or to show heelless black sandals below white stockings. The young American artist who stood in this eccentric footwear wore a straight black frock built like a nightdress except for an unnecessarily low bodice; this gown was girt by a wide sash set so high that it came almost under the armpits and tied in a fairly gigantic bow in the middle of her back. Her dark brown hair stood out from her head in every direction, with the view, I suppose, of giving the impression of a halo, but it only made her look like a Circassian.

London, August 7, 1899. AMOS SHELDON.

Dr. G. A. Danziger, Dentist, 22 Geary street.

FINANCE.

The celebration of last week naturally interfered with financial conditions. The excitement so general throughout San Francisco penetrated to all parts of California. It had its consequence in general quiescence unaccompanied by any particular reduction in prices, however. Bonds are much as they have been, in good demand and with but few offerings. Bank stocks are higher in price and reflect the excellent financial condition of Californian institutions. Sugar stocks about hold their own. There is not much trading, however; those that have plantation shares seem to have made up their minds to hold on to the investment.

Among the interesting stocks at the moment is Contra Costa Water, which is selling at 76. About a month ago, on the announcement of a resumption of monthly dividends of 40 cents per share per month, the stock went to 79¼. It did not stay there, however. The current impression on California street is that a smaller dividend would have been more equitable to all concerned.

BANK SHARES.

A sale of Anglo-Californian stock at 68 recently, is to be noted. First National is in demand at 230 and Nevada National is wanted at 183½. This latter advance is claimed to be warranted on the strength of the future earning power of the institution. After the meeting of Bank of California stockholders called for September 1st to pass on the proposed reduction of capital from three to two million dollars, I predict a considerable rise in the price of this stock. The resident directors of the institution and its cashier, Thomas Brown, have joined in a recommendation to the stockholders unequivocally approving the reduction.

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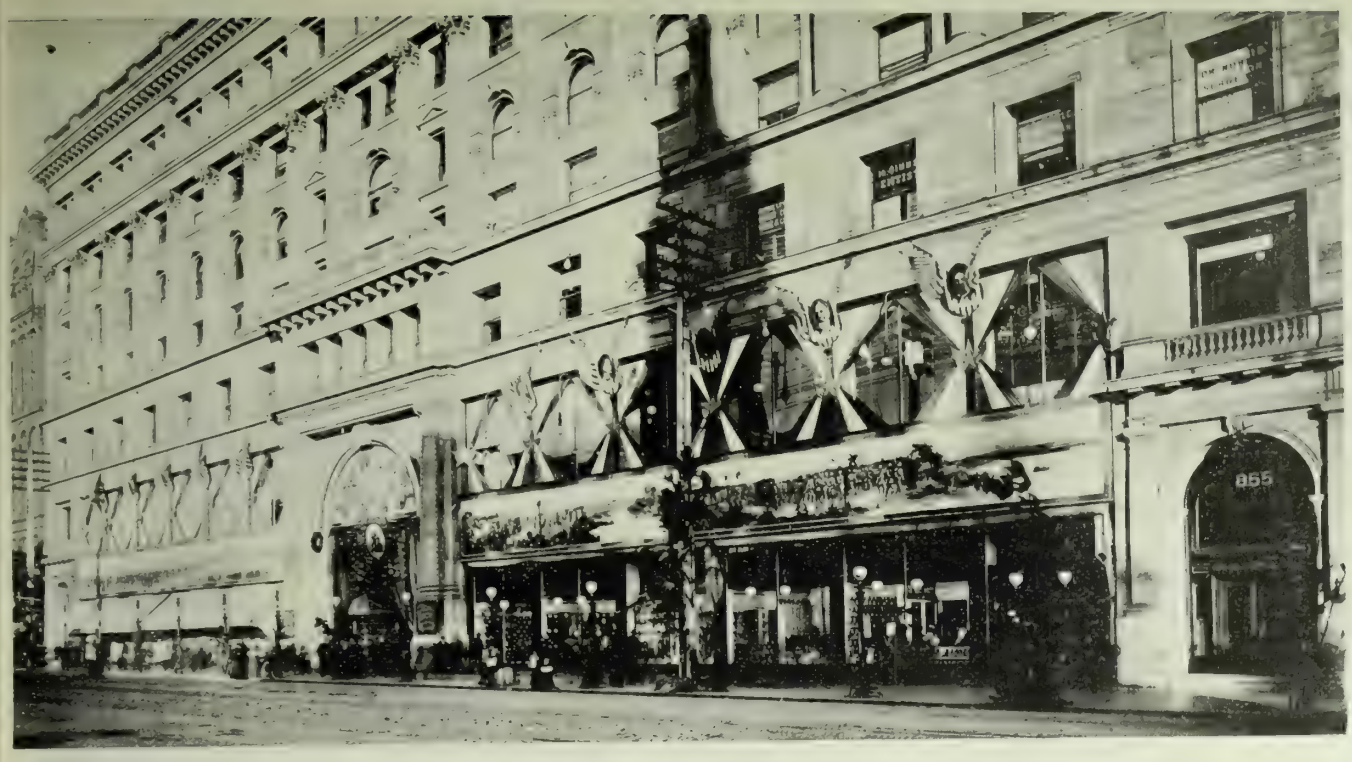

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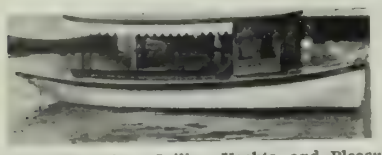

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New Stories Re-Told.

x x x

A DELEGATION of Indians from a western State visited the Land Office in Washington, and were duly introduced to a bumptious little official who had charge of their territory. This little man, who, by the way, has a big head, patronized the red-men for all he was worth, and talked elaborately about the Land Office. When he had finished the Indians began to grunt and talk among themselves. "What are they saying?" asked the egotistical clerk, with delighted anxiety. "Tell me what they are saying." "I cannot tell you," replied the interpreter, "it was not for you to hear." But the little man insisted, and with great reluctance the interpreter finally yielded. "They said," he translated, "Little man, big head, heap talk, say nothing, much fool."

x

A YOUNG WOMAN who patronizes the Free Library at San Jose, was anxious to read Hopkinson Smith's *Tom Grogan*, but whenever she called for it the book was invariably "out." She begged then that the librarian would notify her by telephone as soon as the book came in, so that she could come at once and get it. The book was returned next day, and the librarian telephoned. It was the girls' father who answered. "Tom Grogan," he shouted, indignantly. "So Tom Grogan wants my daughter to come up after him. Look here, you tell that young man from me, if he wants to see my daughter he had better come here and do it."

x

STATE TREASURER William Wortham, of Texas, was in a prominent New York jewelry store when he noted a show case filled with jewelled revolvers. He asked to see one of the weapons, a 45-calibre gun with a gold grip and a ruby in the handle. The Texan handled the revolver with reverential care. Then drawing himself up to his full height, crooked his left elbow, rested the barrel thereon, and looked over the sights down the long store. "Say," said Wortham, with quiet but intense enthusiasm, to the attentive clerk, as he returned the weapon, "if I was to wear that gun in my State, the people would be falling down on their knees begging to be killed with it."

x

JOHN ROGERS, a Petaluma farmer, has a Jersey cow which he is accustomed to drive to and from the pasture morning and evening. One morning a neighbor met Rogers walking in the middle of the lane, apparently deeply engrossed in thought. "Where are you going to-day, friend Rogers?" asked the neighbor. "Why," was the reply, "I'm driving the cow to pasture." And he waved his hand toward where the cow ought to have been. "But where's the cow?" asked his friend. "I suppose I forgot to let her out of the barn," answered the farmer humbly, as he realized his position. And he had.

x

GENERAL DE GALLIFET, the new French War Minister, led the Reserve Cavalry at Sedan, and their splendid charge almost stayed the flood of the French defeat. Some years afterwards, de Gallifet attended the German maneouvers by especial invitation of the old Emperor William. At the banquet that followed, the Emperor motioned to the brilliant Frenchman, who was about to seat himself opposite, to take the place beside him. "Come, sit beside me," he exclaimed: "I know only too well what it is to have you on the other side."

x

AT A CHURCH in Scotland, where there was a popular call for a "minister," as it is termed, two candidates offered to preach whose names were Adam and Low. The latter preached in the morning, and took for his text "Adam, where art thou?" He made a very excellent discourse, and the congregation was much edified. In the afternoon Mr. Adam preached upon this words: "Low, here am I." The impromptu reply and the sermon gained him the appointment.

x

BISHOP, POTTER who has aided in averting and settling many labor strikes, once in talking with a committee of strikers in regard to some settlement, remarked accidentally, "It is well that clergymen don't go on a strike." One of his callers, an East-Side walking delegate, answered, "They would if they worked by the day, but they work by the job."

x

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON visited England after the Civil war was over, and received unusual courtesies. At a dinner given him by the British Anti-slavery Society, he was presented with a gold watch. As he took it in his hand he said: "Well, gentlemen, if this had been a rotten egg I should have known what to do with it, but as it is a gold watch, I have nothing to say."

x

IN AN ARISTOCRATIC company, Pope the poet condemned punning as a species of wit so triflingly easy that he would answer to make one on any subject proposed offhand, when a lady in the company said: "Well, then, Mr. Pope, make one on keelhauling." He instantly replied, "That, Madam, is indeed putting a man under a hard ship!"

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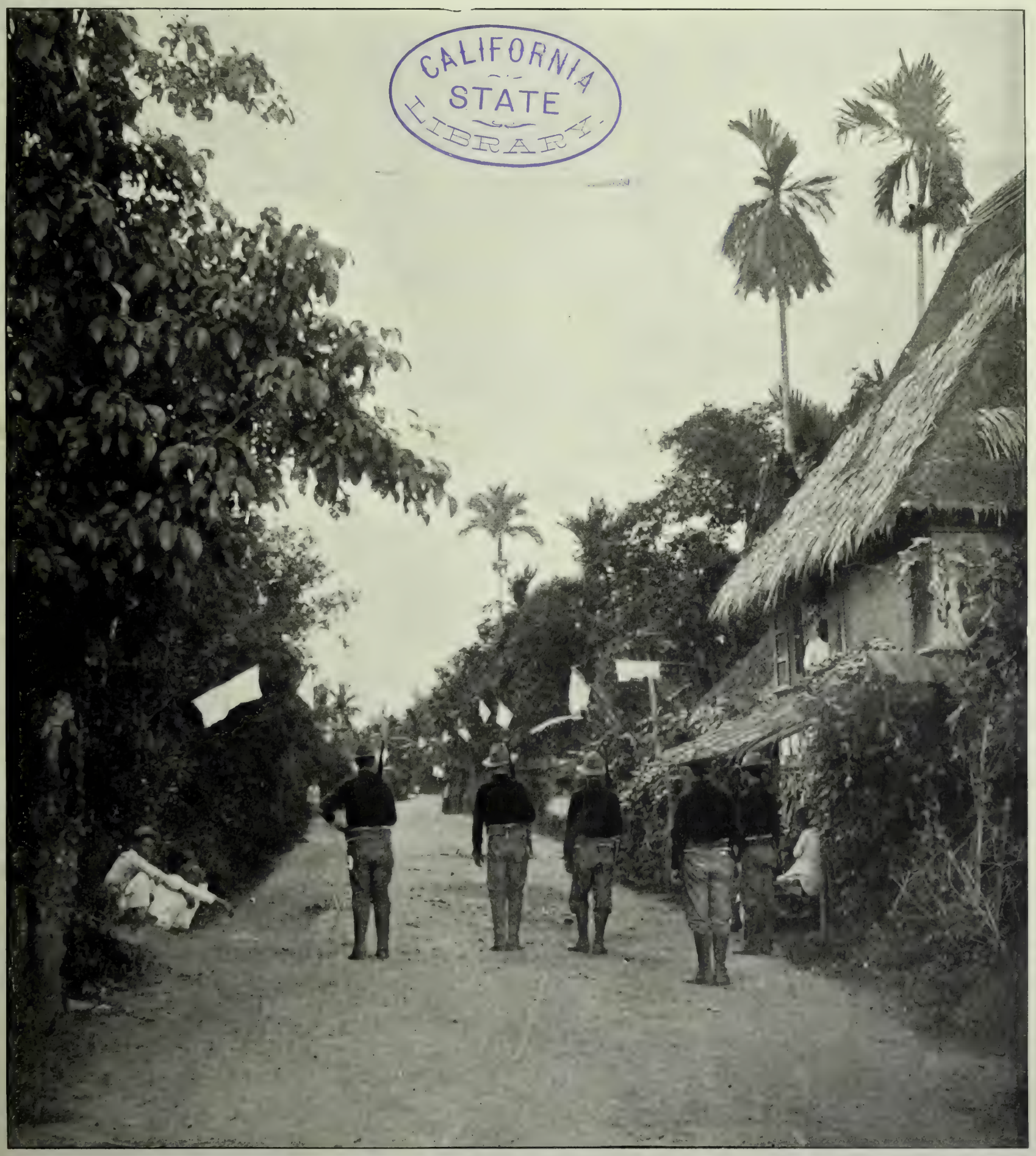

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Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months, $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

The trade is supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 342 Geary street; east of the Rocky Mountains by the American News Company, New York.

The Wave is kept on file and is for sale at Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France; 31 Union Square, New York City; 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.; and 206 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

For advertising rates and on all other matters pertaining to city business, address The Wave, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

All business matters pertaining to the Northwest should be addressed to Trevor Corry, Colman Building, Seattle, Wash.

Eastern representative, D. M. Foltz, 34 Park Row, New York.

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SAN FRANCISCO—September 9, 1899—SEATTLE

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EVENTS CURRENT.

The Transvaal Situation.

The passing of another week brings the Boer Republic of Transvaal a week nearer the inevitable war. It is now clearly understood that President Kruger's offer of a five-year franchise concession was accompanied by demands for relaxing of suzerainty which Great Britain could not, or at least would not, accept. The temporizing ruler of the little republic thereupon asked for a conference, but on condition of the withdrawal of all former proposals made by either side. Such a meeting has always been desired by the British Cabinet, but on an entirely different basis from the one proposed. Secretary Chamberlain desired a conference for the purpose of settling the conditions of the five-year franchise offer; Kruger wishes a conference on the whole question, putting aside all that has been accomplished by two years of diplomacy. This is in line with his temporizing policy, and it is extremely unlikely that the British Government will accept it. Both sides understand one another well enough now. The Boers will never accede to the British demands, and it is equally impossible that Great Britain will relax those demands. The Volksraad, upon the receipt of Secretary Chamberlain's answer, withdrew the five-year franchise proposal. This alone shows the arrogant and hostile attitude of the Boers, who are all for war. The nation is armed and ready; war could be begun at two days' notice. In that event, it is believed that the Orange Free State would join the movement, giving the Boers about 50,000 fighting men, and that the first movement would be a raid on the British colony at Natal. At Pretoria business is suspended and has been for months, so that the English Bishop of that district has been obliged to ask for aid to succor the needy residents. Many arrests of journalists and others who have opposed the Boers in that town were made last week by an over-officious Boer and fuectionary, and a panic followed, hundreds of Englishmen and Americans swarmed over the border and into Cape Colony. In the first stages of the war Great Britain will be at a disadvantage, owing to the fact that the force at present in South Africa is not only farther from Natal and other prospective battle-grounds than are the Boer troops, but is also inferior in numbers. However, the British could have an adequate force at the front in less than a month, and the final outcome is as clearly assured in advance as was that of our own Spauish war.

The War in the Philippines.

Two minor engagements were reported from the Philippines this week, both attacks on robber strongholds in the islands of Cebu and Negros. It has been the policy of General Otis to leave the insurgent bands of these territories alone, merely holding the islands under garrison. This has made them bold, and certain bands of robbers masking as insurgents have been committing depredations around the American camp, until it became advisable to teach them a lesson. The attack at Cebu was precipitated by the murder of three Americans, who were caught in ambush and mutilated after death. A small American force with one gun drove the assassins back on their stronghold and advanced through the wilderness to bombard or capture that. The Americans took the first line of defence, after a terribly hard advance through a rough forest country, but the rebels took to their upper strongholds and eventually escaped. They lost rather heavily; no Americans were killed, although many were prostrated by the beat. At Negros, the Americans were more successful; the Sixth Infantry here took the bandit headquarters, killing twenty-one natives and taking many prisoners. One American lientenant and several privates sustained slight wounds. On Luzon, there has been no movement except a desultory shelling of the American camp at Angeles. Reports given out by Maj. Gen'l. Otis, and unreliable, in view of the personel of his spy service, have it that the insurgents are in sore straits for food and ammunition. It is certain that a number of "dodges" to get supplies out of Manila, have lately been uncovered. Natives have been found carrying rice in loads of bamboo poles and powder in the inside of cigarette wrappers. At Washington, the War Department authorities express their confidence in the early termination of the war, but give no authority for the statement. It is announced that two of the first quota of new volunteer regiments are to go by way of New York, and likewise three of the second quota. The remaining fifteen are to be sent via San Francisco. One of the first, the 34th, arrived last week. They are a fine body of plainsmen, including two hundred of the Rough Riders and many other veterans of the Spanish war, and may be used as cavalry or mounted infantry. Others will follow shortly. The transport, "*Morgan City*," bound to Manila with regular army recruits on board, was wrecked last week in the inland sea of Japan. No lives were lost, but the accident creates a vexatious delay. Gen'l, Otis is reported ill from overwork. Without wishing any harm to a conscientious, incompetent man, it may be said that any illness severe enough to put him out of commission next Fall would be a blessing in disguise.

The Philadelphia Exposition.

An American exposition for purely commercial purposes is to be opened at Philadelphia this month, to continue the remainder of the fall. It is intended to further the American export trade, and to be devoted solely to that end. Not a single foreign firm is to have a section, the only foreign goods to be exhibited being those placed along the same lines of American goods in order to show domestic producers what they have to compete against. A special feature will be the exhibition of the proper methods to be used in packing goods for the particular needs of certain sections—South America in particular. The exposition covers some fifty-six acres of ground, and over $800,000 has been given to cover expenses by Congress, the State of Pennsylvania, and by the municipality and citizens of Philadelphia. In connection with this affair, there will be a convention of the Boards of Trade and Chambers of Commerce from this and other countries. Every commercial body of the United States is to send representatives, and all the foreign governments and Chambers of Commerce are invited to attend. Responses received to date would indicate that about fifty per cent of the foreigners invited will be present at this convention.

Our Trade With South America.

A late report of the Treasury Department presents a discouraging impression of our commercial relations with the Latin-American countries of South America. Our trade with Mexico and Central America is satisfactory, but at the Isthmus of Panama there is a sudden drop in the amount of exports received from that country. While Mexico takes nearly one half of her total imports from the United States, the countries of South America bordering on the Carribean Sea are our customers to the extent of only one-fourth their imports, and the Pacific Republics of South America receive from us even less—only about ten per cent of their total imports,—while the Southern Republics take from us only seven per cent of the totals. Moreover, our exports to these countries have by no means grown in proportion to the growth of our commerce. In 1868, twenty per cent of all United States exports went to the countries south of the Isthmus; the proportion has fallen to seven per cent. On the other hand, the United States receives from this region much more than it sends, our imports from South America being about three times the amount of our exports. Of the reasons for this state of affairs, the chief one, in all probability, is the failure of United States business firms to study the needs and conform to the business methods of these countries. They prefer to deal with the Latin nations of Europe, where they are better understood. Again, most of the shipping is in the hands of European firms, who very naturally throw as much trade as possible to their own countrymen, since much of the East Coast of South America is as near to the European ports as it is to New York. So that a majority of the vessels in the South American trade load with hides, rubber or wood at Rio or some other Eastern port, unload in New York, there load with grain for Europe, and return to the starting-place with European manufactured material. This route follows the present lines of the world's commerce, and no great change can be made until this country controls once more its own merchant marine. A factor which will be immensely to our advantage, particularly in trade between the Eastern States and Pacific Republics, will be the completion of the railroad down the Isthmus. With this connecting North and South America, and with the trans-Andean road connecting the two coasts of the Southern Continent, communication by rail would be established between all the large cities of the two continents, and we would enjoy an immense advantage in the sale of perishable articles of commerce.

The Dreyfus Case.

The late testimony in the Dreyfus case was nearly all on technical details, interesting to no one, understood by no one, except French military experts. It dealt mainly with the knowledge of artillery displayed in the *bordereau*, and with the likelihood of the words, "I am going to attend the maneouvres," being written by the accused. This body of testimony favored Dreyfus. One point has been made by the prosecution—a strong one, if the witness be reliable. Eugene Cernuschi, an Austrian political refugee, claims that on three distinct occasions he was told by foreign attaches that Dreyfus had communicated treasonable documents to foreign powers. As the prosecution has shown a disposition to use forgery and perjury, this also may well be pure falsehood, in view of the fact that the Austrian's antecedents are more than doubtful. At any rate, this is the first clear testimony of guilt the army has been able to rake up, and the acute Labori immediately turned it to his advantage, claiming that, since evidence from foreign sources had been introduced, he was entitled to the permission, hitherto withheld, to question the foreign powers as to their alleged relations with Dreyfus. This testimony recalls the fact that the court has gone away beyond its powers in the present investigation. The question for trial, as set down by the Minister of War, was whether or no Dreyfus had conspired to commit treason by delivering to Germany the documents enumerated in the *bordereau*. This evidence, in common with a great deal more, has no connection whatever with the *bordereau* question; in fact, there has been a general disposition on the part of the officers on the court-martial to admit any sort of evidence tending to prove guilt of treason. This furnishes, therefore, a loophole for the defense, who may appeal on these grounds in the event of conviction. It is also expected that, in that contingency, the Ministry will ask the Deputies for a "vote of confidence" and deal with the matter themselves. So that the prospects for final acquittal are brighter than they have been at any time since the first week of the trial. Popular ferment has subsided more or less; all parties are awaiting outcome, which ought to be known in two weeks' time. The government, anticipating trouble, will have Rennes closely guarded by the end of the proceedings. Agitator Guerin still holds out, having found means of provisioning his house, and the police continue the barricade, but make no move forward.

Dominican Rebels in Peaceable Control.

The Dominican revolution took a sudden and curious turn last week, when President Figueroa and his cabinet, who have been ruling San Domingo since the late assassination of Heureux, quietly resigned the government, leaving the coast clear for the followers of Jiminez. At this time, it is impossible to determine their motives. They may have become convinced that the revolution was certain of succeeding, and withdrawn to prevent bloodshed in a useless struggle, or they may have been bribed, after the fashion of Latin-American statesmen in general and Dominguans in particular. At any rates this act was preceded by the taking of Santiago de Los Caballeros, which the rebels entered with the full consent of the inhabitants, and the fall of several smaller towns along the borders. Jiminez' agents are now in control of the capital city. He himself is on the way, General Wood having given him permission to leave Cuba with his personal staff. He announces his attention of establishing a just and enlightened government like that of the United States, and taking measures to develop the country. It is a curious fact that the character of the late President Heureux has been the subject of the most widely diverse accounts iu this country. Part of the newspapers have it that he was a just and enlightened ruler who made order out of chaos; another part describes him as a tyrant, schemer and official murderer. As the news of events in that turbulent region come from Spanish-Americans vitally interested in one party or the other, it is likely that it will be some time before we have an accurate account of recent events, or of the character of Heureux.

New Postal Agreement with Germany.

The United States has just entered into a convention with Germany concerning the transmission of parcels by mail, the first agreement of the sort this country has ever made with a foreign nation, although France, England and Germany have all sought to effect some such understanding. By the terms of the convention, parcels not exceeding eleven pounds in weight are to be transmitted to Germany at a postal rate of 12 cents per pound. From Germany to the United States, the rate is to be 2 marks, 40 pfenings a parcel irrespective of weight, although there is some chance of the adoption of a scale of 1 mark, 60 pfenings for parcels weighing not over a kilogram, equivalent to two pounds and three ounces. This convention ends negotiations which have been dragged out since 1885, in which year Germany made application. President McKinley and Postmaster General Smith, being heartily in favor of the measure, reopened the subject last year, and the final agreement was signed Aug. 26 of this year.

Woman Suffrage in Colorado.

In reply to assertions that woman suffrage had not worked well in Colorado, Mrs. Alice Stone Blackwell lately conducted a quiet investigation on the matter by addressing letters to various women of the State, irrespective of their suffrage convictions. It may be noted, in passing, that there has never been a thorough investigation of this question in Colorado, although that State, owing to the fact that it is the only "equal suffrage" district which embraces a large city, affords the best opportunity for study of the question. As Mrs. Blackwell is a suffrage advocate her report is colored by her convictions, and as her letters were addressed to women only, the answers represent but one section. The replies were all in favor of suffrage. Most of them declare that if the amendment were again referred to the male voters it would be carried by at least three times the former majority. The new condition of affairs has stood now for nearly four years, and in that time the interest, it is claimed, has not diminished, and has even increased among the most desirable class of female voters. Three women sat in the last General Assembly, one of them acting temporarily as Speaker. All three were unusually zealous in the performance of their duties, and, it is asserted, filled their places as well as any of their forty male colleagues. One thing is admitted by both sides of the question; that is, that the elections are more orderly than ever before equal suffrage was introduced. Whereas, in the rough mining town and the city of Denver the elections were once turbulent, riotous and frequently corrupt, they are now quiet in every way. These views come all from one side; the other has yet to be heard from.

Purpose of the Trans-Siberian Railroad.

The completion of the Trans-Siberian railway will have a political rather than an economic siguificance. It was believed, at first, that that gigantic project, upon which Russia has spent four hundred million roubles, was undertaken in order to furnish a commercial outlet for the still undeveloped resources of Eastern Russia, and would encourage Ruissan colonization in Siberia. But the expectation that there will be any colonizing movement directly upon its completion is not likely to be fulfilled, in view of the fact that Russia proper is now the most sparely settled country in Europe, and that the Slavs are poor colonists. For many years, the

vernment has been offering inducements to tempt the asants of the central districts to emigrate to Siberia, but thout any conspicuous success. The thing which has vays gone to thwart the government in its colonizing ans has been the unenterprising nature of the Slavs, who e totally unable to take the initiative in new projects of y sort, and the traditional corruption of Russian officials, io are protected robbers, and who will doubtless con- ue their policy of putting every obstacle in the way of ricultural colonists. Still, there is bound to be some stward movement, although the statement enthusiastic- ly made in Russia that the present population of seven illions in this district will increase to eighty millions in e next century seems unsupported by facts. One un- niable economic advantage will be the quick relief of those mines which devestate Russia periodically. Grain is a aple product of the newly opened country, and the rail- ad, which puts the Siberian product at the very gates of ussia, will tend to steady fluctuations in the price of heat, and to provide easy means for the relief of famine. ill, it is very doubtful if the opening up of Siberia was e main object of the Russian government, doubtful if is was the first cause of the project. The road gives the ar's government its long desired outlet to the Southern ea of China, and completes the Russian hold on Man- uria. She will now be in a position to occupy that im- rtant province, one of the richest in the Chinese Empire, d logically Russia's frontier post for the struggle pro- eeding the partition of China. She holds Vladivostok d Port Arthur, sea-ports of the province and both to be rmin of the new road; she will therefore have direct mmunication between her capital and her naval base of pplies. The Manchurian population, with a preponder- nce of the Chinese over the Tartar element, is likely to elcome Russian rule as being a little more favorable to eir peaceful, agricultural habits than that of the horribly rrupt government by which they are ruled at present, d Russia's plans are all laid to make this her next move the Far East, to follow close upon the completion of the w railroad.

end of emocratic eeling

The Democrats of Iowa have shown the trend of Democratic feeling on the issues of 1900 by the sentiments expressed at their late State Convention and by the comments of their local press thereon. hile the Chicago platform and its 16 to 1 silver policy as fully indorsed, the inevitable trend of the party toward nti-imperialism as an issue was shown by the great nount of space devoted to that subject in the statement of inciples adopted. Considerable importance is given to e trusts question, but the utterances of the speakers and ne of the whole assemblage pointed in the same general rection. So, also, the Democratie papers of the section e echoing the sentiments of the Algona *Courier*, which ed to be the most rabid free-silver journal of the section, d which now declares that "Circumstances, and especially e great amount of gold which has been added to our cir- lation, greatly lessen the importance of the money issue. he chief issues now are imperialism and trusts." As wa Democrats were Bryanites to the core in 1896, and as e Populists have ratified and endorsed their new plat- rm, this expression of opinion is ominous for Bryan and s principles. In Ohio, things have gone a little the other ay, the State Convention declaring for "Bryan and 16 to " Bnt even here, much emphasis has been placed on the nperialist policy of the Republicans, and the indications e that the Ohinns are in a mood to accept what will oubtless be the policy of the Democratic campaign of oo—Free Silver as a platform issue, but a main fight on nti-expansionist principles.

HONOR WHERE IT IS DUE.

If there was at present vacant a military office, the nors and emoluments of which were such as to excite e ambition of Mayor Phelan, it would evidence ex- emely bad taste for him to throw all his popular influence ward securing the place. So far as his having a right to spire is concerned, no one would dispute it, but the gen- al verdict would be that the place properly belonged to ictor Duboce, Colonel of the First California Regiment. r. Phelan is popular because of his civic virtues. No ilitary achievement is entered up to his credit. In that eld he is untried, although he might bring to the military fice the same honesty of purpose that has characterized m and his administration as Mayor, In considering the ght and the wrong of things, an ambition on the part of ayor Phelan to supplant Col. Duboce in military affairs ould meet with popular disapproval.

Appropos of this, the politicians have been troubled for onths to find some Republican who gave promise of efeating Mr. Phelan for the mayoralty. The city has en searched in vain. Men who would have made rmidable rivals have declined the tender with thanks say- g, "I am going to support Phelan, I cannot run against m." That this performance has been going on for me time, everyone in politics, even those on the outer ges of it, knew full well.

Recently two regiments of California troops returned om the Phillipines. At their head rode Col. Duboce, a llant soldier and a good American. Without regard to rty, the people turned out to meet their heroes and heered them all from Col. Duboce down to the last ivate. Now the political tricketers have an idea of push- g Mr. Duboce into the fight to defeat Mr. Phelan. They not love the gallant officer, but do hate Phelan. It will too bad if they persuade Col. Duboce to such a course too bad for his own sake. There are other and better ings for him in the future. And Mayor Phelan has orked too hard and too honestly and unselfishly for the ity's good to merit such treatment at the hands of Col. uboce or any other lover of fair play.

Political Corruption in Municipalities.

In discussing political corruption in municipalities throughout the United States, it would not be extravagant to assert, that to corporations is attributed—in some cases falsely in others justly—the entire responsibility for the evil. The primary responsibility rests elsewhere. It is found in the erroneous system of "Regulation" as we have endeavored to point out. In the very nature of things a quasi public corporation whose income is subject to the regulating hand of a public board or commission, must, for self-protection's sake, engage itself in politics. If the corporation is charging excessive rates its influence must be exerted in the direction of bad. It must, to maintain exhorbitant rates, be and remain an uncompromising foe to good government. It cannot expect honest men to sanction its public robberies and naturally with all of its strength and cunning opposes their election to office. Means are never questioned, "results," alone are desired. Sadly enough the political records of American municipalities fail to disclose many instances where that which is honest in politics has come out victorious over political corruption backed by corporate wealth and influence. The trouble has been that the culprit corporation is usually adroit enough to compel other unoffending and unexposed institutions to assist in pulling its chestnuts out of the fire. Take street railway concerns for instance; those already in existence have but little to ask of a Board of Supervisors; their rates of fare are not annually subject to Supervisorial scrutiny; and as a rule their requests are only such as any honest man would without question grant. Then why in the name of common sense should such an institution involve itself in politics, and on the filthiest side, at that? Doubtless this question has been asked by many a stockholder, and still remains unanswered. Street railway corporations have come in for a good deal of abuse in San Francisco for interfering in politics, and yet the corporations are not to wholly to blame. To a great extent they have been coerced in the matter. There is abundant excuse for a water company mixing in politics in California. Ever since the adoption of the new constitution which compels Boards of Supervisors to annually fix water rates, almost every institution of that character in the State, has had a direct and positive interest in the election of Supervisors and City Councils. Other corporations were not exposed as were the water companies. For a number of years the latter corporations bore the burden of handling such politics, exclusively. It became too heavy. They needed assistance; other corporations must be compelled to contribute or pay the penalty. With a venal and corrupt Board of Supervisors and an ingenious corporate mischief-breeder, it was not difficult to suggest means for harrassing and annoying the self-respecting and non-interfering corporations. Street railway companies suddenly found obstructions placed in their way, controversies arose where hitherto there had been no controversies. New or extended franchises which made for the development of the railways as well as the city itself, were hung up and opposed. Hitherto there had been no necessity for mixing in Supervisorial politics; City Councils, we will say in Oakland or elsewhere, had not exhibited opposition towards railroad development, but under the antagonistic manipulations of the water companies, the street railways and steam railways too, for that matter, found it expedient to join hands with their concealed antagonist for self protection. Protection against what? Against jobs conceived by the culprit corporations who, being in the toils themselves, were determined to drag others in and so lighten the load which the constitution had dumped upon them.

Foolish Press Crusades.

With a sensational press and such a constitutional provision as California has, even a water corporation charging reasonable rates, must incline towards the corrupt man rather than the demagogue. Indeed from a purely selfish business point of view, the corrupt man is perferable to the "honest" coward. Take San Francisco for illustration, conceding that water rates are fair and reasonable, and that a Board of Supervisors of ordinary honesty and intelligence has been inducted into offie. The constitutional time for regulating rates approaches, the daily press, which is never careful of the truth except to avoid it, or jealous of any property rights except its own, begins a crusade for reduced rates. Tom, Dick and Harry—who never drank water, except under compulsion—are interviewed to illustrate public discontent with rates. The outspoken Supervisor who has declared his satisfaction with prevailing rates is cartooned, ridiculed and abused. The members are urged to "curb the greed of the grasping monopoly" and every devise known to the tricks of journalism is employed, to influence the decision of the honest members. The alternative of being declared dishonest if they do not lower rates or of being pictured as the public saviors if they do, is held up to the Board. What is such a body of men likely to do? Admitting that they cannot be bribed, admitting too that in their hearts they believe existing rates to be reasonable, they are more than likely unless brave indeed, to deprive the corporation of some of its income rather than put in jeopardy their own tawdry reputations. Under proper pressure the "honest" coward may be procured to act against his conscience and visit an unjust regulation upon a just corporation merely because he fears his reputation would suffer because he disagreed with the press. The luckless institution that falls into the hands of such a regulating body is infinitely more unfortunate than it would be in the hands of a venal board.

It may be accepted as a conclusion, susceptible of demonstration, that the power "to regulate quasi public corporations" vested in a legislative body without being safeguarded by statutory restrictions, and without being removed from the domain of uncertainty, so that the ingenious and corrupt legislator may not find opportunity to threaten, intimidate and fleece, is productive of corruption, is inimical to good government and is not justified by past experience, or sanctioned by common sense.

THE ARCHITECTURAL CONTESTS.

WHEN Mrs. Phoebe Hearst determinep to erect new buildings for the University of California, she and her advisers chose the wisest way in putting a disproportionate amount of the available funds into the designs. Had she been like the average University benefactor, she would have awarded the contract to some good firm, and let it go at that. But she saw far enough into the future to understand that buildings which are to be permanent, to last a great institution through the generations, must be genuinely beautiful as well as useful. The result was the hundred thousand dollar fund appropriated for a design alone. Twenty thousand dollars in prizes offered brought out plans from over a hundred architects, most of them young men. From these, eleven were chosen at the competition held in Antwerp a year ago. This week, final judgment is being passed in this city by four architects of world renown, who, with Regent Reinstein, of the University of California, constitute the final jury of award.

The four architects, who are now working behind closed doors in the Ferry Building, are the best of four nations. M. Pascal, the chairman of the committee, is probably the greatest architect alive. A member of the French Academy, a winner of the Prix de Rome and government inspector of buildings for France, he has erected some of the most beautiful structures of his native country. He is also president of the École des Beaux Arts of Paris. Herr Wallot gained distinction as the designer of the Reichstag buildings in Berlin. Mr. Belcher, representing England, comes as a substitute for Norman Shaw of London, who sat on the original jury and who cannot attend this session for private reasons. The substitute is hardly less distinguished in his line than Mr. Shaw. He designed the Guildhall at Cambridge, one of the architectural masterpieces of England. Mr. Walter Cook is president of the American Architectural Association, and undoubtedly the most competent American in the profession. In personality, the four men are typical of their nationalities to an amusing degree. Pascal is a fine, courteous old Frenchman, with a handsome face which would attract attention anywhere. Herr Wallott, with a massive, shaggy head and a philisophical manner, is equally typical of the high-class German. Mr. Belcher is a quiet, passive-appearing Englishman, while Cook, of stalwart figure and magnetic personality, is an American joker through and through and keeps the sessions of the jury enlivened by his Yankee wit. Mrs. Hearst's entertainment of the distinguished visitors is in accordance with the judicious liberality she has displayed in the entire affair. One whole wing of the ferry building's upper story has been devoted to the use of the jury. In the long room generally used as a waiting-room for the Sausalito boats, the plans are ranged. Across the hall, the rooms have been sumptuously fitted up for entertainment with furniture and hangings from the beautiful rancheria at Sunol. A sumptious banquet given them at the Palace Hotel and another spread at the University Club for the ladies of the party were the features of the proceedings of this week. During their stay, the architects are to have a number of excursions around the bay region with a view of impressing them with the architectural possibilities of San Francisco. On Sept. 7, by which time the judgment will be announced, the plans are to be opened for inspection, first to a priveliged few, and next to the general public. The judgment of this committee will be final so far as the prizes are concerned; it will not be final for the award of the design upon which the new University buildings are to be erected, but there is little doubt that the California board having this decision will confirm the judgment of the experts.

Paul Wallott, the German who has been summoned to California to act as a juryman in the Hearst competition for the designs for the University of California, is perhaps the most prominent architect in Germany. When chosen to design the building in Berlin where the Parliament met, his plans were fearfully mangled by the Emperor. Wallot wished that the assembly-room of the Reichstag should be indicated by a dome. But the Emperor regarded this as a reflection on himself, and, declaring that the people of Germany were not sovereign, he forbade the dome.

Sir William Butler, who has been recalled from the chief military command of the Cape, was born in Tipperary, and was once talked of as a Nationalist candidate for Parliament. His recall was fully justified by the fact that he was not co-operating well with Sir Alfred Milner. He is one of Lord Wolseley's oldest friends, and Lady Butler is the painter of "The Roll Call" and other strong military works. His successor, Sir Frederick Walker, is a Scotchman and a veteran, who served his apprenticeship in South Africa under Sir Bartle Frere, and has been in many expeditions and campaigns.

English Commercial travelers are under the impression that American drummers will invade their territory. They claim to have been seriously affected by trusts, though not to the extent the Americans have, but believe the American method of work would not be acceptable to their customers.

The U. S. "Iowa" in Drydock at Port Orchard, near Seattle

Battleship "Wisconsin" in Drydock

Grooming the "Kearsarge" for the Trial Trip at Newport News

The New Battleship "Maine" in Cramps' Yard

The Navy Yard at Brest—Battleship "Le Hoche" Going Out.

A GROUP OF NAVAL VIEWS

A Volunteer's View on the Philippine Situation.

WE HAVE been wrestling with the insurgents just about six months, we have won in every engagement, except two or three minor ones, of the entire campaign, and we are as far from a victory as ever. The Americans hold about enough space to turn around in—Manila and a few square miles of the surrounding country. There is an insurgent outpost three miles from the town wall, at one place. The rest of Luzon, including a population of over 5,000,000. is in the hands of the natives.

Before giving my humble opinion on affairs at the front, I wish to say for fairness' sake, that I have a great deal of sympathy with the natives, and am not especially down on Aguinaldo. Now that we are there, I think we ought to hold the islands rather than show ourselves incompetent to hold them, also, I believe that they are rich enough to be worth keeping. I was both in and out of the army during my stay; my business, in the last few months, has led me into close relations with Spaniards and natives, and I am convinced, from their descriptions of the interior, that the land is rich in undeveloped resources. I have heard it claimed that the natives barely manage to live, and that they leave, therefore, no room for us. That is folly, because people of the Filipino grade would get only a bare subsistence out of California or any other rich quarter of the earth. Mines, plantations, native woods and gums, tropical products of all sorts are waiting for capital and enterprise to make them profitable. But in spite of my opinion that we should hold on and win out, I have great sympathy for the natives and no little admiration for their character. Let no one be deceived into believing that they are mere looters herded together by a band of schemers. Aguinaldo is slippery; so are his people. There is no sense of honor or fairness in the Filipino character, but there *is* an intense patriotism and race feeling. They keep this feeling hidden but it is there, and with it strong hatred of the whites, the results of three hundred years of Spanish misrule. All this time, they have been herded, robbed and oppressed by the only white men they have known, until now all whites look alike to them. Aguinaldo lies to them in order to keep up their courage, but he does not need to inspire their patriotism. If we ever get control of Luzon, the pacification of the native people will be a matter of a generation of just and fair rule. We have to make a conquest by the sword and follow it with a peaceful conquest by education. Even Aguinaldo is a patriot according to his own standards. Deceitfulness is a national characteristic, acquired, perhaps, from the Spaniards, and he is only living up to the best light that is in him when he works by deceit.

To balance this, we have an army without spirit and without confidence in its commander. The exchanging of volunteers for regulars has been about the only wise move of the entire campaign. It was wise because that spirit which holds volunteers to their work is now a thing of the past. When they went up against the Spaniards or when they faced the natives in the early days of the revolt, they did it with dash and vigor. They rushed the trenches cheering, and were indifferent to hardships, but a change has come over their feelings. They are stoical, almost fatalistic. They go into action with hardened indifference. It is rush the trenches—rest awhile—charge again—and what does it matter? I have seen men go against the trenches smoking cigarettes. Sense of duty keeps them to it, and not patriotism. For this reason regulars, who make the thing a matter of business, are the proper troops to meet the emergency. This dwindling of patriotism can be traced to two sources. The first is the realization of a certain justice in the native cause, the conviction that the little brown people believe themselves right; the second is the senseless blundering which has marked the whole campaign, and which barks back to the solemn incompetent who mismanages things at headquarters. Where do we stand just now? We have spent almost as much as the original purchase price of the islands, the lives and health of whole regiments of our young men, and only succeeded in clearing out a bit of country around Manila and in stirring up still more revolt. And this is almost entirely the fault of the Commander-General. I should like to have good things to say of him, now that I find that the home papers have been lashing him so unmercifully, but I cannot place the blame in any other quarter. He has called back our troops on the only two occasions when we "had 'em going," he has managed the campaign as badly as he could have done had be been there for the purpose of losing. Never once on the firing-line himself, he takes his information from incomplete maps, from scouts and from unreliable natives, in whom he places a touching trust. Besides this, his plan of campaign has been vascillating and childish.

Of course, it is not fair to critise without showing ground, and I will try to point out, briefly, the greatest defects in Otis' plan of campaign. To begin with, he has ever been ready to place faith in the insurgents, people who, as I have already shown, are without faith. The recall of two successful movements, noted above, was the arrival of native deputations asking for peace negotiations. It was a plain case of bunco. Aguinaldo saw that his armies were in a bad place, and he played for time. By the time that Otis had learned the natives were not sincere in their peace talk, the embarrased divisions had melted away. He lets his native servants, spies every one of them, get at his papers; he puts native guides at the head of scouting expeditions. He does not realize, as does nearly every other American in Luzon, that all the natives are insurgents in spirit. Next, he has bungled in the equipment of the army. The men wear, under the tropic sun, the hot, felt campaign hat, first designed for war in temperate climates. From the very first, he might have been provided with adequate transportation facilities, had he but asked for them. As it is, the advance has depended upon water-buffaloes and native porters to carry supplies. A water-buffalo is the slowest beast in the world, and close up to him is the native cooly; while our army has been creeping along with these facilities, the natives, who need no supply-trains, have skipped about in front as they pleased. This drag on the advance has been entirely due to lack of forsight on the part of General Otis. Besides this, he has been injudicious in handling the army, putting all of the chasing upon a few regiments, and failing to relieve them with fresh troops. To this and not to the climate, may be attributed the sick list, about sixteen per cent of the entire army. The men under Lawton, the only Brigadier who has accomplished much, and he because he issues his own orders and has disregarded Otis, are suffering with strained hearts owing to continued over-exertion. A little care in relieving worn-out regiments—a thing which could easily have been done, because Lawton oparated near the railroad—would have prevented this. Finally—and this is the main point—the overcautious Otis has never had a settled plan of campaign, but has vascillated and changed his opinion, and failed in every case to follow up advantages.

The remedy? First, the removal of Otis. After that, an aggressive campaign, carried through to the end on one line of action by a man with determination enough to stick to his convictions. On the plan of action, I own that I, a private and afterwards a civilian, have no right to speak, but I can quote from one who should be competent, a Spanish Colonel who fought the insurgents, who knows his business, and who is, like most of the Castilians, in Manila, are friendly to us. He said to me, only a month before my departure: "You Americans may keep on, winning every engagement, but losing the campaign and the war. Senor, you must push these people back, herd them up until you make one army out of them, and then crush that army. You have to sweep the island, and you need for that a hundred thousand men and a commander who can fight."

A RETURNED VOLUNTEER.

Last Stand of the Yaqui Indians.

AMONG the craggy hills of Sonoma, in Northern Mexico, the Yaqui Indians, almost the last of the nations native to that country to keep an identity, are making their final stand. The revolt just instituted is to be a struggle to the death between this people and their hereditary enemies the Mexicans, and it can have but one final result. The heart of their country is only a thousand miles by rail and steamer from the national capital; railroads extend to their very borders, and a body of Mexican troops larger than their greatest efficient fighting force is in easy call. Since war is today only a matter of resource, the bravery and warlike quality of the Yaquis will not avail them. The situation is a little like that of the Boers in their opposition to England. Hardy and efficient as they are, the people of Transvaal will be beaten down, in event of war, by weight of the resources behind England. In like manner the Mexicans, if they hold to their declared policy of a war of extermination, can pour in men and supplies, as the contest progresses, to renew the battle with an enemy which has no surplus fund of either. In former years, conditions were different. In their impregnible strongholds, far out of reach of communication, the Indians have held their own by their individual valor and woodcraft, but Mexico has wisely rendered the region accessible, since the last outbreak, so that the inevitable end of all Indian peoples—the loss of national and tribal identity—is at hand for the Yaquis.

This energetic and vigorous race has maintained individuality for the three centuries of European occupation, and for countless centuries back of that. They claim a remoter origin, even than the Aztecs. They were an independent nation when Cortez came to Mexico, and were even then invincible. They had held their own against the Incas, never overstepping their own boundaries, but allowing, on the other hand no outside interference. The earliest authenticated records of the Aztecs chronicle unsuccessful expeditions in this direction. After the Spanish occupation, they resisted an attempt at invasion and emerged triumphant. Coronado led this campaign, which lasted a year. 20,000 Indians were slain in that bloody encounter, and the outskirts of the tribe were driven in to the very strongholds they are occupying today, but here they stood firm and rolled the white men back upon thier base of supplies. It is said that the tribe's traditional hatred for the Spaniards grew out of the cruelties practiced by Coronado and his men. Yet, victorious as they were, the Yaquis lost in territory, for under the Incas their rule had extended as far north as what is now Colorado. The successive wars with Spain, waged almost constantly for nearly two centuries, had nearly the same result. The Indians drove the whites back from their own strongholds, but at a loss of territory and of population, so that both have dwindled away. In 1500, they must have numbered with their tributary peoples, some 850,000 souls; when Spain gave up her hold on the continent, they were not over 50,000 in number. Directly after the founding of the Mexican Republic, in 1821, attempts were made to enlist them by force in the new order of things. In two campaigns, occurring in 1825 and 1832, the Indians, armed only with bows, spears and axes, drove out the Mexican riflemen, though the results of the last named conflict were not decisive, and the government, by diplomacy, managed to patch up a flimsy agreement. In 1841, however, they rose again, and held the whites at bay for years. From that time until 1896, hardly a summer passed without some sort of conflict, varying from a guerilla skirmish to that desperate and decisive battle, in 1885, in which they wiped out a Mexican column and ended ten years of warfare. Then, in 1896, the Yaquis made a strange move. While masters of the position, and in a position to dictate, they voluntarily made a treaty with Mexico, surrendering some of their lands and accepting a reservation.

In the opinion of many Mexican politicians, this action viewed in the light of recent events, was a ruse to gain time. At any rate, the natives forthwith went to work to arm themselves in modern style. They had fought their earlier battles with bows and spears; later they used antiquated guns, in the use of which they became experts. In all this time they had also been advancing in civilization. From savages and hunters they had passed to the pastoral and agricultural state, had obtained a rude acquaintance with the arts, had learned the use of money as a medium of exchange. Unlike most Indians, they took kindly to work, and were valued as employees by whites on their borders. It was this practical talent which they turned to account. As soon as the treaty was concluded, they went to work for the whites on their borders; hundreds and thousands secured employment on the railroads in Sonoma, and the first thing a Yaqui buck bought with his money was a modern rifle, a supply of ammunition and a pony. By this means they armed themselves as well as any mounted infantry in the world; now, being prepared, they have thrown aside the mask of friendly neutrality, and are entered, with new zeal, on that struggle which is to be their last.

In their general character, these Yaqui Indians are a noble race, with all the virtues of the red man, and, excepting for their cruelty, few of his characteristic vices. They derive their name from their loud voices, Yaqui meaning "shouters." Their country occupied about 12,000 square miles in the State of Sonoma, and is confined to a mountainous valley at the headwaters of the Yaqui and Sonoma rivers. Their habits are pastoral; they are orderly and cleanly; they dwell in primitive houses and speak a language declared by ethnologists to be of Asiatic origin, closely allied to the Esquimau tongue. They give a surface acceptance to Christianity, but it is doubtful if they are sincere in their professions. Medicine-men, witch-doctors, and other professors of the older faith, have held up, in secret, the practices of paganism, kept the Yaquis heathen at bottom. Their laws, which they have never put aside for Mexican jurisprudence, are unwritten codes like those of the ancient Britons, but are rigidly enforced by chiefs and head-men. In their aboriginal state, they practiced strange and savage rites and customs, much like those prevailing amongst the early Germans, whom, by the way, they resemble more closely in many ways than any other Indians. One of the most barbarous of these was the slaughter of crippled or undersized children, a custom which, it is claimed, has led to their splendid physical development, by reason of a heredity always kept to the top notch in this manner. This practice, Christianity is supposed to have ended. That it never did so entirely, is the belief of many whites who know the tribe. The curious mixture of beliefs sometimes brought about by the warfare of the Christian faith with aboriginal superstitions is witnessed by the linking of the power of medicine-men and of that of Santa Theresa, the faith-healer of the Mexican Indians, to foster the present revolt.

A curious episode in the history of this strange people was their union with Mexico in our own Mexican War. Although they had just been fighting with the government of that Republic, the Yaguis sent 3,000 troops to support their old enemies in that struggle, proving the contention that it is "anything for a fight" with them. When the war was ended, they immediately assumed their old hostile attitude, and made it warm for the broken government.

It is a pity that the Mexicans have so blundered in their dealings with these Indians. They were the best of the native peoples, they might have added strength, in every way, to that Republic. Had the government been willing to grant them justice from the first, had it dealt with them in a spirit of diplomatic patience, they would probably have come into the Mexican union. But Mexico chose to be both hostile and unjust, and the result has been an exhausting struggle covering three-quarters of a century and the extermination of a splendid, manly tribe. President Diaz, himself an Indian and a close student of Indian character, recognizes this fact, and has tried, during his administration, to conciliate these "arms of Sonoma," as he himself terms them. The effort was made too late, however, and Yagui history ends with the opening of the twentieth century.

New York has two notable new plungers operating at the racetracks. One, known simply as "Little Willie," is the ex-clerk of a bookmaker, and goes in without much system, winning on his phenomenal luck. The other, "Steve" L' Hommedieu, startled the talent by cleaning up $100,000 in one day. He says that his winnings are the result of thorough knowledge of the game. He studied horses carefully before he made his first bet, treating the thing as a business and not a sport. Beyond that, he uses no special system. He is now worth $500,000, most of it won on the racecourse. The horde of people who besiege him for advice, he holds off by charging five dollars the go for his judgment on horses and form.

The late Czarowitch, Grand Duke George, had four sons by a morganatic marriage with a woman who had been employed as a telegraph clerk, though she was the descendant of a royal Caucasian house. Czar Alexander III, father of Grand Duke George, had heard of the marriage, but said, "One must not deny to a dying man anything." Even then it was thought the disease from which the Czarowitch was suffering was incurable. The Czar will doubtless make his morganatic nephews counts.

The directors of the new Carleton Hotel in London, are attempting to compel diners at the table d' hote to don evening dress, Admittance has been refused to certain well known club men, and protests are appearing in the newspapers. It is obvious there must be occasions when it is impossible to dress for dinner, and there is general approval of the expressed intention of some of the victims of the regulations to carry the matter to the courts, as hotels under their license have no right whatever to refuse to accommodate any well behaved person who is able to pay.

They'd Rather Drill than Fight."

THE First California has a mute, inglorious Kipling. Be it known that some officers of that regiment are not so popular with the regiment as—well, as some other officers. While the troops were lying in idleness at Cavite, the mute inglorious aforesaid broke his silence and evolved a parody on "Drlll, You Tarriers, Drill." The regiment took it up and sang it wherever the officers weren't in hearing distance. From the Californians, it passed to their comrades in arms, the Oregonians, and thence to the other volunteer regiments at the front, and was chorused duriug the entire Filipino war wherever privates gathered and officers staid away. Here it is, in its first form; subsequently some "local hit" stanzas were fixed up for individuals, but this is the way they sang it at Cavite:

Early in the morn, before the break of day,
When the bugle sounds first call for reveille,
A thousand hungry soldiers get up and shoulder arms
To be ordered round the lot by a gang of false alarms.

CHORUS.

And it's drill, you suckers, drill,
Drill, you suckers, *drill*,
You get up before it's light
To be ordered round till night
By a gang of swelled-head geezers that would rather drill than fight,
And it's drill, you suckers, drill!

All the weary day, like a birdie in a cage,
Within tight lines we were doomed to sulk and rage,
If you wanted a drink of water you had to take it hot,
And at nine o'clock at night you must tumble in your cot.—(Chorus.)

At twelve o'clock of day, you line up for chicken broth
Made of salt horse flavored with a dish cloth,
And when the general asks you if you get enough to eat
Jump on his neck and answer "yes" with both your feet.

For it's drill, you suckers, drill,
Drill, you suckers, *drill*,
You get up before it's light
To be ordered round 'till night
By a lot of swell-head geezers that would rather drill than fight,
And its drill, you suckers, drill!

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Indian Hop Pickers.

THE Indians have began to arrive in Puget Sound for the hop picking season. They are coming up the sound in canoes and some of these vessels are works of art, being painted in all the colors of the rainbow. On Tuesday a fleet of twenty boats in procession tied up at the wharves. A few carried sails, but most of them were propelled by oars. One canoe, large enough to hold a score of people, was old and battered and had evidently seen much service. There were marks on its side that had been made by arrows. The Siwash does not fight now. He picks hops, catches salmon, digs clams and takes the white man's money and gives it back to him in exchange for cheap finery. A young girl, undoubtedly the belle of the tribe, appeared on the streets of Seattle dressed in a tailor-made gown. Her mother blanketed and her father in a pair of boots walked by her side, or rather followed her in single file. The girl was proud of her costume and had reason to be, for it was as correct as that worn by any other woman. She will discard this finery when she reaches the hop fields and will probably not don it again until the season's work is over.

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An Heroic Woman.

ONE of those heroic women who have dared peril and hardship on every forward movement of the American race came out of the Klondike only last month. She went there following a lost cause as a forlorn hope and she comes back defeated, but the end takes nothing from the glory of the attempt. When last year W. A. Purdy's Yukon Commercial Company failed and went into bankruptcy, his financial ruin and that of his family were thought to be complete. A little later, however, one of the original stockholders in the concern died, leaving large properties in Alaska to a nephew. Part of these holdings were legally due to the defunct company, but the heir placed so many obstructions in the way of collection, that Purdy and the others gave up, he himself enlisting in the Volunteer army. All but Mrs. Purdy. She was determined to investigate in full the possessions of the dead shareholder, William Lambert, so she packed up her belongings and, taking a brother with her, made for the Yukon country. For a year she followed Lamberts phantom claims, lost in the shuffle of men and interests, until forced to abandon the enterprise by the absence of any clear title to the property. The party went away two in number; it came back three, for shortly after her arrival in the land of ice and gold a fine baby boy was born to her. This, almost the first white child of the Northern region, is a healthy infant who took naturally to the climate and never had a cold until he reached the temperate climate of Seattle.

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Arctic Fatalities.

AMONG the anxious enquirers who throng the newspaper offices of the Northwest after every Alaskan disaster with requests for information about relatives and friends, one came to a Seattle office this week on a most pathetic errand. His son was one of two men drowned in a disaster on Lake Bennett. The account in the dispatches was so complete that there could be no doubt whatever of the boy's identity. Yet the old father, hoping against hope, came to the newspaper with a letter from his son dated on the day after that of the disaster. The editors could offer him no consolation, and he kept his attitude of belief until letters from the son's companions completely confirmed the report of the disaster.

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The North Dakota Volunteers.

ALTHOUGH North Dakota sent but a battalion to the Philippines, these and the quota she furniahed for the Spanish war so far exceeded the numbers of the government levy, that no recruits have been drawn from that State for the new regiments. It is claimed that the North Dakota men averaged a greater height than was the case with any other volunteer regiment in the service. At any rate, they are large, fine plainsmen and dead shots. Since the National Guard of that State has made target-practice a special feature these stalwart fellows shoot like Boer riflemen. The first day's fighting around Manila furnished a good example of this fact. The men lay in the rice-fields and picked off the Filippinos at their front as the latter put their heads over the trenches. When ordered to advance, they continued to pot at the enemy on the run and took the position without losing a man, because the natives had shot in the air, being so demoralized by this sharp-shooting that they dared not take aim over the trenches. A battalion of regulars, brigaded with the Dakotas on their right in this engagement, lost twenty men.

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Levi Ankeny.

LEVI Ankeny, the millionaire banker and and politician of Walla Walla, has recently been brought before the public in a conspicious manner by his generous offer to bear the entire cost of transportingthe First Washington regiment from San Francisco to Seattle. Mr. Ankeny's offer will cost him between $5,000 and $10,000. In his boyhood Levi Ankeny was a waif. His family name was Smith, but at an early age he was adopted by a farmer named Ankeny, and assumed that name himself. He worked on stock farms in his early life, and when he started out for himself his remarkable business ability soon placed him on the high road to fortune. His wealth is estimated at considerably over $1,000,000. Mr. Ankeny has twice been a candidate for the position of United States Senator. In 1895 he was defeated by John L. Wilson, and when Wilson's term expired he was again a candidate, but was again defeated, this time by Addison G. Foster of Tacoma. For some time political rumor in Washington has credited Mr. Ankeny with an ambition to be Governor. It is claimed that he regards that office as a stepping stone to his lifetime ambition, and in the event of Republican success in 1902 would be an active candidate to succeed United States Senator George Turner. Mr. Ankeny denies, however, that his asperations run in this direction, but in an interview recently published he intimated that he will again be a candidate for the Senate. Mr. Ankeny is married to a daughter of the late United States Senator J. W. Nesmith of Oregon, and it is said that Mrs. Ankeny's experience at Washington when her father was in the Senate has made her even more desirous than Mr. Ankeny himself that the latter should capture the senatorial toga.

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Prize-Fighting Tabooed.

WASHINGTON, it seems, is most unhealthy for prize-fighters. The admirable climate suits them as well as anybody else, but the admiration accorded them elsewhere is denied in the Puget Sound country. In fact they are very small potatoes. The announcement that the famous Patsy Boliver, who was once seen talking to the great John L., is to meet the "Hoboken Chicken," has failed to draw a crowd. "Denver Ed" Smith, who has met many of the good ones, and who has been defeated with great regularity, was advertised to encounter the big man of the Iowa a short time ago. The battle was "pulled off" at Tacoma. Seattle sports were expected by special trains and on special steamers. The night of the meeting came, and just thirteen lonesome men paid the admission fee. The fight was declared off. The Terrible Turk, wrestler, showed in Seattle last week. He was well advertised, but less than one hundred people saw him perform. An athletic club in the Queen city, made up of colored men, manages to draw small crowds to its monthly meetings, but none of its members are getting rich. Legitimate athletics are very popular. There are any number of clubs in the State, and their games are well attended. Baseball has fallen off, but let there be a yacht race, and the shores of the lake or sound are lined with spectators. All this is a good indication of the healthy taste of the people of Washington.

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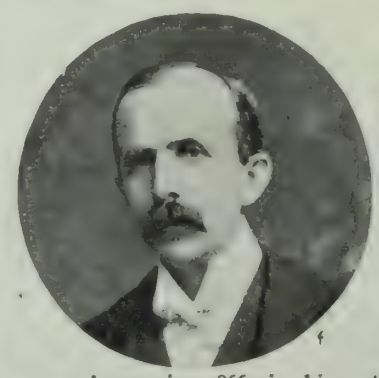
A Long Record.



THIRTY-THREE years in the newspaper business is a pretty good record. Mr. O. M. Moore of Seattle has a right to be proud of his long connection with the business, for in those years he has been in all branches of the profession, editing country papers, big metropolitan dailies and special departments on many well-known journals. His career began in 1866, in his native state of Maine. After twelve years of apprenticeship and early success, he became a proprietor on his own account by the establishment of the Phillips' "*Phonograph*" in that cold-water state. In 1883, he disposed of that paper to become editor of the Waterville "*Sentinal*." Four years later, he took the Western fever, and made his way to Portland, doing editorial work on the dailies of that section for two years, when he removed to Gray's Harbor and established the Hoquean "*Washingtonian*." This venture prospered, but in 1894 the attraction of young, hustling Seattle drew him, and he secured a place on the "*Evening Times*." He began as reporter, but rose immediately to telegraph editor, to city editor, and then to an associate's chair. When, however, the great rush of correspondence regarding the Northwestern country began to flow into Seattle in the trail of the Klondike boom, and the business men of Seattle organized an information bureau to take charge of the matter, Mr. Moore resigned his position on the "*Times*," to become head of the new institution. Strangely enough, just as he stepped our of harness for the first time in thirty-three years, the newspaper men of the Northwest awarded him the highest office in their gift by making him president of the State Press Association.

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Return of L. H. Gray.

ONE winter in Alaska convinced Mr. L. H. Gray, General Traffic Manager of the White Pass & Yukon railroad, that it is not a desirable place for permanent residence. He liked the country well enough, but its climate was too much for his health, so he resigned and returned to Seattle for a rest. He will probably accept later on some other position in connection with the management of the road, one that will keep him in Seattle, for Mr. Gray is far too valuable a railroad man to be lost to the company. He has been with the company just a year, and done most effective work in the pushing of the line over White Pass. His health broke down before the task was completed, but he staid at his post until the end before asking to be relieved. Previous to his connection with the Alaskan road, he was four years agent of the Great Northern in Seattle, having received his railroad education in and around Chicago. Known and liked by every shipper in the Northwest from Seattle to Yukon, his resignation is much regretted.

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A Model Regiment

THE conduct of the Third Cavalry during their encampment at Seattle was a pleasant surprise to the people of the city. A town always expects more or less roistering when soldiers are encamped in the region, but the Third, although composed largely of young, undisciplined recruits, made no trouble, not even one disturbance being reported. There were a few "jags," it is true, but these were not violent enough to make scandal for the civil authorities, and the military guard-house straightened out the matter. Not all the member of the regiment were recruits; one of them has been in the service twenty-six years, and wears service stripes on his sleeve half-way to the elbow. He was with the regiment when it chased Indians on the plains in the seventies, and lived to be one of the first up San Juan Hill. Although no other has had such a record as he, there are many among them who wear at their cuffs the little white band showing that they fought through the Spanish war.

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The Arrival of Bryan.

SO FAR as San Francisco is concerned there is exhibited but little enthusiasm over the appearance of W. J. Bryan. The recurrence of this personage in the West in the role of book agent is businesslike, but not entertaining, and, I venture to suggest, of no particular dignity. It certainly excites no enthusiasm, and, though a large audience will gather to hear him, the object will be curiosity rather than partiality. Most sensible Democrats are agreed that the prominence of Bryan in the Democratic party and the prospect of his renomination is a serious detriment to its chance of success in the forthcoming campaign. With a strong and conservative leader, the anti-expansion and anti-trust issues might prevail over McKinley and hts cortege. There is slight prospect of this contingency being realized, however, for the nomination seems bound to go to the Nebraskan.

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Millionaire Mortality.

THE extraordinary mortality among millionaires during the last few weeks must have attracted general attention. First, Lloyd Tevis; then Ex-Congressman Piper; soon after L. P. Dexler departed this life, and the last to go is M. P. Jones. These men were among the wealthiest men in California. Lloyd Tevis' fortune is variously estimated. Though the will forbade an appraisement, the law requires one, for there is a State as well as a national inheritance tax to be reckoned with. The total sum is not exactly known. In some quarters ten million is set as the limit, while equally good authorities declare the estate will amount to twice as much. M. P. Jones made his money in groceries and in real estate. His possessions are variously reckoned, but he is thought to have been worth over two millions. L. P. Drexler had at least two millious, while Ex-Congressman Piper had three millions, for the most part in real estate. Not one of these men seem to have done aught to charity, though three of them left their entire fortunes to their wives, who may choose to endow memorials. A peculiar tendency this of conferring great responsibilities on women untrained in the task of caring for millions. Mrs. Tevis has the final say in the disposition and distribution of one of the great western fortunes. So has Mrs. Drexler, and Mr. Jones paid to his wife the same high compliment. All this is not so extraordinary, when one remembers that Mrs. A. M. Parrott is the custodian of the millions her husband left; that Mrs. Phœbe Hearst, Mrs. Stanford and Miss Flood direct their own great properties. Mrs. Tevis may create some institution that will bear her husband's name, and can well afford to do so. There are many opportunities for the expenditure of large sums for the benefit of the community.

CAMP ROBINSON, SEATTLE. PHOTO BY WILSE

I SAW yesterday the most remarkable woman of all the remarkables who have made fashionable history and society scandal in London the past decade. Dressed splendidly, but with that little over-touch which marks the difference between vulgarianism and taste, she was lolling back in her carriage as it made its way through the afternoon press of Hyde Park. Other occupants of like equippages were bowing to the passing crowd; she alone was recognized by no one, although she was giving the pedestrians plenty of opportunity. Yet there were few, either of those in the carriages or on the sidewalk, who did not know her, this Mrs. Kingscote, woman of mystery and villainess of a dozen brilliantly squalid tragedies. There is nothing unusual about her appearance; she is neither young, nor beautiful, nor especially striking, from a casual glance, yet she has ruled and ruined men these past ten years, with the heartless cunning of a Mephistopheles.

In the veins of this sorceress runs a strain of the best blood in England, mixed with a darker infusion from a Jewish ancestor who was as remarkable a swindler in his day as she is in hers. She is a lineal descendant of Sir Robert Walpole and of Dr. Simon Wolffe, who was successively a convert to Christianity—for revenue only—an Oriental explorer, an apostle of Oriental mysticism and a social lion of London. He contracted a marriage, no one knows just how, with the richest debutante of a London season, who took him in his old age against the commands of her family, and became the father of Sir Henry Drummond Wolffe, now British Ambassador at Madrid, and the holder of a string of titles longer than moral law. This Mrs. Kingscote is his daughter. She was married, early in life, to Colonel Kingscote of the British army, whom she ruined, as she has ruined every other man who has come into her toils. For she is not content with merely swindling her victims, this vampire, taking away their gold and reputation and letting them go. She drags them into her own iniquity, ruins their characters as she ruins their fortunes. It is an active, Satanic deviltry, fit for the lurid pen of Marie Covelli.

THE FIRST VICTIM.

First there was her brother, Captain Cecil Drummond Wolff, who was, until she enlisted him in her schemes, a respected young officer of the Guards, now a bankrupt, a cashiered soldier and an exile, kept from prosecution only by his father's standing in the state. At her bidding he has committed fraud, perjury, and even worse. For once, when one of her victims, Captain Adams, was married at her behest to a familiar in her train and stripped of all his property, it became advisable that he should secure a divorce. In England, there is just one statuatory ground for a legal separation. Mrs. Kingscote needed a co-respondent, and she employed her brother to play that part. The matter went through the courts, the decree was secured, and young Wolffe was immediately dropped from the army for conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman.

This for a little sample of her methods. Generally, she works through promissory notes, obtained, no one knows how, from men who have been respectable until they knew her. Whether by blackmail, by fascination, or by that occult power she claims to possess, she gets them to sign away their property to her or to her disreputable associates. Two clergymen of the church of England have been caught fairly in this manner, and given up all they owned. One of them fought the case in court, but to no avail. He had to acknowledge the signature, and he could not explain the reasons which led him to commit the folly. This one was a man over fifty, rector of a popular parish in Oxford, and the head of a family. Just so it went with the present Lord Byron, who squandered upon her a fortune of a hundred thousand pounds, and Honable Alfred Hood, who went through bankruptcy a year ago, and others so high in the Empire that the thing which the English call "influence," and we Americans name "pull," has kept their names out of the courts and the papers.

HYPNOTISM OR FASCINATION.

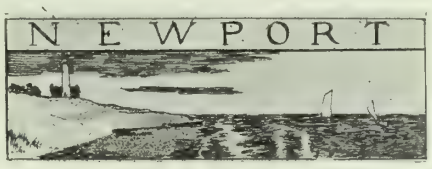
What is her power? A sensational newspaper has it that she is a wonderful hypnotist, and uses this means to influence men. Others call it cleverness, the ability of a consummate swindler. And I would call it neither of these and yet both of them, the power certain corrupt women in all ages have exerted over men. How did Cleopatra ruin Anthony and come near to wrecking Cæsar's fortunes? How did Katherine de Medici gain her ends? By what power did Joan of Arc, for all her high ends and saintly consecration, carry the whole of France with her? Not hypnotism, certainly, nor yet exactly cleverness, but a certain power that we have to call, for a better name, "fascination," a power that is distinct from apparent charms of mind or body, and which fits into a special weakness somewhere in the male nature. You cannot explain it at all, but it is there.

LADY CHURCHILL'S ENGAGEMENT.

To match these melodramatic tragedies, there is a comedy, a veritable ladies' battle, going on in British high life. Lady Randolph Churchill, who edits the *Anglo-Saxon Review* for a diversion, and engineers the political career of her sons for a steady pursuit is the distinguished heroine of this plot. As in the case of the other story, this is a tale of fascination. Lady Churchill is taking an exquisite revenge on an old rival, Mrs. Cornwallis West, who made things very disagreeable for the American beauty when the latter made her first assault upon London society. They have been neighbors for years, and polite enemies always. Now it is announced that Lady Churchill has captured the affections of Mrs. West's son, "Adonis" Cornwallis West, younger than her own eldest son. Their engagement was announced but a fortnight ago, and created a furore. It would be no exaggeration to say that everyone, except the parties most intimately concerned, is directly opposed to the engagement. The Prince of Wales has expressed his displeasure, and may intercede with the beautiful widow, and Mrs. West is wasting an ocean of tears on the young, handsome and attractive boy who is furthering this romantic revenge on his mother. Nevertheless, the two remain firm to their first declaration. Quite a handsome way of getting even, if it is indeed revenge and not love that inspires Lady Churchill.

London, Aug. 10. AMOS SHELDON.

Interiors of homes photographed; oil paintings copied; trade supplied with California, Chinatown and Mexican photographs; enlargements of same at resonable prices. Oscar Maurer, 220 Sutter street, San Francisco, care Passavant Printing Co. Telephone Black 1191.



SOCIETY at Newport is all ready for a revolution, because this season has been one of such hard-and-fast dulness that the pleasure-lovers of the "smart set" are ready to welcome any new order of things. Every now and then, such social crises arrives. Old leaders lose their powers of pleasing, new ones fail to arrive from the growing generation of the moneyed aristocracy, and things are reorganized on a fresh basis. In the present condition of affairs, the men have given the sign that Newport is not altogether pleasing by their absence from the elaborate functions of the summer gaiety. Only the very young and callow—youths down for their college vacation, very young business men—or middle-aged and passe beaux, are assisting at the forced gaieties of this summer. This absence of "eligibles" is ever the first sign of changing things in society. The best of the younger set are scattered, some in the Adirondacks, some in the South, some on the Scottish Moors, Young Vanderbilt took a half a dozen with him on his tour around the world. Newport is, in truth, an Adamless Eden. The fault lies partly in the hard and fast lines the leaders have been trying to draw. These last seasons, the exclusive set has been a closed corporation. Once, outsiders broke, every now and then, into the ranks; lately the grand dames have dictated who shall and who shall not make up society, and have thereby kept those out who might have added variety. And these same grand dames have not the charm not the social ability that accrued to the past generation. Mrs. Belmont, Mrs. Livingstone, Mrs. Paran Stevens, Madame Bonaparte, and many others just as attractive, used to hold the attention of Newport men in the days of their social leadership. Their successors cannot do it. Therefore, it will be no surprise if a score of young matrons who have been hovering on the outskirts of the exclusive set these last two seasons break into the social trust next summer and liven things up. Either that, or Newport will pass out of existence as a truly "smart" watering-place, because things cannot go on this way for another year.

ARRIVAL OF THE YACHT FLEET,

If anyone doubted this, the arrival of the New York Club's fleet, expected in advance to bring new life into the dead atmosphere, should have convinced him to the contrary. Ten years ago, when there were no two hundred boats in that squadron, the men came ashore and condescended to be entertained. This year, the amateur yachtsmen got no further than the clubs, The women prepared dances and dinners, and exerted themselves as they have never done before, but had their trouble for their pains. The callow youth, the *passe* and wearied bachelor afore-mentioned, and the bored husband, alone responded. The genuine yachtsmen slipped ashore to talk hulls and riggings over entirely too many brandy-and-sodas, and slipped back the next morning to get over it on the boat. The optimistic are saying that the cause of this indifference is the charm of yachting and the growing fondness of the Young American for the outdoor life. This has really little to do with it. The fault lies with the individual matrons who dictate who shall be worthy to pose as Newport attractions.

From a yachtsman who has just returned from England, having gone there to arrange some preliminaries for the international race, I have a description of the floating palace which squired the cup-challenger across the Atlantic, and will be Sir Thomas Lipton's headquarters while on this side. The *Erin*, as this craft is called, is Irish in name only. Built in Italy and fitted out in England, she came near being a part of the United States Navy. Before the Spanish war, the government tried to buy her from Count Florio, then the owner. She was to have been used as a torpedo boat destroyer, her great speed fitting her for this service. Negotiations fell through, though, and she came into English hands. Sir Thomas has fitted her inside and out, to make her one of those fashionable water residences so popular in London this year. The is, so far as decorations are concerned, the most elaborate affair afloat. Sumptuous cabins, spacious staterooms, gorgeous furnishings and decorations have been added, to say nothing of electric fixtures which will make hull and riggings one blaze of light on festival occasions.

REFORMED ATHLETIC GIRL.

Where, oh where, is the athletic girl who was to rejuvenate womankind and revive the health of the race? Where is the six-foot Diana beloved of Gibson, clad in tight fitting, plain, natty gowns—stort skirts, simple shirtwaists, the least elaborate of hats, her only ornaments her own young vitality and a bewitching coat of tan? She is not at Newport this season not at Narragansett, nor at any other spot where fashion rules and the populace follows. She has been eradicated by the change of fashions. The summer girl of this season dresses in long, sweeping and much-ornamented frocks, and if she goes a-golfing or a-boating takes no chances on a coat of tan or roughened hands. She is careful about gloves and veils and all things which may preserve the delicacy of her complection. Moreover, even her strictly athletic costumes are no more sweetly simple, but as elaborate as may be. The truth is, a number of belles who acquired last season a fetching coat of tan which went beautifully with tailor-made golfing clothes, repented in bitterness when they returned to town and tried on their winter gowns. A collar of sunburn above a white throat does not look well over a decolette cor sage, so that most of them wore only high-cut gowns for a good month while they bleached out. On the links, this season, the golfers are wearing a double-veil arrangement like that of an Egptian princess, one breadth over the forehead, the other over the lower face, so that the eyes may be free to watch the ball. And as for gloves, they would as soon venture into the streets of New York without them as onto the beach or links.

RAYMOND RUSH.

Newport, Aug. 22, '99.

The Unknown Quantity.

HE sternly said, "You're a wicked flirt;
You've encouraged, and then refused
Fully a dozen men I know."
But she only looked amused.

"Now what are you smiling at?" he asked.
"Do you mean that it isn't so?"
"Not quite . . . I was smiling just to think
Of the dozen you didn't know!"

Madeline S. Bridges, *in Sat. Eve. Post.*

Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Hayes Larkin and Ninth. American or European plan. Ira R. and James H. Doolittle

Dr. G. A. Danziger, Dentist, 22 Geary street.

A Funeral in Manila

The Hospital at Corregidor

Operating Room in the First Reserve Hospital

Entrance to Corregidor Hospital

Wards in the First Reserve Hospital

Convalescents at First Reserve Hospital

Wounded in Laloma Church

THE WOUNDED IN MANILA HOSPITALS

Courtesy of "Campaigning in the Philippines."

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Idaho, North Dakota and Wyoming Regiments on Market Street

The Governor of Wyoming and Staff at the Presidio

North Dakota Banners

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Passing the Reviewing Stand on Van Ness Avenue HODSON

AMUSEMENTS

Orpheum

Week commencing Sunday Matinee, September 10th
Bachelor Club Quartette
Crawford Sisters — White and Harris
Hungarian Boys Military Band
Charley Case — Montrell
Arnold Grazer and La Petite Hazel
The Biograph
Reserved Seats 25c.; Balcony 10c.; Opera Chairs and Box Seats 50c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday.

Alcazar Theatre

FRED BELASCO, Lessee .·. MARK THALL, Manager
Telephone Main 254
Week commencing September 11th
Next Week
First time in years at this theatre of Overton & Maubury's success
THE WAGES OF SIN
Stage mechanism and settings to be a feature
Matinees Saturday and Sunday, 2 p. m.
In preparation,
TOO MUCH JOHNSON.
Alcazar Prices—15c, 25c, 35c. 50c.

Tivoli Opera House

Week Commencing September 11th
Grand Opera Season.
Carmen—To-night. Romeo and Juliet—Sunday Eve
——Next Week——
Lohengrin—Monday, Wednesday, Friday, Saturday Evenings.
Othello—Tuesday, Thursday, Sunday Nights, and Saturday Matinee.
Popular Prices—25 and 50c.
Telephone for Seats, Bush 9.

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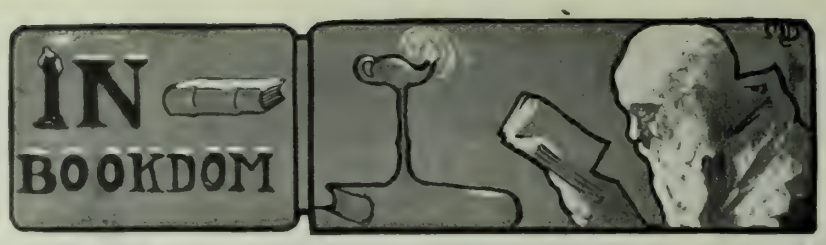

Since last the subject of magazines engaged the attention of this scribe, things have been happening in publicationdom. The *Atlantic* has lost its star editor, W. H. Page, who has transferred his services to the Harper-McClure amalgamation and will direct and organize the next great encyclopedia. I imagine he is fully equal to the task, for he had developed a remarkable capacity of finding men who not only know about things, but could write of them, a combination it requires another editor to appreciate. The average college professor, however sound his learning, is rarely master of a style. Take for instance two men at the University of California, both of whom are often in the public eye—Professors Gayley and Syle. Both have excellent intentions, which they get into grammatical but commonplace English. Not a suggestion of grace or distinction about their literary manner, and yet both teach literature and are supposed to be authorities thereon. However, another professor of English, Bliss Perry of Columbia College, steps into the vacancy left by editor Page, and henceforth will direct the *Atlantic*—a task of considerable difficulty under the circumstances.

THE CENTURY AND ATLANTIC

The September magazines are all readable except the *Century*. A new idea is being exploited there—"special numbers" and the last is a "Salt water number." Really it is a labored production, containing much less entertainment than its predecessors which this year have not been distinguished for interest. One supreme virtue must be accorded this issue. The illustrations are superb. Pennel has done nothing finer than the Cathedral of Le Puy, while Castaigne's pictures for the history of Alexander, and Varian's of the fight with the Chinese junk are both notable. Nor is Louis Loeb below his average. But one short story is in this number, "Salvage," by Morgan Robertson—a spirited yarn with a fine sea feeling to it and a proper movement. The "Atlantic Speedway" again brings H. Phelps Whitmarsh to the fore. This has the real touch of style. Take an instance:

Few who have crossed the Atlantic have not seen the brightest day darkened or the rose tinted sunset erased by the rolling, ghostly fog-bank; few but have heard the song of the shrouds, voicing in a higher key the coming of the ugly mist, felt the living, creeping sense of isolation fill the mind, to be rudely startled at last by the hoarse blast of the steam whistle sending its warning tones into dripping space.

What a picture that does make. Whitmarsh, from last accounts, has gone to the Philippines for the *Outlook* and will there have opportunities of making literary pictures with lots of action in them. The *Atlantic* is an excellent general number with one article "The Book Review, past and present," which is likely to evoke controversy. The author, J. S. Tunison, declares that book reviews do not sell books and that the agency for disseminating an impression of a novel's nature or interest is really word of mouth. The sale of such a novel as *David Harum* is due less to the notices of the newspapers than to the commendation of the average man, who having read it, passes it on to his fellow. This seems, to the writer, a partial truth. Most of the "Bookdom" stuff in the average daily is done with a hoe and an axe, and is accepted by its readers with the measure of credit due it; in other publicaiions the books are carefully read and the opinion becomes a guide to a number of intelligent people, who have neither time nor inclination to peruse themselves half the volumes that are printed. They accept the guidance of a particular paper and read what it praises. John Burroughs, in the same magazine, declares criticism an art by itself, less an interpretation of other men's work than an expression of personal individuality—this on the basis that a "man sees with what he brings to see." Hugo Munsterburg draws an interesting contrast between German and American, which is especially instructive in the light of a sweeping condemnation of Teutonic manliness, and read recently in "The Busy World" in *Harpers' Weekly*. "To Have and to Hold," sustains its interest and stands out a first-class tale, extraordinarily superior to its predecessor by the same writer.

HARPER'S AND SCRIBNER'S

And now for *Harper's*—a varied number put together with fine discrimination. "The First American" is rather disjointed in manner and lacks character art. I suggest that *Harper's* borrow Ida Tarbell from *McClure's* and have her make such a study of the "Father of His Country" as she has of Lincoln. Washington, from a personal point of view, has not yet been done, and Miss Tarbell has both the style and the point of view for that task. The "Century's Progress in Psychology" is one of the science series and really good stuff of its kind. "Behind Pin Walls" is a narrative of the Celestial intrague which resulted in the deposition of the Chinese Emperor. Cathay is evidently an "insider" and knows whereof he writes. The "British occupation of Egypt" is well worth reading at this juncture with the Phillippine and Port Rican problems confronting us. The article in the number which will attract most attention however. is "Concerning the Jew" by Mark Twain. This is a daring attempt to solve the problem that has engaged so many great minds—why if the Jew be a good, well behaved citizen, should he be the victim of so much persecution and dislike. The humorist declares that jealousy is the root of the evil. The Hebrew is too strong a competitor for the average Christian and outstrips him in almost every line of intellectual and commercial endeavor. It is because of this superior mental acumen that the race has engendered so much hatred in European countries, but the frankness with which it is evinced and the laws directed against Hebrews, Mark Twain believes are due to their abstinence from participation in politics. Other men give up time and thought to public affairs, the Jew is a foreigner, wherever he be. That he is persecuted on the score of religion, the author denies—that has come to an end. On the score of race prejudice and trade, the feeling continues. Most people will be unwilling to concede the accuracy of all the great humorist's conclusions, but it's a valorous defence and should rank Mark Twain with Zola and Zangwill, as a high light in the Hebraic arcanumtion.

It would be unfair to preceeding "*Scribners*'" to say the September magazine is unusually good, but it really is a first class number and readable throughout. Thus far, *Scribner's* has been in a class of its own as *the* 25 cent illustrated monthly, but *Harper's* having dropped to a quarter raises one's expectations. This magazine, however, has its own agreeable individuality, which no one who knows about such things would lose at any price. The fiction this month is acceptable, not record-breaking, but entertaining—"Francisco and Francisca"—good for style and color rather than for character and plot. Col. Miley's article is perfunctory and colorless, like his book. Though one of the ablest of American officers, his bent is not literary. Robert Grant's "Letter to a Political Optimist" is well worth reading—the alleged dialogue between the president of the corporation and his manager is really a gem and typical of a thousand conversations that hav taken part in this country and doubtless i others. It is an article which every goo American should read. Compare his co clusions with J. W. Martin's "Cure for Cit Corruption" in *Harper's*. Mr. Martin think municipal ownership the panacea for a political ills. It may be in England, but doubt its efficacy here. The only possibl solution, in the opinion of the writer, is tha suggested by Carter Harrison, who says tha boys and girls must be educated in city affair and have honesty inculcated from thei childhood.

The September *Lippincott's* is a revelation It contains a contribution by no less impor tant a writer than Maurice Hewlett—"*Th Duchess of Nona*"—really a charming story and "Picayune," by Ruth McEnery Stuart To the same number E. F. Benson, I. Zang will, Maurice Thompson, Mrs. Schuyle Crowninshield and several others contribut stories. The improvement is conspicuous and I cannot doubt that the circulation will g up with a bound. A magazine with such distinguished list of authors should no fail of appreciation.

The September *Ladies' Home Journal* ha all those features which have endeared it to s large a clientelle; otherwise this number ha some pretty good stories and one or two arti cles of distinct interest. The "best country homes" in America make really a good feature

A Fire-Proof Hotel.

The California Hotel is the only modern built, absolutely fire-proof hotel in San Francisco. It is strictly first-class in every respect Many of our best families make it their permanent home, while it is undoubtedly the favorite stopping place for tourists from all parts of the world and for our army and navy officers. General R. H. Warfield is the manager, and he has drawn about him an able corps of gentlemanly assistants, all of whom study the comfort of guests, and who are thoroughly acquainted with all the details attached to the managing of a large and first-class house. San Francisco may well feel proud of her only fire-proof hotel—the California Hotel.

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Read over the Nickel Plate (N. Y. C. & St. L. R. R.), the popular low-rate short line. Quick time, unexcelled accommodations, and no extra fares charged. Jay W. Adams, Pacific Coast Passenger Agent, 37 Crocker Building, San Francisco, Cal.

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Interior of J. Edlin s Artistic Tailoring Parlors, Rooms 403-404 Examiner Building, cor. Third and Market Streets

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SALT PALACE
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GO AND SEE IT!

Dr. C. W. Decker, Dentist, 806 Market Street

Were it not for the excitement f the coming Horse Show in Burlingame, Diary dear, I should feel very dull. However, that is keeping us all on the *qui vive*. After the general exodus from Del Monte, most of us immediately went to see dressmakers to order creations for this out-door parade. There is such a splendid opportunity to show off clothes at a show of this sort. One does not need to do aught but look intelligent, and pretty—intelligent so as to be interesting to the men who own thoroughbreds, and pretty for the pleasure one gives to oneself first, and then to others. All the drags will be out in full force, and Arthur told me that Mr. Henry Crocker had said the finest horses ever seen in California would be on exhibition. If I only could have a pair of cobs! I envied Mary Crocker her team, but I am afraid papa would prevent me from driving, were my horses as afraid of the cars as her's are. She knows how to handle them pretty well, but once a horse really realizes his power, no girl can master him. I like Mrs. Walter Hobart's dear little ponies; she looked so nice driving about Del Monte. We are all so glad Walter is better. Fortunately, it was merely a slight case of pneumonia; the typhoid never developed. He gets stronger every day, and I suppose will be down with us again in San Mateo in a few weeks.

TENNIS AT DEL MONTE.

The tennis matches at Del Monte will bring down a number of people interested in the game. September, too, is a month of such beautiful weather there. The first day these Eastern champions played I was very disappointed in them. They soon became accustomed to the asphalt courts, however, and now play a very hard game. I have taken a tremendous fancy to Beals Wright. He is such a nice boy. They all seem young except Mr. Whitman, who does the older brother to all the others, He is a tremendously powerful player and to watch Mr. Davis and him smashing the ball really makes one wonder how our boys will show up in the match. I should feel very badly if the Hardy boys were beaten. Mr. Ward says he has always heard of the really artistic manner they have of placing their balls.

Poor Golf! This last week the links have been almost deserted. Mr. and Mrs. Lester, the Wardens, Miss Jarecki and Katherine Dillon go around early in the morning, but all the others are away. However, at Burlingame the links are well patronized. Mary Scott plays more scientifically now than ever; she told me she had so much more confidence in herself, owing to having played so well in the contest. Miss Rowe is also striving hard to decrease her score. All Mr. Tetley's pupil in San Rafael are growing more and more enthusiastic. I believe the best players in the State will yet hail from those links. Mr. Tetley is more ambitious for the good name of San Rafael golf than any other teachers. Each is anxious to be *the* player, but Mr. Tetley alone is intrusted solely in his pupils. The Deans, Morgans, McCallas and Hagers will spend September at the Hotel Rafael. Mrs. Dean is looking infinitely strouger than when first she came. The Runyons, Greens, Johnsons and Crooks seem to have more fun than any of the other people over there. They have a rare capacity for enjoying all the pleasures of the country and have such jolly dinners and luncheons, and are all so bright and amusing. Mrs. Runyon, Aunt Sybil thinks, is an absolute beauty. Helen Dean is the only young girl at the hotel; she has devoted herself to her mother this year, and not spent much of her time at the links. The Dodges return this month, but the Van Winkles, Mrs. Bothin and the Gerstles expect to pass part of the fall in their charmingly comfortable villas.

SEPTEMBER WEDDING.

Mrs. Martin is to have Genevieve Goad as her guest at the Jarboe House in San Mateo, until she is married. The wedding is set for the 26th of September. The other September wedding will be that of Mrs. Cunningham and Athern Folger. It is charming to see the little Cunningham children with Mr. Folger, they seem devoted to one another. They were considered at Del Monte to be really model children, so quiet and good, and yet apparently capable of enjoying their bicycles and swimming as much as any of the others. Little Cleveland Perkins was the prettiest boy there, and Margaret Casey, the quaintest little girl. The Crocker and Poniatowski children are full of fun and life. The Benson and Baldwin boys are the dearest little fellows. I am always so much interested in the children of Leila's friends. I often wonder if Miss Cricket's friends will make as devoted mothers as Leila's have.

The Fithian yacht has been waiting in Monterey bay for the last few days, but so far I have seen but little of their party at Del Monte. The Tobins, Whittiers, Cauds, and Townes, are the sole survivors of San Francisco's set now at the hotel, but Burlingame is still well represented by the Crockers, Poniatowskis, Baldwins and Hobarts. Edgar Mills and the Carolans will also remain until the Horse Show. Next week, Diary dear, you shall hear the latest news about that.

MISS CRICKET.

At the Golf Club in San Rafael on Monday last, commenced the first of the bi-weekly tournaments, which are to go on during the winter. There were a large number of entries—and most of the players showed considerable skill—Baron Alex. von Schroeder made a drive of 120 yards over a net forty feet wide by ten high—three times out of five. In the ladies contest Mrs. Fred Green carried off the honors. Things are rather quiet at San Rafael but the usual number of dinners at Pastori's and luncheons at the Golf Club continues. Among the recent arrivals at the Rafael, are Misses Emilie and Ethel Hager—who came up from Del Monte last week.

The wedding of Miss Genevieve Goad and Mr. Andrew Martin, is to be quietly celebrated at the home of Mrs. Eleanor Martin on the 26th inst. Mr. and Mrs. Martin will then go to Santa Barbara for their honeymoon. Mr. Martin has a charming little home in Montecito where he has passed the last few months.

Tennis Champions at Monterey.

THE Outing at Del Monte, with its week of interesting amateur sport, is not the last we are to hear from sport in that section this season, for the Eastern tennis cracks are there to try conclusions with the Western champions this week. The Easterners came in close after the finish of the Outing week—four of them, all champions in their class. They are Malcolm D. Whitman, this season champion of the United States, after many years of hard work, during which he has climbed from an indifferent schoolboy player to the American first-rater; Davis & Ward, American champions in doubles, and only second to the champion in singles, and Beals C. Wright, the interscholastic champion. It will be the first time that the East and the West ever made connections in tennis, and the visit is as important an event in the history of the Pacific Coast game as was the coming of Pym and Mahoney from England, a few season's since, to the game throughout the country. To face this formidable array of top-notchers, we have two sets of brothers, Sam and Sumner Hardy and George and Robert Whitney. The Hardys in doubles and Robert Whitney in singles are the present Coast champions.

EASTERN VS. WESTERN STYLES.

It is impossible to get a line on the probable results further than to prophecy that the Westerners, being men with "heart" in them, will give the Atlantic cracks a good fight for it. A noticeable thing about the preliminaries is the difference in the methods of the respective sections. The Westerners, strange to say, are the more careful, conservative players, depending upon cuts and placing; the Easterners play a smashing game full of dash and vim, and volley extensively. Such a game, with men who have the skill and confidence to carry it out, ought to win every time against conservative placing play, and it will be no surprise to the "educated" if the men from the Atlantic take away all the matches.

Hostilities begin Tuesday, September 5, with a "round-robin" tournament in which every player will get a chance at every other player; the following days of the week, the Wright-Whitman and Ward-Wright teams will contest with the Hardys and the Whitneys in doubles. To close the week, Miss Violet Sutton, a new and strong player from Southern California and holder of ladies' championship in that section, is to play the present champion, Miss Marion Jones.

FINANCE.

Tuesday, Sept. 5, '99.

The week has been signalized by some important developments in sugar stocks. The crop in the Hawaiian Islands has exceed expectation, and consequently the plantations have on hand a large surplus which is available for their stockholders. The situation beams with prosperity. Announcement was made to-day that dividends on Paauhau and Oonomea had been increased from 30c to 35c. The yield of the former plantation is nearer eleven than the ten thousand tons antscipated, and there is $248,000 in the treasury for distribution. Oonowea's yield is something like 8,400 tons or about 900 tons more than was anticipated, and there is $218,000 in the treasury. The first monthly dividend on Kilauea of 25c per share is also announced. This plantation has $100,000 available in its treasury and produced $5,700 tons this year. I have it on good authority that the time is not far distant when Hawaiian Commercial will begin to pay a dividend of 50c per month. The policy of the management as outlined at the annual meeting, was to apply the earnings of the plantation to betterments and to extension, and this precluded the hope of dividends until 1901. This arrangement did not specially appeal to the stockholders, however, and a compromise was decided on whereby an issue of $2,500,000 bonds on a second mortgage was made to pay for permanent improvements. Now the profits of the plantation will be distributed on a 50-cent per share basis, which ought to satisfy all concerned.

Prices on sugar stocks rule as follows: Paauhau 39¾; Hutchinson 31⅞; Makaweli 51: Hana 15; Oonomea 41¼; Kilauea 31.

San Francisco Gas & Electric is weak, owing to the hostile political aspect. On Tuesday the stock touched 65½, a low figure for a property yielding so high a dividend. It seems unfortunate the strained relations between the corporation and the municipality cannot be adjusted. There should be some way of removing the friction that undoubtedly exists. The present condition is disastrous to all concerned. Mutual Electric is strong on the rumor of an approaching dividend.

Something over two-thirds of the stock of the Bank of California was voted in favor of a reduction of the capital of the institution from three to two millions. The proper legal steps have been taken to conform to the resolution and the reduction will follow in due course.

ROTHSCHILD.

Scientific Notes.

A MEASURE FOR VITILITY.—A very delicate instrument, known as the biometer, and intended for measuring the intensity of the vital force in man, has been contrived by Dr. Baraduch, of Munich. This intensity is claimed to have proportionate effects in attracting or repelling a delicately poised needle so many degrees. Continued youth, of course, depends upon the keeping of this force at its maximum after middle age. Now, the principle of the biometer is that when a man is in perfect health, the vital current plays through his system from right to left—the right hand then will attract the needle 15 degrees, because the current is entering, and the needle strives to follow the force, while the left hand will repel it, because the force is leaving that extremity. Loss of vitality is supposed to be shown by both hands repelling the needle, though during sleep both hands attract it. A reversal of the current of its own accord is looked upon as an unfavorable harbinger, and on the biometer registering a great loss of vitality the subject is to be shut in a cell in which are arranged electric lights of great intensity and other electric fixtures, and, after remaining in this luminous bath for five minutes, he regains his maximum of vigor.

Chemists have for some time past been producing — or reproducing — the more valuable perfumes in the laboratory, and in this way have succeeded in evolving from coal tar the true scents of new-mown hay, carnations, etc., the expectation being also that, eventually, these artificial products will take the place largely of those now derived by distillation and otherwise from flowers and parts of plants. A probable exception to this is the tuberose, to obtain which, in its perfection, the French resort to the so-called "enflowering" process of extractions. This method consists in placing the blossoms in contact with layers of grease on panes of glass in frames, the flowers being renewed from day to day; the lard is now steeped in alcohol, which has a still more pronounced affinity for perfumes, and it withdraws the oderiferous essential oil from the grease. Jasmine perfume, it is stated, cannot be imitated by combination of other oders, being an exception in this respect.

"If I were sick and wanted to get well, I'd find out how some one else got well who had the same sort of sickness as mine."

If your sickness is like hers, Mrs. Jacobs' story will interest you.

"I was very sick indeed," writes Mrs. Mollie Jacobs, of Felton, Kent Co., Delaware, "and our family doctor said I had consumption. I thought I must die soon for I felt so awful bad. Had a bad cough, spit blood, was very short of breath, had pains in my chest and right lung, and also had dyspepsia. Before I took your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pleasant Pellets' I was so weak I could not sweep a room, and now I can do a small washing, and I feel like a new person. I believe that the Lord and your medicine have saved my life. I was sick over two years. I took 13 bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and four vials of Dr. Pierce's Pellets."

Are *you* sick? Are *your* lungs "weak?" Have you obstinate lingering cough, with bleeding lungs, weakness and emaciation? Thousands in just your case have been cured by the use of

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Holders of Ogden Route tickets with sufficient limit may be granted a stop-over at Truckee to visit the lake. Side trip, including trip around the lake. $6.00.

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The Brummel Club

"DID you ever hear of Gentleman George or the club he organized among the *bon ton* of the flash push just after the war with the South?" said the old convict in a way to arouse the crowd's curiosity: "Well, I'll tell you. Gentleman George—he's dead now, poor fellow, shot down in Argentine, I b'lieve, where he skipped with a satchel of bonds and a Pinkerton about six lengths behind him—Gentleman George was the slickest thing in town in the good old days when folks travelled more by boat than by cars and carried the real stuff in their clothes instead of drafts; the good old days when every bounty jumper had a piller-case of long-greens, when the perlice were not only blind but deaf and dumb, and bunco was so new that the papers didn't keep a description of it reg'larly set up in type. In those days the spons came so easy that the question was not how to get it, but what to do with sich an everlastin' superfluity of it. You see there was no swell joints then for the big men of the profesh when they wanted to be social. They had to stand on corners or pull up at some drinkin' den, where you might rub up against some sich second-story sneak as Jake the hospital steward. All this was disgustin' to Gentleman George, who had high ideas and high blood, too. He didn't want to go to Europe that winter, we was all so flush, and he was so sick of keno, California Jack, free and easies and gayeties that he was losin' flesh, so what did he do but rent a swell house up on Lexington avenue, all furnished fit to kill, call it the Brummel Club, elect himself President, and ask about twenty of us to become members. He was a hummer, our President was, with a head full of idees. At the fust meeting he laid them down flat. No games of chance to be played except for chips or matches; no shovin' up at billiards; no snide snaps, like offering to bet on a hot day; that it is grammatical to say, 'I do transpire so freely'; no nateral holdouts or breastplates. 'We must be gentlemen among gentlemen,' said he; 'as if honest was the best policy.'"

x

"And," remarked one of the crowd, rather illnaturedly, "I don't suppose there was a man of you who knew what honesty meant."

"No; but we all knew what policy meant, so we thought it must be something pretty fly," explained the old Con. "Dues was fifty plunks a year, payable in advance, and all restaurant charges had to be settled weekly. And to see that the steward in the office don't knock down,' says Gentleman George, 'I'll attend to all disbursements myself.'

"Say, boys, for the next six months there wasn't a club in New York city on sich a basis of solid respectability. Members took pride not only in payin' in advance, but blowin' in the price twict over for the good of the organization. We had sich a reppertation for probebilty among the tradespeople that blest me if there wasn't a cigar christened the Brummel, and a nobby hat called the Brum was the most fash'nable dicer in town. Applications? Why, our Secretary was kept busy writin' notices to the 400 that our lists was full. You know how it is with those fellers; if they can't get into a thing or onto a thing they think it's everything and no mistake.

"And style, boys, why—in two weeks' time every member had a swallowtail and patent leathers, though it made some of the chaps nervous, you can bet, not to be able to button up their coats. Them was the days of tight trousers, and we all played the limit on them. Why, half the members couldn't sit down, and if for any reason the perlice had raided the house, not one could have put up a sprint fast'rn a dog trot."

"A dangerous disregard of probabilities, I should say," growled the Colonel.

"Not at all, not at all. The perlice was only too glad to come around to our side door after hand-outs. Our standin' was bang up, I tell you. If they'd have wanted to know anything about any of us, it's the Elight Dictionary they'd have looked in and not the Rogues' Gallery. But they didn't want to know; they only hoped we'd last. Why, our beat was considered the softest in the precinct, and the patrolmen gorged themselves so continuously with re-headed duck and cham that it must have been a consid'rable trial for them to get down to beer and beans after we busted."

x

"Oh, you did disband?" said one of the group.

"We was too good to live, boys, that was the trouble. It was like little Johnny doin' everything to please us. There's got to be a reaction. And that's the reason why I'd think you bankers would like to have your clerks go off on a tare onct in a while and blow themselves. The trouble all came from our popularity. So many nice things was said about the Brummel that at our half-yearly meeting it was unanimously resolved that we would give a reception. Each man was given three invites, and the understandin' was that no suspicious character was to be admitted."

"Barring the charter members, I suppose," suggested the Colonel.

"Cert'ly," replied the old Con, ingenuously; "we had enough of our kind and the list was full. Well, if I do say it myself, you couldn't have found a finer, more representative gatherin' in New York city; no, not in Tammany Hall on the Fourth of July; brewers, contractors, wholesale liquor dealers, Aldermen, Perlice Commissioners; it made a man know that honesty must be the best policy jest to look around him. But it was too much of a good thing; it was too high for our blood; it made us feel that there was no use of tryin', anyway; we never could reach their state of up and upperism.

"Then, too, it was largely their fault. They was ragged out to kill. Never have I seen sich watchchains, reg'lar Klondikes; never have I seen sich a display of bejooterree. Why, there was one big contractor—garbage, I think—who wore a dimond in his front like a picnic trolley-car. I caught a little cuss we called Six-fingered Mike, there was no thumbs about his work, you know—a gazin' at that 'ere sparkler like a lover at the full moon, and I said to myself, says I, the rules will be suspended sure before this night is over. Two days later, boys, I got 350 round shots for that blazer as a Chicago hockshop.

x

"Well, as I said, the temptation was too great, and after the fizz had begun buzzin' under the bald spots there was a rapid exchange of movables, I tell you. I never seen sich fine, slick work done; no, not at a county fair. Vest-pocket rolls, wallets, supers and slangs, rings and studs disappeared before the very eyes of our enraptured guests, and they went on a guzzlin' in blissful ignorance. Finally one of the boys must have got careless and made a break. There was a shout of alarm. Some one blew down the gaspipe, and in the darkness the Brummel Club adjourned 'thout a day, or a night, either."

"What became of that remarkable man, Gentleman George, the organizer of your association?" asked one of the old con's listeners.

"He skipped for parts unknown. And it's just as well that our club went into voluntary diss'lution when it did; for it seems there was a warrant out for him."

"Oho!" chuckled the Colonel. "I thought so; he hadn't paid the tradespeople, after all."

"Indeed he did. Every bill against us was receipted in full up to date."

"That's a queer"—

"There's where you're right; it was queer—the *queer*, you know. Don't you twig? Well, I don't see any stun' likely to fall on you, so I'll explain. Gentleman George paid every bill the moment it was presented, but in counterfeit money, and soaked our good dough. He must have had ten thousand scads in his roll when he eloped. Pretty slick, wasn't it? But I told you he was a kingpin in his way."—*N. Y. Sun.*

Pride in the Pantry

An array of bright tins is the ambition of many housekeepers. To such we offer this hint: After the tins are washed clean, rub them with

SILVER ELECTRO-SILICON POLISH

It's the finishing touch that gives the gloss and saves much of the hard rubbing to make them bright. It's the quick and labor-saving way. Grocers sell it.

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O HORACE, through all days 'tis sweet
To taste from thy wide Sabine jar
The mellowed breath of glorious wine;
Whether my old Soracte far
Gleams whitely with its gathered snows,
Whether the flails of summer beat
The hot earth, or the purple grapes,
At vintage, yield to rhythmic feet.
Yet most I love it that fair time
When loud my lilac-bush with bees,
And, dreaming, I hear leagues away
A sea, twixt shining Cyclades.

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ASSESSMENT NOTICES.

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT—POTOSI MINING COMPANY.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 12th day of August, 1899, an assessment (No 53) of fifteen (15) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 79, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 14th day of September, 1899, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Thursday, the 5th day of October, 1899, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.
CHARLES E. ELLIOTT, Secretary.
Office, room 79, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT—GOULD & CURRY SILVER MINING COMPANY.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Virginia City, Storey Co., Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 31st day of August, 1899, an assessment (No. 87) of fifteen (15) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room No. 69, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 4th day of October, 1899, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Wednesday the 25th day of October, 1899, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors. ALFRED K. DURBROW, Secretary.
Office, room No. 69 Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.

LEGAL NOTICE.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES in and for the Northern District of California.

IN THE MATTER OF WILLIAM L. WITHAM AND WALTER D. WITHAM, Co PARTNERS. Bankrupts.

Take notice that William L. Witham and Walter D. Witham, Co-partners, bankrupts above named, have been duly adjudicated bankrupts under the Act of Congress of July 1, 1898, and that the first meeting of the Creditors has been called to meet at the office of the undersigned, at room 94, Chronicle Building, San Francisco, California, on Saturday, the 16th day of September, 1899, at the hour of 11 o'clock a.m., for the purpose of proving their claims against the estate of said bankrupts; and that at the same time and place all creditors whose claims have been duly proven and allowed shall appoint one or three trustees of said estate.

Dated San Francisco, September 4th, 1899.

MILTON J. GREEN,
Referee in Bankruptcy
in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

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For Alaskan ports, 10 a. m. Sept. 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, Oct 3, change to company's steamers at Seattle.

For B. C. and Puget Sound ports 10 a.m. Sept. 3. 8. 13, 18. 23, 28, Oct. 3 and every fifth day thereafter.

For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, 2 p.m. Sept. 1, 6, 11, , 21, 26, Oct. 1, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Newport (Los Angeles) and Way Ports, 9 a. m. pt. 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29, Oct. 3, and every fourth y thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, nta Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los ngeles), 11 a.m. Sept. 3, 7, 11. 15, 19, 23, 27, Oct. 1, d every fourth day thereafter.

For Mexican ports, 10 a. m. 7th of each month.

For further information, obtain folder.

The company reserves the right to change, without evious notice, steamers, sailing dates, and hours of illing.

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Tickets and sleeping car reservations at General Office, No. 1 Montgomery Street. Telephone Main 1930. D. W. HITCHCOCK, General Agent.

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"THE BELLS," the melodrama in which Sir Henry Irving achieved his first success, is being produced this week at the Columbia by Clay Clement. The play is a monologue, with occasional interpositions from colorless minor characters; everything depends upon the character of Mathias. For this reason the production was a bit unsatisfactory. It takes the genius of an Irving to make such a part real, to sustain it and make it convincing during the two hours of a performance—and Mr. Clement is not an Irving. His impersonation lacked fire and passion. One can hardly imagine so self-controlled a character as he delineates committing a murder simply for gain. In the scene between the plotters in the first act he makes one feel that Mathias' aversion to the deed is not horror and loathing, but only dislike. I realize his object; he is trying to convey the impression by quiet means, as Irving does, to suggest to his audience the struggle going on under the calm exterior. He fails; he cannot rise to that height, the supreme test of a tragedian's power. So, also, his suppressed horror as he listens to the sleigh-bells is often of a mild order and unconvincing. In the dream scene alone does he rise to the occasion and become powerful, and that because he has there an opportunity to break loose and show expressed power instead of suppressed passion.

One is forced to make an invidious comparison with the work of Irving, who, from the moment of his first appearance, gives to the audience a haunting, oppressive sense of guilt and remorse, so that, at the drop of the certain, one goes away with a feeling that those distant bells will haunt him to all eternity. A word of humble advice to Mr. Clement. It is only a great actor, a Booth, an Irving, who can handle successfully strong passion under repression. It is the height of the art, and is not for the lesser luminaries. Any actor in the second class—and Mr. Clement is well up in that class—must depend upon active expression for his effects when dealing with strong emotions. This method may lead dangerously near to ranting sometimes, but ranting is better than a failure to convey the emotion to the audience, a failure which must follow such an attempt by any actor below the highest level.

* *

THE new stock season at the Alcazar opened Monday night with a good performance of Madelaine Riley's laughable, if artificial comedy, "Christopher Jr." The company, judging from this one performance, is as well-balanced an aggregation as that popular playhouse has ever presented, not excepting even the season which marked the production of "The First-Born." There is no one player who stands out above the rest as a prospective star, as Blanche Bates used to stand out above her fellow-mummers at the Columbia, but its an exceptionally well-rounded troupe of actors and actresses who know their business and do their work faithfully and naturally.

The expectation of the audience was centered upon Eugene Ormonde, the new leading man, who proved to be a refined actor with a good stage presence, quiet methods and no mannerisms. Gertrude Foster comes back a decided improvement on her former self as we knew her a few seasons ago. She has toned down considerably. Her work in the second and fourth acts especially was clever and convincing. Helen Henry was a natural and winning ingenue. Frank Denithorne, whose forte lies in showing society manners and looking well, got out of his depths in the last act, when he was supposed to become excited, and floundered around pitifully. It pleased the audience however. The stage direction was artistic, which is a new thing for the Alcazar. Altogether, this promises to be a prosperous season at the O'Farrell Street playhouse. W.I.

CARMEN AT THE TIVOLI.

"Tra-*la*-l-la-la"—

Can't you hear it yet? Why, dreams hummed it to me all night and I have been humming it back at them all day. It's the Toreador song.

It is an old song?" Yes, very old. But we haven't had it by Salassa's strong masterful voice before. Four times over, before the people would be good. A Tivoli audience is one of the best things the Tivoli ever offers us. Good music is one of the conditions that go to make this world worth while; a crowd of people who think so too, is another.

It would not be fair to Mary Linck to praise her Carmen very highly. It would show lack of appreciation of the fact that she can do better. Her's is a painstaking enough rendering, but the sparkle is not there. Only an ovre-straining after sparkle. If she would handle her role with a more natural manner and less show of burdening responsibility she would be more satisfactory. Even so, I doubt Carmen's ever being one of her best. Frl. Prossnitz as Michaela was far better cast. I owe her only one grudge—that she did not respond to her encore. Avedano as Don Jose was—Avedano. Our thanks for that. It is a Don Jose we are not favored with every day.

S. C.

The Orignal Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

DRAMATIC NOTES

Clay Clement's season closes on Sunday evening next, and until then he will play Mathias in "The Bells." Then the theatre will close for two weeks, after which the autumn season opens with Modjeska, September 25th.

* *

At the Orpheum this week the show is particularly good. The Felix Morris Company in "Behind the Scenes" is about as laughable a farce as we could wish to see. It is true that the actors are not all stars, but the work is harmonious. The denouement in which Mlle. Rose Dufard, the opportune genius who knows the part, satisfied the exacting authoress, brought out the enthusiastic applause of a large house.

Whether "Charley Case" has the numerous family which he talks about may be taken with reserve, but of the latter there was none in the appreciation which his "monologue" received. He makes a hit, even if he cannot sing. I am glad to see the Hungarian Boys' Military Band here again. These boys do wonderfully well, and their playing reflects great credit on thair youthful leader. They were applauded with warmth, and deserved it. Express trains and baby pictures, interspersed with war scenes, apparently make up the repertoire of all "biograph" shows, but the public seems to find such subjects agreeable.

* *

The Salt Palace Exposition at Salt Lake, Utah, organized for the purpose of encouraging that State's mining industry, opened August 21 and is to be continued until October 15. The main attraction is the Salt Palace, where that staple product of the section will be exhibited in every shape and form. The surrounding grounds have been laid out on a generous plan, with flower-beds, gravel walks and electric fountains. There will be the usual amusements of an exposition, including the usual Midway Plaisance. Special rates are offered by the railroads, and there has already been a large attandance.

* *

The Bachelor Club Quartet, which does "Three hours in the Bohemian Club" is the *piece de resistance* of the Orpheum's programme next week. The Crawford Sisters, character artists, and White and Harris in a comedy sketch are other new features.

* *

At the Alcazar next week, "The Wages of Sin." The new company will have parts to suit.

A Ballad of Dwindling Calibers.

MY daddy's granddaddy, he carried a gun,—
Its muzzle was wide as a door,
And engineered proper
'Twas surely a dropper
At sixty or seventy yards—or more;
He carried that gun
(To lift it you'd think it weighed nearly a ton)
From Deleware Dover to Fortress Duquesne,
And straightway thereafter to Dover again.

My granddaddy carried a weapon, too,
Smooth-bored and wonderfully long;
Its bullets were round,
Twenty-four to the pound,
And 'twas blessed with back action exceedingly strong;
And all the way through,
From beginning of '12 until Pa'kenham's crew.
Saw Tennessee rifles ablaze in the cotton,
Its flint and its priming were never forgotten.

And daddy—his piece was a long brown gun
Of caliber fifty-six;
'Twould kill at a mile
In most elegant style,
And it never forgot to be free with its kicks.
Dad shouldered that gun
Sometime along early in sixty and one,
And the old piece was good for a Johnnie Reb still
When Ulysses and Robert E. took to the quill.

And sometimes I carry a weapon myself—
Krag-Jorgensen, '98—
Its caliber thirty,
It never gets dirty,
I'll back it to puncture a Harveyized plate!
And I'll say for myself
(Sometime when I'm done for and laid on the shelf),
That I and my own little shooting "Krag"
Saw San Juan flying a star-spangled flag.

Raymond Evans in *N. Y. Sun.*

The German likes his beer,
The Irishman likes his whisky straight,
Because it brings good cheer.
The Englishman likes his 'alf and 'alf,
Because it makes him frisky.
But they all go back on their favorite drink
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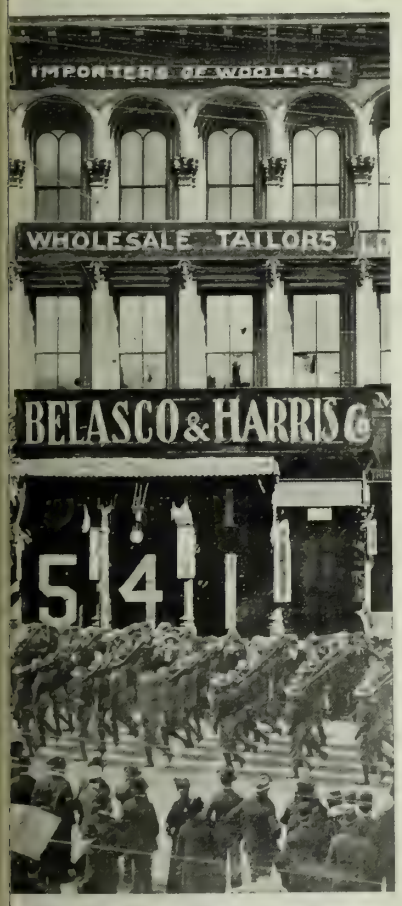

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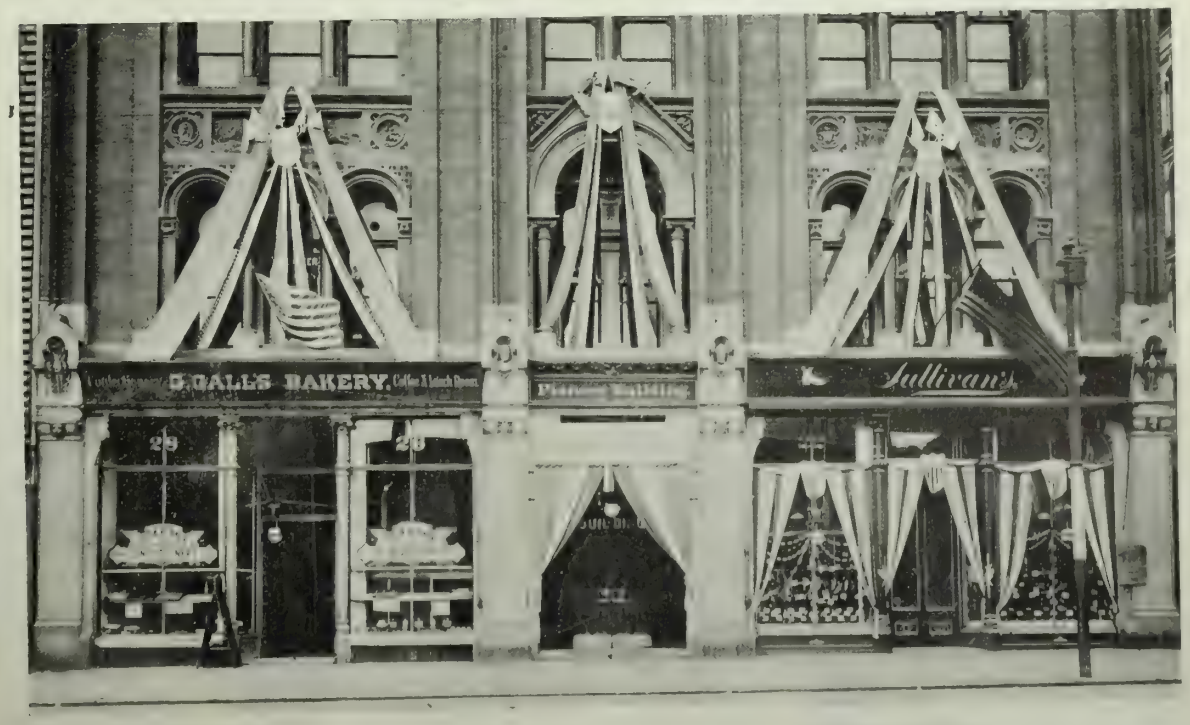

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x x x

PAT'S GUESS—Two park laborers sat on a curbstone opposite the Museum of Art and Science in New York, eating lunch out of their pails. "Tis a foine big building" said one of them "you'd never think they'd put up that solid a strookchur just to kape dead boogs an' other crachures in." "Indade no" replied the other, "but what are thim big letters cut into the stone above the windies the names av." "I dono," said the first speaker. He fell to spelling out the words, and presently a ray of intelligence succeeded the puzzled expression on his face. "Sure, I hav it," he said. "Thim is the names av the contractors." Patrick made a good guess, for the names graven in the stone were Æschylus, Sophocles, Pericles, Herodotus, Socrates, Thucydides and Demosthenes.

x

FIERSD UND LASD—The leader of a German orchestra had considerable trouble with one of his instrumentalists who persisted in coming late for rehearsals. Finally he said to him: "Dis will not do no more. Dis vas a pusiness pandt. You come lade some more vonce und I pounce you quick." Hoffman was on hand earlier the next night, still earlier the night following and kept on improving his conduct in this way until at the end of a week he was the first man to report to the leader. The leader was greatly pleased. "Dis vas pedder, Hoffman," said he. "You vas pehindt pefore, aber you vas early of lade, und now you vas fiersd und lasd alretty."

x

A WEALTHY WESTERN lady came to Washington recently determined to get her five daughters and herself into Capitol society. Ignorant of social customs she at once started out to make visits. "Where shall I drive, madam?" asked the coachman when she and her five daughters were seated in the carriage. "Oh, just drive anywhere," replied his mistress, "and stop wherever you see a carpet out." A minute later the carriage stopped in front of a mansion, from the door of which a carpet extended. Mrs. Doe and her daughters tripped blithely up the steps, handed their cards to the solemn footman and rushed into the drawingroom to find themselves in at a funeral.

x

HIS LORDSHIP'S HEAD.—A barrister named Bushe was addressing the jury on behalf of a prisoner when the Judge shook his head in doubt or denial of one of the advocate's arguments. "I notice the motion of his lordship's head," continued Bushe. "You, gentlemen of the jury, may imagine it implies a difference of opinion with me; but I think you are mistaken; it is merely accidental. Believe me, gentlemen, if you remain here many days you will perceive that when his lordship shakes his head there is nothing in it."

x

LORD ROSEBERY'S WIT.—Lady Randolph Churchill has long been noted for a proclivity for forming warm friendships with very young men. At a fashionable garden party in London recently, she and Lieutenant Cornwallis West, to whom she has since become engaged, were billing and cooing at a great rate, when Lord Rosebery came upon them. He warmly accosted Lady Randolph, and then nodding genially at her companion. "And this, I suppose, is the son of whom I have heard so much."

x

A MISFIT ASSIGNMENT.—Captain Coffin, the well-known author of sea stories, once served as a reporter on the New York *Tribune*. His forte was marine writing, but he was sent, by way of a joke, to describe a fashionable wedding at Grace Church. The captain duly went to the church, but was met at the door by the sexton who stopped him, with the stern statement: "You cannot enter, sir; no reporters will be allowed in the church." "You don't know how glad I am," the captain replied. "I was dreadfully afraid you were going to let me in."

x

MUST BE FOND OF TRAVEL.—Homer Davenport, the cartoonist, visited Hawarden to see Gladstone to familiarize himself with the aged statesman's face. He met him on the road near his house, and told him he was a tourist from Oregon. "And did you come all the way from Oregon to see me?" Gladstone inquired. "I did, sir," was Davenport's reply. "Then," said the ex-Premier, "all I can say is, that you must be fond of travel. Good morning, sir.

x

DR. ABERTHNEY'S MANNERS.—The Duke of Wellington, having insisted on seeing Dr. Aberthney out of his usual hours, and abruptly entering his room, was asked by the doctor how he got in. "By that door," was the reply. "Then," said the rude physician, "I recommend you to make your exit by the same way."

x

AN INDEPENDENT PATIENT.—An Irish lady visited the Poly-clinic recently, and was politely asked by the attending physician what was the matter with her. "The mather, d'yez ask," she replied with haughty indignation. "Shure, I'm thinkin' that's for you to tell me."

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THE WAVE

Is published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal., and Colman Building, Seattle, Wash.

Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months, $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

The trade is supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 342 Geary street; east of the Rocky Mountains by the American News Company, New York.

The Wave is kept on file and is for sale at Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France; 31 Union Square, New York City; 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.; and 206 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

For advertising rates and on all other matters pertaining to city business, address The Wave, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

All business matters pertaining to the Northwest should be addressed to Trevor Corry, Colman Building, Seattle, Wash.

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EVENTS CURRENT.

Schurman and Dewey on the Philippine Situation.

President Schurman of the American Peace Commission is now at Washington conferring with the President concerning the government of the islands. His report on the question has not yet been made public, and he has consistently refused to make any statement in advance. He has, however, given his opinion rather freely concerning the resources of the country and the character of the people. The material resources, he states, are rich and undeveloped. There is a good demand for coal in that part of the world, and the islands are known to contain larger deposits of that mineral, which need only American capital and enterprise to become paying. Gold is known to exist in paying quantities, even under the present crude methods of development. Timber and valuable ornamental woods of all kinds cover the land, and there is a large field in partially developed industries, such as sugar, tobacco, hemp and rice. Any one of these industries except mining, which is always uncertain, are sure to be a profitable and safe investment as soon as a stable government is given the region. Regarding the Filipino people, he is also sanguine. He declares that Americans would be surprised at the extent to which they are educated. They are progressive, quick, not disposed to be conservative; a people much like the Japanese in their adaptability, though not so energetic, and Mr. Schurman believes that they might, under favorable circumstances, duplicate the feat of the Japanese nation by raising their rank to that of a treaty power in thirty years. Although they are suspicious by nature, Mr. Schurman believes that they are amenable to kindness and will respond to straightforward dealing. Although he has not yet delivered an opinion, it is understood that he favors autonomy for the islands. Admiral Dewey, the only other commissioner who has left the scene of action, recently talked in much the same strain to a London *Daily News* representative. He said in part: "I have the question of the Philippines more at heart than has any other American, because I know the Filipinos intimately, and they know that I am their friend. The recent insurrection is the fruit of the anarchy which has so long reigned in the islands, but the insurgents will have to submit themselves to the law, after being accustomed to no law at all. I believe and affirm nevertheless that the Philippine question will be very shortly solved. The Filipinos are capable of governing themselves; they have all the qualifications for it. It is a question of time, but the only way to settle the insurrection and assure prosperity to the archipelago is to concede self-government to the inhabitants. * * * I should like to see autonomy first conceded and then annexation talked about. * * * The concession of self-government ought to be the most just and logical solution."

Dreyfus Is Convicted.

Captain Alfred Dreyfus has, for the second time, been convicted of treason, and the whole civilized world outside of France feels that error has triumphed over truth. The verdict by which this result was achieved was handed down Saturday last, and showed all the marks of a compromise. It stated that the court, by a vote of five to two, adjudged the prisoner guilty and, because of extenuating circumstances, fixed the sentence at ten years' imprisonment. This is an absurdity on the face of it; there are no extenuating circumstances; none were claimed at the trial. Either the accused is guilty of treason, and open to the extreme penalty of the law, or he is innocent. That such a vereict should have been reached is, in the opinion of the world, the strongest proof of the illegality of the whole proceeding The only incident of note in the final week was the refusal of President Jouast of the court-martial to permit the importation of foreign testimony on behalf of the accused. This Maitre Labori had demanded, since the prosecution had introduced a foreigner, an Austrian, to testify on behalf of the army. The refusal was regarded by both sides as an indication that the court had already made its decision, and through the last days, when Demange for the defense and Carriere for the prosecution were delivering their arguments, the feeling was general that Dreyfus had lost. The verdict was, therefore, no surprise. There is a persistent report that the first vote stood four to three, which would have meant a verdict of "not proven," involving release without honor, but that one judge was won over by the promise of the "extenuating circumstances" clause in the verdict. There is an uncertainty as to the probability of the term of years Dreyfus has already served being counted on the new penalty, even the most skillful lawyers differing on the point. If it is ruled that the former imprisonment counts, the period of confinement will end October 15, since on that date he will have been under solitary confinement for five years, which, according to French law, counts for ten years in reckoning the term of an ordinary confinement. If it is ruled that the sentence dates from the present time, Dreyfus will not be sent back to Devil's Island, but will be confined in some fortress in France. It was one of the illegal abuses practiced by the authorities in his first imprisonment that Madame Dreyfus was not permitted, as provided by French law, to share his imprisonment. This she will do in the second term, if the sentence holds. There is some chance, however, of further revision. President Loubet may pardon him, the ministry may annul the sentence, the Court of Cassation may order another trial—indeed, this body has already been appealed to, and there is plenty of ground for such an order. Another not unlikely contingency is that Emperor William, who must know the truth, will come out and put the facts before the Paris government, he having already announced that his officials never had any dealings, direct or indirect, with the accused. It is unnecessary to state that such a termination to the affair, and coming from such a source, would be intensely distasteful to the German-hating French populace. Paris is quiet. Sundey, being the day generally chosen by French mobs for their demonstrations, was awaited with anxiety, but passed off very serenely. It is fair to say, in conclusion, that all unprejudiced observers, which means all not Frenchmen, are unanimous in the opinion that the evidence presented at Rennes could never have secured a conviction in any unbiased court in the world.

Deroulede and the Anti-Semitic Agitation

However the Drefus case, with all its ramifications and complications, finally results, there must still be a reckoning with that class of turbulent citizens who have been taking advantage of the present unrest to further their own ends, and especially with Deroulede and Guerin; the former is now in prison on a charge of treason, but he will probably secure his release, as he has done before, by the sympathy of the French judges; Guerin is holding off the police. These revolutionists work together, although their aims are different. Guerin has been called the most dangerous man in France; in reality, Deroulede holds that position, for while Guerin is an agitator of the most blatant kind, Deroulede is a far-reaching schemer, who has bound the elements opposed to the present government into a settled party, composed of such diverse components as socialists, anti-Drefusites, Bonapartists and Legitimists. They have, all of them, the one general object for which this statesman's career has been a continual plea, viz: the election of the President by popular vote instead of by the Chamber of Deputies. It is one of those parodoxes which are the normal thing in the present state of French politics, that such an amendment, which would work for more complete democracy in this republic, should operate, in France, toward monarchy and tyranny. It was the means that the Third Napoleon took to obtain the throne, and there is little doubt that, in Deroulede's plans, the reform is designed to make the way for a dictator. Some claim that he has his eye on that office himself, some believe that he is the veiled agent of the monarchists, This he disclaims, and indeed it has never been proved that he is working for anyone save himhimself, but it is certain that the followers of the Orleanist pretender are falling in around him. This man, who may yet be absolute ruler of France, was a brave soldier in the German war, a popular poet and orator and declaimer against all things German in the decade that followed it. He is given to that sort of theatrical insincerity which takes with the French mob, and is extremely popular. He is allied with Guerin, the greatest Jew-baiter of all France, and he himself, advocate as he is of the army and the church, has taken advantage of the Dreyfus case to damage the present government and further his own schemes.

Failure of the Crocker Plan to Control Wine.

The attempt of Henry J. Crocker, a wealthy San Franciscan, to organize and control the dry-wine industry of California, has failed. The history of the project is about as follows: Early in the season Mr. Crocker, who, as President of the California Winemakers' Association, had seen much of the unsettled and dislocated condition of the viticultural industry, made an offer to the growers which seemed to present a fair solution of their difficulties. He agreed to pay $14 per ton for standard varieties of grapes and $12 per ton for Missions and Malvasias, provided they would sign a contract to deliver their product at those prices for seven years. His motive, he explained, was partly as a business venture and partly because he believed it was to the best interests of the wine industry to have some such balance wheel keeping things stable. Between 80 and 90 per cent. of the state's grape growers approved the plan and sent favorable answers. But the scheme defeated itself in an unexpected manner. The very fact that it was on foot caused a rise in the price of grapes, and many of the growers short-sightedly sold their '99 crops at the advanced figures, trusting to luck for the future. Thus but few contracts were signed in proportion to the acreage involved, and the plan went by the board. Of the great California industries none have been in so deplorable condition as viticulture. The weeping and the wailing of wine makers who could get but 6 and 8 cents a gallon for their product has filled the newspapers season after season. Yet when this extraordinarily liberal proposition was made it was passed over—a characteristic piece of California improvidence. The success of Mr. Crocker's plan was involved in the absolute control of the wine output, which would then command such a price as would recoup the generous remuneration offered the grower.

The New Japanese Courts.

The first important trial of a foreigner by Japanese courts under the new conditions was one that involved a citizen of the United States, and was carried on in such a manner as to reassure those who have feared that the native courts would not do strict justice. It will be remembered that when Japan inaugurated a new policy last month, throwing open the whole island to foreigners and claiming, by consent of the powers, authority to deal with malefactors of any allegiance whatever, many feared that life and property of aliens would be placed in jeopardy owing to the peculiar Oriental ideas of justice. This first cause was that of an American, one Robert Miller, who had done a most atrocious murder without any mitigating circumstances. After a trial which was conducted fairly and openly, and in which the accused was given all the chances usually accorded in an Anglo-Saxon court, he was found guilty and sentenced to death. The findings of the judge, as published, are regarded as a model of legal acumen and unbiased reasoning, and produced an impression of integrity and fairness, The concluding sentences are a defence and apology to the world for the action of the court. "It is the desire of his Imperial Majesty the Emperor that all strangers within our empire shall be treated with magnanimity, and it is also the wish of our people to extend kindness and hospitality to aliens resident in this land. At this juncture, when Japan has taken her place among the comity of nations, and her legal autonomy has been restored, it is most distressiug to judicial officers to be placed under the painful necessity of sentencing a citizen of one of the treaty powers to death."

The Transvaal Situation.

While warlike preparations are going forward on both sides, the chances for a peaceable settlement of the South African tangle, or at least for a postponement of a war which is all but inevitable, are better than they have been for some time past. Both sides have withdrawn their concessions, and further negotiations will have to begin at the beginning. Just now, Secretary Chamberlain and President Kruger are exchanging correspondence concerning a new conference. It must be admitted that Kruger is the winner in the contest of diplomacy; he has played a waiting game, and by this last move he puts settlement six months or a year in the future. He is firm on one point, however, and that is the very point the British are unwilling to concede, and it seems as though the peace negotiations would eventually be wrecked on this reef. Meanwhile, the waiting game of Kruger has produced an unexpected result. The prevailing uncertainty has paralyzed business in Transvaal so that the Boer government is in financial difficulties, and the business men, native and Uitlander, are in sore straits. The exodus of Englishmen and Americans continues, and the mines have nearly all shut down. The Boer authorities, it is said, contemplate forcing the mine-owners to reopen, a right they have under the peculiar and arbitrary laws of the republic. Rumor had it that the British Cabinet contemplated the issue of an ultimatum last week, but was restrained by the well-known desire of the Queen to have no further wars during her lifetime. The British agents are investigating the arrest of Uitlander agitators and journalists made a fortnight ago, with a view to demanding their release.

A Plea for Fractional Paper Currency.

In the East, where paper money is much more popular than in the West, there has lately arisen a strong demand for a fractional paper currency to take the place, for certain purposes, of money orders and postal notes. A circular letter requesting such currency is now being circulated in the East; and many personal appeals have been made to high officials of the treasury department. The burden of the argument is the trouble now incident upon the transmission of money by mail. It is claimed that many manufactured articles now being ordered continually by residents of the country and the smaller towns have fallen below a dollar in price, and that even in cases where the small postoffices have a money order department the transmission of money by this means is unnecessarily troublesome and costly. The unknown sponsors of the circular letter ask, therefore, that $25,000,000 be issued in the form of twenty-five cent notes, these not to be put in general circulation, but to be issued at the postoffices at the rate of twenty-six cents each, the additional cent being affixed to guard the government from loss in case the issue should prove unpopular with the people. Such a measure, advocated for the reasons now advanced, passed the House of Representatives in 1888, but was killed in the Finance Committee of the Senate on the advice of the Secretary of the Treasury, who proved, by the country's experience with fractional currency in the time of the civil war, that paper currency of that sort cost the Government more than silver.

Quiet in Luzon.

Not since the first outbreak in February has there been so quiet a week as the one just passed. The rainy season is breaking, but the roads are still impassible, so that the Americans are making no move, while the the natives, though they can navigate iu any weather, have been equally tranquil. There has been a little desultory firing along the front, with no injuries reported. This impassive attitude of Aguinaldo's men may mean that General Otis' reports of the disruption of the insurgent army are correct, and it may mean that they are gathering their strength for a hard fall campaign. Adjutant-General Corbin stated last week, in the most emphatic terms, that Otis is to remain in control during the autumn. Wheaton, MacArthur and Lawton will, however, have more initiative than heretofore, each one being given a definite section of the work to be performed, and being held responsible for success or failure in that section. Otis will have no power to recall them from carrying out their movements as far as they deem advisable. Indeed, most of the general direction will come from headquarters at Washington. This is a compromise and may work well, as the three Brigadiers are all thorough soldiers and can be relied upon. Five of the new volunteer regiments are in San Francisco on the way, and the first of them leaves for Manila this week. The Twenty-sixth, recruited in the Eastern States, had a warm "send-off" on its departure for the West, Governor Roosevelt and President McKinley participating in the ceremonies.

The Sugar Trust has just completed a deal which puts it in control of nearly 90 per cent of the consumption of that staple in the United States. This masterly stroke, a true "corner," was accomplished by means of an agreement with the National Association of wholesale Grocers. The combination has offered the Association certain advantages. Just what these are is known to outsiders, but at any rate the inducement was such as to lead the wholesalers into agreeing to buy exclusively of the Trust This association swings the retailers, because most of the latter rely on the wholesalers for the credit necessary to carry on their business, and as over three-fourths of the trade of the country is in the Association the Sugar Trust can now dictate to consumers. The opposition of the independent refiners is a desperate one. There is a proposition to unite them into one concern, but this would be of no avail, because they cannot fight the Trust unless they are able to turn out enough sugar to supply the demand of the entire country, which they are not in position to do. The principal concerns in this position are the Arbuckles, always enemies of the big combine, and the Hollenhauer Company, lately thrown over by the Trust. The Arbuckles may compromise by giving up their sugar business to the Trust in return for their coffee business, but the others are in the way of being ruined unless they establish retail agencies for the sale of sugar—a rash undertaking requiring immense capital.

The final chapter in the latest San Domingan revolution was completed by the landing of Jiminez at Porto Plata and his assumption of the control of affairs. The occasion was one of great rejoicing in that city, the population turning out *en masse* to meet him, and the revolutionists acclaiming him as their official head. There is still some uncertainty, however, about his hold on the office. The provisional government which took control of affairs when the successors of Heureaux resigned has never announced itself for Jiminez, although they took control as sympathizers with his party; there is still a chance that a revolution within a revolution may be planned in their behalf. However, Jiminez has the better of the situation now, and will probably keep his hold on the common people. The important districts around Puerta Place and Santiago de los Caballeros are all with him. There was a wild popular demonstration in the capital city when the old cabinet gave up their offices. Riots and acts of lawlessness followed the news that they were taking public funds and government arms away with them. Jiminez has announced that he will govern on the American system in preference to the dictatorial rule hitherto in vogue. It remains to be seen whether he will depart from the custom of Spanish-American revolutionists and break his word, and whether, if he does, such a government will suit the turbulent population of that negro republic.

Editorial Comment.

Candidate Bryan on Trusts.

There was a ring to Mr. Bryan's speech, delivered in San Francisco last week, that—except for its silver sentiments—was calculated to appeal to voters of whatever political person. Strike out his reference to silver and you have a remarkably strong political document. It runs the gamut of issues that are more than likely to govern the campaign of 1900, and bears about the same relation to the coming campaign that his New York speech did to the campaign of 1896. It is meant to set before the people, in the strongest possible light, the platform of democracy for 1900.

Briefly stated, the issues to which Mr. Bryau stands pledged are:

The enforcement of an income tax.

Opposition to protection.

The free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1.

Opposition to trusts.

Opposition to expansion.

The income tax, free trade and bimetallism have been pretty well threshed out already. The trusts, Mr. Bryan admits, must be controlled by Congress, and he concedes that a constitutional amendment must be submitted to the people and adopted before Congress can legally deal with the question. Before the campaign of 1900 opens a Republican congress will have convened and acted. Doubtless President McKinley's next message to the national lawmaking power will cover this very question. Trusts, as we have remarked, do not belong to any party; the rank and file of Republicans and Democrats are opposed to controlling their existence. Whether this opposition is founded on good sound reasoning is not the question; the opposition is there; the trusts must, to satisfy this opposition, be repressed and curbed, and this more than likely will be done at the instance of the Republican party. For Democrats to claim a monopoly of antagonism toward trusts is absurd—almost ridiculous.

Mr. Bryan's plan for regulating the trusts is a pretty weak affair at best. He says "every corporation organized in any state should be compelled to take out a license from the Federal Government before it does business in any other state excepting the state in which it is organized. When that license is required it can be granted under conditions that will squeeze the water out of a stock and prevent monopoly in any kind of production."

Corporations "doing business" in states other than the one of their organization are limited. So far as our manufacturing trusts are concerned such a law could be easily rendered purposeless and impotent. A child could evade it by acting within its operation and escape all of its penalties. The state canal, railroad and steamship companies are the only corporation that would be affected by Mr. Bryan's proposed regulation. These institutions are already completely under congressional control. It would seem to be a useless bit of legislative extravagance to pass another constitutional amendment to reach corporations already under federal control. No general law could be framed to cover the licensing business contemplated by the plan. The granting of every federal license would be a matter of special enactment. If this should be so, it is difficult to discover dangers to the state in such a measure. Congress might deny to Mr. Vanderbilt's corporation the right to construct a competing road into California at the instance of powerful influences with a contrary interest. The chief vice of Mr. Bryan's proposed law lies in the fact that he does not propose to regulate trusts unless they are incorporated trusts. Individuals engaged in the "trust traffic" are to escape all regulation and remain free of all federal control. A partnership of wealthy men can, under his proposed law, indulge in all the practices of the trusts without being subject to a single federal regulation. Trusts are not *compelled* to incorporate; they may transact the same volume of business as a partnership concern, and may as a partnership indulge in all of the practices that now render them unpopular. The trust corporations, as we now know them, if Mr. Bryan's suggestion were adopted, would simply go out of business, reappear in an entirely new form, and the constitutional amendment which he proposes as a remedy would be as barren of fruit as Sahara's desert is of verdure.

The antagonism of the people, unless we are sadly mistaken, is directed against "combinations" and "trusts" formed for the purpose of regulating prices, controlling the output, and driving, by wrongful methods, the weaker to the wall of bankruptcy. The people do not care whether a corporation, an individual or a partnership of individuals own or control the oppressive institutions. *They want the wrongful practices stopped*, no matter who is responsible. The American people are not a parcel of school boys who can be procured to shriek against a thing because it is called a "corporation." They want a period put upon *all* trusts, and *all* wrongful combinations. If Mr. Rockefeller and his associates owned and conducted the Standard Oil concern as a partnership, his institution would probably be as unpopular as it is now as a corporation, yet Mr. Bryan's scheme of things would not touch it. His amendment is not directed against "unlawful combinations" or "wrongful practices." It is directed solely against one class of *owners*. We might as well compel red headed manufacturers to take out a license, or tall men or short men, so far as the principle is concerned.

Surely Mr. Bryan is well enough versed in the law to recognize the lameness of his proposed enactment. He must amend his amendment before the campaign is over or lose his reputation as a lawyer.

Section 8 of the Constitution of the United States enumerates the powers of Congress; add to it a new subdivision giving Congress power "to regulate or prohibit all trusts and combinations, corporate or otherwise, affecting the manufacturing, producing or other industries of the United States," and under such an authorization Congress would have full power to act in the broadest possible manner. It would not be confined in its legislation to a single "class" of trust owners, nor be hampered and restricted to institutions desiring to do business in one state alone. But Mr. Bryan has good reason for not advocating such a law. Within its purview would come some trusts that he fears to antagonize, inasmuch as they have votes to bestow.

Unhappy France.

UNHAPPY France! The dubious honor of her army, through the rude judgment of a military court, has been vindicated by ingenious findings, the very falsity of which has shocked the civilized world. The Army is vindicated, the Nation shamed! Among her sister States she stands stripped of the highest attributes of civilization. Within her unhappy borders disquiet and disaffection reign. The hoarse murmur of revolution is in the air, and the fiends of anarchy and riot wait on tiptoe of expectancy for the signal of destruction. Without her borders neither sign of sympathy nor hand of fellowship is extended to soften the miseries of the hour.

From the hands of French Justice the scrupulous and impartial scales have fallen beneath the trampling feet of a reckless rabble and maddened mob. The sword and brute force alone remain to enforce the unjust decrees of hate and prejudice. The cry of "Shame!" has gone up from all the world, and why? Because one man, a Jew, has, by the verdict of a packed and hostile military tribunal, been found guilty of the crime of treason. In the eyes of the world he is innocent. Tried and convicted five years ago for the very same offense, the world then witnessed his humiliating degradation without a protest or a murmur of disapprobation. They believed him guilty. Yet to-day, condemned for the second time for the highest and most infamous crime the citizen can perpetrate against the state, he is honored and respected throughout the world wherever Justice abides, while those who sat in judgment on him are execrated and condemned with unsparing energy. To have acquitted Dreyfus at this second trial would have been to convict the members of the preceding tribunal. The question to be answered by the last court-martial was, "Shall we sacrifice the Jew or condemn our comrades, his former military Judges?" The inexorable verdict was written before the court convened; before a syllable of evidence had been uttered; before the hapless prisoner, buoyed up by a false hope and a sense of his own innocence, had faced his judges and accusers. The Jew was the victim. The world felt it would be so, and yet in the face of the meager evidence against him, wondered that men sworn to uphold the honor of France, at the peril of their lives if needs be, could so dishonor and disgrace her.

All civilization now turns its eyes toward the President of the French Republic. His position is most trying. The highest type of courage and patriotism must be his, to act with satisfaction to a waiting and unprejudiced world. Let us hope he will not disappoint civilization.

There is a disposition here and there throughout the world, and to our shame it has made its appearance iu America, to evidence displeasure toward the verdict by visiting public indignities upon the flag of France. Such cheap exhibitions of disapproval belong to the rabble. The anti-Dreyfusards of France are made up of just such creatures. The flag of France stands for something in America besides the injustice at Rennes. The shame and disgrace of the Dreyfus proceedings belong to France; the penalty is hers, but the wrong was done by her military tribunal; the crime is not hers, it is against her, and she must be the greatest sufferer. What man will say that the intelligence of France approves or countenances the verdict. The unlettered mob may howl their hate of Dreyfus, but who shall hold the nation responsible for the mob. The flag of France stands for much that is glorious and honorable, and that it will again, no sane man doubts.

THE PHILIPPINE WAR.

WANTED, A GENERAL RATHER THAN A VAST ARMY—

The cry about sending so vast an army here, is, as a matter of fact, all nonsense. Had the writer not been in the field through the principal campaigns made since the outbreak, and not talked with the generals and other officers, and further observed with his own eyes he would, like the rest of those in America, advocate the sending at once a large force here to crush out this insurrection. Without any desire to emphasize the special personal advantages and the confidence enjoyed, which enable one to know and speak so positively about the affairs here, I wish to affirm in the strongest terms that if the American public could have viewed each advance of our troops and have heard the expressions made by the most prominent generals and field of officers, on receiving orders to stop or come back after having made a couple of day's progress, they would condemn somebody for timidity and senselessness. After that the army would be ordered into camp for a month or six weeks. I don't know who is to blame. It may be Otis. It may be the officers in Washington, who are trying to conduct operations henceforth from there.

I remember one day that I saw Gen. Otis sitting beside the ticker in the Signal Service room in the Palace, with a serious look upon his face, receiving and sending messages to the Generals at the front. I could not help comparing it with—"Held by the Enemy"—as I had seen it on the stage. A Major-General of the United States Army, with his Adjutant-General by his side, both in good pose, and the ticker telling them of the American soldiers advancing over rice fields, through the jungle and over the trenches, which all the authorities declare are the best that could be made. It was a thrilling scene—It was "the real thing." But as I walked out, I could not but contrast conditions at the other end of the wire—exasperated but obedient Generals, noble men being maimed and killed—sacrificed for the mistakes of others. I tell you the moaning and groaning of wounded men and the gasping of soldiers dying on the field leaves an imprint upon one's mind of horror not easily forgotten. But the *ping* of the Mauser over your head and the opening up of the thudening artillery soon dispells such thoughts, and you step out as if you were bullet proof.

A General Needed.

It is not soldiers we want out here; it is a General that is needed. We have here two big men who can put an end to this rebellion. Give one of them a free hand. They are *in the field* and know the situation from a fighting standpoint. They are fighters themselves. As I wrote some time ago, a brigade of troops can go anywhere on this island. Wheaton first illustrated this in his Pasig campaign and then Lawton demonstrated it beyond all doubt in his campaign to San Isidro, wherefrom he had intended to push on the fleeing rebels to Tarlac, the present seat of the insurgent government, but was suddenly recalled. Ask anyone along the firing line, ask any American in Manila, ask any American officer, who knows he is safe from being quoted, ask any foreigner here, why the rebellion has lasted so long, and if he be an American he'll speak in plain, unmistakable terms. If it be a foreigner he'll reply most diplomatically, giving great praise to General Lawton or commending the bravery and energy of General Wheaton, and then add adroitly, something after this fashion. "As an Englishman of long resident in the islands, I say, it's too bad that these men's campaigns were cut short. The insurrection might have been suppressed before the rainy season set in had they gone on as they did for a bit longer." And in these few words our English friend sizes up conditions here correctly. We all know as well as we can know anything which is in the future, that very soon after all the volunteers get home the Administration of Washington will be tninking of a successor to General Otis. And further when Admiral Dewey arrives the recall will be made certain.

General Otis' Personality.

Now, I don't believe in a sweeping general condemnation of General Otis, because he, an honest, earnest, well-intending, industrious, careful and economical man. He is also a little aged—more so than the actual number of his years indicate. He is also fussy and irritable, and changable in his ideas and in his plans. This may be the fault of Washington, but the Administration gives it that General Otis "is allowed full scope—is now given a free hand, etc." His manner and general actions are antagonistic. He will practically insult one, when there is not the slightest occasion for it. He distrusts and disbelieves almost everybody. I venture to say when in confidence with Filipino representatives, (though of course I do not know) that his manner toward them was so antagonistic and repelling that he must have influenced them in the direction of further hostilities than of concessions. He lacks tact and diplomacy. Indeed, had there been here a strong, aggreeable and intelligent leader at the taking of Manila, the insurrection might easily have been prevented. Otis burdens himself with details—he goes through all the red tape possible in the disposing of the many matters brought before him. He has not time now for the proper consideration of the affairs of the civil government, much less for the putting down a rebellion between glances at the piles of papers on his desk. He would make an ideal head clerk in some big law firm.

MANILA, Aug. 10th. F. R. S.

The present debt of the city of New York is $364,000,000; that of Philadelphia is $56,000,000; that of Boston is $50,000,000, and of Baltimore $37,500,000. As compared with these Eastern cities the great towns of the West are modest and thrifty. The debt of Philadelphia, for instance, is twice as big as that of St. Louis and three times as great as that of Chicago. In New York the assessed valuation of real estate is $3,000,000,000. In Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore the aggregate valuation is $2,000,000,000.

A new use for aluminum is reported from France, where attempts to construct violins, bass-fiddles and other string instruments of this metal have been entirely successful. It isstated that these instruments produce a richer sound than those manufactured of wood, and that this is especially the case with the higher notes.

Site and Present Buildings of the University of California

Perspective View of the Prize Plans, by E. Benard

Facade of the Gymnasium and the Tribunes, by E. Benard

Photographed by Oscar Maurer

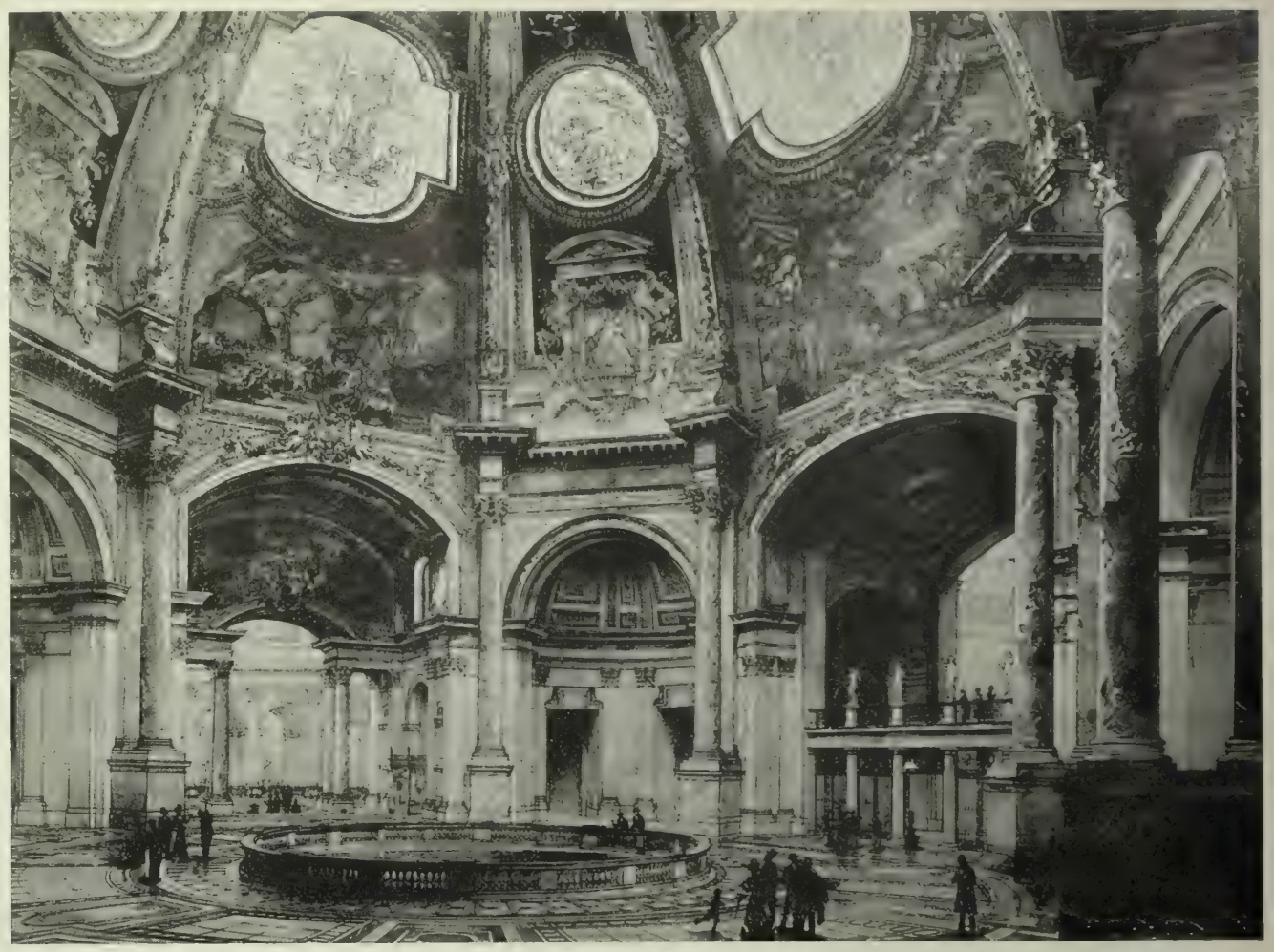
THE PRIZE PLANS.

The First Prize of $10,000 in the International Competition for the Phebe Hearst Architectural Plan for the University of California Architectural Contest was Awarded to E. Benard of Paris

Perspective of 4th Prize Plans, by Howard & Cauldwell

Perspective of 3rd Prize Plans, by E. Despradelles & Stephen Codman

Aisle of the Ferry Building where the Plans were Exhibited



Reception Hall of the Gymnasium, 1st Prize

Perspective of Library Court, 2d Prize. Howells, Stokes & Hornbostel

The U. C. Competition.

THE idea of obtaining new plans by competition for the University of California is generally supposed to have originated with Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, who so generously donated of the hundred-thousand-dollar fund for that purpose, but the story goes further back than that. Professor Maybeck, instructor of drawing at the Berkeley institution, was the first to conceive the idea of erecting a home for the University in harmony with the natural beauty of the fairest campus in the world. Years ago he took the matter up, made it his hobby, but found small encouragement until J. B. Reinstein, a graduate of the pioneer class and an enthusiastic Berkeleyan, was elected to the Board of Regents. He was Mr. Maybeck's first convert, and together they "boomed" the scheme, carrying on an extensive correspondence with leading authorities in order to find just what could be done and how it might be accomplished. The results, made into an elaborate plan covering all main points of detail, were embodied in a report made to the Regents in April, 1896; that body voted for the arrangement of an architectural program "for a permanent and comprehensive plan, to be open to general competition, of a system of buildings to be erected upon the grounds of the University of California, Berkeley."

The plans at this stage of the arrangement were a little indefinite. The two enthusiasts and the Board of Regents had acted with an eye on the far distant future, in order to prevent the erection of any more unsightly buildings on the University campus, and to provide for a larger harmony in any new structures which might be built by the State or by private citizens. The condition of the University campus was such as to call for some such arrangement. As they stand now, the buildings erected from time to time as the need for them arose, are not only inharmonious when taken together, but ugly when taken by themselves. Only one (the Chemistry building) has any pretense to architectural merit, and that one is on a different plan from all the rest. Realizing that the college must soon expand to meet the increase in attendance, the Regents provided for this competition in order that the possible additions to the buildings might avoid the chaos inevitable had the old scheme been followed. They had no idea how soon their project was to have a practical result. But close on their announcement came another one from an unexpected quarter, and the new University of California became not a dim possibility but a close probability.

Interpellation of Mrs. Hearst.

Mrs. Phobe Hearst had long been a friend and benefactor of the institution. She it was who started the fashion of giving scholarships to the university by donating the funds for the support of eight woman students, and it had been an open secret among those on the inside of the faculty's councils that her private gifts to individuals among deserving students were large. It was also known that she had in view the erection of two or three buildings, one of them, at least, to be a memorial to her husband, the late Senator Hearst, probably, in accordance with his line of greatest interest, a mining building. But the general chaos of the campus and the lack of any definite plan had detained her from making any offer until the Regents originated the idea of a contest. Then she stepped into the breach and offered to provide the necessary funds. On October 24, 1896, a day memorable in the history of the university, she wrote to the Board of Regents offering them $100,000 to defray the expenses of a great international competition. The Board accepted the generous offer, and appointed Governor Budd, another member of the university's first class—'73—Regent Reinstein and William Carey Jones, Professor of Jurisprudence and Berkeley's most loyal instructor, to formulate the scheme. Mr. Maybeck was sent to Europe at once to arrange preliminaries; Regent Reinstein followed a few months later, and in another year the program for the competition, open to all the world, was published and circulated. This was in December, 1897. Plans had to be in by July, 1898, and in that month one hundred and two designs, the work of architects from the United States and from every nation in Europe, were gathered in Antwerp, where the preliminary decision was made.

The Great Competition.

It had been wisely provided that no final judgment should be made on these first plans; this competition was only a "try-out" to select a number of architects worthy of consideration in a second and more careful competition, the plans for this second trial including a visit to the University site by the successful contestants. Of the eleven who were picked in the original competition five accepted the offer and spent several days in studying the campus; the others, among whom was the eventual first-prize winner, took their information from maps, drawings and photographs, and the first stage in this new era of the University of California ended last week in the city of San Francisco, when a jury of the world's best architects, the same, with one exception, as that which sat on the original plans at Antwerp, judged the final competition and announced the award of the first prize of $10,000 to Benard of Paris. Of the amount devoted by the donor $20,000 was available for prizes; the remainder was therefore divided into four more awards, all of

Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst

which went to American firms. Second place was given Messrs. Howells, Stokes & Hornbostel of New York, with a cash addition of $4,000. Despradelles & Codman of Boston, whose plans might have given Benard's a close rub but that they were too elaborate to be practical, received the third prize, $3,000 and fourth and fifth prizes of $2,000 and $1,000 respectively went to Howard & Cauldwell of New York, and Lord, Hewlett & Hull of the same city.

So the plans are judged, and the University authorities know where they stand. For the present there will be no further move, but early next year Mrs. Hearst will begin the work by the erection of the long-projected mining building. Before that time, however, Mr. Bernard, the first prize winner, will arrive to review the situation and to change his plans to suit the requirements of the University, since, in the opinion of the Regents and the faculty, certain features of the project are not practical. He himself is known as the most sensible and practical of French architects, and when he sees the site and realizes the needs of the institution, it is highly probable that he will fall in with the ideas of the Californians. After that it is expected that Mrs. Hearst will provide for the Women's Building, another favorite project of hers, and for the Women's Gymnasium, and then it is open to the state and its generous citizens to take up and carry on the work so well begun.

Representative Architecture of San Francisco.

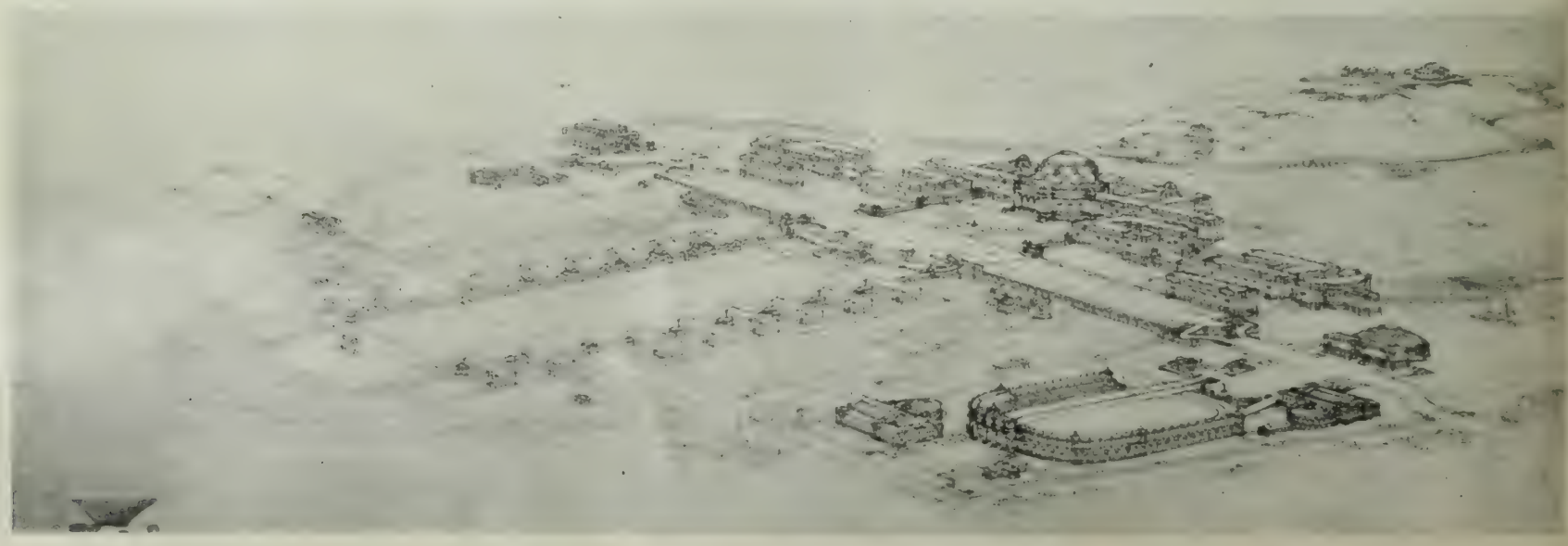
AMONG the representative work of San Francisco contemporary architects, we publish a picture of the Huntington house on California Street, considered by many to be the most beautiful specimen of architecture design in the city. Its architect, Mr. Gaynor has long since gone over to the majority. The Mark Hopkins' mansion near by is a notable effort of design in quite another direction, by Mr. George Sanders, of the firm of Wright & Sanders. Fashion changes in architecture as in everything else, and it is doubtful whether the Gothic spirit in which this most picturesque pile is conceived, will ever be revived. But who can tell? The Gothic spirit has been thought dead and buried before now.

Among building of a monumental and enduring character the Hibernia Bank stands preeminent as an exponent of the excellent type of work that comes from the hand of Albert Pissis. No other architect in San Francisco has so many first class buildings to his credit. In all of them one discovers fitness, unerring taste and a remarkable absence of easily discovered errors that mar some of the more ambitious efforts of other architects whose work has contributed to the up-building of San Francisco. The Hibernia Bank building is justly considered one of the finest in the United States. Unfortunately, it suffers by reason of its surroundings, which overpower it on one side and demean it on the other. A cruel fate awaits this noble building when a tall structure goes up on the Market Street gore opposite. But it is to be hoped that the City Hall lots will be repurchased and turned into a park some of these days, and then the bank building will be saved. And while on the subject I venture to suggest that the property next to the bank on McAllister Street and as far as Leavenworth Street, would make an admirable site for a much needed Free Public Library! Mr. Carnegie, please take notice!

San Francisco as a city, is not particularly modest on the question of its own merits; for all that, few peeple seem to realize that here in this city we have the finest tall office building in the world. There is no structure in New York or Chicago that can compare with the Claus Spreckles building as an integral composition. Those who are familiar with the hideous aspect of the average New York sky scraper, with one side thin architecture and three sides bald brick, will rejoice that our one sky scraper is the thing of beauty that it unquestionably is, thanks to the skill of Messrs. Reid Bros. the architects.

While the city has been fortunate in this regard, it is much to be deplored that so notable an effort at Spanish renaissance as the Hearst building should have been so marred in the execution. The inferior cementing of the main body of the building is in sad contrast to the very vigorous and crisp modelling of the beautiful terra cotta details that so charmingly embellish the lower and the uppermost stories. A certain tameness and poverty of sky line also does much to neutralize the boldness and invention displayed in the ornament of one of the most original designs executed on the Coast. These defects however, ought not to blind the public respecting the beautiful possibilities of Spanish renaissance, nor deter capitalists and

(Continued on page 12)



Second Prize. Perspective of the Design by Howells, Stokes & Hornbostel

The International University Concours.

By Max Junghaendel.

N San Francisco last week was seen the end of an architectural contest in which the interest of scientific and tistic circles in both hemispheres had been aroused in an nusual degree. Architects all over the world were invited display their talents in a great Concours for the noebe Hearst architectural plan of the University California. An ample financial reward, the opportunity realizing his plans and herewith the laurels of immortal-y, were the dazzling prizes to be won by the successful tist. The decision was placed in the hands of four lead-g architects of America, England, France and Germany. It was as much the magnitude of this purpose to secure e plan of an ideal home for a university as the nusual generosity in its management which made this mpetition so far surpass any previous one. Never before ere architects confronted with such a gigantic scheme or ked to deal with such a vast array of buildings and re-irements.

Whatever the final outcome of this competition may be, ere is no doubt that the originators, and in particular magnanimous patroness, Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst, are titled to the unstinted praise and gratitude of the scien-ic and artistic world.

It is in fact unique that architects have been given so lendid an opportunity to show their talents in such noble task on such a large and beautiful site. This e comprises some two hundred and fifty-five acres land at Berkley, rising at first in a gentle and then in a lder slope from an elevation of about two hundred feet ove the sea level to one over nine hundred feet. It thus vers a range more than seven hundred feet in altitude, th a mountainous background which rises a thousand feet gher. The aspect of the site is decidedly a fine one, and bold slope should enable the artist to group the mani-ld buildings in such a way that their ensemble presents elf as a grand picture to those who cross the bay. e prospect of the site, the panorama formed by the bay d city, the surrounding plains and hills, dominated Mount Tamalpis is equally superb.

The fundamental motive of the Concours was to get, first all, tbe ingenious, all-convincing "Situation Idea," a mprehensive arrangement of the buildings in accordance th the topographical formation and the aspect and pros-ct of the site. The natural features of the grounds, the ter courses, groups of trees, etc., should be preserved as as possible. Every building of the scientific and tech-al institutes, as well as of the habitation and recreation partments should present itself unobstrucedly to the e of the casual observer. and should command a perfect w of the bay and the distant mountains. This view m every building of these groups should not be sacrificed so-called grandeur, which has nothing to do with true numentality. Is it not the clear view of a beautiful dscape that exercises such a beneficial aud refreshing fluence on the overworked mind and widens not only e terrestrial but also the spiritual horizon. As the bay comes visible at the height of 260 feet above sea level ey should not be erected at a lower elevation.

Considering the vast number of structures asked for in the ogramme, to conform to this condition presents a most ious problem. There are twenty-eight different groups buildings to be arranged, mutually connected and easily essible from without as well as from within the grounds. e library, which as the treasury of the scientific capital, ms undoubtedly the principal feature of the modern iversity, should be treated as such. The administra-n buildings are most properly located at the en-nce to the grounds, so that those who have only to nsact business need waste no time in reaching their des-ation. The chief entrance should undoubtedly be vards Berkley, easy access must be provided from the kland side in the axis of existing streets. The general vice structures do not belong to the artistic ensemble, l are best situated in a corner of the lower ground and r the town.

After having thus cleared the problem there is seemingly no particular difficulty at reaching a solution complying with the ideal requirements before mentioned, provided that some other fundamental architectural and general principles are admitted, viz: that the unit of modern architecture is the man and not an imaginary giant or god; secondly, that the future California University has a decided university character; and, thirdly, that there is a limit in everything as regard both time and money

In the present case buildings are to be erected for the benefit of young men and women striving for a solid education and preparatiou for the struggle of life. The majority of them belong to well-to-do families of the middle spheres of society, where home life is still considered an essential part of this earthly happiness. Many leave humble homes bare of any architectural decoration. I fully appreciate the possibilities in an American girl or boy, but I cannot believe that these young students would feel themselves at home and preserve the equanimity so essential for a quiet, studious life, in halls and colonnades, on terraces and staircases designed in gigantesque proportions and overdone in decoration? Do you believe that they would be comfortable in auditoriums, theatres and hotels which would even excite the blase members of Parisian high life? Is it not better to have them housed in a substantial home-like way, to teach them the importance of simplicity in order to attain that best dispensation of kind fortune, independence and a well-arranged inner life?

I love my profession, as an architect should, and gladly greet every opportunity where it can show its possibilities. I am far from advocating a mean or sordid scheme of housing the university, but an architecture which shows a clear, simple, and yet original expression of the underlying idea, a decoration in which the form follows the function and an ensemble which has the appropriate character; in short, that the new university should have the character of a university and not of the Chicago Fair.

Every age has its own ideals and tastes. We laugh to-day about things which fifty years ago were regarded as great achievements. Are we not right in presuming that they will ridicule fifty years hence many a thing on which we have lavished thought, time and money. Is it not a healthy egotism to think of ourselves and our own comfort first, and let the ungrateful future take care of itself?

If anything is felt by the majority of men and institutions it is the limitation of capital. Even the multi-millionaire feels it sometimes even harder than the poor man. My own experience has taught me that the American millionaire is of a calmly calculating turn, and needs to be strongly convinced of the practicability and final success of an enterprise, especially in the scientific and artistic line before he opens his mind and purse. But from the moment he has identified himself with it he goes in with heart and soul. The Hearsts, Stanfords, Phelans prove this conslusively. But even the most lavish among them are not inclined to spend their money for *Chateaux d'Espagne*, celestial schemes which are far beyond earthly realization.

Having cleared the problem also in this direction, we are sufficiently prepared to visit the exhibition of the competitive plans for the University of California. Even an architect who has seen much and can stand a shock will surely be bewildered by this great array of artistically rendered schemes of abnormal size. The first impression reminds one of the exhibition of designs for the Grand Prix de Rome at the Ecole des Beaux—Arts in Paris. Some of the present competitors have apparently fought for this highest honor the young architect of the Paris school can attain. Several may have even won it. Nearly all the designs show the distinguished merits but also the defects of this famous school of which E. L. Pascal, the president of the university jury, is one of the leading teachers.

Of all languages the French is the most agreeable in which to talk much and say nothing; to pose and impose; to hide ideas, if there be any. Architecture is language iu inorganic material and form. The modern French school architecture is undoubtedly elegant and well defined. It is pretentious and imposing, without expressing much thought which strikes as original and deep. The majority of the French school *rendus* are always superb and highly artistic. But the professional man knows that drawing is not building, and that good draughtsmanship is often bad architecture. He looks through the exterior into the inner value of a project. What do we find in the present instance, especially in the five designs which the international jury of four leading architects deemed the best solutions of the problem in question?

It is needless to criticise to-day the single plans. Four of them, the first prize included, present a broad avenue running up hills, lined on both sides with the buildings of either one or of the three principal groups as their prominent feature. Any child can see that only the buildings in front would command the beautiful prospect of the site, and that those back of them must be hidden This is a fundamental defect. Not one of the competitors has shown in the perspective drawing an ensemble of the buildings as it ought to appear from a natural standpoint. All have selected imaginary standpoints high up in the air. But we do not yet live in the era of ærodromes. The first prize project is in this regard essentially weak, It has neither head nor tail. There is neither at the beginning of the avenue a *grand entree* nor at the end a *point de vue*. The arrangement of the three principal groups of buildings is incongruous and illogical. The library is not the prominent feature it ought to be. The housing of the students in two big hotels on the the central square must be considered unfortunate. There are many other weak points in the project to enumerate which is not within the sphere of this paper.

The only project which shows that its authors had an idea of the essential requirements of the problem, is the third prize design of Messrs. Despradelles & Codman. They arranged the dormitories in a great segmental sweep, high up the hill on a steep retaining wall, so that in connection with the imposing library—a copy of the Parthenon—and the two flanking structures, they would make quite a factor in the landscape. But the colleges are unfortunately arranged one behind the other, and four of them would not come into view at all. Furthermore the authors have disregarded the limits of the site. In a smaller plan they show their arrangement within the limits, yet have to confess themselves that it becomes crowded. But as Goethe says, *the limit shows the master*.

Surveying again the entire exhibition, there is not one design which does justice to the prospect and aspect of the site, or which complies with the requirements of good, practical architecture. None of them inspires any hope of ultimate realization. It is not here the purpose to show who is responsible for this result. I came from New York to San Francisco with the intention of writing a eulogy of this great architectural event and those who participated in it. I sincerely regret that I am bound to say that instead of this I have to record another of the tragic episodes of my life in proclaiming this competition, for which Mrs. Hearst and hundreds of architects have so willingly devoted their energy, money and time, more or less of a failure.

There is an old saying: "Who strives for the best seldom gets the good." Now that the straining after the best is over, we may hope for the attainment of the good.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—ARCHITECT MAX JUNGHAENDEL IS A WELL KNOWN ARCHITECTURAL CRITIC AND AUTHOR OF SOME PUBLICATIONS ON THE ARCHITECTURE OF SPAIN AND EGPYT.

HE CAME TO SAN FRANCISCO EXPRESSLY TO CRITICIZTHE CONCOURS FOR CERTIN LEADING EUROPEAN ART JOURNALS.

Maitre Labori at Place Laennee at Work on the Defense of Dreyfus

The Bridge of Sighs at Rennes over which Dreyfus passed into the Court-room

THE DREYFUS CASE.

Landing Supplies from Seattle

Along the Beach

Snake River, Anvil City

A Glimpse of Anvil City

A Bench Claim that Yields $45 per Day for Each Man

Mining on the Beach

Photos by A. R. Randles

THE NEW GOLD-FIELD AT CAPE NOME.

Western Tennis vs. Eastern.

THE results of the tennis tournament at Del Monte were very gratifying to Western sportsmen, in spite of the fact that our own representatives lost nearly all the matches. It was not expected that we could win, for the East has brought the game to an exceedingly fine point, but the fact that one of our men took two matches and that the redoubtable Hardys actually walked off with the doubles was most encouraging. Viewed by one who holds no prejudice for either West or East, the tournament proved that the Western material is as competent as the best imported. Good tournament tennis is a matter of years and years of continuous practice and match play against adversaries of various styles, and it is just that sort of practice which our men cannot get. Taking Robert Whitney for an example, there are perhaps ten foeman worthy of his steel on the Coast; he has learned their games, and they can teach him nothing new. But were he in the East, he could find, all summer long, a variety of men who play good tennis of style diversified enough to keep him learning. I venture to say that champion Whitman has played as many tournament matches as any of our men practice games. I ventnre to say that if Robert Whitney Sumner or Hardy should play consistently through three Eastern seasons, one or the other would carry off a national championship before he was through. As for the double game of the Hardy boys, that was won on its merits; the two brothers, who wear, by the way, the sweaters of the rival California universaries, have team play down to such a point that they seem to think together as one mind. This greater familiarity with the game explains the "smashing" employed so successfully by the Easterners, Davis in especial. It takes a man with the confidence born of long experience to dare to drive the ball in that matter; our Western men lack that experience.

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Concenring Athletics in California.

INDEED, this lack of experience, owing to a dearth of worthy opponents, is marked on all California's amateur athletics. The material is splendid—unexcelled. If any one doubts that, he has but to look over the records of the National League and see how many Californians are on its rolls, or to go through the catalogues of the Eastern universities and observe the number of students with California marked down as their place of residence who are 'varsity oarsmen or runners. But those who remain at home never reach, for all their athletic quality, the highest point of development. It is not natural that they should; there is not enough competition. I have heard California or Stanford collegians boast that this or that championship football team could walk through the big Eastern elevens. I have seen championship matches on both coasts, and I can assure these enthusiasts that Berkeley's crack team of last year or Palo Alto's husky eleven of the year before would have been easy for the Eastern champions of the same year. And this not because of inferior physique—Yale never had a huskier center trio than Stanford's big three of '97, or better set up backs than those who were behind Berkeley's line last fall—but because the Eastern game is to the Western as a college is to a preparatory school. When an Eastern back goes into a the line he goes into it like a locomotive, smashes in head on with all his force; your California back pushes in and relies on his own shoving power and the weight behind him to advance the ball. There have been backs on the coast who went at a line for business—Sm-th, Cotton, Carter, perhaps one or two others—but the majority go at it in the way that I have mentioned. This is even more the case in open-field work, wherein not one of our speedy half-backs have learned the art of dodging. And as it is in football so it is in other sports, and will ever be until we so manage our athletics that our amateurs may find opponents from the north, from the Rocky Mountain region, or from that new-grown athletic center, the Middle West.

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The New Olympic Club.

A CHANGE, a decided change has come over the spirit of affairs at the Olympic Club. Once elected president, William Greer Harrison proceeded to assert himself and there is again a future for the institution. Already he has been able to announce a substantial reduction of the bonded indebtedness, having brought to a conclusion some of the negotiations which ex-president J. C. Kirkpatrick had inaugurated. I am told that the members who have retired during the past four years are to be offered re-instatement, the initiation fee has been advanced to $25; an entire change is to be made in the personnel of the management; improvements in the bathing department and in the handball courts are outlined. For many years, San Francisco has been without an active center of amateur athletics, for the spirit of affairs at the Olympic Club has been professional, and its only enterprise in the direction of boxing. President Harrison has undertaken to change all that, and has the will and the power to do so.

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The Gold Fields at Cape Nome.

THE latest advices go to prove that the Cape Nome boom differs from the general run of Alaska excitements in that it has a basis in fact. People on the coast have been fooled so many times that they are generally suspicious of any report of new finds until the actual proofs are laid before them. The proofs came to hand last week in the shape of over a million dollars worth of dust which arrived in San Francisco from that district. This region is unique in the history of gold mining in that it is the first occasion in which gold in any paying quantity has been found on the borders of the sea. The Cape Nome claims lie on the very beach, extending therefrom a short distance back into the hills. Therefore, in spite of its extreme northern situation, the district is comparatively easy of access. No exceptionally rich claims are recorded, but all the properties yield good returns, and the aggregate may crowd Dawson City's record. The photographs published in this issue of the "Wave" are among the first to reach this country from the new fields, where cameras are as scarce as palace cars.

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J. Ham Lewis for Vice President.

THERE is talk of Ex-Congressman J. Ham Lewis of Washington for Vice-President on the Democratic ticket. Imagine the combination seriously—Bryant and Lewis—corn and hops—the cross of gold and the crimson aurole. It would be an Aurora Boreatis of a ticket, a Barnum & Bailey & Adam Forepaugh combined shows. It would advertise itself and add deliciously to the gaiety of nations. There is little hope, I fear, for such a concatenation of genius—for his Washington friends want J. Ham to run for governor. By profession he is a lawyer and his system of oratory and manner of court procedure are as flamboyant and picturesque as his manner and clothes. He has many friends, some enemies and always excites so much curiosity and interest that it is believed he might make headway against the heavy Republican majority which Washington rolls up—except in off years. Before he was sent to Congress, J. Ham Lewis had a renumerative law practice, which, since his defeat he has been building up again. Latterly his services have been much in demand. He represents several hundred miners who lost their claims in Atlin, because of the fool exclusion law, and if he wins his fee, will make him a very wealthy man.

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An Indian War Canoe.

A BATTERED relic of the old days before the white men came slid like a ghost-ship into Seattle harbor last week to the music of a score of paddles. It is a genuine Indian war canoe, and had carried one hundred Indians from Fort Rupert, on the north coast of Vancouver Island, a distance of a thousand miles in eighteen days, with several stops included. When the wind was right the red men threw out a small and primitive sail, but most of the way they swung along by paddle-power. It is an object lesson in native patience, this antique war canoe; it is fifty-five feet long, and has been burnt and hewed out of a solid log by the most primitive method of execution. In this very craft the Canadian Indians, now descended upon us for the peaceful purpose of picking hops, used to sweep down upon their enemies of the Sound region for those bloody raids that marked that time. The picturesque aborignes afforded a spectacle worth seeing as they paddled up to the tide flats and made camp, but their welcome is nearly worn out now, because they have Indian ideas of cleanliness and a habit of keeping food until it is "ripe," as they call it; therefore, the health board is planning to compel them to move on, or to disinfect their quarters.

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A Captured Totem Pole.

A TRIBE of Indians in Alaska are mourning the loss of their most venerated relic, and the museum at the University of Washington is a totem pole the richer. It appears that one of the members of the *Post-Intelligencer* party which lately visited that region is a stutent at the University of Washington, and had "ragged" signs in his time, so that the capture of a totem pole under the noses of the Indians was no feat at all. There is trouble in the tribe, however, and some one will get it hard if they ever find out who let the white men in on the secret of its location. This is an exceptionally large and ornamental specimen, and must have stood for ages on the tribal lands, to judge from the number of the records engraved in sign language on its surface—the records of dead and gone chiefs and braves whose spirits will have to take a flying trip down to Washington's center of culture if they ever desire to refer to the events of their earthly careers.

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A Fortune of War.

"WHY, hello, General," said a captain of one of the regular regiments to the now famous General Funston as he stepped into the English club at Manila. The little Kansas hero stopped, thought a minute and then replied: "I'll be hanged if you are not the young man that defeated me in the examination for West Point long years ago." "Yes, I am the very man," answered the officer, who has put in over ten years in the service; "I have been with the military ever since. I am a captain and you are a general. Come, let us sit down and you tell me how you did it—crossed the Rio Grande."

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M. H. de Young's Genius.

THE executive ability of M. H. de Young has often been admiringly alluded to in these columns. The latest instance of it was given in the preparations for welcoming the California regiments on their return from Manila. Mayor Phelan entrusted the task of reception to the visible heads of the three morning dailies and they grappled with it with as much energy as though it were a big scoop. The important detail in an affair of this character is the collection of funds, and to this end de Young devoted himself in particular. A great organizer is the proprietor of the San Francisco *Chronicle*—his own institution is run like a watch—and he proceeded before calling the first meeting of his committee to formulate plans for canvassing the city. Stenographers, clerks and typewriters were called into play, and within twenty-four hours a campaign had been mapped out, the city districted, and each section assigned to competent committees, so that when the Executive Committee met all that was required of them was to start the machinery agoing. The success of Mr. de Young's organization and the wisdom of his plans was demonstrated by the large sum collected. It is just in such projects as this that the editor of the *Chronicle's* genius finds play. He has the finest kind of business and executive talent, and I have often wondered why he has not ventured his fortunes in a wider field. He has not been without temptation. The management of one of the largest street car systems in the country at an immense salary was offered him some years ago, soon after the close of the Midwinter Fair. He refused, however, preferring to look after his California interests and live among surroundings which he cares most for and is most familiar with.

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Major Rathbone's Success.

THE remarkable administrative capacity which Major J. L. Rathbone possesses has again been demonstrated in connection with the Burlingame Club. After reaching a height of prosperity and popularity under his direction some years back, he turned over the institution to a successor and, later on, there occurred a schism which nearly disrupted the club. After a time the Major was persuaded to take hold once more, and the result of his work was disclosed in the financial statement made at the annual meeting last week, which showed the institution to be in a most profitable condition. The club owns its own grounds and club-house, keeps up fine stables, polo grounds and golf links, race course and other sporting facilities, and in spite of its heavy expenses, was administered last year at a profit. This is a remarkable showing in comparison with the condition of other social institutions, and reflects brilliantly Major Rathbone's ability at management. The fact is that save M. H. de Young, no other San Franciscan has such a record of successes to his credit as Major Rathbone. He is indefatigable in attention to details, has unfailing tact, and whatever the emergency, seems able to guide the institution he has in hand out of trouble and into smooth water. There was nothing adventitious about the triumph he scored as Consul General in Paris; in other days he steered the Blood Horse Association into prosperity; he was General Merriam's aide and right-hand man during the late war, and really seems to be able to win out in any direction that calls for organization and executive capacity. In addition he has performed more free services for the community in aiding the cause of outdoor sport and social enterprise in general than any one else in California.

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Unification of the Jews.

ONE possible result of the Dreyfus affair—one of the means by which good may be brought out of this official evil, is the unification of the Jewish race. Mark Twain, in a late paper on the subject, has shown that one reason for the continued persecution of people of Hebrew descent is the fact that they do not fight for one another—that there is not, has never been in any country, a recognized Jewish party. The Jews are clannish enough; when it comes to marriage, social intercourse, ordinary association in the common relations of life, they hang together, and do it strongly, but the Western humorist is undoubtedly right in his assertion that much of their political disability lies in their failure to bring this combination into public affairs. The great agitation the Jews are making against the flagrant injustice of the Dreyfus verdict points to their awakening to this new possibility, and may mean the beginning of a union of the race, the first since the fall of Jerusalem.

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American Enterprise at the Front.

IT WOULD surprise outsiders to know how many American business enterprises are already being pushed forward in the turbulent Philippines. In the newspaper accounts of the return of each volunteer regiment, there is always a list of men with the announcement, "remained in Manila." This means that they have staid behind to engage in some avocation or other that may be pushed to successful issue with American heroism and energy. An enterprise of this sort is "*Campaigning in the Phillippines*," backed by the Hicks-Judd company of San Francisco. When first undertaken, this was designed to be an illustrated history of the Spanish-American war in the islands, but when the young and enterprising Americans who acted as its agents got out to the front, they found the army already engaged in the ruction with the insurgents. Thereafter, they followed every expedition of the whole campaign, taking photographs and gathering materials. Carl Faust, the chief representative, rigged out a little native cart as a moving photograph-gallery with apparatus and dark-room complete. Dragged by a nondescript native pony, this vehicle was always just behind the firing line; when the Americans advanced by the railroad, the cart went along in the armor-proof cars. The officers and men gave every encouragement to the owners of this singular outfit, and as a consequence the agents bring back unique views not otherwise obtainable. Under the circumstances, "*Campaigning in the Philippines*" cannot fail to be a publication of unique interest and value. BOSWELL, Jr.

The father and brother of Elihu Root have both held professorships in Hamilton College, where they were known among the students as "Cube" Root and "Square" Root.

Herr Krupp once received a letter threatening to burn down his factories. He fancied that it came from one of his men. So he called them together, read the letter, and said that he would not rebuild, as he was rich enough to live without work and would be glad of a rest.

Soon after the importation of the first American bicycles into Germany, a league of Teutonic manufacturers was formed, the members of which agreed to advertise in no periodical that accepted advertisements from American makers. In a short time but one prominent paper, the weekly illustrated *Sport im Bild*, published in Berlin by two young Englishmen, continued to hold its columns open to all comers, with the result that, although the Americans backed the publishers comparatively generously with advertisements, they nevertheless lost heavily year by year, until at last they were obliged, in self-defense, to join the boycott or go under. At the present time no prominent sporting publication in Germany will accept an advertisement from an American maker.

Crematory of the I. O. O. F. Cemetery, by B. J. S. Cahill

The Clark Building,
by Edward R. Swain

The Hopkins Hou

The Marin County Bank, by Newsom & Meyer

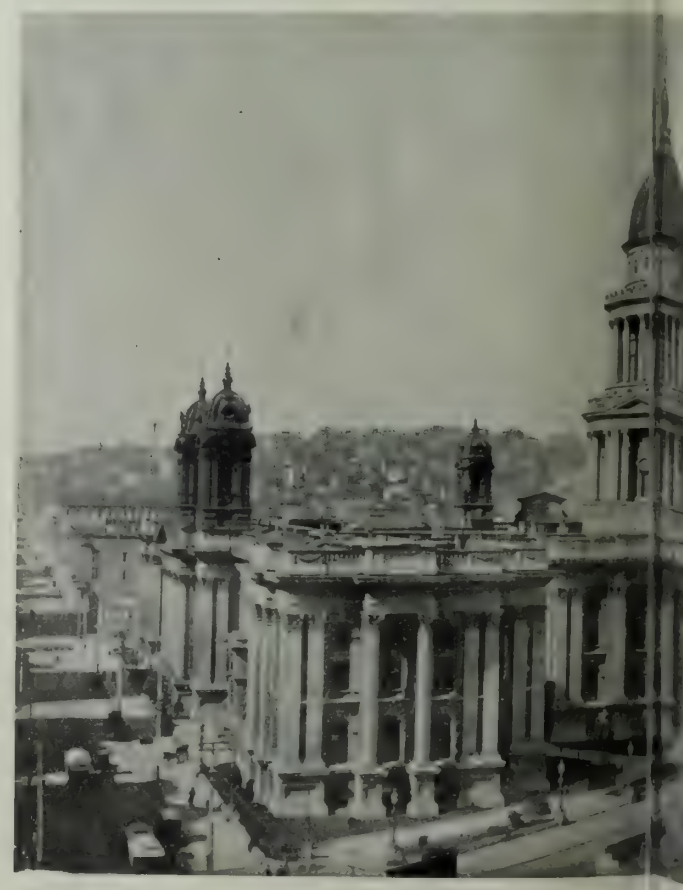
Lorrillard & Bratt Photo

The Hibernia Bank

Mrs. Lilienthal's Residence, cor. Gough and California Sts
by Edgar A. Matthews

The Examiner Bldg., by A. C. Schweinfurth *Taber*

Hall of Justice, by Shea & Shea



New City Hall, by A

REPRESENTATIVE SAN

Structures which San Francisco Architect

VE.

ght and Sanders

The Huntington House, by Gaynor *Taber Photo*

The Mission High School, by Havens & Toepke

Church of St. Francis, cor. Fillmore and Fell streetsby L. J. Welsh

New Crocker Estate Building, Post St., by Tharp & Holmes

t Pissis *Taber Photo*

The Poodle Dog Restaurant, by Wm. Mooser & Son

The U. S. Comissary Building, cor. Spear and Market Sts., by H. Barth

Lauer

The Claus Spreckels Building, by Reid Bros.

Grand Stand and Club House of the California Jockey Club, by M. J. Lyon

NCISCO BUILDINGS.

rd as their most successful designs.

Church of St. Marcus, on O'Farrell Street
by H. Geilfuss

Residence of Dr. J. F. Hund, Ross Valley, by C. A. Meusdorffer
Lorillard & Bratt Photo

Warehouses Building on Drum and Pacific Sts., by H. B. Maggs

The Walter Hobart Residence, San Mateo. by F. S. Van Trees

Design for Redwood City Town Hall, by Curtis Tobey, Jr.

(Continued from page 12)

Representative Architecture of San Francisco.

architects from entering again into this fascinating field. Although Mr. Schweinfurth is no longer with us there are many architects here whose training and inclination fit them to work in this very promising style. For instance, here is a quaint little bank building for Marin County, designed by Messrs. Meyer & Newsom. How well the style adapts itself to small buildings as well as large ones is seen at a glance. The art loving public could well stand a few of the crudities inseparable from all efforts in a new direction, in consideration of the note of freshness originality and historic propriety struck in just such a building as this.

Across the water from California lies Japan, and although it is doubtful whether Japanese architecture will ever have a direct influence on this Nation's architecture, no doubt there are occasions when the curvilinear outlines of an Oriental Pagoda are pleasing and even desirable—in a summer house or pleasure pavilion for example. To adopt this style in the grand stand of the Oakland race track was, we think, a particularly happy idea of Architect M. J. Lyon. The Japanese character is just sufficiently emphasized to give an air of novelty without impairing the usefulness of the structure, or interfering in any manner with a clear view of the racing field. This splendid structure, with its graceful annex, is a worthy indication of the extraordinary interest and enthusiasm California has always displayed in the turf. In this respect California, considering her population, leads the United States.

There is another matter in which California not only leads the United States, but the entire world, and that is cremation. The success of the crematory in the Odd Fellows' cemetery owes not a little to its chaste architectural outlines furnished by Mr. B. J. S. Cahill. He is one of the few local architects who entered the Phoebe Hearst University competition, which is described in another part of this issue.

Of San Francisco's recent municipal buildings three examples are herewith pictured, the City Hall tower dome and the Hall of Justice, the work of Shea & Shea, and the Mission High School, by Havens & Toepke. As a rule, throughout this broad land of ours, public buildings are of more interest to those engaged sn erecting them than to the public at large, who are only concerned in using them and in paying for them. These buildings are, of course, a notable exception to this rule. Of the City Hall tower dome it is not necessary to say much. We are all familiar with its noble proportions. Indeed there are some among us who say that it easily holds its own with St. Peter's and St. Paul's. As a later monument to the creative genius of Mr. F. Shea, the new Hall of Justice building on Kearney street is a distinctly representative building. This structure also was originally intended to have domes surmounting its flanking pavilions. Their omission is, I venture to say, a distinct gain, for if the design of this building has a fault it is decidedly a certain exuberance of features.

The Mission High School does not err in this respect. It is, in fact, a remarkably sedate and dignified construction, in every sense what a first-rate school house ought to be. Of course, reference is made to to the exterior aspect of this building as in the case of all the others mentioned in this review. One of the particularly pleasing features of this design from the office of Havens & Toepke is the use of the Greek Doric order in the front portico and side entrances, which goes so well with the massiveness and simplicity of the general structure. Despite the excellence of this design it must be said that the introduction of a plinth and base mold at the corner of the wings and on the piers over the side porch is a redundance that disturbs one as does a mis-spelled word in a good story.

The day seems long passed when the best architectural genius of the age was employed in the creation of great churches and cathedrals. The highest skill of this age concerns itself with other things in the matter of building, and one might include music, painting and sculpture. The Church of St. Francis, on the corner of Fillmore and Fell is therefore something of a surprise. To the discerning eye the remarkable feature of this design from the brain of Mr. T. Welsh is the evidence throughout of a keen sense of proportion. It is observable no less in the graceful campanile than in the facade, in the upper half of which the scholarly designing is particularly noticeable. In carrying the main cornice around the tower the architect gives a touch of originality to the building that makes it the characteristic creation that it is.

Of quite another order is the Church of St. Marcus, on O'Farrell near Franklin street, built from the plans of H. Geilfuss. This building is conceived in the free and easy, though moribund, Romanesque style that had such a vogue a decade ago. The exterior architectural vestiture is a frank expression of the inner arrangement, and this alone is a solution of half the problem in any design.

Coming to the business blocks representative of San Francisco's architectural enterprise it is a pleasure to advert to the design for the new Crocker estate building, by Sharp & Holmes. The abundant provision made for light, the straightforward way in which the architectural envelope is made to express the skeleton steel construction underlying it, and the absence of stock architectural features, combined with a good deal of quiet and appropriate originality of detail, combine to make this building one of the most interesting examples of "The New Construction" to be seen in San Francisco.

Also excellent in its way is the Clark building, from the office of E. M. Swain. This design presents an agreeable composition of rusticated base, Corinthian pilasters, an ornate arcade and a freize story above, the whole crowned with the regulation classic cornice. As such it is reminiscent of what will be known as the "stone age" in city architecture in contradistinction to the "steel age" of the coming twentieth century.

The Commissary Building, corner of Market and Spear streets by Mr. Barth, also belongs to this class of building and is a substantial and pleasing pile, which is an ornament to lower Market street, and a decided relief to the clumsy or flimsy structures by which it is surrounded.

Warehouse architecture, which in a great city means much, is here represented by a building on Drumm street, by H. B. Maggs, for Andrew McCreary. This structure is excellent of its kind and will be a handsome addition to a part of San Francisco that is rather barren at present in the matter of architecture.

The Poodle Dog restaurant, by Wm. Mooser & Son, is a well-planned and suitably designed building for one of the culinary institutions for which San Francisco is famous. The circular vestibule and entry to the main dining room is a pretty feature. In looking at the rest of the building one wonders why the inevitable fire escape cannot be incorporated into the design, as a bay window, a chimney or a flight of steps is.

The Redwood City Town Hall building which is presented here exists at present only on paper and in the brain of its designer, Mr. Curtis Tobey, Jr. Before long, however, the good people of Redwood City will be able to point out to the visiting stranger with pride and pleasure the solid realization of their civic enterprise.

California is filled with residences of every conceivable style. Compared with other cities we have a distressing preponderance of houses, that in striving to be palatial and indicative of their owners' wealth, are for the most part ostentatious and vulgar.

Too much praise, therefore, can hardly be given to the architect, Edgar A. Matthews, for the simple and quiet houses designed for Lewis Gerstle and occupied by his daughters. Without regard to details which may be more or less interesting there is no doubt that this is the correct architectural expression for a "home." I hope to see many more such houses.

For a country place this residence for. Mr. Walter Hobart, by Architect Van Trees, has a charm as potent as the means that produced it were simple. This residence has a quality lacking in so much of our local work. For want of a better name I will call it "character." Throughout the whole design runs the idea of breadth and repose. One feels it in the dormer, in the wide eaves, in the spreading portico, and again in the broad and stately terrace. The whole composition sits on the level landscape in the happiest manner possible. Indeed the design seems so inevitable one can hardly realize that any other style of building were possible, and what more can one wish for?

Quite as appropriate in another way is the house for Dr. F. J. Hund, from the facile pencil of Mr. C. A. Meusdorffer. For a country residence on a well-wooded site,

"Bosomed deep in vines,"

to quote a forgotten line from Pope, the adoption of German half-timbered style is both pleasing and appropriate.

A. B. D.

Marshall Field & Co. of Chicago pay taxes on a ten million dollar assessment.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
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Makes the food more delicious and wholesome
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

Oil in California.

BY JOHN T. FLYNN.

THE crude oil business in California, while yet in its infancy, gives excellent promise of becoming one of the great industries of the State. Although petroleum has been known to exist in Los Angeles County ever since the days of the Franciscan Fathers, no attention was paid to it, or at least no scientific effort was made to develop it, until about ten years ago, the output for the year 1889 being less than 300,000 barrels. Since that time some six or eight hundred wells have been drilled in different parts of the county. These commence in the very heart of the city, where the first discovery was made, and extend out to Whittier, a distance of fifteen miles. Within a strip of Los Angeles itself, less than two miles in length, and half a mile in width, some 350 wells have been drilled. This strip embraces one of the choicest residence cites, and is covered, in many instances, with handsome dwellings. The spectacle of a ponderous derrick, covered with what appears to be a coating of coal tar, standing in the front yard of a house costing from five to ten thousand dollars, is not one calculated to heighten the scenic effect of the property, but it furnishes a conclusive idea of the commercial value of the petroleum which underlies it. The wells in this section range from 900 to 1400 feet, and pump—when they pump at all—from five to one hundred barrels of oil each every twenty-four hours. But the most surprising thing is that they pump at all. So numerous are the wells in this section that four are frequently found within a radius of 100 feet. In this way the output, which, though great in the aggregate, is divided into four insignificant parts. This grows out of the divided ownership of the lots, which are 50 by 100 feet each. Every lot-owner has a well, and in this way the natural oil supply has been overtaxed. This has resulted in the enforced development of other sections, which not only afford as much oil, but also a means of protecting it against injudicious infringement. In the new fields operators have either become possessed of large tracts, or else guard their interests by providing that not more than one well should be put in on each ten-acre lot. This insures a feature of permanency which the small lot does not afford.

The Economic Value of Petroleum.

The oil of Southern California, with the exception of that produced in the Puente district, is not generally of an illuminating character, being too heavy for profitable refinement, but it makes an excellent fuel in a country where fuel is high. In this way, it affords a greater profit to the owner than the illuminating product of Pennsylvania, which is sold to a single buyer, and used for a single purpose. The average price of the lowest grade of steam coal in Southern California is about $8 per ton. The lowest average in the State is that enjoyed by the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, which reaches $4.85 per ton, and this, too, with the ownership of both the mines and the means of transportation. This figure, therefore, may be set down as the lowest possible price at which steam coal may be had in this country. Nothing will probably occur to still further reduce this, as the product now enjoys a very low water rate from Puget Sound and British Columbia, where most of the steam coal is obtained. With the use of an improved burner, one pound of California oil will do the work of two pounds of coal, or say from three to three and a half barrels of oil to one ton of coal. This, upon the surface, would give oil a fuel value upon the lowest system of coal computation of $1.50 a barrel, although the prevailing price has been below that figure. But oil has other advantages besides its evaporating qualities. Among these may be mentioned the fact that it displaces labor to a very great extent in all cases where more than one fireman is employed.

Santa Fe Railway Saves Fifty Per Cent.

It also has an advantage over coal for railroad purposes, as it eliminates the danger of igniting grain fields from stray sparks, besides affording the passenger freedom from flying cinders and the suffocating smoke of low-grade coal. Its benefits in this respect have been amply demonstrated upon the Santa Fe system in California. This company now consumes about one thousand barrels of oil per day in the operation of the Southern California and Santa Fe Pacific divisions. In addition to its pleasant features, oil has effected a saving of about 50 per cent over coal at a value of $6 per ton. It has been used on this road for about three years, and has given perfect satisfaction. Trains operated between Los Angeles and San Diego have maintained a schedule of forty miles per hour without loss of time or other inconveniences. The Southern Pacific Railway is also using large quantities, and is preparing to use it entirely on the Southern division of the system.

The output of oil for 1898 was about two and one-half million barrels. The output for the current year, which is based upon the actual production, will reach about four million barrels. The price during the last two years has ranged from 75 cents to $1.40 per barrel. This, even at the highest figure quoted, would make it available for steam purposes at a coal cost of less than $5 per ton. Its use throughout Southern California, where there is practically neither coal nor timber, is becoming very general, single institutions, such as the Chino Sugar Refinery, using as high as seven hundred barrels per day. In addition to being freely used by local manufacturers, it is shipped in large quantities to San Francisco on the north and Arizona on the south. Its field of usefulness is practically without limit in the State of California.

The Present Consumption of Oil

At the present time San Francisco alone is consuming about one hundred thousand barrels per month; this, with but a slight increase in the business of manufacturing, which is certain to follow the decreased price of fuel, can easily be raised to two hundred thousand barrels a month, or a total of about two million five hundred thousand barrels a year. Wherever the California product has been introduced as a substitute for coal, it has met with unqualified favor. The present price of oil ranges from $1.30 to $1.40 a barrel delivered at the place of consumption. Among the principal firms now using oil are: Southern Pacific Railroad Co., 30,000 bar per month; California Beet Sugar & Refining Co., 15,000; Western Sugar Ref. Co., 35,000; Selby Smelting Co., 6,000; California Powder Works, 7,000; Giant Powder Works, 2,000; Judson Mf'g. Co., 3,000; Gas Companies, 15,000; Glass Works, 4,000; Clark Pottery Works, 2,000; Gladding McBean & Co., 2,000; Steiger Pottery Works, 1,000; Western Meat Co., 1,000; Pacific Borax Co., 2,500; Stauffer Chemical Works, 2,000; National Ice Co., 1,000

In addition to this the Salinas Sugar Refinery—which is the largest in the world—consumes about sixteen hundred barrels a day, at a cost of about $2,000, this being the equivalent of about five hundred tons of the best steam coal:

The Kern and Fresno Fields.

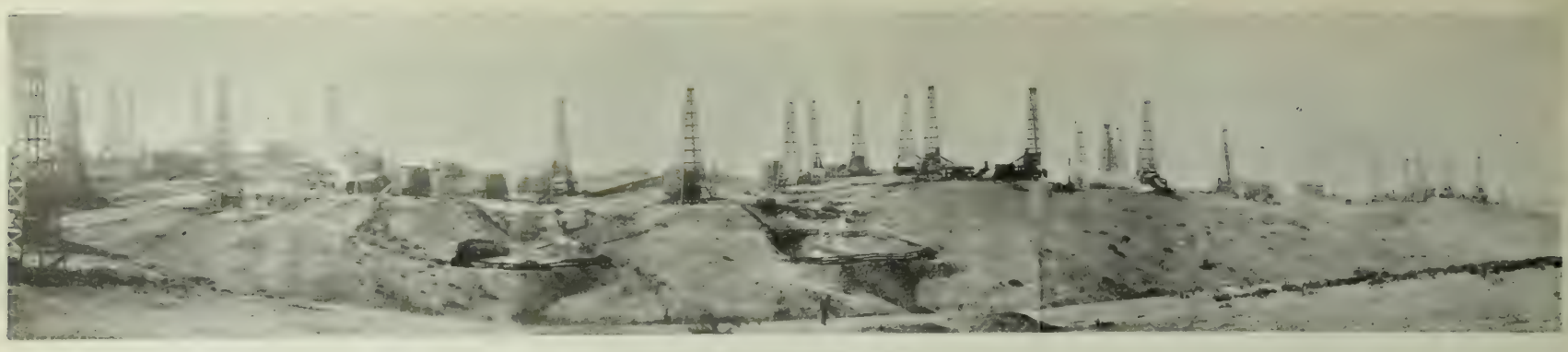
A very large part of this oil comes from the fields of Coalinga and Oil City situated in Fresno and Kern counties, where the supply seems to be practically inexhaustable; single wells of the Fresno section flowing as high as one thousand barrels per day. This territory, extending as it does from Bakersfield to Monterey, and even Half Moon Bay, I look upon with special favor—first on account of the great quantity and superior quality of the oil—and secondly, its superior transportation facilities. Here, in my opinion, will be repeated many of the romantic financial experiences of the oil regions of Pennsylvania. Single wells in this section have already paid dividends of more than $15,000 per month. The depth of wells in the new fields varies from six hundred feet, in Kern county where a pumping supply has been obtained, to seventeen hundred feet in Fresno where the gusher is found. It is at the latter depth, or even further down, at which the great wells will be found. The cost of a well in this section for a fourteen inch hole at the top will run all the way from five to twenty thousand dollars, the average being about ten thousand. No company acting in good faith should start work with less than the last-named amount in its treasury, and that too in the hands of competent men.

The producers of the Coalinga district have already contracted for the delivery of one hundred and ten thousand barrels per month. Much may also be said of the fields Santa Barbara, Ventura and Summerland where the output at the present time amounts to about eighty thousand barrels per month. The oil belt of this field is not only at tide-water, but actually under it, a number of wells having already been sunk some distance out in the ocean. As most of the output of Los Angeles county, amounting to about one hundred and twenty thousand barrels a month, is needed for home consumption, the matter of supplying San Francisco and the other bay cities will fall largely upon the new fields of Central California, thus insuring both a profitable and permanent market.

Beyond the Reach of the Standard Oil Company.

In the matter of a permanent market for this oil, it may be said that for once at least in the history of California, its isolation will prove a blessing. The twenty-five hundred miles lying between the oil wells of Pennsylvania and the oil wells of California makes it impossible for even the Standard Oil Co., to affect it, even if so disposed—which it is not. The product of the Keystone State can not be piped to California, nor could it be carried under any rebate granted by the railroad at a figure to permit of its competition with the California product for fuel purposes. Crude oil is worth from ninety cents to $1.50 a barrel at the wells in Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana, this figure is paid by the Standard Oil Company itself, if it were carried across the continent at the ridiculously low figure of fifty cents per barrel, which would only amount to about three dollars per ton in actual freight weight, it would still be unable to meet the California product at a dollar and a half a barrel.

A SESSION OF THE CALIFORNIA OIL EXCHANGE.



Scene in the Los Angeles Oil Fields

But even if the Southern Pacific Co. was determined to crush the oil industry—which it is not—by carrying the Eastern product absolutely free, it would still fail in its purpose, because most of the California oil producers could, through the medium of tide-water pipe lines, if forced to do so, lay their product down at the factory door of San Francisco for fifty cents per barrel, and still make some money. To the manufacturers of this city this would mean the equivalent of coal at $1.75 per ton, a rate nearly equal to that enjoyed by Pittsburg, and lower than that of Chicago. But the Standard Oil Company will not inaugurate any such opposition. It does not own a foot of oil land in California, is not engaged in any way in the sale of crude oil, has no coal interests to be affected by reason of the cheaper product, and therefore has neither the motive nor the desire to look upon California's petroleum industry with anything but favor. For this reason, if for no other, the California oil producer can look with unconcern upon the world's greatest monopoly. The Standard Oil Company only cuts rates to crush competition, and there is no competition in California, except such as appears in the highly colored prospectuses of some of the wild-cat companies.

The oil of this State is largely a fuel oil, and as long as it is used for that purpose does not interfere with the illuminating product of the Standard Oil Company. When we go to refining on a large scale—if we ever do—it may then show its teeth to the refiner by buying up the raw product at an advanced figure, as it has done everywhere, in its effort to monopolize, but until that time, which will be many years hence, California can leave the matter of annihilating the Standard Oil Company to national conventions. This same thing may be said of the coal combine. The fact that Claus Spreckles is the largest individual consumer of oil on the coast, refutes, to a very great extent, the theory that the coal mine owners look upon the oil industry with disfavor. In proof of the superiority of California petroleum over imported coal, it may be said that one of the largest oil developing companies now operating in the State is backed by John D. Spreckles, who is popularly referred to as the coal king of Southern California.

Fortunes Made in Crude Oil.

Fortune may not come to all who woo it in the oil fields of California, because there are "dry holes" and "lost drills" to be found everywhere, but it is certain to enrich many. With an oil territory greater in area than that of either Pennsylvania, Ohio or Indiana, and a market particularly free from the elements of both competition and combination, I see no reason why California should not yet have its "Coal Oil Johnnies" galore. We may not find a well flowing three thousand barrels per day, worth nine dollars a barrel, as the original "Johnny" did, but we are certain to find many that will pay better than any other investment on the market. The only thing that the investor in oil stocks need fear is the willful mis-application of funds raised for developing purposes. This can be guarded against by confining investments to companies whose board of dircctors or officers are composed of men of acknowledged ability and integrity. And there are many of these in existence.

Under an honest and intelligent management, there is no reason why the shares of some companies now offered for a few dollars should not ultimately command hundreds. This has been the history of speculation in all oil mining regions. I have known five million dollars to come out of a single well in Pennsylvania where the flow was no greater, or the indications no better, than they are at the present time in fields of Central California. This State has both the oil and the market; nothing but stupidity or criminality can prevent its successful development.

California Expends Thirteen Million a Year For Coal.

During the year of eighteen hundred and ninety eight, nearly two million tons of coal were consumed in this State, at an average cost of eight dollars per ton, or a total outlay of about fifteen million dollars. Of this amount less than three hundred thousand tons were the product of the State, the balance being foreign and domestic importations. It will thus be seen that the oil output would have to reach more than eight million barrels per annum to meet the present fuel demands of the State alone. This demand will continue to advance instead of diminish, and with the increased stimilus given to manufacturing, and other industrial agencies, as the result of a cheapened fuel, I am confident it can be raised to ten million barrels a year.

The outlook for oil operators, under this condition of affairs is certainly a bright one. There is no other industry in the country which appears to be surrounded with the same degree of certainty. The oil operator is safe, both in the matter of obtaining the product and securing its sale at a profitable figure. In all cases where the work has been carried on with intelligence the results have been satisfactory. When San Francisco realized that the State, of which it is the entrepot, can furnish a substitute for the imported coal it consumes, aud that the substitution means not only a direct saving in the cost of its fuel, but a saving of many millions of dollars each year to the State, the petroleum industry of California will become one of vast importance.

The California Oil Exchange.

THE organization of the California Oil Exchange, which was practically effected last week, is a thing that is destined to play a most important part in the petroleum industry of the State. And its organization has come none too soon, for the air is already filled with the screeches of "wild-cat" operators, who promise investors everything, from a dividend of one hundred per cent per month to the complete annihilation of the Standard Oil Company.

To inquire into the standing of these companies, and to keep the public informed as to the progress and good faith employed, will be one of the purposes of the Exchange, and in that particular alone will be one of great value, not only to the speculative world, but to the industry itself.

California has one of the largest, as well as one of the most promising oil fields in the world, out of which vast fortunes will get be made, but that does not mean that every one of the hundreds of companies already organized will prove a rival of the Standard Oil Company, or that every land-owner will become a "Coal Oil Johnnie." Behind all of these companies there are two elements essential to success; one is ability, the other is honesty of purpose. To determine the exact status of these share-issuing companies will be one of the chief purposes of the Exchange. That the work of investigation will be honestly and intelligently executed is guaranteed by the personnel of the Board, which is made up of some of San Francisco's most representative citizens. To still further guard against the possibility of injustice to either the speculator or the operator, the Exchange has appointed a committee on securities, composed of prominent financial members of the Board, who will pass upon the character and resources of all companies making application to be listed on the Call Board.

To the layman, the qustion of oil is a technical one, and for this reason is easily made the subject of gross misrepresentation. The mere fact that some company boasts of having several thousand acres of land does not mean that it has several thousand acres of oil land, or even probable oil land, any more than the possession of a gold prospect would necessarily mean the ownership of a Comstock mine. They are both on the same earth, but that is about as near, in many cases, as one could come in establishing a relationship between the two. And this is more or less true of the oil business.

The oil belt of California extends from Humboldt to San Diego, a distance of over five hundred miles, and varies in width, as far as known, from one to twenty miles, but that does not mean that every company is going to strike it, because many of them will make no effort to do so, but those who do strike it will make fortunes for their stockholders. This is the history of all oil mining regions. Some fabulous strikes have been made outside of what was scientifically termed the oil belt of Pennsylvania, but they were few and far between. The majority of fortunes in that section were made by men who understood the business. And this will prove to be the case in California. Oil mining is a science, just as much, if not more so, than gold mining, and while it does not bring reward to all of those who best understand it, it does so in a very large majority of cases.

The California Oil Exchange in pursuing its investigations, will keep in mind the fact that there are many worthy companies in the field, which are not yet producers, but are making an honest effort to become such; these, if reasonably capitalized and intelligently conducted, are legitimate sources of speculation, and will be so recognized upon the Call Board. The work of discriminating between the worthy and unworthy company, especially in the earlier stages of development, is one that requires a judgment of the most liberal and at the same time the most critical character: this is fortunately found in the general makeup of the California Oil Exchange. With such well known business men at the helm as Wendell Easton, President; H. J. Crocker, Treasurer; and Emile E. Kahn, Secretary; as well as the other fifty prominent men who compose the Exchange, there is scarcely a room for doubt in regard to its success.

Exhibit Room, California Oil Exchange

The Exchange cannot, even under the most rigid rules, guarantee that every oil company started will secure flowing oil wells, but it can and will guarantee that every one whose stock is listed upon its board will at least make an honest and an intelligent effort to do so. To this extent it will protect the public against undue loss or flagrant fraud. The stock that is listed will at least bear the stamp of intelligent investigation. The quarters secured at 331 Pine Street are among the finest in the city, being the front portion of the San Francisco Stock Exchange Building. The Exchange has fitted up an exhibit room off the Call Board rooms, where a complete display of all California oils will be kept for inspection, and to which the general public will at all times be welcomed. In addition to the oils, there will be kept on exhibition specimens of asphaltum derived from the residue of the California oil. Some of these already on hand equal in quality and purity, the Trinidad, Cuban and the Egyptian refined asphaltum, which have commercial values, ranging from one and a half to four cents per pound. This department also promises some surprises in the distillation from California petroleum. The exhibit room as a whole promises to be one of the most interesting places in the city. The maps, geological data and statistics bearing upon the market, both foreign and domestic and the oil business generally will be of interest to investors and others. Following is a complete list of members:

S. L. Ackerman, W. C. Andrews, Albert Beneer, C. S. Benedict, F. G. Berry, Geo. F. Beveridge, J. B. Bourne, Geo. L. Bresse, H. C. Bunker, A. F. Coffin, A. B. Costigan, Henry J. Crocker, Geo. Easton, Wendell Easton, Wm. Edwards, Joshua Eppinger, E. Epstein, E. Gauthier, Jr., Max Goldman, Louis Hagan, W. L. Hardison, Geo. W. Henderson, R. H. Henderson, F. Hohweisner. W. G. Hughes, Chas. B. Jennings, Emile E. Kahn, Henry Kahn, Joseph Kahn, Marion Leventritt, Leon Lewis, Jesse W. Lilienthal, J. J. Mack, Fred W. McNear, Louis F. Monteagle, Geo. A. Moore, Herman Nathan, C. E. Paxton, John M. Pettigrew, Mitchell Phillips, Leon Phipps. B. D. Pike, Rudolph Samuels, Louis A. Schwabacher, Max Schwabacher, A. B. Smith, L. W. Smith, Werner Stauf, D. W. Stewart, C. B. Stone, F. W. Sumner, Wm. G. Uridge, E. G. Vinzent, Henry Wangenheim, Augustus Waterman, Irvin J. Wiel, Lewis P. Wiel, Max Wolf, P. L. Wooster.

A new translation of the "Arabian Nights Tales" from what is held to be the best Arabic version—that of Boulak—is in course of preparation in France. The translator is Dr. Mardrus, a highly educated young physictan of Marseilles, whose father and grandfather were born in Cairo. His nurse was a pure-blooded, amber-hued Egyptian, whose finger tips were darkened with henna, and who wore a collar of turquoises round her neck to avert the evil eye, and silver bracelets on her ankles to conjure the witchcrafts of the terrible Zar. Dr. Mardrus has lived much in Arabia, but received his education in France. The publication of his translation will occupy a period of five years, three volumes a year being given to the public.

It is said that once when Bismarck was leaving home in 1868, his youngest son asked him how long he was to be away. He replied that he did not know. At that moment a servant came in to inquire how many bottles of cognac were to be packed up in the Prince's luggage. "Twenty-four," was the answer. "Ah, papa," cried out the 'terrible infant,' "now I know how long you are to be from home—twenty-four days!"

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This, my dear Diary, has been a week of real pleasures. Pleasures neither born nor achieved, but simply cast upon poor Miss Cricket, until she found life a paragraph of apologies. Still, it is for pleasure I was born. Aunt Sybil says she thinks I am at last beginning to forget the seriousness of life, and will one day, of course a long time off yet, consider parties, dinners, and even an engagement a pastime. After playing golf over in San Rafael until I came to the conclusion I had not the ghost of a chance of winning the cup, I just packed up and came home. I talked on the possibility of driving in the Horse Show's driving competition for ladies with Arthur that evening, but he was most discouraging. So I went upstairs and wrote letters of congratulations to all the girls who had passed the summer without being engaged. Next day I just made Aunt Sybil take me down to Del Monte. Of all the games I have ever watched, tennis, I think, is the most interesting. I saw our boys working, and the crack chaps had no walkover, as they at first anticipated. I hardly knew any one down there, but I do like those Eastern chaps. They were so nice to our boys, and so appreciative of any little attention we girls paid them. I intend giving them a dinner, with instructions to each of my guests that tennis should not be mentioned, but unfortunately they left for their homes before I had the opportunity. I was sorry not to have seen the game played by the Hardy boys on Saturday afternoon. Louis Bruguiere told me it was the most exciting he had ever seen, and that each time that Sam Hardy made double faults he almost wept. However, the Californians were successful. We have now the champion jockey and tennis-double players. Why cannot some one from our State build a yacht that would beat the world?

Over in San Rafael on Saturday the art of golf, I hear, became a real science. Much of the playing was superb. Mrs. Gilman-Brown and Mary McCalla made some of the finest drives I have ever known women to make. It was a very close and exciting game, and I think Mrs. Gilman-Brown feels now she achieved something great in beating Miss McCalla, for she really plays almost a man's game. Mr. McCutcheon had no easy time either, Arthur had betted quite heavily on Mr. Brown, but I always keep my money on McCutcheon. He is generally a sure winner, and I am so glad he has the cup. Mrs. Denis Donohue, I think, has made more progress than almost any one at the club. She has only been playing for three months, and won the ladies' handicap. The clubhouse was a wonderfully gay sight all day, and I believe yet that the San Rafael links will be the most important in California.

THE HORSE SHOW AT BURLINGAME

Now for the Horse Show. When I tell you, Dairy, dear, that a ball at Burlingame is a success, I know you will smile. However, I had a time that will wear roses forever in my mind's eye on last Friday night. I had gotten chummy with a lot of boys, realizing they would be my standbys. But when the men asked me to dance, I forgot it was Burlingame, and became absolutely natural. I felt that there was a hope for the Filipinos. All the girls looked tanned and pretty. The men took the greatest pleasure in dancing. I know that is hard to believe, but everything went off swimmingly, and we danced into the wee sma' hours of the morning. Two men told me it was their first dance in years, and now I know this winter we shall, in fact must, have a few really good times. Saturday was like a big garden party. There is no doubt about it—an out-of-door horse show is a great success. I was with the Scotts, and we had six men to luncheon with us. However, lots of the tables had only girls. I looked around to see who was the prettiest, and could not help admitting that Genevieve Goad, in white, was the loveliest girl there. Helen Hopkins, too, was striking; so was Linda Cadwalader. Georgia Hopkins, Mary Scott and Katherine Dillon were the only debutantes I could see. These three girls seem to have so much of society and pleasure of all kinds I fear that all the people who are interested in them will have to entertain a good deal to make their season a success. It was nice to see Mrs. Clover again. I remember her quite well staying at our ranch with her mother years ago. They were so devoted to each other. She spent part of the week with Mrs. Henry Crocker at Burlingame. She has taken a house in London for a few years, and promises me a glorious time when I go on. Fancy a London season under such charming chaperonage as Mrs. Clover's would be. Why, I might actually marry a titled Englishman! Caro Crockett really surprised me by driving so well. Mary Scott, too, handles the ribbons as though she was quite at her ease. I like to see Mrs. Joe Tobin take the reins. She sits infinitely better than most of the drivers, and the horses seem to show off to their best advantage under her guidance. It was a lovely day, and the number of pique skirts and organdie gowns quite surprised me. I never realized before of how fine a climate San Mateo county can boast.

ARCHITECTURE AND RECEPTIONS.

I was at the Hearst reception on Thursday evening with papa. Now, fathers are all very well in their places, but deliver me from further receptions when papa insists I spend the evening with him and his friends. Why, they actually spent their entire time looking at the plans and discussing the future of our country. I just wanted to give California the hundred million dollars, and have a sort of Del Monte University. Fancy the pride we would have in showing it to Eastern and Western visitors. I can see in a future generation's geography, "California is noted for its University and general prosperity." Every one I had ever heard of was there, and only for papa's peculiarities I should have found a nice corner in the ferry building that forever afterwards would be full of tender recollections for little Miss Cricket. We had a jolly time at the Horace Hill dinner party. Therese Morgan, Ollie Holbrook and Genevieve King were there. I was glad to see Jack Babcock again, and the Carrigan boys I had not heard of since I left them at the Brigham's in Tahoe. Mrs. King's dinner to her daughter Genevieve was also very jolly. Mrs. King told Aunt Sybil that she intends entertaining a good deal this winter. Mary Scott and I were the only real girls at the Mary Crocker's 'coming-of-age' dinner party. Mrs. Alexander had the table exquisitely decorated, and we had a fine time toasting Mary, and she received some excellent advice. After the older people had paired off together, we girls made up our minds just how much of the advice would be good for Mary to take. Mary values my experience very highly, for this is my second year, and I have managed as yet to elude that terrible snare known as matrimony.

I knew Kate Salisbury was in love nine months ago, she looked so happy. Some people told Arthur that they considered Kate the best-bred girl in San Francisco. Of course they had not met me. Kate is thoughtful, sweet and gracious. She is to be married some time this fall. She a girl of the old school—always as anxious to please her mother as she is Mr. Keyes. He is awfully fortunate. Aunt Sybil wishes he might have admired me. I hope none of the other girls will announce their engagements before the winter, for it always makes trouble for Leila and me at home for being so much against matrimony. Papa says it almost looks as though mamma and he were not happy in their married life. Arthur Folger and Mrs. Cunningham were married at the Whittell house on Tuesday evening. It was not a very large affair, but I was charmed with Mrs. Cunningham's appearance and the decorations of the house. It is distinctly pretty inside. Now, Diary dear, with as many warships and cruisers as I have fingers on my hands, I am going to give you a very interesting time this winter. In the meantime, play golf and learn the new ragtime song "Waldorf-Astoria," and you are sure to be popular.

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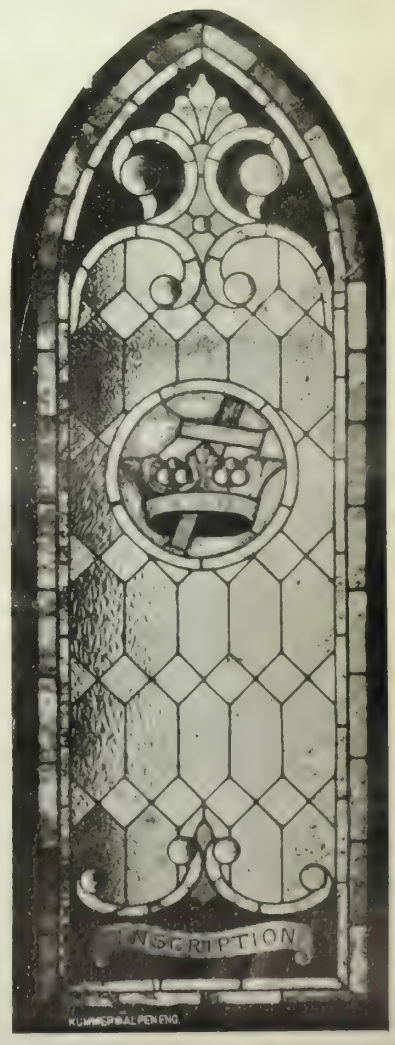

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The Man, the Hoe and Mrs. Dobley

"I MIGHT just as well resign at once!" exclaimed Mrs. Dobley. "I had no idea that joining a literary club meant that one had to perform in public. I simply can't do it."

"What do they want you to do, my dear?" asked Mr. Dobley. "A song and dance or a cakewalk? I wouldn't mind a little thing like that. You can pick it up in no time."

"It's nothing like that," said Mrs. Dobley, passing a typewritten document over the breakfast table. "And you needn't make any fun of the matter, either, The frivolous way in which you look at everything is tiresome: Now, what am I to do?"

"I am sure, my dear," began Dobley——

"Just read it—read it!" commanded Mrs. Dobley, and her husband read:

"*Honora Coombs Dobley.*

"Dear Madam: At the next meeting of the Literary Club the topic of discussion will be Markham's poem, 'The Man With the Hoe.' As you have been selected as chief speaker of the evening, you will kindly be prepared to recite the poem and give a short sketch of the author's career. Also to give your opinions as to the idea contained in the work, as well as the general style and literary construction of the poem."

"Well, my dear," said Mr. Dobley, trying to conceal the fact that he was quite as perturbed as his wife by the letter. "Well?"

"Well, Why didn't they select you? What did they send that to me for? What do I know about farming?"

"You forget, my dear, that this is not an agricultural club, but a literary society. Of course they refer to the famous poem.

"What poem?"

"Is it possible that you haven't heard of Markham's masterpiece, "The Man with the Hoe?" asked Dobley, with a reproachful look over the top of his egg.

"Why, I haven't read anything but *Quo Vadis* this summer, and I only half read that. You see it hurts my eyes and besides that I'm too busy. Who was he?"

"'The Man with the Hoe?' He has become one of the most typical of——"

"What was the matter with him? Why didn't he hoe? Where did it happen?

"It began with a picture, my dear. An artist made a picture of a man in a field with a hoe."

"Hoeing corn, I suppose; well, what of it?"

"Well, it was a great picture—filled with depth and feeling and life——"

"I suppose it seemed as though he were really hoeing, did it? I've seen a picture like that—a girl gathering roses—you could just see the stem snap."

"No, it wasn't exactly that. The man had stopped——

"Stopped hoeing?" What did he do that for."

"He'd stopped to rest and was leaning on the hoe."

"Gracious! A hoe isn't a bit comfortable to lean upon. Why didn't he sit down?"

"Why—er-it was just the artist's idea, you see. The man stopping to lean on his hoe—the laborer in the field typifying the workman of the ages—the 'empty ages,' Markham wrote."

"Was it Markham had the hoe?"

"Oh, no! Markham is a poet and he saw the picture and saw the poetry in it. Then he wrote the poem and called it, "The Man with the Hoe."

"Was it pretty?"

"It was a magnificent idea—the figure of the man as typical of the workman—the patient slave ploughing the field—"

"Then what was the trouble? Really, John, I can't seem to understand what all the fuss was about."

"Markham wanted to show the miserable condition of the hard working farmer—the slavery of the toiler—the—the—fetters——"

"Why, John Dobley, you know you have often said you'd like to be a farmer because they have everything so easy. Hoeing and raking is child's play, and as for ploughing it's just like riding a bicycle nowadays. You sit in a sort of a sulky and the horses know just where to go. I suppose they will have automobiles after awhile."

The main idea of the poem, "persisted Dobley," is that the lot of the working man is hopeless. 'The Man with the Hoe" was a poor wretch bent with toil—a farmer whose life was——"

"Why didn't he get one of the farm hands to do the hoeing?"

"He probably was a farm hand himself working for a pittance——"

"Well, he ought to have been glad he was working, I think. The idea! What did he want? A steam hoe?"

"No, my dear; but the idea is what, did life hold for him? Of what was he thinking as he stood there leaning on the hoe—that humble implement of toil?"

"Probably he was thinking of his dinner. I'm not a bit sorry for that man. He had nice open air work and he could stop to rest when he wanted to and probably his wife brought him his dinner every noon time, and he had nothing to do but to hoe. And he wasn't even doing that!"

"Wait till you read the poem, Honora. Markham calls him 'brother to the ox.'"

"What for?"

"The ox, you see, is the beast of burden. When the poet spoke of the laborer as the brother to the ox he placed him as low in the intellectual scale as it was possible to get him. He asks, 'Who blew out the——'"

"Gas——?"

"No—no! 'Who blew out the light within this brain?' asks Markham."

"Well, who did?"

"It was just a metaphor—a figure of speech——"

"Why didn't he say what he meant?"

"Poets never do that, my dear."

"Well, what did he mean?"

"That the workman was a miserable creature, whose life was like an animal's—a——"

"Don't he believe in men working?"

"Yes—but——"

"I suppose he likes tramps, then? Those men that sit around the parks. 'The Man with the Tomato Can' would be his idea of the ideal man."

"Poets looks at these things differently."

"Well, I think it is silly to pity a man because he has a job. Think of all the men that can't get work. Suppose you didn't work? Where would we be?"

"It's the idea of man earning his bread by the sweat of his brow—the curse of laboring for hire—for——"

"Why, this man with the hoe probably had a good, steady place on the farm. Perhaps he owned it. He probably had stopped to figure out the crop. Maybe his wife took boarders and they had plenty of money."

"When you read it, my dear, you will be able to——"

"Oh, pshaw! I might just as well start in to idealize the cook and call her 'The Girl with the Frying Pan' or 'The Woman with the Rolling Pin.'"

"Really, my dear, I think you will be able to talk before the club if you keep on."

"It's the very same thing! The cook is a laboring woman, but she's a great deal freer than I am. She has no social obligations and no calls to make and to receive. She doesn't have to spend her time dressing and talking to folks when she doesn't want to. She has a comfortable home and just as good things to eat as we have. She has two days off every week. Suppose I began to weep over her sad condition and called her 'sister to the ox.' Why she's leave very first thing."

"But a poet would never write about a cook."

"Well, a good cook is a lot better than an old farmer who only hoes and looks pathetic. Any one could hoe! Why, I almost believe you could hoe."

"I haven't a hoe, my dear."

"That's another thing. Suppose the man didn't have a hoe? He'd have been worse off, wouldn't he? A hoe represents capital. Do know, John Dobley, it gets sillier every minute, to think of all the sympathy that you're wasting on that man. It is 'The Man Without the Hoe' you should be sorry for."

"You are getting me round to your way of thinking, Honora."

"I wonder if that man really owned the hoe, or had borrowed it."

"Perhaps that is what he was thinking of."

"He was probably too mean to buy a hoe of his own! You know, John, I think that man was no good."

"Honora, your logic is so convincing that I am beginning to agree with you that 'The Man with the Hoe' was considerable of a gold brick."

Langtry and the Prince.

A PARADOX.

SHE slipped some ice adown his back,
In size about a dollar!
A lump without a flaw or crack,
She slipped some ice adown his back,
And, strange to say, he got, alack,
Quite hot beneath his colar!
She slipped some ice adown his back,
In size about a dollar!

Lullaby.

KIVER up yo' haid, my little lady,
Hyeah de win' a-blowin' out o' do's.
Don' you kick. ner projick wid de comfot,
Less'n fros'll bite yo' little toes.
Shut yo' eyes, an' snuggle up to mammy;
Gi' me bofe yo han's, I hol' 'em tight;
Don' you be afeard, an 'mence to trimble
Des ez soon ez I blows out de light.

Angels is a mindin' you, my baby,
Keepin' off de Bad Man in de night.
What de use o' bein' skeered o' nuffin'?
Yo don' fink de da'kness gwine to bite?
What de crackin' soun' you hyeah erroun you?—
Lawsy, chile, you tickles me to def!—
Dat's de man what brings the fros', a paintin'
Picters on de winder wid his bref.

Mammy ain' afeard, you hyeah huh laffin'?
Go' way, Mistah Fros', you can't come in;
Baby ain' erceivin' folks dis evenin',
Reckon dat you'll have to call ag'in.
Ourl yo little toes up so, my possum—
Umph, but you's a cunnin' one fu' true!—
Go to sleep, de angels is a-watchin',
An' yo' mammy's mindin' of you, too.
Paul Laurence Dunbar in *Sat. Evening Post.*

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ASSESSMENT NOTICES.

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT—POTOSI MINING COMPANY.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 12th day of August, 1899, an assessment (No 53) of fifteen (15) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 79, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 14th day of September, 1899, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Thursday, the 5th day of October, 1899 to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.
CHARLES E. ELLIOTT, Secretary.
Office, room 79, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT—GOULD & CURRY SILVER MINING COMPANY.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Virginia City, Storey Co., Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 31st day of August, 1899, an assessment (No. 87) of fifteen (15) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room No. 69, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 4th day of Octobor, 1899, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Wednesday the 25th day of Octobor, 1899, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors. ALFRED K. DURBROW, Secretary.
Office, room No. 69 Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.

LEGAL NOTICE.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES in and for the Northern District of California.

IN THE MATTER OF WILLIAM L. WITHAM AND WALTER D. WITHAM, Co PARTNERS. Bankrupts.

Take notice that William L. Witham and Walter D. Witham, Co-partners, bankrupts above named, have been duly adjudicated bankrupts under the Act of Congress of July 1, 1898, and that the first meeting of the Creditors has been called to meet at the office of the undersigned, at room 94, Chronicle Building, San Francisco, California, on Saturday, the 16th day of September, 1899, at the hour of 11 o'clock a.m., for the purpose of proving their claims against the estate of said bankrupts; and that at the same time and place all creditors whose claims have been duly proven and allowed shall appoint one or three trustees of said estate.

Dated San Francisco, September 4th, 1899.

MILTON J. GREEN,
Referee in Bankruptcy
in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

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For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, 2 p.m. Sept. 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, Oct. 1, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Newport (Los Angeles) and Way Ports, 9 a. m. Sept. 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29, Oct. 3, and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 a.m. Sept. 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, Oct. 1, and every fourth day thereafter.

For Mexican ports, 10 a. m. 7th of each month.

For further information, obtain folder.

The company reserves the right to change, without previous notice, steamers, sailing dates, and hours of sailing.

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America Maru .....Friday, October 6th
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AMUSEMENTS

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Reserved Seats 25c.; Balcony 10c.; Opera Chairs and Box Seats 50c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday.

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A Laugh in Every Line
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NEXT 'THE IDDER"

Tivoli Opera House

Week Commencing September 11th
Grand Opera Season.
Lohengrin—To-night. **Othello**—Sunday Night.
——Next Week——
La Traviata—Monday, Thursday, Sunday Evenings and Saturday Matinee.
Un Ballo in Maschera (The Masked Bells)—Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday, Saturday Evenings.
Popular Prices—25 and 50c.
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and H. J. STEWART, Accompanist
The programme will include many interesting numbers never rendered here before.
Reserved Seats, $1.00; on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co's Music Store, on and after Monday Morning, Sept. 18th.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF MARY MCKENNA, DECEASED—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Jane Daly, Executrix of the last will of Mary McKenna, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Jane Daly, Executrix, at the offices of Gavin McNab, Esq., her attorney, rooms 46 and 47, Mills building, the same being her place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. JANE DALY,
Executrix of the Estate of Mary McKenna, Deceased.
Dated at San Francisco, Sept. 12th, 1899.
GAVIN MCNAB,
Atty for Executrix.

THE DRAMA

At the Orpheum the Hungarian boys are what they were two years ago—the center attraction. They are older by two years since then, and the fact is a bit disappointing, although it is not their fault. When they came in '97 they were new to the big, shiny, smoky world, to which the Orpheum introduced them. They hadn't all to learn then, and they were such blessed babies. They have learned it now, and the fascination of them isn't quite the same, even though they be two years better musicians. They are used to the stage, they are used to the crowd, and, saddest of all, they are used to the applause.

There will be four new attractions at the Orpheum next week and every one of them is the best in the world. Hallen and Fuller, will present George Cohen's one act comedy, "His Wife's Hero." Hallen, formerly of the Hallen & Hart team, and Mollie Fuller, petite, pretty and clever, form a combination that has no equal. Terry and Lambert are both good singers and clever comedians. Stinson and Merton present an original comedy sketch, which is said to have a laugh in every line. The Brothers Bright do a straight acrobatic act, which is said to be very sensational.

**

The eighth week of the Tivoli Grand Opera season will be opened next Monday with Verdi's "Traviata," which will be repeated on Thursday and Sunday nights and the Saturday matinee. "Un Ballo in Maschero," ("The Masked Ball") by the same composer will be presented the rest of the week.

* *

Next week, the Alcazar changes from melodrama to roaring farce-comedy in its production of "Too Much Johnson," William Gillette's laughable string of lies. George Osborne, who has a cool, natural personality resembling that of the author actor who immortalized the part, is to play the title role.

* *

Miss Clara Kalisher, a San Franciscan with a fine contralto voice, has just returned from abroad, where she studied for three years with Jules Granier in Paris, and in London with George Henschel and Henry J. Wood, the well-known orchestra leader. She will give a reception recital at the Sherman & Clay Hall next Thursday evening, Sept. 21st, assisted by Frank Coffin, tenor, and H. J. Stewart. Miss Kalisher will sing with Pauer's Symphony Orchestra at the Sunday night concerts at the Metropolitan Opera House this fall.

Oil Notes

Oil City has thirty-two wells, thirty of which are producing from 100 to 1,000 barrels per day. Of the remaining two, one proved to be a "dry hole," while the other contained water which was more valuable for the time being than oil.

The cost of a well in the Coalinga district ranges all the way from $5,000 to $20,000, depending on depth and unforseen obstacles encountered.

The liquid asphaltum found at Asphalto, some fifty miles from Bakersfield, bears rail shipment to the cities of the Atlantic, where it is meeting with high favor.

Petroleum has more bi-products than any other mineral or vegetable substance.

An oyster shell found in the Coalinga district by John Moss of the San Joaquin Valley Railway measures 16x8 inches. All of which goes to show that the Baltimore bivalve was was "not in it" for a minute with the California oyster of prehistoric date.

California spends $13,000,000 annually for coal. This can be displaced to a very great extent with California petrolum.

The career of Chanslor & Canfield, the pioneers of the Coalinga district, reads like a romance. From a beginning so modest as to be almost obscure, they have acquired a daily income ranging well up into the thousands.

Work in Kern county is being pushed with unabated vigor. The Kern River Oil Company has three drilling rigs in operation with every prospect of success. The work of this company has been one of quiet determination, the central purpose of the promoters being, first, the acquisition of good territory, and secondly, its development. This is more or less true of the Oil City Petroleum Company of Fresno, and the San Francisco Oil Company of this city. The former is now drilling on Section 28 at Oil City, while the latter will begin on the same section about October 1st. S. N. Griffith of Fresno has been an active factor in these enterprises and is entitled to much of the credit for the quiet, business-like methods which have characterized their management from the start. The fact that no stock is for sale in any of these corpanies speak volumes in their favor.

Edward J. Doheny, the oil expert of the Santa Fe Railway Company, has started a well for the Sante Fe Oil Company in San Benito county, adjoining the Dr. Flint property, now owned by the San Benito Oil Company of San Francisco. Mr. Doheny is not only one of the pioneer operators of Los Angeles county, but was a veteran in the Pennsylvania fields before coming to California, and is regarded as one of the best oil authorities in the country. His connection with the Santa Fe Oil Company not only speaks well for the property of that concern, but that of the adjoining property. The Dr. Flint ranch in San Benito county has long been regarded as one of the best oil regions in the State. With the Santa Fe Oil Company drilling on one side and the Senator Felton Company operating on the other, the San Benito Company may be said to be fairly in it. This stock ought to prove a winner.

Work has been started on the Carribou Oil Company's well in the Coalinga district, and in consequence thereof a feeling of exultant expectancy pervades the general offices of the San Joaquin Valley Railroad Company, where most of the stock is owned. And that feeling of expectancy is not without foundation. The Carribou Company may be said to be up against the real thing, being on the section adjoining that of a well now flowing 1,000 barrels per day. But proximity to flowing oil is not the only good thing possessed by the Carribou Company. According to the judgment of such experts as C. A, Canfield, the "Oil King," George Dairy, F. M. Christman and others of equal note, it has the oil itself. From a dozen places petroleum comes oozing through the oil sands which extend across the section. But this is not the only evidence of the probable value of the holding. The contract for drilling the well, which amounts to seven thousand dollars, has been let to Coalinga drillers, who take their pay *in stock* at par. They know the property, even better than John Moss, the president of the company—although the latter is rapidly qualifying as an expert, being able to talk of dips, angles, shales, oil sands and stratifications generally, with as much fluency as he does tariff sheets. The Carribou Oil Company has something of an unique organization. The capital stock has been fixed at $100,000, divided into shares of one dollar each. Ten thousand of these shares were set aside for development purposes and sold at par, the balance remaining in the treasury to be treated as an asset. Of the ten thousand dollars required to cover the cost of casing lumber and machinery, the labor being paid in stock, eight thousand was taken largely by the attaches of the office and the personal friends of the President. The stock of the Carribou has been regarded as a "good thing" from the start, first on account of the favorable location of the property, and, secondly, the careful business methods of its promoters. It takes what is termed in politics, "a pull" to get hold of a share of it.

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OIL TO BURN

California has one of the Largest and Most Promising Oil Fields in the World.

The San Benito Oil Company does not own all of the oil territory of California, but it does own 12,000 acres of the best land in the State. This land is not only *promising*, but it is *producing*, being less than one mile from three wells that are now producing at a depth of 300 feet. This land is located in San Benito County, on the known extension of the Coalinga oil belt, aud gives excellent promise of becoming one of best oil districts of the State.

OUR TERRITORY.

For a number of years Mr. McPherson has had the oil territory of San Benito County under his watchful eye waiting the development of adjoining properties to more clearly demonstrate to the general public that which for years had been a certainty to him, At a most opportune time he secured for the San Benito Oil Company a twenty-year lease, with privilege of extension of time, upon the properties of Dr, Thomas Flint, consisting of over 11,000 acres of patented land in the heart of the oil district. The land is located on the line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and is but a few miles from the town of San Juan. A short distance to the south and west are the immense Sugar Beet industries and refinery of the Spreckels' Sugar Company. The property is divided into two main sections. A short distance from the northwesterly section, the oil company controlled by Ex-Senator Felton is now drilling a deep well with every prospect of success, which if achieved will add a great deal to the value of the San Benito Oil Company's Tract, which is also quite near the lands of the Watsonville Oil Company which are being developed.

The southeasterly or Vallecitos Tract is located in the Panoche District, and is reported by Mr. McPherson to have phenomenal oil indications as to sand oil-bearing rock from which the oil oozes. This seepage is of a very high gravity for surface oil, and may be easily dipped up from the many pools formed where it flows out of oil and sand croppings.

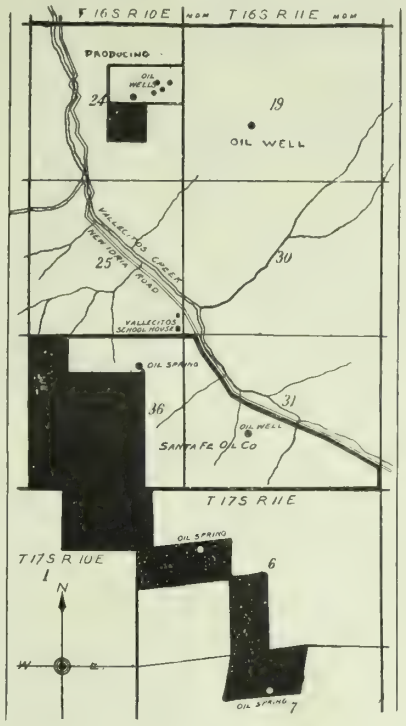
Within a few hundred feet of the north line of this property Senator Felton's Company have a well producing in paying quantities and three in process of development. What is now known as the Santa Fe Company are developing, under the direction of Edward J. Doheny, the Santa Fe Railroad Company's expert, the property on the easterly line of our tract with the latest and most improved machinery, the prospects being flattering.

MANAGEMENT OF THE SAN BENITO OIL CO.

One of the most important matters to be determined by a corporation engaged in the produciion and development of Oil is the selection of a man competent to fill the place of Chief Engineer and Manager of the field work. In this the San Benito Oil Company is most fortunate, as Mr. Robert C. McPherson, who is largely interested in the Company as a Stockholder and Director, has been chosen unanimously to act in this capacity, He has been continuously associated with the Oil industry in all its branches for a period of nearly forty years, his opinion of all oil properties being eagerly sought after and considered second to no other expert in the State.

Robert C. McPherson began oil operations in the Oil City and Titusville Districts of Pennsylvania in 1861. He followed this vocation exclusively in Pennsylvania for over twelve years. Hearing of Oil prospects in California he came to this State in 1874, and in 1875 organized the San Francisco Petroleum Company. Mr. McPherson then placed the first engine and boiler to be used in oil-drilling in what is known as the Pico District in Los Angeles County, drilling the first successful deep oil well in the State. This was the beginning of development which forged ahead under his supervision, bringing out an oil field which up to this time has been second to none in the State, the wells having been heavy producers since 1876. About this time Mr. McPherson succeeded in interesting Senator C. N. Felton with him in the enterprise, and under their supervision fortunes were made for the stockholders of the companies wtth which they were associated.

SOME FACTS FOR INVESTORS



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And tip-toed down the street,
And at hii home his handkerchief
He wrapped around his feet.

He worked with tooth-picks and wrong keys
At least an hour or more,
And with infinitude of care,
Unlocked the creaking door.

He climbed the stairs one at a time,
Afraid his wife would hear,
And took his clothes off in the hall,
The while in deadly fear.

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Because his wife had left that day
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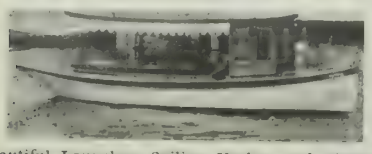

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x x x

THE VICTIM HIMSELF. A druggist named Putnam was killed in Willows, California, by a man named Sehorn. The tele-telegraphed report came to the *Chronicle* and *Call*, but did not appear in the *Examiner*. Next morning, the omission was discovered to the managing editor, who summoned the assistant editor. "Did our correspondent at Willows send on a report of that murder?" he demanded. "No, sir," was the reply." "Then fire him," was the verdict. The Coast editor withdrew, but returned a moment afterwards: "There are certain circumstances in this man's favor that—" "Nothing justifies a man permitting himself to be so scooped. Bounce him I say," snapped the managing editor." "Look here Sir—the man really did have a good excuse for overlooking the importance of this story" persisted the Coast editor. "What was it, for heaven's sake?" "Well sir," was the reply, "he was the man who was killed."

x

A MILLIONAIRE REPORTER.—Sheffield Phelps, a son of the late millionaire William Walter Phelps, on graduating from Harvard, had a fancy to go in for journalism. He joined the staff of the N. Y. *World* and duly attended to such assignments as were given him. One morning he was detailed to report the marriage of the daughter of a Wall Street man, recently from the West. The newspapermen were met at the front door by a trained servant, who quickly separated them from the guests and led them to the host's private room, where the banker met them in person and distributed typewritten slips containing the information they were sent for. Then champagne was opened and the banker took some cigars from a drawer in his desk. "Have one," he said to Phelps. "They're genuine Conchas. I import them myself." "Thanks," said Phelps pleasantly, as he took the cigar. "You have one of mine. They're real Ascura Maduras."

x

TAKEN UMBRAGE—A few idlers were lounging in front of the shop of the bailie of the burgh, among whom the laird espied the village Æsculapius, who was his political oracle, and thus addressed him: "How's a' wi' ye the day, doctor? Ony political news?" "Nothing very particular," replied the doctor; "only it is said that the Dutch have taken umbrage at—"Here the doctor got a touch on his shoulder from his shop boy, who acquainted him that a valuable patient was waiting for him, and he broke off abruptly from his political laird. "Ta'en Umbrage!" exclaimed the laird. "Mercy upon us! hae they ta'en Umbrage? Bailie, ken ye if it's a wa'ed town or no?" "A wa'ed town!" says the bailie; "nae sic thing. It's a sugar island, and ane o' the sweetest o' them. The article's up already; but ye shall hae a stane weight hame wi' ye at the auld price."

x

A GOOD TURN. Mr. Justice Hawkins was accosted at a railway station, on one occasion, by a rough fellow who seemed very anxious to assist with his baggage. Struck by his friendliness, Justice Hawkins said: "You seem very desirous of assisting me." "That's what I am sir," answered the tough, "you see, once you did me a good turn." "Yes?" said the judge. "When and where, pray?" "When ye 'ung Crooked Billy," replied the man. "Me and Billy oncet was pals but we fell out, and Billy said as 'ow next time 'e chopped eyes on me 'e'd do for me with a knife. I knowed Billy and knowed 'e'd do as he said, and so 'e would if you 'adn't 'ung 'im in time. So I'd like to do you a good turn, too, Sir 'Enry."

x

AN INNOPORTUNE CRITICISM.—Governor Roosevelt attended the recent commencement at Cornell, and while there was entertained at one of the college fraternity houses. When he was about to leave, one of his staff said to him. "Governor, the boys have an excellent library in the house, and I think they would appreciate its enlargement by a copy of your '*Rough Riders*.'" "Teddy," in an outburst of good-fellowship, exclaimed: "All right, boys, I'll be glad to send you a copy with my compliments; the book would be a very small return indeed for your hospitality." Whereupon one of the boys replied, excitedly: "That's so, governor; I've read it."

x

A PERPLEXING QUESTION—A traveler on the St. Paul railroad was much puzzled by the little sign points along the track, having the single letter "R" or "W." He asked the porter, who replied, "Why sir, dem's whistle and ring posts fer de engineer." The traveler pondered and became only the more perplexed. In despair he repeated his question to the conductor. "Those signs are for the information of the engineer," replied the conductor; "he is to whistle or ring at certain points as indicated by those initial letters." "Yes," said the traveler, "so I understood the porter, but I thought he must be mistaken. I know 'W' stands for wring, but how in thunder do you spell whistle with an 'R'?"

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THE WAVE

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THE WAVE

Is published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal., and Colman Building, Seattle, Wash.

Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months, $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

The trade is supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 342 Geary street; east of the Rocky Mountains by the American News Company, New York.

The Wave is kept on file and is for sale at Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France; 31 Union Square, New York City; 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.; and 206 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

For advertising rates and on all other matters pertaining to city business, address The Wave, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

All business matters pertaining to the Northwest should be addressed to Trevor Corry, Colman Building, Seattle, Wash.

Eastern representative, D. M. Foltz, 34 Park Row, New York.

THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY
PROPRIETORS

SAN FRANCISCO—September 23, 1899—SEATTLE

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EVENTS CURRENT.

War Clouds Thicken in Transvaal.

Although the actual fighting is probably about a month away, the conflict between Boer and Briton is assured. President Kruger's answer to Secretary Chamberlain's latest proposal is a rejection of all that has been accomplished by previous diplomacy and a new set of proposals, in which a seven-year franchise is the only concession made by the Dutch. The alternative proposed is arbitration. But Great Britain will never arbitrate this question, because to do so would be to admit the status of Transvaal as that of an independent state, which would mean the relinquishment of British suzerainty. The only way to peace is a complete backdown on one side or the other, and the chances for such a contingency are about one in a thousand. England has now about 15,000 troops in the region. Of themselves, the Boer could muster about 20,000. Inside the month, however, England could get many more to the scene of action. The whole British army in South Africa will consist of about 50,000 troops, the largest sent from England since the Crimea. War cannot commence before Oct. 15, when the rains begin; before that time, the dry veldt will furnish no forage for the troops of either party. If the declaration of war comes from the Boers, it will come suddenly and will be followed by an immediate advance. If, on the other hand, England makes the first move, she will not declare war at all, but will call upon the army to reestablish "Her Majesty's Control in the Transvaal." The Boers will most certainly have the first advantage in the war, as they know the country and are superior, both in numbers and efficiency, to the English troops in their neighborhood. A rumor has it that the Transvaal will again appeal to the powers for intervention in favor of a arbitration. The English papers, almost without exception, hold opinion with the *Morning Post*—"The Boers mean to fight; that is the plain English of it." An uncertain factor is the position of Orange Free State, which has it in its power to double the effectlve Boer force. Despatches from Transvaal sources assert positively that the Free State will assist in the war, but on the other hand, Sir Alfred Milner, British High Commissioner, says that there is nothing in the relations between England and the Orange Free State to cause them to take a hostile attitude. The experts on South African affairs believe that the Transvaal will be assisted not only by this allied state but by the native tribes in the region. As things now stand, it is not likely that the Afrikander element in Cape Colony, and Natal will take any concerted action against England a thing that has been feared by Secretary Chamberlain and his advisers.

A Conferance on Trusts.

The Chicago Trust Conference opened last week with a large attendance, though not up to expectation, and a great amount of enthusiasm. The labor and socialist elements are particularly well-represented, and as a consequence much of the oratory, that of the opening sessions in particular, was rabid and ill-advised. The first speech of the session on the moderate side of the question was that of Hon. W. Bourke Cockran of New York. Others who seemed to tolerate the trusts had been hooted down in the first sessions, but he had respectful attention. It was expected that Cockran and William J. Bryan would have a joint debate on the subject, but the Nebraskan refused to enter into such an arrangement. Cockran began his address by defining prosperity as "an abundance of commodities fairly distributed among those who produce them." He then proceeded to define trusts, classifying them in two divisions—those which raise prices and those which lower them. He then went off the track to discuss government and municipal ownership and the issue of franchises, declaring that no city or state has the right to delegate to a corporation privileges for any function which the government itself was not normally expected to perform. That is the only excuse for franchises—the delegation by the city of its own natural functions in order that they may be more efficiently performed by those who make them a specialty. Coming back to the subject, he took the ground that publicity is the only safe and sure remedy for trusts, and that it is a very simple remedy; all that is neccessary is the passage of a law in each state providing that the books of a corporation shall always be open to every stockholder, and that every organized commercial corporation shall file a full yearly statement of its finances with the Secretary of State. This publicity would make special privileges impossible, and special privilege is the thing which makes trusts. In addition, he would urge the passage of statutes abolishing special privileges, and providing against suspension of operations by corporate bodies when they cannot show good cause. He was followed by President Gompers of the American Federation of Labor, who "roasted" the idea that organized labor is a trust, claiming that no corporation is a trust when it can be easily broken into, as can any labor union. He, also, wandered from the subject to eulogize organized labor and to describe the benefits which had accrued from it to the working classes. Bryan had his innings next day. He kept to the subject better than any of his predecessors, but he failed to propose any adequate remedy for the trust evil, which he denounced in unmeasured terms. He lays much blame on high tariff, but believes that the removal of high tariff would only cripple the trusts and would not kill them. We must legislate to down them, said the Nebraskan, but he failed to say just how. He only advanced some theories about control of corporations inside and outside their borders by the various states. He also advocated the denial of a charter to any company "which cannot prove that it is not a monopoly." In one point he agreed with Mr. Cochran; he would have the utmost publicity as to their business affairs forced upon the trusts.

The Situation in Negros.

The draft of a constitution for the island of Negros is now in the hands of the Washington authorities for inspection, and the section is in peaceful control of the Americans. Of all the Philippines this island is the one which has shown itself most eager for American rule. When Colonel (now General) Smith took his California regiment down to Negros the native authorities had already declared for the United States. Smith was given full authority to govern the section as he saw fit providing he kept order, and he adopted, therefore, a policy of conciliation. The leading natives were at him immediately for an application of republican government; in especial they desired a constitution. It was a new sort of plaything most alluring to the semi-savage mind. Smith accordingly drew up such an instrument, modeling it on the constitution of the State of California. It provides for American suzerainty in that the Governor-General should be an appointee of the American military commander, but all offices except those in the judiciary are to be elective. The exception in the case of the judiciary was made at the express request of the inhabitants, as they feared that their own people would take advantage of the office to rob and wreak vengeance. This instrument was forwarded to Washington for ratification. Meanwhile the agents of Aguinaldo were working upon the inhabitants of the island. They had slim success among the peaceable ruling classes, but succeeded in stirring up the Babylones, brigands and thieves by occupation and tradition. Smith took a conciliatory attitude towards these people, who were thereupon emboldened to raid the unprotected *haciendas* of the interior. The Sixth Infantry, which replaced the Californians, was not so conciliatory, the situation having grown worse after their arrival, and they marched on the stronghold of the Babylones and wiped it out, almost exterminating the robber band which held possession. This effectually squelched the rebellion in that region. There is every prospect for a successful application of the new constitution.

Revolution in Venezuela.

The revolution which has been growing in Venezuela for some time as a result of the unsettled state of the country came to a head early this week in a fierce and bloody battle, in which the government forces, with President Andrade at their head, were hurled back upon the capital city. The cities of Valencia and Puerto Cabello were immediately occupied by the revolutionists under Cipriano Castro. It is said that the loss to both sides amounts to 1,600 killed and wounded. The insurgents are reported to be pushing on to Caracas, capital and metropolis of the country. If so they will reach it and probably lay siege or fight a decisive battle before the week is out. In all seriousness, it may be said that the introduction of modern methods in warfare has been a great boon to the Latin republics, where revolution is a factor in politics. Once such rebellions as that under consideration used to last for years; now campaigns are short, sharp and decisive, as in the late Jiminez uprising in San Domingo. So in the present case the chances are that the thing will be settled one way or another inside the month. The United States Government has sent the *Detroit* to Venezuelan waters and may follow it up with the *Nashville*.

Program of the Dewey Celebratfon.

Arrangement are now practically completed for the celebration in New York in honor of Admiral Dewey. He has sent word from Gibraltar by cable that he will time the arrival of the *Olympia* for Thursday, September 28th; on that day, therefore, the celebration begins, and is to continue through Saturday. The program, as published, is strikingly like that of the celebration in San Francisco over the return of the California Volunteers. On the day of arrival Rear Admiral Sampson and Mayor Van Wyck will board the warship and welcome the Admiral on behalf of the nation and the city. She will be escorted up the bay, followed by vessels of the United States Navy. That night, the bay will be illuminated, and next day a formal naval parade, starting at Thompkinsville, will pass up North River to Grant's tomb, where the flagship will anchor. Fifteen warships and two hundred and fifty other vessels will participate. That night, a pageant on the bay and a display of fireworks on shore will keep the celebration going, and on Saturday morning a popular reception occurs in front of the City Hall. A land parade is set for that afternoon, and Saturday night the whole affair is to be concluded by a "smoker" to the *Olywpia's* crew at the Waldorf-Astoria. Considerable anxiety is felt over the possibility of the naval parade causing some disasters amongst the crowded shipping of North River, but the City Council has raked up an old law which gives the police authority to regulate such displays, and the Fire and Police Board will take extraordinary precautions to prevent disaster.

Cornelius Vanderbilt Dead.

Cornelius Vanderbilt, the head, in this generation, of the famous millionaire family, died unexpectedly in New York on September 13th. He was the grandson of the Commodore, who laid the foundations of the fortune, and at the time of his birth the Vanderbilt millions had not begun to accumulate; in fact, his father, William H. Vanderbilt, was at that time a Staten Island farmer. Between the first and second generations of the family, its fortune was doubled. Although Cornelius did not duplicate this feat, he nevertheless added to it very materially. The interests of all the Vanderbilts, now numbering nearly two hundred persons, have been generally managed by him in the last decade; while the others frequented society and patronized sport, he has been attending to their business affairs. This was no easy task, for his own private fortune was $100,000,000, and several of the others were nearly as large. William K. Vanderbilt, the brother next of age, will now take charge of the family interests, and will probably administer the estate of the deceased.

Death and the Doctors.

A discussion which involves man's comfort in this world and his opinion of his status in the next was started recently in a paper read by Simeon J. Baldwin of New Haven, Conn., before the American Science Association. The speaker took the ground that physicians have no right to prolong the lives of patients ill beyond the hope of cure. Many of the late improvements in medical science, he said, have been in furtherance of this useless cause. Doctors, knowing that patients are fast sinking into that state of oblivion which Nature has provided to deaden the final agony, deliberately administer stimulants and prolong their lives for hours or days of pain. The lecturer asked his audience frankly if they thought that any sensible man, unless, indeed, he believed his future existence must be one of torment, would care to have added to his term these few moments of agony. Moreover, he maintained that the means employed to prolong life generally result in preventing the state of coma from taking full possession of the faculties, so that death becomes actively painful. Judge Baldwin did not advocate the killing of hopelessly diseased persons, but he *did* desire to make a strong protest against this useless fighting of hopeless cases, generally undertaken by physicians against their own desire and at the request of the relatives of the sick. The idea harks back to the middle ages, when the majority of men were believed to be going straight on to an eternity of torment; in that case, the postponement of the torture for a few hours was a positive blessing, but in this age, when most human beings are generally complacent about a life beyond, the method is barbarous and unworthy of modern science. The discussion evoked by this paper brought out some rather remarkable replies from prominent physicians. One practitioner of New York, who would not allow his name to appear in the articles on the question which he contributed to a prominent journal, made the startling statement that he had been accustomed in all the years of his practice to hasten the death of persons entirely beyond help in cases where death was lingering and where the state of coma did not intervene to mitigate the pains of dissolution. Several times persons in great suffering have asked to be put out of their misery, and in instances where they could not recover, he has generally acceded to their wishes, killing them by chloroform with their knowledge and consent and that of their relatives. In the Civil War, he says, it was a practice not uncommon among the best army surgeons. He admits, however, that if the custom became common in the profession, corrupt physicians and quacks would abuse the privilege. Judgment as to what constitutes an incurable case is never absolute; times without number, patients apparently beyond all aid, have rallied and recovered, and if the best doctors make mistakes in cases of the kind, surely the lesser lights are likely to blunder.

New Ships for the Navy.

This year marks the period of the greatest building activity in the United States Navy. Fifty-four vessels of all sorts are now under way, including eleven battleships, four monitors, three armored cruiseas, six protected cruisers and thirty-three torpedo-boats and destroyers. The cost of this extension is demonstrated by the acnouncement thai the Secretary of the Navy requests $18,000,000 next year to cover the item "Increase of the Navy." The new battle-ship "*Alabama*," built by the Cramps, of Philadelphia. had her trial run this week, and proved herself the fastest American vessel in her class. She made a 17.25 knot gait, although the contract speed is but 16 knots, and there is no bonus for an excess. For the present little more building will be authorizcd, though the Secretary may ask the next Congress to authorize three protected cruisers to cost $1,250,000 each. The Department is also spending money in other directions. The naval repair stations at Norfolk, Port Royal, Port Orchard and Mare Island each need a new plant to replace the old-fashioned equipment in use at present. This will probably be supplied. It is further inteeded to erect two new dry docks on the Atlantic seaboard, one at New York, the other at Norfolk, each to cost about $1,250,000. It will be seen that the navy is swelling to respectable proportions, to keep pace with the expansion of our territory.

The Tangle in France.

France has completed her compromise course by extending pardon to Captain Dreyfus. The Cabinet met on Tuesday and rushed through the preliminaries, virtually setting him free, although the actual release is delayed a few days. This gives the unfortunate man liberty without honor, as he will not be reinstated in the army. At the last the prisoners counsel yielded their former position—"no compromise, but vindication!" withdrew the appeal to the higher courts, and and accepted the pardon quite meekly. The government

thus accomplished a feat of sitting on two seats rather successfully. It satisfied the army by giving a verdict against the accused, and partially satisfied the Semitic faction by annulling the punishment. The prisoner himself, sensibly enough, has decided to remain in France in preference to going abroad to be lionized. For the present he will dwell in retirement in the South. The talk of official protest by foreign governments has gone up in smoke, as it was expected. No nation wants to insult another by poking into its private affairs. The boycott talk has died out also, and only a few exhibits will be withdrawn as a result of the Rennes decision. Now that the smoke has cleared away, newspaper correspondents are saying that the thing above all things which went to convict was Dreyfus' inability to explain his presence at the German army manouvers. Otherwise no point of the prosecution held water, and the verdict of the world, in default of other explanation, continues to condemn the verdict of France. In the meantime that unhappy nation has entered upon a new trial, not so sensational as the Dreyfus matter, but really more important to the Republic. This is the trial of Deroulede, Guerin and other anti-Semitic and Royalist leaders on the charge of conspiracy to overthrow the Republic. The Senate, sitting as a high court, is to judge the matter, and the accused are at liberty. Indeed the stand of the government is made ridiculous by their failure to bring Guerin into court, that arch-conspirator still holding the fort. The complaint as read alleges that the plot was instigated by the followers of the Duc d'Orleans, who hoped to overthrow the Republic by setting factions against one another, and by stirring up street riots. The trial began Saturday. It is now too early to hazard an opinion on the merits or demerits of the government's case.

Editorial Notes.

The Nicaragua Canal and Pacific Coast Trade

Will the construction of the Nicaraugua canal prove a benefit or a detriment to the Pacific States? Will it increase the commerce of San Francisco and Seattle or will it diminish the volume of our trade with foreign ports? All the world now prophesises that there is soon to grow up an immense and very profitable trade on the Pacific. Query, will we increase our opportunities for securing and holding this trade by cutting a canal that will permit New York and Europe to more readily compete with us? If the voters of the Pacific States were called upon to express their views and wishes in the matter, the majority favoring the construction of the canal would be so overwhelming as to drown the protests and arguments of a numerically insignificant minority. Certain it is, the construction of the canal will either benefit San Francisco and Seattle and other coast ports, or it will materially injure them as commercial entre ports. It will either make us or come devilishly near breaking us. Somehow or other the canal question is seldom calmly and fairly discussed as another and less important subject might be. The moment an objection is urged to it, or the advisability of its construction from a Pacific Coast point of view is denied or questioned, the doubter is not answered by argument, but is denounced as a "railroad hireling," or by some equally disagreeable epithet.

The construction of the canal will enable us to transport our wheat, our hides, our wool, our oranges, our dried and canned fruits and other imperishable products to Eastern and European seaboards at greatly reduced rates. It is the hope and belief of the canal advocates that as a result of this cheapened transportation production will be stimulated, a large increase in population will follow, and every available acre of soil will be tilled and cultivated. It may be well for the wheat farmer to bear in mind that *he* does not fix the price of his wheat. The Liverpool buyer does that for him. The producing country does not set the value on its products. The consumer has usurped that privilege, and it is not at all likely that the Liberpool wheat kings will overlook the cheapened cost of transportation but cut the price of wheat in consequence. However, concede all that the canal advocates claim in the way of lower transportation rates and resulting profits, in what other connection will the canal benefit the Coast? It ought to cheapen coal and iron, which would be a benefit, but with a new highway open to the cheap manufacturing centers of the world we would manufacture nothing. We could no longer pay our labor the old scale of wages. Already freight rates are so low that we ship hides and leather to Massachusetts and they return us the same leather made into shoes. It has stood the cost of transportation across the continent twice, and yet may be sold at some jobbing house, cheaper than we can buy a similar article at the local factory door. This much is certain, with the construction of the canal we must bid goodbye to all hope of Pacific Coast manufacturers, except in special lines connected with some products peculiar to the Coast. A season of depression would immediately ensue in labor and manufacturing circles, but in time a readjustment would probably follow. Wages would and must go down to the level of the cheapest competing center of the East. We would probably secure a large influx of the Hun and Italian immigrants that furnish cheap labor in the East, and our scale of wages would or ought to be identical with that of New York. The local importer and jobber would reap a harvest, but it would be at the expense of the local manufacturer. It has been well demonstrated that lower transportation rates profit the importer, but not the consumer. You may wander through the importers' district in San Francisco all day and not find a single individual who objects to the canal. The man who imports ten thousand tons of goods per year and saves a dollar per ton will profit ten thousand dollars, but he will have closed up a local factory that was giving employment to local labor. These, however, are but minor considerations; the real danger and harm lies in another direction. Mr. Hearst of the New York *Journal* is an ardent advocate of the canal, and in attempting to awaken New York to the importance of the undertaking, he indicates our own danger. Here is what he says:

"But the Pacific States are not the only parts of the country with a commercial interest in the canal. Now that we are an Asiatic and Oceanic power, the Nicaraugua waterway will be more than ever a part of our coast line. *It will bring Manila* in touch with *New York*. It puts *us* (*New York*) in easy communication with *Hongkong* and *Yokahama*. It will give *us* (*New York*) *our share in the growing commerce* of *Australia* and the *west coast of South America*."

That is just exactly what it *will* do for New York. It will strip every ton of this trade from Pacific Coast ports. Why should we shut our eyes to it? Will any canal advocate have the temerity to say that San Francisco or Seattle will be able to compete with New York in these Asiatic markets? The width of the continent has constituted our protection against their competition heretofore. Nature has given us a monopoly of the western harbors. In front of us lies all the wealth of the Orient. To reach the consuming market with dispatch, their products must to-day cross the ocean to some Pacific Coast port and then be transshipped to the East. The trade is ours; belongs to us. Nature has so ordained it. But now, by some inexplicable process of reasoning, we are shouting for an artificial waterway that will permit New York and all Europe to compete with us.

Columbus dared the perils of an unknown sea to discover a short route from Europe to the Orient. The shortest route to-day lies across the Pacific to some Pacific Coast port. The moment the Nicaraugua waterway is opened the canal will offer a shorter and cheaper route, and our advantage will be forever lost. The mail steamship line that the colony of Australia maintains to San Francisco will no longer exist. It will pass through the canal and sail direct to the mother country. Australia tested the several routes to England to secure the quickest means ot transporting mail to the mother country. The route by steamer to San Francisco, by rail to New York, and thence across the Atlantic was proven to be the speediest. Our trade with Australia would not justify the maintenance of such a line of steamers. The colony granted a large annual subsidy to the Spreckels, and we have in consequence frequent and regular communication with that country. Gradually a thrifty trade has grown up, and the Pacific Coast is reaping a profit. The day the canal is constructed we may bid goodbye to that trade. Thereafter we will send to Australia by sailing vessel a load of lumber, and receive in return a load of coal. That is all. The same considerations will divert our Oriental trade. Let the reader take a map of the world and examine it for himself. If he can, after careful study, feel assured that the Pacific Coast, despite the canal, will maintain its commercial relations with the Orient, the Philippines, the Australias, or even the Sandwich Islands, he will possess an optimism that will command admiration.

"The Wave" is quite willing to print contrary views to its own on this subject. If any reader can offer a larger list of benefits that will come through the construction of the canal, we will be glad to print them.

Our Slow Cruisers.

THE United States Naval authorities have recently drawn up plans for six new semi-protected cruisers, designed primarily, it is stated, for general "runabout" service in foreign waters. The announcement of the specifications was made last month, and caused a gasp of astonishment among naval constructors and all others interested in our armed marine. So far as anyone can judge, these vessels are a distinct step backward in naval construction, being inferior in armor, armament, coal-carrying capacity and speed to the other cruisers lately built for foreign countries. Here are the specifications of the "*Denver*," the type-vessel of the class.

Trial speed, 16½ knots, but she may be accepted at a discount if the speed be less than that and above 15½ knots. Coal supply, 700 tons. Waterline length, 292 feet. Beam, 44 feet. Armor, a two-inch strip on the slope of deck for 105 feet amidships. Armament, ten 5-inch rapid-fire guns, eight 6-pounders, two 1-pounders, four machine guns, one field-gun. Torpedo tubes, none. Number of crew, 290.

In comparison with this, the *Scientific American*, which has been leading the protest against the acceptance of these plans, puts the dimensions of a 3,500-ton cruiser at present in use by the United States Navy, and proved in conflict during the late war.—The "*New Orleans*":

Trial speed, 21.2 knots. Coal supply, 800 tons. Waterline length, 346 feet. Beam, 43 feet 9 inches. Full-load draught, 20 feet. Armor, complete 1¼-inch protective deck from stern to stern, increased to 3 inches on the slopes. Armament, six 6-inch rapid-fire guns, four 47-inch rapid-fire guns, ten 6-pounders, four 1-pounders, four machine guns, two field pieces. Torpedo tubes, 2. Number of crew, 407.

It has been universally asked, what advantage does Uncle Sam expect to obtain by thus letting down in every respect? In compensation for the inferior protection of these cruisers of the "Denver" class, for their lighter armament and general weakness for offensive and defensive work, it would naturally be expected that speed and coal-carrying capacity would both be increased, instead of which, they carry 100 tons per ship less coal than cruisers of the *New Orleans* class, and are slower by some five knots. This, too, in an age when all the navies are piling speed on their unprotected cruisers; Great Britain's latest additions of this class are good for 24 knots—one and one-half times the speed of the "*Denver!*"

The claim made on behalf of these cruisers is that they will be used as "runabout" ships, for the purpose of sailing into the various ports of the world on friendly visits—in short that they will be calling-carriages for Uncle Sam—and that the sacrifice in fighting quality is to be supplemented by two advantages—increased sea-worthiness and the ability to steam long distances without recoaling. Both these advantages they possess undoubtedly. An upper deck sheathed over its whole length will render the "*Denver*" a dry boat in the roughest weather, while these vessels will probably be able to go to the world's end without thought of recoaling. But it is doubtful, very doubtful, if the peace qualities of a war-vesel should ever be given more consideration than her fighting qualities. Certainly, this has never been the practice of the European navies, which build a ship for practical use in warfare, and let the cruising qualities come in incidentally. With regard to the long-distance virtues of the vessels of the *Denver* class, this ability when not combined with high speed is an anomaly in unprotected cruisers. Vessels of this class are useful in war only as scouts or commerce-destroyers, as they can fight neither with the battle-ships nor with armored cruisers. For this courier service, they must have the speed to beat anything larger than a torpedo-boat. Moreover, this very power is of no great use in times of peace, when coal is easily obtained, and would be of little service in war for a slow, defenceless ship, which would never be able to venture far from home, because she could neither stand and fight nor escape by running away. The terms of construction are so worded as to permit firms bidding on the contract to submit plans of their own. It is hoped that the Union Iron Works, the Cramps, the Newport News Co. and the other builders of the new navy will find some more satisfactory type to replace this weak compromise between expense and efficiency.

The Press and the Railroad.

Just now the daily press is busy abusing Mr. Kruttschnitt and the Southern Pacific Company for accidents which the editors claim are the result of the carelessness of employes. To the parsimony of the corporation it is alleged these accidents are due. Of course the journalists know that such a charge is merest tommy-rot. The corporation adopts rules for the guidance of employes. "Parsimony" does not enter into the formulating of these instructions. They are standard and similar to those in effect all over the country wherever tracks are laid and trains are moved. The employee violates a rule—a collision results. Where does Mr. Kruttschnitt's or Mr. Anybody else's "parsimony" come in? There has been no reduction in the wages of railway trainmen, and even if there had been such reduction would not suspend the rules. The crews involved in the accidents were not cheap or green men, substituted for old and competent hands. The truth is, the California railways have, ever since their construction, paid to their employes the highest wages paid on earth to men in similar employment. This is a broad statement, but cannot be contradicted. The facts also is, that in the construction of their roads the California railroad builders have ever made it a rule to build the "best" possible roads. We have no readier means of comparison than that offered in the construction of street railways in San Francisco, built by the same men. Their roads are vastly superior in equipment and roadway to any in the city. Every one recognizes that. If there is one charge that can not be maintained against the Southern Pacific enterprises, it is that of "parsimony" or "cheapness."

There is nothing so uncertain as human nature. The course of the daily press demonstrates that, pretty clearly. Men will make mistakes and railway employes are no exception to the rule. Manager Kruttschnitt is an able railroad man, but he cannot have every brakeman, engineer and conductor under his eye. If there is something radically wrong with the Southern Pacific perhaps it is among their employes; perhaps the California trainman is unfit, and should be displaced by Eastern importations. This is where the abuse of the press leads up to, and Mr. Kruttschnitt may be forced through the arguments of the *Chronicle*, *Call* and *Examiner* to believe that the old train hands are incompetent. Seriously, however, the attack is so contemptible, and its animus so apparent, that it would fail to affect any resident of the State to the injury of the company or its general manager, while it might, to the injury and disadvantage of the State, be taken seriously by strangers.

Municipal Control in London.

CITIZENS who imagine the municipal ownership of street railways, water works, and the like would have a tendency toward purifying politics should contemplate the novel situation reported to exist in London. It seems that some time ago the city of London "took over" from private owners some of the principal tram lines, which it has operated as a municipal affair. The employees soon learned that to charge the county councillors with underpaying employee would do the members of such a body great political damage. For in the majority of cases such functionaries are elected by laboring people's votes,

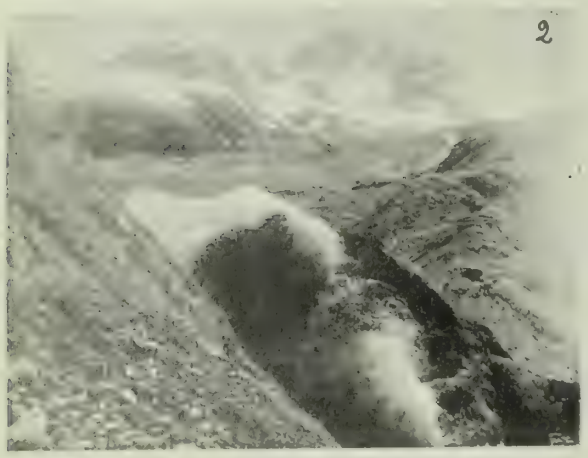
The Councillors voluntarily increased the pay of municipal tram employees and shortened the hours of labor soon after acquiring the property. This was not enough. The men are determined to make the most of the situation. They have inaugurated a campaign, and are bringing to their assistance other trades unions for the purpose of securing a further increase in wages and further reduction in working hours. It is pretty safe to say the Councillors will yield to their demands. To refuse would be to forfeit hope at future elections.

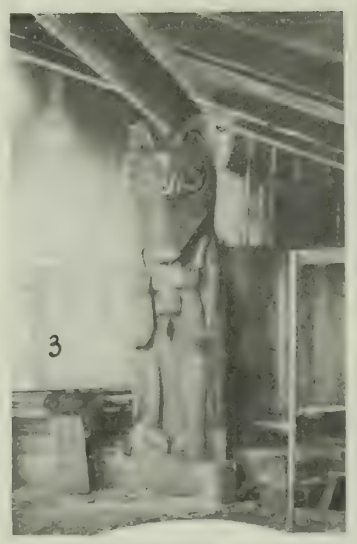
Inject this new element into American municipal politics and contemplate the result. The American political boss would outdo his British prototype. Cowardly parties would strive to overbid each other to secure the vote of labor, and the public would pay the piper.

The conservatism of the Boer character was well exemplified in old Hans De Beers, on whose former farm, near Kimberly, is the richest diamond mine in the world. When the Kimberly excitement broke out he became disgusted with the racket of miners and speculators surrounding the place, and sold his property for its value as farming land. Others protested at his disporing of the farm for that figure, but he would not listen; all he wanted, he said, was quiet. Not waiting even for his pay, which had to be sent after him, he marched up-country and died in the interior while seeking a quiet location.

Prison authorities are debating over the abolition of the "lock-step." Certain humanitarians claim that prisoners trained for long terms in this pace acquire a peculiar gait, which is easily recognized, and which brands ex-convicts for life. The Indiana State Penitentiary has abolished the "lock-step," accordingly, and others are likely to follow. Strong pressure in this direction has been brought upon the New York authorities, but they are firmly opposed to the change, claiming that it is the only plan by which bodies of convicts can safely be handled.

The United States Department of Agriculture is experimenting with tea. It has always been claimed that the Oriental leaf could not be raised in this country, because the rainfall is too light and labor too expensive. At Pinehurst, S. C., however, a plantation has been maintained for some years, and has been a paying investment. The proprietor makes the most of the rainfall by underdraining and deep ploughing, and solves the labor question by employing children. The product is of a high grade and brings good prices.





THE HARRIMAN EXPEDITION TO ALASKA.

Photos by E. C. Starks.

1. Panorama from above Orca. 2. Moraines on Muir Glacier. 3. Totem Pole now in Washington University Museum. 4. Crevasses in Muir Glacier. 5. Rock on Pedestal of Ice on Muir Glacier. 6. Totems at Fox Point. 7. Harriman Glacier, 8. Old Russian Burying Ground at Kukak. 9. The "Elder" among the Icebergs. 10. Coaching to Shoshone.

THE HARRIMAN EXPEDITION.

FROM THE LOG OF EDWIN CHAPIN STARKS.

THOUGH Seattle is to be the starting point of the voyage of the Harriman expedition, we have a very delightful part of our trip at hand in the journey by rail across the continent—from the eastern to the western coast—and such railroading as few people have the good fortune to experience.

Most of us are from Washington, D. C., but other scientific centers are well represented, and as we assemble in the Grand Central depot at New York on the 23d of May, we meet men from Yale, Harvard, Cornell and Columbia. On our way west we are to pick up others from the Field Columbian Museum in Chicago, from the Botanical Garden in St. Louis, and from other points. Many are to join us in Seattle.

We find our home for the next week to be a splendid train of vestibuled palace cars made up of Mr. Harriman's private car (two sleepers of the stateroom type, with all comforts imaginable), a dining-car, an observatory or smoking-car and a baggage car, so when we later take on the private car of the President of the Union Pacific Railroad we have a respectably long train.

Editor's Note.—Professor Stark is Curator of the Washington University Museum. This is the final account of the Celebrated Scientific Excursion to Alaska directed by E. C. Harriman.

We find in the smoker unlimited good cigars for those who want them, all the current papers and a library. Forward is a barber shop all complete. We find later that the service and *cuisine* are not what we have always believed must necessarily be a part of the discomforts of a railroad journey. In fact we are made to feel that Mr. Harriman is doing all possible for us, and we feel his personality in it all as we would if we were his guests in his own home.

At 2 p. m. we roll out of the depot over the New York Central, following that line of grand scenery up the Hudson river; on to the westward, stopping for nothing, everything stopping for us; making miraculous time, everything running smoothly, and connections being made with no calculation on our part, we realize what perfect system is in it all. Men at all the telegraph stations are sending messages forward and back to keep the track clear, and to report our progress at headquarters—all bustle and hurry and worry—and yet we lie luxuriously back and doze, read or gossip, knowing that all will be well. For have we not the president of the road as well as the principal owner with us? What combination of men could put the employees of the road more on their mettle?

At Omaha we make a short stop, where the Chamber of Commerce people have some special trolley cars in waiting, and take us over the car lines of the city and out to the Exposition grounds. At Shoshone there are saddle horses to ride and an old red stage coach with a forty-niner to drive to the falls, thirty miles away, over an old lava flow. Another stop is at Boise, where we are met by the Chamber of Commerce. They take us on a special car to the sulphur baths, and we are given a swim. At Moscow, Idaho, we are transferred to another train and taken to Lewiston. Thence we travel by steamer down the Snake river, making with the ten-mile current twenty-three miles an hour, and at Wallula, Wash., we rejoin our rolling-houses. At the Dalles, Or., we sidetrack and wait for daylight, that we may see the grand scenery through which we are about to pass. At Multnomah Falls, Horsetail Falls, Bridal Veil Falls and other places, short stops are made. At Portland we are entertained and banqueted by that club of mountaineers—the Mazamas. From Portland we are taken by steamer to Kalama, where we join our train for the last time, and the next morning we awake in Seattle. It is only a week since leaving New York, but a week crowded so full of events that it seems much longer.

We find our steamer, the *Geo. W. Elder*, getting a washdown after her coaling operations. She has been repainted and everything made ready for us. After seeing our baggage settled in our staterooms, we swarm through Seattle to outfit in rubber clothing, boots and sou'westers, and at 6 p. m. our voyage is begun.

A stop at Victoria the next morning enables us to visit the Provincial Museum. From there we go northward, into the enchanted sea above Vancouver. It is the fjords of Norway, the hills of Scotland, and the sea and sky of Italy rolled into one. The weather is perfect. The mountains

THE HARRIMAN EXPEDITION—Continued.

covered with spruce and hemlock and capped with snow are reflected perfectly in the glassy water, and as our prow sends out oily waves toward either shore, we feel like the Vikings of old pushing their ship into new waters. A stop is made at Lowe inlet and another at Matlacahtla to visit an Indian mission. Fort Wrangel with its totem poles has been too often described to need more than a mention. At Juneau, the metropolis of Alaska, several of us halt a few days to collect. The rest of us go up Lynn canal to Skagway, and go over the new railroad to White Pass, We next go up Glacier bay, and at night anchor in front of Muir glacier for a stay of some days. Here we have to consider ourselves under the command of John Muir, who feels an ownership in everything connected with his pet. The night is filled with the thunder of bergs breaking away from the glacier, which create big waves that rock the ship. In the morning the scene is beautiful. The ship has to be continually on the move to avoid the bergs which drift down upon her, and at the end of our stay the crew is completely worn out.

The Muir Glacier.

The face of the glacier is about 300 feet high above the surface of the water, and it extends 800 feet below, so that if the sea were drained away there would be an ice cliff over 1,000 feet high. It moves toward the sea at a rate of ten feet a day, and it is the only known glacier upon which one can walk for miles from the front of it without meeting with a crevasse large enough to impede one's progress, At the front or face of the glacier, however, it is broken into grand pinnacles and crevasses hundreds of feet deep. At one place, about five miles from the sea, we find a large glacial river running through a canyon of ice. It appears from under the glacier and again disappears under it, after being exposed for a mile or so.

We next find ourselves tied up to the wharf at Sitka. Here we stay about three days to collect. Two events occur here. The Governor of Alaska gives us a reception and Miss Harriman kills the first big game—a deer.

From Sitka we coast north past Baranof and Chicagof islands across Cross sound, where we make a short stop at La Perouse glacier. A party is landed for a short time to explore. We find that this glacier is apparently increasing in size, owing probably to some unusually heavy snowfalls in the mountains. At any rate the ice is encroaching on the forests. North of this point the weather is very good to us, and gives us a fine view of that glorious system of mountains—the Fairweather range. At Yakutat bay the *Elder* stays nearly a week, and parties are left off at several places to camp and collect, hunt and explore. One party is left to camp near the Indian village of Yakutat, and another explores the Hubbard glacier. Our steamer is the first passenger steamer that has ever been up that long, narrow bay called Disenchantment bay, and the good seamanship displayed in making the trip without an accident gives us great confidence in our officers.

Orca, at the head of Prince William's sound, is our next stop. We stay only a short time, but long enough to enable some of us to climb the mountains and do some trapping and shooting. We do much exploring in Prince William's sound, and the results are the mapping and naming of a number of glaciers. The largest is named for Mr. Harriman. It is a magnificent one, being twice as wide as Muir glacier at its mouth and much higher. It has been discovered in Port Wills that a long fjord extends back into the mountains beyond what is marked on the chart as the head of the bay. The geographers explore and map it. As the *Elder* steams slowly up this body of water, we find it lined with huge glaciers. The ice is very thick here, and while trying to avoid bergs the propeller strikes some floating ice and breaks a blade. This is our first accident, but we are prepared for this very thing in having a "built-up" propeller and several extra blades. It necessitates, however, our return to Orca, where we lay "beached" through two low tides, and are soon in as good shape as ever.

In this region and at this time of the year it does not get dark at all. Fine print can be read at any time of the night. It is very hard for us to get to sleep while in a tent, as the light cannot be shut out. It seems as incongruous as going to bed at sundown in San Francisco. At one of the camps in Prince William's sound two enthusiastic climbers start up a high mountain at nearly midnight. They mount through thick woods and over fallen trees to the summit. and follow the ridge for some miles. They come into camp in the morning and report having heard birds singing in the woods at all times of the night.

Mosquito Terrors.

Our next stop is at Kadiak Island. At about eleven o'clock one night, six of us drop into one of the ships' boats and are left five or ten miles from the shore of the Alaska Peninsula. We have a hard pull against the ebb tide, which is setting shaply off shore. It is not so light here as it was farther north, and for about two hours—from 12 to 2—it gets too dark to see clearly, though the shore is perfectly visible. The coast is forbidding. At places long lines of cliffs a hundred feet high or more stand perpendicularly out of the sea. Rocky inlets and dangerous reefs, over which the sea sucks and eddies, are all about us, and the dim light makes matters appear even worse. We find no place where to land, and are growing discouraged. Just ahead, around the next point, we think we surely must find a favorable place, but we are disappointed again and again. At last we find a beach and a short way back there is an old log house that has probably been built for some fur-trader's store year's ago. It is now three o'clock, and the sun has climbed well up after his short night's rest. After carrying our "duffel" to the cabin, we eat a hastily cooked meal, to which we can give no name, and crawl into our sleeping bags. It is no use, however. The bright sunshine and swarms of mosquitos are not conducive to sleep, so in an hour or so we cook a breakfast and commence our day's work collecting. The next night, we do not get a wink of sleep on account of the mosquitos. "Ye Gods,—if they would only cry out when you kill them!" exclaimed one of the party, and the wit of it puts us all in good humor. The mosquitos swarm day and night. Smoke or even rain has no effect on them. The third night we pitch our tent on the sand and bury the edges.

At Kadiak, Mr. Harriman shoots a bear, the only one secured during the trip. From here, we coast along the southern side of the Aleution Island. We drop a hunting and collecting party off the Shumagin Islands and another at Imolaska, while the main party makes a hurried visit to the Pubilofs and to Plover in Siberia.

A Find of Totems.

Our voyage back is uneventful. Short stops are made at Kadiak, Cook's Inlet and Yokutat, where we have a fine view of the St. Elias Range. Thence we return by the inside passage, which is a repetition of our voyage up until we come to Fox Point, just north of the Alaska Boundery. Here we visit a deserted indian village, an old one, known to have been here in 1792. Much of it is modern, however, and it has probably been deserted only a year or two. It contains about twenty houses, and each with a pole in front. In two of the houses we find totem poles supporting the rafters of the roof. Over an Indian grave is a pagoda-like house with two big red wooden bears in it. Over another, on a sand-stone base, is a bear carved out of white marble. The house that evidently belonged to a chief has the entire front decorated with the painting of a totem, and in front of it is a magnificent pole fifty-five feet high and over three feet in diameter. The boards of the older houses are either split out like "shakes" or hewn and most skillfully done. We see long boards not over an inch thick as regular as mill lumber. The cause of the desertion is not apparent; perhaps some superstition or a contagious disease. The latter is the more likely, as many of the poles have garments tacked to them, a sign of disease among the Indians. At any rate, it is decided that the cause that drove the Indians away will keep them from returning, and as totem poles are becoming very scarce, we take possession of them. Of the seven or eight secured, one is taken for the Field Columbian Museum, one for Cornell, one for Ann Arbor, one for the Smithonian, and the narrator is fortunate in securing one for the University of Washington. The entire front of the chief's house is taken, besides much plunder in the shape of masks, boxes, and ceremonial implements.

This is our last adventure. Early Sunday morning, July 30, we reach Seattle after a voyage both pleasant and profitable, a voyage made memorable by the kindness of Mr. Harriman, the host and leader. The whole trip has been finished without a single disagreeable incident, and, although we have penetrated into water never before disturbed by a propellor, we have not suffered a single discomfort—except for the mosquitos.

Conspirator Boisdeffre and Scapegoat Dreyfus.

IT is more than probable that we shall never know all the inside history of the Dreyfus case; certainly, this generation will never know it. Perhaps, when the thing is a hundred years past, some historian yet unborn will dig into half-forgotten records left unguarded by an age which has lost its immediate interest in the matter, and unearth the truth. Until then, the affair is pure speculation.

The special mystery around which gather all the extraordinary features of this drama relates to the identity of the personage whom the army is trying to shield, and on whose behalf the anti-Dreyfus conspiracy was formed. It is some one in a high place, assuredly, this person for whom Henry committed forgery and then suicide, for whom Esterhazy wrote the *bordereau*, for whom the heads of the French army perjured themselves. For no little man, or for no mere spite against Dreyfus, the unpopular Jew, would they have done all this. Who is he, and what is his hold upon the French Army?

To the first of these questions, foreign journalists and other outsiders in Paris and Rennes give, when pressed to answer, the name of General Boisdeffre. The other question is harder to answer; a full explanation, indeed, would involve an unravelling of the whole Dreyfus affair, but there is a very likely explanation, based on certain facts afloat in the semi-official world of Paris, and supplemented by inference and probable conjecture until it makes a plausible account. And the most sensible outside observers of this case hold Boisdeffre to be the real villian, giving this same conjectural explanation. It may not be true; very likely it is not. History has a way of playing tricks on those who would predict her revelations in advance; still, this is the most sensible theory yet held, and it holds water when applied to any and every ramification of the celebrated case. Here it is; take it or leave it, the tale is a good story.

Boisdeffre the Diplomat.

The French army, aristocratic to the core, has always held, since the time of Napoleon, some favorite whom it desired to push into the position of dictator. So well is this understood in Government circles, that presidents and cabinets continually reckon with this hypothetical leader in planning out the game of politics. If they press the military arm of the service too closely, then the army dictator may be pushed forward; if they force an unpopular measure on the country, the army dictator stands in a fair way of sweeping the Republican government out of existence. This fear, which is ever with French politicians, is not the least of the evils which militarism has forced upon suffering France. The army—by which is meant the officers, not the bayonets of the rank and file—are naturally undemocratic. They are so in every country, even in democratic America, where the snobbiest of snobs are the people high in this branch of the service. It is only a natural result of that system of absolute obedience to superiors which is the essence of military discipline.

These past six or eight years, the man whom the army has regarded as its leader, its idol, possibly its Emperor, is this Boisdeffre. A Norman, with the genius of that race for intrigue, he has worked his way by every means known to diplomacy, to a high position in the service and the state. He has every quality which goes to make military popularity—descent from a score of generations of distinguished soldiers, a record for reckless bravery, a genial and yet courtly manner, a martial figure. At the time of the formation of the Dreyfus conspiracy, he was one of the General Staff, and was practically the Embassador of France at the Court of Russia. It is no secret that he is responsible for the Franco-Russian *entente*, for he alone of all Frenchmen had the *entree* into the intimate affairs of the Russian Empire. "There is a woman at the bottom of everything," they say; the woman in this case was no less than the Empress, now widowed, but then a power in the Empire. Of all the men of her gay court, the handsome military attache of the French Embassy was her especial favorite. For two seasons he planned and plotted in Saint Petersburg in his unofficial capacity of French Ambassador, and at the end of that time he brought about the Russian alliance which has held up to this time, and may even survive the shock of the Dreyfus revelations. Boisdeffre returned to Paris, and was rewarded by an appointment as head of the General Staff.

So much is assured fact. Now comes in the theory mentioned at the beginning of this article. Russia would not close the alliance without some definite knowledge of France's military power, without, in short, becoming a participator in the secrets so jealously guarded by the army. The French government would never reveal those secrets; this Boisdeffre knew, but in his anxiety to close the deal, which promised every advantage to his personal ambitions, he turned traitor and revealed them all, among them that of the new quick-firing gun—a revelation which is held as the main charge against Dreyfus. The alliance was thereupon concluded, and all would have been well for Boisdeffre and his fellow-conspirators had it not been for the fact that a little money can get anything whatever out of a Russian official. But Germany, which has a stronger and more active secret service than any other European nation, got hold of these secrets along with some others which they bought from traitors high in the service of the Czar.

Dreyfus the Scapegoat.

In due time the spies of France returned to headquarters the information that Germany had a perplexingly accurate knowledge of the affairs of the French army. This was no news to the plotters of the general staff, who were aware of the fact that the Russians had let the information sift into Berlin, but it got to the President and his Cabinet, who were not in the plot, and who began to make embarrassing investigations. Some one must be made responsible. In searching the army lists for a scapegoat, they found a man on whom, they thought, it would be easy to throw the blame. He was an Alsatian, and therefore under suspicion of German influence, a Jew, and therefore likely to have few defenders among the French people, a taciturn ungenial man, and therefore unpopular with his fellow officers. There was also among the sycophants of the general staff a degenerate nobleman with a bad reputation, to whom forgery was a mere bagatelle, and whose word, in case he ever confessed, could easily be disproved owing to his previous reputation. So Esterhazy wrote the *Bordereau*, a document enumerating several of the less-important secrets which the chiefs of the general staff had betrayed to Russia, and which Russia had given up in turn to Germany, and the document was laid at the door of Dreyfus. To convict the obscure, unpopular, defenseless nobody, Alfred Dreyfus, was an easy matter, more especially since he was taken totally unprepared, while the conspirators had worked up the prosecution in all its details before they sprang it on the world. It came to trial, was rushed through by star-court methods, and the general staff regarded the thing as solved. And solved it would have been, so far as they were concerned, had it not been for the energy of Madame Lucie Dreyfus and the zeal of Emile Zola.

Working on this theory it is easy to see how all the revelations made in the court-martial at Rennes which ended in another and equally unjust conviction, fit into the general scheme. Those conservative, mediocre generals, Mercier, Billot, Gonse, Chanoine and all the others, have shown right along, by their shifting, contradictory, hesitating testimony, that they were shielding some one. Whom would they be more likely to defend than this able if unscrupulous leader, in whom centers the ambitions of the army? In their frantic desire to suppress the real facts, they have perpetrated the perjuries of the *bordereau*, inspired the murders in the forced suicides which have marked the progress of the case, backed and assisted in escaping that criminal who struck down the lion of justice, Labori, just as he was on the point of laying bare the plot. If the whole sorry tangle ends in an army revolt, I shall be much surprised if Boisedeffre is not the Napoleon whom the army pushes forward as its dictator, and I shall be more surprised if, should history bring the true cause to light in our time, that intriguing Norman be not at the bottom of the whole *affaire Dreyfus*.

ETTIENNE MARCEL.

The example which the United States has set of having its Consuls study the commercial capabilities of the countries to which they are sent is being followed by Great Britain, which is stirring its Consuls up to furnish accounts of the possibilities of fresh trade. The Consul in Morocco's verdict in this connection is interesting. He says that were English drummers to overrun Morocco there would be plenty of orders and "any number of bad debts." That is the only information he can furnish to British merchants.

John Ruskin is spending the evening of his days in his beloved Brantwood, on the shore of Coniston Lake. His strength is fast failing. He has passed his eightieth birthday, and is rarely seen outside the lodge gates, except when his valet takes him for his morning outing in a bath-chair.

Americans should be warned not to bring dogs to Europe. Under the English law, which will go into effect August 18th, such animals must be detained six months in suitable private premises.

Benard's Dream of a University.

PEOPLE are beginning to get far enough away from the first brilliant dazzle of the new University plans to see the thing in perspective and to ponder a little upon the true ends and aims of a University architectural competition. The able article of Mr. Max Yunghandler, published in *The Wave* last week, formulated the opinion which most of the educated minority of San Francisco has held in their private minds concerning the entire and utter impracticability of all the prize plans. The competition has had one result; it has added to the gaiety of the city. The unconscious humor of a small board of men accepting a group of hundred-million-dollar buildiugs planned on the lines of a highly decorated World's Fair, on behalf of a commonwealth which begrudges a hundred thousand dollars for campus improvement, makes San Francisco smile a bit. And for the plans themselves! They have been compared to the Grand Transformation Scene of the Queen's Bower in Fairyland in a Hanlon burlesque, to the dream of an *Examiner* artist gone mad, to a ground-scheme for the New Jerusalem. A well-known architect took one look, and voted Alladin a complete back number. The pity grows that the day of the Midwinter Fair is past; done in staff, the Benard plans would have been beauties for the purpose. What an Agricultural Building we could have made out of M. Benard's ornate Turkish Bath House, misnamed a gymnasium.

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NEARLY two years ago, Mr. Willis Polk prophesied in these columns the very thing that has come to pass. He declared that the concours would bring forth only exaggerated dreams from the Beaux Arts, which most certainly came true, and he predicted that prominent architects, those of standing and reputation, would leave the thing alone; this, also, has proved literally the fact. A few of the big men did compete. Benard is a big man—but the majority of thc competitors were in the unknown class. For instance, but one of the numerous Californian architects sent in a design. The architect of established reputation can rarely be persuaded to hazard his time on the uncertainty of a jury decision. Competitions are for young men without distinguished vogue. In that it encouraged art, therefore, the Phœbe Hearst competition was a worthy enterprise, but it did not—it could not, except by the mere chance of there being a young and undiscovered genius among the contestants—provide adequate buildings for the University of California. But let us possess our souls in patience; there is little chance that Benard's plans will ever be carried out at Berkeley, or anywhere else short of Paradise.

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The Examiner, the Call and Imperialism.

THE new moves on the political checkerboard have put two of the San Francisco newspapers in a peculiar quandary. The *Examiner* and the *Call* were a little previous in announcing their Philippine policy, and now find themselves in direct opposition to their respective parties. The *Call* harried Bryan all through the campaign of 1896, but it also came out flatfooted against annexation and imperialism before the guns of the Spanish war were silent; it now finds itself forced to agree with the apostle of siver, who has become the champion of the anti-expansionists. The *Examiner*, which has hounded McKinley, Hanna, and the rest of the administration with that noisy sort of hounding of which it is past master, was out for holding the Philippines equally early in the game, and must now agree with the cardinal doctrines of the administration. It is easy to see how the *Examiner* can get out of the muss; that journal is used to covering up its inconsistencies with noise, but the other paper has a harder proposition. As a forecast of the *Call's* solution it may be mentioned that Mr. Spreckels' organ ran a longer and more complimentary account of the Bryan rally than any of the other dailies. Truly, politics make us acquainted with strange bedfellows.

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Literary Honors for a California Student.

WESTERN people, and particularly Western college people, were lately pleased and surprised by the announcemeut that the three prizes for fiction, verse and assay offered to college graduates by the *Century Magazine* had gone entirely to graduates of Western colleges, the award for the best story being given to John M. Oskison, Stanford '98. Mr. Oskison who is from the Indian Territory and has the blood of Cherokee Chiefs in his veins is an excellent example of "the man who waits." He was no college phenomenon during his undergraduate days, only a modest, thoughtful dreamer, with a sound English style and a way of seeing things. He was proverbially unlucky in his ambitions, failing to win out alike in literary contests, debate, athletics and college politics, in all of which branches he showed ability. His literary style, was, however, marked for individuality and soundness, and some of his topical papers entitled, "Evenings with Maud," which ran in serial form in the "*Sequoia*," created a mild furor in the college world. Personally he was well liked, especially by the little circle of his most intimate friends, who used to swear by "Skinson." The other prizes were won by members of the Western Reserve and Chicago universities. The awards of last year went entirely to women, all being members of some Eastern university.

Welcome to the Washington Volunteers.

WASHINGTON has heard and read of the ovation given by New York to the returning veterans of the Cuban war, of the furore Pennsylvania made over her favorite sons, of the way San Francisco was turned inside out to give welcome to the California "boys," and now the State is waiting for her own brave sons, who are racing over the Pacific toward home and good cheer. Seattle is the objective point, and friends and relatives of volunteers from the whole State are pouring into the Queen City, until the floating population promises to duplicate the number of inhabitants. Seattle's welcome will be unique in many ways. There is to be enough of it and no more, to begin with. It is ridiculous to keep up a hurrah for many days when the men are longing for quiet times with their own dear ones. For the first two days Seattle claims them for a public welcome; after that, they are turned over to the tender mercies of their relatives. Then again, the illumination of the city is to be a general one, involving not only the streets and the public buildings, but the private houses. Not a home in the city is so poor but that its windows will be lit up and the hills of the city, as viewed from the bay, will be one blaze of light. Arrangements have been made with the steamship company which brings them north to have the transport arrive at night, so that the soldiers' first view of home will be like a scene from fairyland, the streets blazing with electric lights, the water front aflame and every house twinkling out its separate greeting. As they swing into the harbor, the batteries on Magnolia Bluff will salute, and thousands of firearms will echo their report. That night the ship is to lay out in the stream, and the next day the men will come ashore, to be feasted and petted and admired to their heart's content. This is for the ones who come back. For the others, and their names are witten on the hearts of the people of Washington, the State is preparing to erect a fitting and permanent memorial to commemorate not only them but their comrades in arms who took equal risks of death in the cause of their country.

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Friendly Enemies.

SEATTLE and Tacoma, old friendly enemies and hostile allies, have often been compared to the famous twin giants of the North, Minneapolis and St. Paul. There is to be yet another resemblance in the close connection soon to be effected by the electric line which is to be completed in a few months. The cities are forty miles apart by land, and have already steam and train connections, but this new departure will not injure the transportation companies because there is business enough for all. At present freight is left behind in Tacoma because there is no means of handling all that is offered. For two cities so jealous of one another, Seattle and Tacoma have remarkably close business connections.

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Seattle's Battleship Builders.

INSTEAD of one great concern turning out "*Olympias*" and "*Oregons*" for the United States, the Pacific Coast is soon to have two. Moran Brothers of Seattle, the largest ship-building firm north of San Francisco, have just let contracts for a substantial addition to their concern. There is to be a new mill, improved machinery, and a floating dry dock large enough to accommodate any ship on the Western seas. Like the Union Iron Works, this northern concern rose from small beginnings by the merit of their output. Like the San Francisco firm again, they have the advantage over Eastern competitors in possessing a long working year, as the weather at Seattle varies but little all the year round, and they have this advantage over the Union or any other American firm—the raw materials of their business lie at the very door of their shops.

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San Francisco as an Athletic Center.

THERE is no doubt about it, San Francisco has no particular interest in amateur athletics. The one real athletic club the city boasts has just been through a five-year eclipse, out of which it only now shows signs of passing; there is practically no amateur baseball, very little rowing; for the past two years there has not been a track meet outside those held by the schools and colleges. Club football drags along in an invertebrate fashion, a semi-professional sport, kept up because the clubs are encouraged by the universities who need the practice. There is not an available athletic ground in the city. The annual club and college football games have moved successively from Haight street to Central Park, to Recreation Park, and now to Sixteenth and Folsom, going with each succeeding move to poorer quarters. Track meets, when held at all, come off on the Olympic Grounds, a tiny park an hour's ride from town with a playground of a track. This in a city three times the size of Portland, which has kept up until last year its two energetic athletic clubs and a healthy interest in amateur sport of all kinds, and twice the size of Denver, whose club patronizes every form of athletics and generally outdoes the local colleges. What is the matter with a hustling rival to the Olympic Club? It would do a world of good to that organization, which has always every incentive to success except competition, and there is room for two.

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The Belvidere Carnival.

THE Belvidere water carnival has come and passed again, and still the pageant grows greater and more beautiful. It is a pretty fiesta, probably the prettiest of all those outdoor summer festivities of which California is so fond. This time the United States navy was represented by the *Marblehead*, with her searchlights turned on the flag at her peak, making a splotch of color which could be seen from the whole bay, and by the *Farragut*, lying farther away from shore for fear of piercing her delicate shell, but blazing with lights. The illuminations along shore were more beautiful than ever before—with one exception. Red fire and trees do not go well together; such an illumination shows muddy through foliage. Green fire, which throws leaves and branches into weird relief, is the blaze for lighting a forest, as the Bohemian Club learned long ago in its experiments with high jinks on Russian River.

By Rail to Dawson.

THE people of Skagway and those living along the line of the White Pass and Yukon railway expect great things to come of the recent visit of President Graves and his party to Alaska. The president inspected the road and was very well impressed with all he saw, and so well pleased with the future of the country that he will aid in the establishment of a smelter somewhere near Skagway to handle the ores from the quartz mines that are now being developed in the Atlin. There were several Englishmen of wealth in the party who spent a good deal of time investigating the copper indications near the coast. At any rate, the railroad company will soon make a movement to extend its business and this will help the country. That the railroad will be extended to Dawson eventually there is no doubt. It now runs to Lake Bennett, which allows the traveler to ride all the way from any of the Pacific ports in the United States to the metropolis of the Klondike. Steamers carry passengers to Skagway, and from that port they are taken over White Pass by the railroad where they are transferred to steamers running down the Yukon to Dawson. Mr. Close, a member of the party and a man of great wealth, in an interview published in Skagway, assured the people that the road would be pushed through to White Horse Rapids at once and that before the close of 1901 Skagway and Dawson would be connected by rail. The company has overcome great difficulties in building to its present terminus, but it will be an even more difficult task to push it through to the Klondike. However, it has the money and the brains that are needed and there is no doubt that passengers will in future escape the terrible river trip. The work of running the telegraph line through is progressing rapidly, but this is child's play compared with building a railroad. The telegraph will get into Skagway first, but the railroad will be close behind it.

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An Intelligent Appointment.

THERE is at least one popular appointment to the credit of Governor Gage — that of George A. Knight to be attorney for the Board of Health of San Francisco. Mr. Knight has labored vigorously in the cause of the Republican party, has stumped the State times beyond reckoning and has raised up his voice at every convention worth the mention for the good of the cause. From time to time empty dignities have been thrust upon him. He has been "delegated-at-large" until he is tired, has been Presidential Elector and convention chairman, and even "mentioned" for the Senate, but offices with attached emoluments have been conferred on the less deserving. This, however, is a change for the better, and proves what the Governor's friends have urged—that he has glimpses of judgment at irregular intervals. Mr. Knight is one of the lawyers at the San Francisco Bar whom success has not spoiled. Indeed he had amply deserved as well as earned the smiles of the fickle goddess ere she turned her glances upon him. Latterly he has rather given the go-by to criminal practice, in which his reputation was partly achieved, for his time has been taken up by the Fair case. As the the attorney for Charles L. Fair, Mr. Knight has found ample scope for his legal and forensic talents, and the connection has proven profitable in many other directions. To-day the firm of Knight and Heggerty has one of the valuable law practices of San Francisco, and the attorneyship of the Board of Health will not prove nearly as important an acquisition as it might have some years ago.

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Disrupted Law Firms.

AS THE season seems fatal to millionaires, it has had as serious consequcnces among the big law firms of San Francisco. The firm of Page, McCutchen & Eels has been dissolved and two new combinations formed. Page, McCutchen, Knight & Harding making one and Eels & Michael the second other. Pierson & Mitchell, another well-known law combination has gone by the board. The first organization was one of the most successful in San Francisco, and is supposed to have netted larger fees last year than any of its competitors. Mr. Page has the Balfour-Guthrie interest, besides much admiralty business. Mr. McCutchen had Mrs. Hearst, Lloyd Tevis and the Hobart estate among his clients, besides a fine commercial connection. Mr. Eels represented the minority interest in the Central Pacific, the Fireman's Fund and all the widespread Sheppard interests. Pierson & Mitchell were before the public mainly in connection with the Fair estate. Mr. Pierson had drawn the millionaire's much-disputed will, and the firm has netted a small fortune in the subsequent litigation and administration.

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The Defences of the Sound.

FEW inhabitants of the Sound region realize that the Northwestern ports are now secure against foreign attack. Since the Spanish War, when a majority of the residents of Seattle lay awake nights listening for Spanish shells, the Government has been working very steadily but very quietly, until now the defences are proof against any ordinary attack. The principal forts are at Admiralty Head and Marrowstone Point. Opposite the latter, indeed within shelling distance, stands the British Naval Station at Victoria. Formerly, Americans have looked with dread at these fortifications, fearing for the results in case of a British-American war. They need fear no longer, because our defences, though by no means so imposing in appearance, are fully equal to those of our Anglo-Saxon allies.

Colonel Jouast Leaving Court

Gen. Mercier on the Stand. Cross indicates Cassimir-Perier

"La Dame Blanche" and Madame Froemer of "L'Evenement"

Generals Boisdeffre and Conpois

Major Lauth and General Roget

In the Dreyfus Headquarters. The man with the eyeglasses is Bernard Lozere, the woman at the extreme left, "La Dame Blanche"

General Chamoine and Captain Moreau carrying the Secret Dossier

VIEWS OF THE DREYFUS TRIAL AT RENNES.

Governor and Mrs. Lind and Staff of Minn

Hospital Corps of the 13th Minnesota

Major Foote and Staff of the Wyoming Regiment

The Transport Sheridan

Countermarching in the Presidio

Review in the Presidio

Minnesotans on the Sheridan

Colors of the 13th Minnesota

RETURN OF THE MINNESOTA VOLUNTEERS.

Four Thousand Troops Saluting

Decorating a Californian

The Californian Officers Awaiting their Medals

Col. Duboce and Col. Rice

Chaplain McKinnon with his Medal

The Minnesotans Saluting Gov. Lind

Major-General Shafter and Staff

Wiedner Photo

REVIEW AND MEDAL PRESENTATION AT THE PRESIDIO.

DECORATION DAY IN MANILA.

The Graves of Our Heroes at Battery Knoll Cemetery. U. S. Chaplain Pierce in the Background

The Paris Exposition

A Fine American Exhibit Arranged For.

WHILE the attention of all France and, indeed, of all the civilized world, has been concentrated on that stuffy courtroom in the south where Dreyfus is in the agony of expectation, or about that square mile in the back streets of Paris where Guerin the agitator is holding out against the police, the home of the Paris Exposition of 1900 is rapidly assuming form. It was feared, six months ago, that the work was not going forward with sufficient speed to insure its completion next summer. But the late disturbances among the authorities and the populace really helped the big show, because it turned away meddling multitudes and gave the National Commissioners the opportunity of working the matter up without interruption. The Exposition will, therefore, avoid the predicament of our World's Fair in Chicago, which celebrated the quadircentenary of 1492 in 1493. All along the site by the Seine, where the Eiffel Tower overtops the grounds of the former National Exposition, a new White City is taking form.

Americans here are congratulating themselves on the fact that, for the first time, our own exhibit is to be such as will inspire admiration rather than amusement from foreign visitors. The American section at the last grand show in Paris was such as to make one blush at the recollection. It was a question of "pull" as to who should furnish the designs for buildings and decorations, and the result was an awful mixture. This time the commission has guarded against itself by appointing a competent committee on decoration whose say is final. So fair and thorough has been their work that it is not improbable that we will redeem our reputation by offering something to stand out above the other national exhibits for the pure beauty of it.

THE AMERICAN PAVILION.

The allotment of space, which was at first thought to be meager, has been extended by substantial additions in the special sections devoted to commercial exhibits, but outside of that our room for a national building is as extensive as that assigned to any country except the very near neighbors of France. The quarters are narrow, but the peculiar architecture of the American pavilion will make it appear prominent among the row of similar structures along the river. C. A. Coolidge and Morin Goustiaux of Chicago are the architects, and they have produced a structure distinctively American. The French Commissioners have insisted all along that foreign designs should follow some great building in the nations they represent; in accordance with this idea, the American building echoes the tone of the Capitol at Washington and of the World's Fair buildings of Chicago. Like the former, it is to have a dome and a wide, deep porch; like the latter, it will be of white "staff" or composition, and ornate in execution. The dome and the porch will make it stand out among the foreign buildings, the remainder of which lack these features.

For details, the style is rich classic, expressed in the Corinthian manner by columns, with fluted and banded shafts, with florid details and elaborate sculpture in the frieze above the capitals. The ornamented dome resembles in a general way the famous one of the Invalides, near at hand, with which it compares very favorably. Statuary has been freely employed. On the apex of the dome and on the lower levels will stand spread eagles, modelled by Flanagan; above the porch and in front of the dome is to be a quadriga typefying victory, a spirited group with prancing horses before and a Victory in the chariot behind, the work of Proctor. McNeil has designed the bas-reliefs, which are run along the panels over the main entrance, and an equestrian statue of Washington, by French, is at the front stair. This piece was paid for by the women of the American colony abroad, and will be presented to the city of Paris at the close of the Exposition. The dome rises over a hundred and fifty feet above the level of the river, while the frontage will be only eighty-five feet. Alone, this would produce an appearance of topheaviness like that of a New York skyscraper, but the other buildings are set so close that the appearance is avoided. From the stately porch, a broad walk runs to the American landing on the river—for each separate building is to have a separate dock of its own. This one is to be ornamented to produce the effect of a classic galley. In this building the executive heads of the American section are to have headquarters. The other national headquarters have places for the entertainment of their rulers, but as the President of the United States is a prisoner to our own domains during his term of office, no such preparation has been made for him. The place will be given up to the executive staff and to the entertainment of visitors. The rotunda will be a reception hall; on both sides of this are reception-rooms, one for men, the other for women, and at the rear a drawing-room for both sexes. These are all to be furnished with democratic simplicity. On the upper floors and accessible by elevators and broad stairways, will be rooms set apart for the various States. The building and grounds are to furnish a sanctuary for Americans, because the French Government has turned the territory over to our Consul during the progress of the Fair. Here the visitor will find a postoffice, a press bureau, a telegraph station, even a "ticker," with the latest quotations from the stock exchange.

LOCATION OF AMERICAN EXHIBITS.

Outside of this central building, the American exhibit is to be strung out through the various sections, eighteen in all, into which the French Government has divided the commercial displays. Three or four of these are to be especially strong in the products of our soil and industries. Across the river from the main building is the Department of Forests and Fisheries, to be dominated by a huge blockhouse made of native timber in imitation of the old forts from which the frontiersman fought with Indians in the early days; around it will be grouped exhibits of every State from Maine to California, with a menagerie of native wild animals—bears, deer, buffalo, elk—as an accessory. In the Department of Liberal Arts, the American building is of curious construction. The site is set in a grove of fine old trees, which are not permitted to be disturbed; therefore, the walls and ceiling have been built around them; their boughs brush the roof, and the wares of the exhibitors will be arranged around their living trunks.

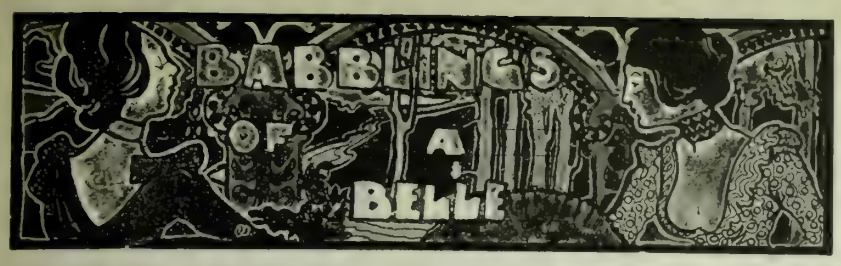
The grounds within the city limits having proved inadequate, the Parisians have established an annex to the exposition, to be situated at Vincennes. Most of the space there goes to machinery, and here, as in the Forestry exhibit, we shine. Seventeen American locomotives are a nucleus; around them will spread a comprehensive display of the work of our national genius for mechanics. At this spot, also, is to occur a feature of the exhibit in which we are bound to play a prominent part, the second celebration of the new Olympic games.

July 4, 1900, "American Day," is to be celebrated in a fitting manner. The new statue of Lafayette in Paris will be unveiled with impressive ceremonies on that occasion, and for the day our National Committee is to own the Eifiel Tower, to use it as it sees fit. Arrangements are not perfected for this celebration; only one feature is known. At the hour of 7 in the morning the President is to touch an electric button which, conveying the current by cable, will unfurl from the flagstaff at the top the largest American flag ever manufactured.

The man who bronght the now famous band of Zulus to the Earl's Court Exposition, London, is a Scotch explorer, John Thorborn, who has lived in the very heart of the Dark Continent for fifteen continuous years. For a long time he was Prime Minister of Swaziland, having caught the fancy of the chief of that tribe by his extraordinary business shrewdness, and his twelve-year-old son is chief, by royal appointment, of a section of that tribe. At one time in his rule as royal adviser the canny Scot had a steam launch sent from England to navigate one of the country's rivers. The water-course ran dry, and Mr. Thorburn thereupon had the steamer hauled by wagon and man-power to Delagoa bay, 1600 miles distant, where such a boat was needed, and sold it there at a profit.

In the modern barber shop, as exemplified at Paris, electricity runs nearly everything. Hot water is obtained by passing a stream of cold water through an electrified metal tube; curling irons are heated to exactly the right temperature by an electric current. Scissors for hair cutting have been abolished; their place is taken by clipping machines operated by the prevailing motive power and regulated, as to speed, by a meter. Singeing is done by a platinum wire, electrically heated, which passes over the teeth of a metallic comb. The comb takes up a certain quantity of hair and holds it for an instant, the barber presses a button, and the electricity instantly fills the wire, which heats up gradually, burning the hair off smoothly and sealing it in approved fashion.

Eyelashes and eyebrows that are naturally thin and scraggly are now thickened and beautified by complexion specialists. The process is, however, costly and somewhat painful. A hair from the head of the subject is threaded on a fine needle and then sewed into the eyelid, where it takes root. It is then trimmed and curled daily until it assumes naturally the proper curve.



THE prospect, my dear Diary, of a few weeks absolute rest, is all that is at present suggesting itself to me. It is quite sad too, for I have really nothing very interesting to do. Most of the girls are busy having new clothes made, and the old ones turned and twisted to reappear with new chiffon or lace or gauze to hide the wrinkles, as Aunt Sybil puts it. I never do that; mamma says she considers it her duty to give a certain amount every year to the poor and needy. If my wardrobe be scantier than the other girls, I always think to myself in a nice virtuous sort of way, that my suffering is possibly giving some other girl a great deal of pleasure. So each year Leila and I get a certain number of really new gowns and all others are relegated to mamma for her less fortunate families. Aunt Sybil has a fad at present for making ties. She is going to make fifty for the Maple Hall Fair, which will take place in November. So many of the girls are creating pillows and sachets and all those nice useful 'Fair' things that are inexpensive in themselves, but greatly enlarge the receipts of the Fair. I shall be glad when the time comes to dress dolls for Christmas. That is such fun, and as a rule, there is so much competition in a work of that sort. Sewing is to be very fashionable this winter, I believe, but until Lent I really do not see my way to go to sewing circles. I want to put in a good hour every day on the golf links. Besides the game, this season, a lot of us are endeavoring to arrange to have three big luncheons a week out there. They get up an excellent menu, and somehow a meal at a club, especially when there are all girls, is infinitely more fun than one at home. Why such is the case I have never yet discovered, except that perhaps it is less formal.

GOLF AT SAN RAFAEL.

Notwithstanding the fact that the contests are all over for the year '99, a great number of the San Rafaelites still go out day after day and work hard at the game. The Hagers are at the Rafael now, and Ethel and Helen Dean play a good deal together. Ella and Therese Morgan have much fun over their games, for Therese has made wonderful progress this summer, and is quite ready to enter a contest against Ella. Therese has not yet, however, managed to acquire her sister's fine swing. We had great fun the other afternoon and evening at the dance given by Admiral and Mrs. Kautz on the *Iowa*. There were such a jolly crowd on board, and when I really want a perfect partner I always choose a navy man. Mrs. Kautz is an excellent hostess and has the happy faculty of inviting people who enjoy dancing thoroughly. I have quite a crush at present on David Selleso; he is a dear chap, and I have heard on good authority that he likes San Francisco girls tremendously much. Jack Babcock was also very nice to me, and he has such a winning way about him. I don't think I have told you very much about Gerald Rathbone lately. He and I are again very good friends, and we are to assume our old relations of last winter—that means I keep three "two-steps" for him at every dance during the season.

WEDDINGS.

I have just received an invitation from the Osgood Hookers to go to Genevieve Goad's wedding. It is good to see their house once again. It is so big and well adapted for entertaining. I often think of the fun Leila used to have at Ella's parties. Very few people had as jolly dinners as Mrs. Goad always contrived to give. Genevieve is having some charming clothes in her trousseau and is so happy. Andrew Martin looks well, too. I believe the climate of Santa Barbara has benefitted him very much.

The Burlingame people are beginning to think of returning to town. That is, those who do not live there all the year round. I was in Menlo last week at the Hopkins place. It was lovely down there and we had lots of driving about. I am so fond of Helen and and Edna, and think Georgia will be just as great a favorite as the other girls. Caro Crockett and Mary Scott came over quite frequently. I feel so sorry to think Mr. Alexander's father died, for he was such a spleudid man. I also feel sorry for Mary Crocker, for her aunt, belng in mourning now, cannot give her so good a time as she wishes. Of course Mrs. Mills will entertain a great deal and Mary will have fun. I am afraid she may find an Eastern man who may win her heart, and for my part I think a quite sufficient number of our girls have succumbed to the charm of Eastern men. It seems curious, too, for I have not found them one whit more attractive than the nice ones we have here. However, there is no accounting for taste.

MISS CRICKET.

TEAS AND ENGAGEMENTS.

I forgot to tell you, Diary dear, about the tea Kate Salisbury gave on Tuesday in honor of her prospective niece, Azalea Keyes. It was a small informal affair, just Kate's particular friends and kinsfolk. All came about 4 o'clock and left at 5:30. Mrs. Salisbury told us that the Fortnightly's are to be continued. Ofcourse Mrs. Blanding will no longer take an active part. Mrs. Collier, Mrs. Salisbury, Mrs. Pierce, and one other lady whose name I have forgotten, are to engineer them this year. Miss Alys Miller's Fortnightly's are to be given in Lunt's Hall this year, and all the yonnger crowd are to belong. Mrs. Farnsworth, Mrs. Davenport, Mrs. Dutton, Mrs. Moore and Mrs. Lawlor are the patronesses. Mr. Greenway's cotillions are, I believe, a thing of the past. It seems a most tremendous pity, for they were *the* dances, and had a cachet all their own. Leila said that she is glad we two came out in the old regime, for in years to come it will be so pleasant to think we made our debut at a "Friday Night," in the days when time has glossed over the deficiencies and we shall only remember the fun.

Elsie Hecht is engaged to Mr. Weil, Max McNutt's partner. I don't know him, but Max says he is a very nice sort of chap. Elsie is a very jolly girl, but somehow I expected her to marry into the Gerstle connections. It seems the proper thing for a Hecht to do. Ruth McNutt is improving very materially, and expects to be as well as ever before long. I wonwill she be engaged before she makes her debut, as a few of this year's debutantes are already, of course, unannounced engagements. Well, Diary dear, adieu. Your ever devoted,

MISS CRICKET.

THERE was an unusually pretty wedding at Alameda on the evening of September 12th, when Miss Sarah Wright Harnden became Mrs. James Austen Wilder of Honolulu. The ceremony was performed under a great oak tree in the grounds of the bride's mother, Mrs. F. A. Harnden, whose home is one of the oldest on the Encinal. Fifteen years ago the two who were married last Tuesday had cut their initials together in the bark of this old tree. Gleaming white canvas was stretched about the place, and among the branches of the oak were tiny electric lights shining rosily through soft-colored shades. In a corner of the cottage veranda a string orchestra was placed, and during the strains of "Hawaii Ponoi" the national anthem, the groom and his groomsman, David Goodrich of New York, one of the Rough Riders, a well-known Harvard athlete, and Mr. Wilder's studio chum in Paris, joined the Rev. G. R Dodson at the foot of the oak. From the shadow of the veranda Miss Griswold sang "Calm as the Night," and then while the orchestra played a sweet old English ballad, the bride came to the edge of the enclosure. Her dress was of white taffeta silk, with yoke and sleeves of ruched chiffon, without veil or flowers. The groom, meeting her, brought her to the clergyman, who united them by the simple, convincing service of the Unitarian Church. After the ceremony, refreshments were served under the tree and in the house, where the brilliant wedding gifts were shown. Mr. and Mrs. Wilder have gone to Honolulu via Vancouver for a month's visit with Mr. Wilder's family, after which they go to Paris for several years, where he is studying art at Julian's famous school.

New Poetry

Paul Krueger.

DEEP mournful eyes that seek the ground
The devious path to trace;
The giant form of Lincoln, crowned
By Cromwell's grosser face;
Coarse rustic garb, of uncouth cut,
That masks each mighty limb;
Its shapeless folds the ready butt
Of Europe's jesters trim.

So much the crowd can see; the rest
Ask critics clearer-eyed:
So rough a scabbard leaves unguessed
How keen the blade inside;
The trenchant will, the subtle brain
So strangely doomed to wage
With Destiny's still climbing main
The hopeless war of Age.

His kindred are a rugged brood
That nurse a dying fire;
The sons of Calvin's bitter mood,
And sterner than their sire.
By faith through trackless deserts steered,
Lost miles of lonely sand,
Far from the intruding world they feared,
They found their Promised Land.

By such grim guardians tutored well
His Spartan childhood grew.
The wind-trail of the fleet gazelle,
The lion's path he knew.
The camp surprised at dawn, the rush
Of feet, the crackling smoke,
When on the sleeping laager's hush
The sudden Kaffir broke.

Nay, once, 'tis said, when Vaal in flood
Had barred the hunter's way,
And 'mid its swollen current stood
A wounded buck at bay;
While some before the brute drew back,
And some before the wave;
Striding that torrent's foaming track
The mercy stroke he gave.

A stream more rapid and more wide
His strength has stemmed since then;
Called from the plodding team to guide
The starker wills of men:
Chance-prenticed to so new a trade,
Unlettered and unschooled.
The clod-bred clownish peasant made,
No less, a realm, and ruled.

Yet through that realm he still sustains
Against an Empire's might;
And with untiring skill maintains
The so unequal fight;
He buys his victories all too dear
Whose foes have Time for friend:
Each fatal triumph brings more near
The inevitable end.

Haply the hoarse-voiced guns must close
The long debate at last,
Ere the young Future can compose
Its quarrel with the Past:
Natheless, our England unashamed
May greet a foeman true
Of her own stubborn metal framed:
For She is iron too.

Edward Sydney Tyler.—*The Spectator.*

Josiar and Loweezy.

I never forgit the day
That we went out a-walkin';
An' sot down on the river bank,
An' kept on hours a-talkin'.
He twisted up my apron string,
An' folded it together,
An' said he thought for harvest time
'Twas cur'us kind of weather.

The sun went down as we sot there;
Joriar seemed uneasy,
And mother—she began to call,
"Loweezy! Oh, Loweezy!"
An' then Josiar spoke right up,
As I was just a-startin',
An' said, "Loweezy, what's the use
Of us two ever partin'?"

It kind o' took me by surprise,
An' yet I knew 'twas comin'
I heard it all the summer long
In every wild bee's hummin';
I'd studied out the way I'd act;
But la! I couldn't do it.
I meant to hide my love from him;
But seems as if he knew it,
An' lookin' down into my eyes,
He must 'a' seen the fire;
An' ever since that hour I've loved
An' worshiped my Josiar.

—*Lewiston Journal.*

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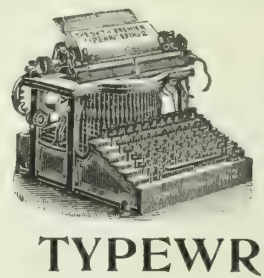

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MULLIGAN

"NOW that we've got a front yard and a back yard and acres of vacant lots all around and an ocean down at the foot of the street, I'm going to put that long-standing threat into execution and get a dog," said Pinckney to Mrs. Pinckney when the new family plant at Bensonhurst had simmered down to order early in June.

Mrs. Pinckney sighed drearily. Mrs. Pinckney's family had included a large number of brothers, each of whom had possessed a dog from early youth.

"I was afraid it would come," she said, gloomily. "I have been hopiug against hope. I thought that something might direct your mind away from such an idea—er—consideration for the children, or the cook, or"—

"Bulldogs don't eat children or cooks," interrupted Pinckney, calmly. "In so far as bulldogs are birds of prey, they prey upon their own kind. When it comes to a continuous performance of attending to his own business strictly and exclusively—unless he's nagged, of course—a bulldog can give any other animal now classed in our—er—our fauna, cards and spades and big casino and then get first money by twelve lengths. Moreover, the bulldog that I've got my eye on is a baby."

"Oh," said Mrs. Pinckney, yielding a little, "of course a cute little puppy would'nt be so bad, but—"

"I didn't say anything about a cute little puppy," said Pinckney. "I remarked that the bow-legged proposition I've had spotted for the last few weeks is a baby, if ever there was—"

"That you've had spotted?" inquired Mrs. Pinckney, with a mystified expression. "Who ever heard of an artificially spotted baby dog? Aren't you afraid the spots might rub off on the children's frocks when they are romping with the—the spotted baby dog? Or are the spots indelible, and if so how are they put—"

"Wait a minute," interrupted Pinckney. "What I wanted to say is that the dog I've picked out is a corker."

"Corker?" put in Mrs. Pinckney. "Is that one of those new faddy breeds? Don't you mean a Yorkshire?"

"Didn't I say a while back that the particular breed of dog I've nailed is a bulldog, and that—"

"Nailed? Oh, then you're going to get one of those stuffed and mounted dogs like—"

Pinckney sat up in the hammock and regarded Mrs, Pinckney steadly before he spoke.

"No," said he finally, I am not going to bring home a stuffed and mounted dog, nor a stuffed and mounted walrus. I'm going to incorporate within the limits of this domain a full-grown, real, sure-enough, alive bulldog. Jack Minto's got him down at his Bay Ridge place for me now. Been keeping him for me until I got this shack into working shape. Bought him two weeks ago. He's got a pedigree—the dog, not Jack—as long as your arm. Wait'll you see him."

Mrs. Pinckney remained silent.

"It's been the dream of my life," Pinckney went on eloquently, "to get a plant of my own where I could keep a bulldog. I'd rather have a bulldog than a yacht or a special car any day. A bulldog's all I need to make me deliriously happy. Wait'll you see him, that's all."

Still Mrs. Pinckney remained silent.

"Need a watchdog down here, anyhow," continued Pinckney. "All the fellows that move down here get dogs. Filkins, across the way, thinks that scrappy fox terrier of his is the whole thing. Well, when I bring Mulligan along"——

"Mulligan?" inquired Mrs. Pinckney.

"Yep, Mulligan," said Pinckney. "My dog's name, you know. Mulligan. Great name, isn't it? He looks the part, too. Born on St. Patrick's Day, and that's how they happened to give him that harp name. Well, when I fetch Mulligan along, Filkins'll think that perky mutt 'o his—well, just wait'll you see him, that's all."

Pinckney brought Mulligan along the next afternoon when he came from the city, with the aid of a spiked collar and a half-inch steel chain. Mrs. Pinckney was rocking on the front porch when Pinckney came along, dragging Mulligan. She called to the housemaid to corral all the children in the nursery and lock them up therein.

"What you'd call a peach, isn't he?" inquired Pinckney, hauling Mulligan inside the gate.

Mrs. Pinckney was behind the screen door.

"Come on out and play with him," said Pinckney. "What you afraid of? He's as gentle as a rabbit. He'll eat off your hand."

"Or your foot," interrupted Mrs. Pinckney, sententiously. "I can see him all right from here."

Mulligan was white, with the exception of liver spots on both sides of his body and one over his left eye. He was intensely bow-legged in front. He was composed chiefly of muscular fore-quarters and head. The rest of him was merely a detail. His eyes were precisely round and so bloodshot that they looked like red flannel with a hard oil finish. His muzzle was of the hue of a chocolate caramel, and two long yellow tusks protruded from his upper jaw below his loose lower lip. His ears were little or nothing. He had a habit of regarding the world with a sidewise set of the head.

"He may not be as cute or as sweet as a toy spaniel," said Pinckney, "because he's just all dog, and as such he doesn't have to put on any lugs. But he's as inoffensive and harmless as a chipmunk—hey! Hi, there! Confound that idiotic Jobson dog—you Mulligan, come back here! Hang it all, Jobson values that cur of his at five hundred, and when Mulligan gets through with him there won't be enough left—help me, you fellows, will you?"

x

Mulligan had seen the Jobson collie nosing along on the other side of the street, and he had gone over the fence so suddenly that Pinckney's hold on the steel chain didn't amount to a bunch of figs. Mulligan had the Jobson collie in six jumps. There wasn't anything to it, as the racing folks say, but Mulligan. Mulligan was on top from start to finish. The finish was brought about with the aid of six men who lived in the neighborhood, not counting Jobson, the owner of the collie, and Pinckney, the owner of Mulligan. Mulligan's head was dented with clubs considerably, but he didn't seem to be much inconvenienced thereby. He had about reduced the collie's right foot to pulp when the bucket brigade was formed. While all hands poured water over the two dogs, Pinckney tugged at Mulligan's chain, and finally pulled him off the whining collie.

"You'll pay for this, Pinckney!" said Jobson—hitherto they had been playing whist together every night—as Pinckney was leading Mulligan off with the chain wrapped around both arms.

"The dickens you say!" replied Pinckney. "What do you let your blasted mutt roam around loose for? My dog was in my yard, minding his business when your brute sniffed at him from across the street. Saw it myself. And who's going to pay me for those welts you put on my dog's head with a club? Hey? Pay nothing! Your dog was looking for trouble and he got it, good and plenty."

That was the beginning of the feud, which soon extended to all the female members and connections of both families. Thereafter Pinckney and Jobson passed each other by without a word when they met on the station platform, and when they met at the club they both said "Huh!" under their breath.

Mulligan was tied up in the back yard after that first scrap, and he made himself at home. The children went out into the back yard and romped with him when Mrs. Pinckney wasn't looking, and they got on famously with him. Mulligan wasn't playful, but he permitted the little one's to pull his ears and maul him about without ever a growl. He preserved his dignity. He was mashed beyond all redemption on Pinckney in less than a week, and Pinckney reciprocated the affection. Pinckney spent the first half hour after he got home every day talking to Mulligan in the back yard. During these interviews Mulligan sat and regarded Pinckney with his head very much on one side, and wagged his stump of a tail appreciatively.

"Think I'll turn Mulligan loose for a little spell," said Pinckney when he got back from the city one afternoon, ten days after Mulligan's imprisonment in the back yard. "He's got used to his quarters now and he'll behave."

Mrs. Pinckney regarded the experiment dubiously from behind the back screen door. Pinckney unsnapped the chain, and Mulligan looked up at him with a grateful expression in his little round blood-shot eyes.

"Come on out to the front yard, old chap," said Pinckney, and Mulligan followed obediently after him. Then Pinckney sat down on the front porch steps and began to teach Mulligan to sit up. A short shrill bark came from across the street, and Pinckney tried to grab Muiligan by the collar. He wasn't quick enough. Mulligan was over the picket fence in a bound, and four seconds later Filkins, who was sitting under a tree in his front yard reading a paper had to look on while his prized fox terrier was being eaten. Mulligan had taken enough mouthfuls out of the fox terrier to reduce materially the Filkins dog's weight before Filkins and Pinckney and four neighbors pried him loose. Filkins ran for a dog doctor. The dog doctor pieced the fox terrier together and said that the dog had an even chance to live.

x

About a week later Mulligan broke his chain, went over the Pinckney front fence, and shook the life out of one of the Filkins' kittens that was playing outside the Filkins' front fence. Pickney wasn't at home at the time, but a black man who happened to be passing corralled Mulligan and hobbled him in the Pinckney backyard again. Then the black man jumped over to where Filkins was jumping up and down, growling maledictions against the whole Pinckney tribe, biped and quadruped, to the first generation.

"He all's uh putty likely dog, suh," said the black man to Filkins.

Filkins's reply couldn't be printed in a family newspaper.

"But Ah's got de baby dat kin do him," went on the black man.

Filkins pricked up his ears instantly.

"You have, have you?" said he to the black man. "Well, it's $20 in your clothes, and no questions, if you fetch that baby around here."

"Does dey evuh tuhn dis heah dog loose, so's mah baby kin git at 'im?" inquired the black man.

"No, not often," replied Filkins, "but the man that owns him—that Pinckney across the street—fools around with him in his front yard every evening about this time. Keeps a-hold of the chain, though."

"Dat's all right 'bout de chain, suh," said the black man, with a grin. "Ah'll be heah wit' mah baby 'bout dis time to-morrow evenin.'"

At about the same hour the next evening Filkins was sitting in his front yard, waiting for something to happen. Pinckney, with his hand wound around Mulligan's chain, was teaching Mulligan some tricks in his front yard. A ramshackle express wagon, driven by a black man, drove up in front of Filkins. The black man reached under the seat and pulled something therefrom. He dropped the something to the ground. The something was a huge battered tomcat that looked as if it had frequently been run over by the brewery wagons. It carried the scars of many battles. It was bald in many spots and one of its ears was absent. The black man looked dreamily up the street. Mulligan got his eye on the cat that stood in the middle of the road licking its patchy fur. Mulligan broke away from Pinckney, leaped the fence, bore down on the cat—and then it happened. Mulligan wasn't one, two, three at any stage of the route, from flagfall to finish. Mulligan was blind in both eyes before he knew what he had stacked up against, and was yelping and rubbing his damaged orbs with his forepaws in the middle of the road. Then the cat went at him from the rear, and when it was all over Pinckney had to lead a blind bulldog to a box in his back yard. Filkin's shouts of joy could have been heard a block. While Pinckney was depositing his punctured canine phenomenon in his back yard, Filkins handed the black man a new, crisp twenty dollar bill and wrung the black man's hand cordially. The black man reached down, picked up his cat, that was complacently licking its patchy fur in the middle of the road, and drove off.

When Pinckney moved back to the city from Bensonhurst last week the doctor in charge of Mulligan held out some hope that one of Mulligan's eyes might be preserved.—*N. Y. Sun.*

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NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT—GOULD & CURRY SILVER MINING COMPANY.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Virginia City, Storey Co., Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 31st day of August, 1899, an assessment (No. 87) of fifteen (15) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room No. 69, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 4th day of Octobor, 1899, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Wednesday the 25th day of October, 1899, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors. ALFRED K. DURBROW, Secretary.

Office, room No. 69, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF MARY MCKENNA, DECEASED.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Jane Daly, Executrix of the last will of Mary McKenna, deceased, to the creditors, of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Jane Daly, Executrix, at the offices of Gavin McNab, Esq, her attorney, rooms 46 and 47, Mills building, the same being her place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. JANE DALY,

Executrix of the Estate of Mary McKenna, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, Sept. 12th, 1899.

GAVIN MCNAB,
Atty for Executrix.

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For Newport (Los Angeles) and Way Ports, 9 a. m. Sept. 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29, Oct. 3, and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 a.m. Sept. 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, Oct. 1, and every fourth day thereafter.

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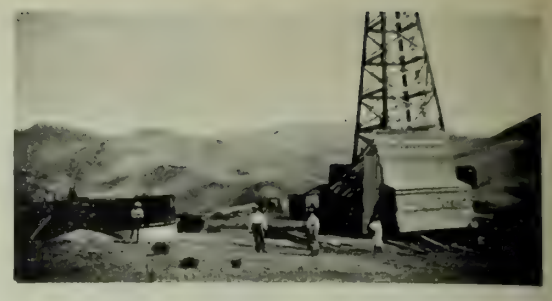
Wendell Easton and a Company of Oil Men Examining the Field



Confidence Derrick—Showing the Lay of the Land

CHARACTERISTIC VIEWS IN THE OIL REGION.

THE OIL INDUSTRY

ONE of the most important features in conjuntion with the future of the oil industry is the education of the respective consumers of fuel oil in the most efficient methods of securing the highest returns in heat units from the liquid fuel. The success or failure of fuel oil depends upon an intelligent knowledge of the best system of burning the oil, and the use of the best burners for that purpose. When natural gas first became a commercial factor in the great manufacturing district of Pittsburg and its environs, its use was greatly retarded by ignorance of the best methods of utilizing the gaseous fuel. There were many manufacturers at the outset who fitted up their furnaces with crude appliances and entrusted the combustion problem to unskilled laborers. The results, perforce, were not satisfactory, and numerous consumers, becoming disgusted thereat, returned to the use of coal. It was not long, however, before the results in heat units obtained by certain shrewd and conservative manufacturers, who made a careful study of the fuel problem and utilized the best appliances, became generally known to the manufacturing world, and it was their success that revolutionized the fuel question in Western Pennsylvania and ushered in a wonderful era of prosperity for the Iron City. Hundreds of manufacturers in other sections of the country were forced to remove their plants to the Pittsburg district, and within the short space of three years the horse-power energy of that section was nearly doubled. The same conditions now face the manufacturers of San Francisco, but they are in a position to profit by the experience of Pittsburg and avoid the mistakes which at the start stood in the way of the ideal use of oil fuel. San Francisco, however, has a distinct advantage in the use of cheap fuel to develop her manufacturing industries, not alone in the high price of coal, but also by reason of her geographical position. It only remains for California manufacturers to carefully and intelligently study the proper appliances for the most perfect combustion of this oil fuel.

* *

It should be borne in mind that the oil south of Tehachipi ranges between 18° and 24° Beaume, while that flowing from the wells of the valley counties in the central section of the State, ranges from 28° to 38° Beaume. It is said that the oil from the south is the best fuel oil—and this claim is made by many who should know better—is not well founded. In fact the contrary is true, but both oils have remarkable values when consumed with the proper appliances. In other words, the lighter oils require different mechanical devices for their efficient combustion than the heavier oils. There is but little satisfaction to be derived from attempting to fit a round plug into a square hole, and the man who is using light oils should be provided with appropriate appliances and not expect to use the same appliances that are needed for heavier grades of the Southern California oil. The manufacturers who contemplate the use of the fuel oil will do well to keep these facts in mind.

Partly Completed Rig, Royal Oil Co., Coalinga Dist.

The intending purchaser of ail stocks for speculative or investment purposes will do well to keep a wary eye on the numerous wildcat companies which are springing into life every day. Agents of certain of these companies have been showing samples of refined oils of the lower grades of distillation as the products of their wells, and count on the general unfamiliarity of the California public with the oil business to make the deception go. The methods adopted by the California Oil Exchange to investigate the claims and pretensions of all companies desiring to list their securities on the Exchange are thorough and crucial, and when the stock of a company has been listed by this exchange after running the gauntlet of a committee on securities composed of leading and conservative business men of the city, the investing public can rest assured that every safeguard has been provided for their protection.

* *

From recent results obtained from improved methods of distillation, it is a safe prediction to make that the day is not long distant when California oil of the lighter grades will become a potential factor in the refining field. Instead of a residual product of parafine, which is the case with Pennsylvania petroleum, the California oil yields, or rather can be made to yield, a residual product of chemically pure asphaltum. Utilized for the commercial purposes for which lampblack is marketed, this fine by-product will readily bring eight and ten cents a pound. The *Wave* will enter into the merits of this refining problem, in extenso, later on.

* *

The new rigs going up in the Oil City district are 74 feet high as against the old derricks 50 feet in height. This means that companies drilling for oil in that section realize that it is well to have the appliances for deep hole operations. While there has been a great deal of secrecy among the big producers at Oil City as to the depth at which the flowing wells there reached the oil sand, the fact that high derricks and casing in large sizing is the rule there, since the era of big wells, is an all-sufficient pointer. Several of the original wells in the district, and the first ones were shallow ones, will shortly be drilled deeper. As a matter of fact, the company that sinks shallow wells in that section is after dimes when dollars are in sight. The big gushers there range from 1,400 to 1,800 feet in depth, and they are stayers. Very little has yet been accomplished towards extending the limits of the Oil City field, but there is enough light in sight to guide an oil man to the opinion that the Fresno field, with its contiguous territory, is one of the greatest oil fields in the world. The wildcat wells which have been sunk in the Fresno district do not count for much in the way of giving any idea of the trend of the main oil sand. Out of eight or ten wells which have been drilled, only one reached a depth of 800 feet—a depth that virtually means nothing in a district where flowing wells are reached at 1,400 and 1,800 feet. It looks very much as if some one would make a lot of money if a hole is drilled in along southerly lines from Oil City, and were drilled deep enough to reach the 200 foet strata of oil sand, which has made millionaires out of the lucky holders of Section 20.

* *

One of the alluring elements in connection with the gradually increasing oil development in the Fresno district and the adjoining counties is the prospective construction of a pipe line to tidewater. There are several projects under consideration. A pipe line from the Oil City district to the seaboard westerly to reach a harbor means 125 miles of pipe with three or four pumping stations. On the other hand, a pipe line from Coalinga to the San Joaquin river would require only eighty miles of pipe, and would likewise have the advantage of passing through several sections that are very promising as future oil districts. As there can be no question as to the magnitude of the oil industry, the capitalists who are first in the field will reap the harvest in pipage charges. At the present time it costs 42 cents a barrel to ship oil from Coalinga to San Francisco, to which must be added the seepage charge of ten cents per barrel from the wells to the racks on the railroad line. Piping oil at ten cents per barrel from the wells to tidewater would yield a handsome revenue. Lines have already been run in the interest of capitalist by surveyors from Coalinga to the coast, and also from Oil City to the San Joaquin river.

* *

Several oil companies in the Oil City district have their rigs up and are ready to start the drill as quick as they can obtain a supply of water. Captain McClay has sunk a well 250 feet in the valley, and has tapped a strong vein of water which he is arranging to pump to parties in Section 20 who are waterless. The Selma Oil Company, the Mutual and Phoenix are among the waiters. The Royal Oil Company in Section 19, have their rig up and will have water connection in a few days, when the bull wheel will begin to make music. The property of the Royal and the Oil City Company is in the right belt, and as the companies will both put down deep holes, it will not be long before reports will be received from Fresno County of moce big flowing wells that will astonish California.

* *

The Fresno oil districts, like the districts in the southern end of the State, are badly in need of experienced drillers and tool dressers. A great many of these so-called drillers ought to be carrying the hod. In some cases where a body of salt water is struck they don't know how to case it off and the well has to be abandoned. In other instances they measure for the salt water break with the cable, forgetting that it has been stretched fifteen or twenty feet by the string of tools. It is an easy task to fasten the nailer to the sand line and find out exactly where the water is located, and make provision accordingly.

* *

The Southern Pacific Company has within the past two weeks contracted for the delivery of thirty-five thousand barrels of oil per month, and will use the same for fuel purposes on their engines. The officials of this great corporation have signified their intention, as soon as they are assured of the permanency of a prolific oil supply, to convert all their engines in the State of California into oil burners. The Santa Fe road in Southern California now consumes one thousand barrels of oil daily on their engines in that section, and are steadily increasing their consumption. Their saving, all told, amounts to betwen 40 and 50 per cent. as compared with the use of coal. The Santa Fe railway owns a production of four hundred barrels per diem, and is steadily increasing the same. The Santa Fe is purchasing oil land very extensively in other sections of the State.

* *

The Pioneer Pipe Line Company of Coalinga is a corporation that is a big money maker. The company owns a three-inch line from Oil City to Coalinga that cost possibly $20,000 and has tankage for 3,000 barrels. They charge ten cents per barrel for piping oil nine miles and have a contract with the Oil City producers running for ten years. The average runs of oil from the wells at the present time are 3,000 barrels per day, giving an income of $300 per diem.

**

The day is certain to come with cheap fuel when the Coast will have an extensive pipe plant. The present high price on casing, and the added cost of transportation from the East, are big inducements for the establishment of this manufacturing interest here. The present era of prosperity in the iron trade, promises, by reason of enlarging foreign markets and improved American methods, to last for many years.

**

That well over at Kreyenhagen, while it is only producing about fifteen barrels a day, is a puzzle to many oil sharps. The oil is a different grade from that of Coalinga, and by some is considered as rich in lubricating oil. This well is only down 970 feet, and good judges are confident that deeper wells there will reveal some sensational results.

**

There has been a good deal of activity lately with regard to the Newhall district. The wells in this district rank among the pioneer producers of the coast, and they have been steady producers for many years. Shrewd Pennsylvania oil men have been angling for land in this section, and fancy prices on mountain real estate have been quoted.

It can safely be predicted that the wells of the greatest producing power and longevity in California will be found in the second and third sands. This has generally been found to be the case in Pennsylvania, and companies intending to bore wells will follow the dictates of prudence if they start with a sixteen-inch hole.

* *

The oil indications in the vicinity of Parkfield, Monterey County, just now are engaging a good deal of attention among the pioneers. Two wells are going down in the neighborhood of Fisher's Canyon and the lumber is on the road for a third rig. There are heavy oil seepages in that section of the country.

**

The Central Oil Company of Whittier, with a score of wells, is turning out 7,000 barrels per month of good oil, which they are selling at $1.25 per barrel at the wells. There is no doubt that this company could materially increase its production by sinking deeper wells.

* *

The engines of the Southern Pacific which have been converted to the use of oil use only nine hundred gallons of the fluid fuel per diem. This is a cut of one hundred gallons per diem on the fuel bills of the Santa Fe road.

**

The Santa Barbara Oil Company have made some good fuel oil contracts in San Francisco in the past two weeks. This company has been making a reputation for supplying clean oil.

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Crowds Watching the Siege of "Fort Chabrol"

"Fort Chabrol," where Guerin is Defying the Police

SIEGE OF FORT CHABROL IN PARIS.

The Affair Guerin.

AN OLD, solid house in the respectable *bourgeoise* quarter of Paris, a jam in the street at either end; a long, clear space a respectable distance in front and both ways down the paved street, guarded on all the edges by a cordon of police, and a stir and commotion in all the region around this quiet, sinister center of disturbance—that is the spectacle which has kept the native population guessing and the foreigners laughing the past fortnight. For it is unexpressibly comic, to an outsider, this *affaire Guerin*; it has the essential feature of comedy in the seriousness with which the characters take themselves. Think of it, in a land of lynchings and sheriffs' posses, where a malefactor who defies its rough-and-ready law and order is run to earth and picked off with a Winchester—think of one bawling, bluffy, windy agitator, sitting at the windows of his home with a small revolver and defying a regiment to take him! Think of a police cordon, which cannot even cut off the supply of provisions from one house! For it is no secret that the citadel is well provisioned; some say through a secret entrance, some say by the connivance of the police. But yesterday, two flashy duchesses of the *demi monde* got past the first line of defenses in a carriage loaded with provisions concealed under flowers, begging the privilege of presenting a floral tribute to the "deliverer of France." They passed, as I have said, the gendarmes, but they were halted, when they had driven ahead in high feather, by the commander. Then followed a beautiful bit of French diplomacy. He would be charmed, he explained to the ladies, to permit them to testify their appreciation of M. Guerin, but he could not permit them to approach the house; could they not give one of his men the honor of laying the flowers upon the porch? The ladies were flattered, delighted at the honor, but monsieur knew that M. Guerin would be much more appreciative of the honor if it came from the hands of the givers; surely, they had no wish to displease the authorities, not at all, monsieur, but— The captain took a new tack. Certainly he would be charmed. enr-r-raptured, to give the ladies that pleasure, but there must be some little inspection, just for form's sake, because if they were permitted to carry such things through the lines, certain ill-meaning malfactors might— Oh, without doubt, the ladies would only be too excessively happy to submit to anything which would please monsieur, the captain, but could he not see that it might injure the flowers to have them tossed about? He would not, surely he would not—here one of them bestowed upon him a gaze which has drawn diamonds out of half the gilded youth of Paris—refuse them that small consideration. Therefore the captain, finding himself near to yielding, got up his nerve with a spurt, motioned to his men, and unearthed two loaves of bread and sundry boiled hams. There was nothing diplomatic in the remarks made by the relief party as it drove away in defeated splendor.

"The most dangerous man in France" they called him before he kicked up his latest disturbance. It is a proof of the evil days on which the third Republic has fallen that the danger of France should come from this bawling demagogue. I saw a little of him before he withdrew thus forcibly from public view, if not from public thought, at those peculiar social affairs—"smokers" we would call them—which are a part of his far-reaching anti-Semitic organization. A strong man, physically, tall, thick-set, fierce of eye, energetic of movement, awful in anger, in which condition he is steeped about half his time, is this quack who would doctor poor, sick France. Most of his days, before he took upon himself his present enforced idleness, were passed in denunciation—denouncing anything and everything Semetic. For he is a tremendous worker; he has conducted the affairs of the Anti-Semetic League and edited the "*Anti-Juif*" this past year, and done both perversely well, after a fashion of his own. He has made the League a huge social organization; these smokers of his, wherein the fanatics of his crusade smoke, and chat, drink, sing the Marseillaise and are uproriously and turbulently happy, are the models for similar entertainments among the Jew-baters of France. It is the principle of the church social interpreted in French terms.

It is all flashy, and theatrical, and thoroughly Latin. The League, with its watchword "*N'atchetez rien aux Juifs*" (buy nothing of the Jews), announces that it is preparing to defend itself by arms if necessary. It has a fencing-master, a doctor, an attorney, all working "for love of the cause," without fees. In its headquarters is a veritable arsenal; a rack of pistols hangs behind the chair of the agitator, who announces that if anyone attacks him he will bury him in the garden. Only the week before the police blockaded him, a mob surrounded his carriage; he leaped out and attacked them with voice and fist like a Tipperary Irishman. And this cheap demagogue is the chief danger to the Republic. Poor sick France!

HENRY RAYMOND.

Grand Opening of the Sutter Street Market.

The grand musical opening of the new Sutter Street Market on Saturday last was largely attended, and was a success in every particular. The crowd, which packed every aisle of the new and tasteful quarters, was loud in its praises of the interior decorations, which combine convenience with a dainty and attractive appearance. All the departments are easy of access, and the provisions are arranged in a charming and suggestive way for buyers. It is a great convenience to the neighborhood, which has hitherto been without adequate market facilities, and the capable management under which each and every department is conducted is sure to attract custom from the best class of buyers. Its location, at 310-312 Sutter street, is a convenient one, as it is near to all the car lines and in the center of the city.

While the whole market is a model of scrupulous cleanliness, efficiency and thoroughly up to date business methods, certain departments are worthy of special mention. Mrs. Schurbohm, who conducts the delicatessen department, is a famous cook. In her stall, one of the best of its kind in the city, all kinds of French and German delicacies may be had, freshly cooked and in great variety. Mr. James, the wholesale and retail butcher, supplies the choicest cuts of fresh Government-inspected meats in his stall, one of the daintiest and most spacious in the entire market. Messrs. Honel & Delbe have a full assortment of staple and fancy groceries, and are leaders for butter, eggs, cheese and coffee. Their exhibit of fruits, vegetables and nuts attracted great attention on the opening night. Paladini is the pioneer fish dealer of the city, and a large owner of fishing vessels. His stock of fish is caught under his own supervision, and he supplies the leading dealers of the city. Mr. P. Murphy is an experienced game and poultry dealer, who has long had the best people of San Francisco on the list of his patrons. "Everything in season and of the very best" is his motto.

Finally the management, which means everything to a composite affair of this kind, is in the hands of Messrs. James and Honel, whose well-known efficiency makes the market a sure and certain success from the very beginning.

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Wanted: A Native Play.

SOMETHING ABOUT AMERICAN ATTEMPTS AT THE DRAMA.

IT IS a bad time for the native dramatists. Wherever players, would-be playwrights, first-nighters and all others interested in the theatre are wont to gather, the talk turns to the absorbing question of the Great American Play. We have waited for that production for twenty years, and the prospect is growing more and more discouraging. We had just one that amounted to anything last season—"Nathan Hale." Otherwise, there has been a blank slate for five years.

The truth is that we are in an intermediate stage. The familiar situations, characters, atmospheres, on which the older attempts were built, are fast passing away. The units which make up national life are being fused into a whole, and the whole is not yet distinct enough to be caught by the dramatist. There have been, in the past, about four types of national character available for stage treatment—the Yankee, the Southerner, the Westerner, and the Bowery tough. Add to this the negro, available for farces and vaudeville sketches, and you have the puppets for the American play of the past. Some few have tackled the Indian, it is true, but with notorious unsuccess. Now, these types are fading. The West is rolling back before the steam plough; the Yankee has been to Harvard, the South has outgrown the war, without some reference to which any Southern drama was as nothing, and the Bowery is on the decline. Fairly interesting plays with no literary value, but with some dramatic power have been built on all these themes, but there are none, absolutely none, which have outlasted their first two or three seasons—if you except that Great American Joke, "Uncle Tom's Cabin." We are not yet far enough from our history to view it in artistic perspective—if anyone doubts that, "Nathan Hale" ought to convince him. And we have not yet made a single "dress suit drama" of American life which has been worth the trouble. If you listen to my humble opinion, the Great American Drama aforesaid will be many, many years coming. Neither the endowed theatre for which we have heard so many pleas nor experimental theatres devoted to American dramas on the order of the one recently instituted in Chicago will avail until we have a national life strong, vital and distinctive enough to admit of dramatic treatment. And no merely exotic encouragement can possibly make up for the defect.

Looking back over the old play-bills, stored as precious documents in the New York theaters, it is surprising to see how early our managers and playwrights tried to encourage home talent. There is some dispute about the first strictly native play; it was probably one of those sketches of negro life which held the boards in the crude barns that did service for theaters in the last century. So that the "ragtime" craze can show an earlier origin than the more respected style of Daly's or Wallack's. In 1825, however, came the first "movement." In that year the stage Yankee, a type that dominated for three decades, was evolved. This came about in "The Forest Rose," in which play one Simpson took the leading role, a crude presentation of a Downeasterner. Subsequently Hackett the elder appropriated this part, as well as that of Solomon Swap and Paul Pry, in the later plays of the same cast. Of these only the names of the title role have come down to us. Then Dan Marble, a really clever actor whose fame is lost to this generation, starred in a series of these plays—"The Vermont Wood Dealer," Yankee Land" and "Family Ties." Later Joseph Jefferson made his first hit as a Yankee in Boucicault's "Octoroon." That play is occasionally acted in these days, and is the sole survivor of the Yankee period. Jefferson abandoned the *genre* after his first success, lured away by the superior attractions of "Rip Van Winkle." These plays and their successors went out of fashion in the metropolis along in the '50's, and thereafter dragged out an uncertain existence in the provinces. They got out to make way for the Southern drama which came into vogue about that time and was popular until the war made things from Dixie's Land unwelcome in the North.

None of these ante-bellum Southern plays have survived. We have only their names. "The Arkansaw Traveller" was the first, and, if we may judge from the run it had, the best. Others of the same sort ran awhile, and then the Wooly Western dime-novel play burst on New York and swept everything before it. It is a little curious that in the prim period of the war, when fashion ran to hoopskirts and hair-cloth furniture set close against the wall, and decorum and plush albums, that this untrammeled drama and not the society play should have ruled the boards, but nevertheless through all that period picturesque frontiersmen and pathetic and persecuted Indian princesses were about the only characters worth a native playwright's trouble. Then came the time of the heavy drama—"Ingomar," "Richlieu," Shakespere's plays, and the like; with these, the present summary has no dealings, as they are importations. "Davy Crockett," interpreted later on by Frank Mayo, came the nearest of the Western plays, to being something worth while. It was a wild, improbable melodrama—the main situation represents the hero using his arm as a bar to a broken doorlock to guard his ladylove against a pack of property wolves—but it had some touch of the true romance.

Those who heralded the exploitation of the Bowery Boy in "Chimmie Fadden" and in Steve Brodie's alleged plays as a new thing, should turn back to these old records and learn how, in the '40s, F. S. Chanfrau, another forgotten player, made unprecedented runs in the character of "Mose the Fireman." So successful was his first attempt that he followed it with several others strung on the same character like a series of "Rollo Books." "Mose in California," "Mose in a Muss," "Mose in China," ran on a descending scale of popularity until the vein was worked out. Once, indeed, he invaded London and made money at any rate, if he added nothing to the English drama.

The things are past; the types are fading out. The age of the new things has not yet come, nor will it come until we have some general type to stand for the American character and some new atmosphere to represent American life. And this is so far in the future that the next decade will see only a lengthened series of imported English and adapted French and German plays, with an occasional colorless attempt at historical writing.

DRAYTON.

New York, August 27.

THE THEATRES

A thoroughly enthusiastic audience greeted the opening of a third week for the new Alcazar stock company. The play had something to do with it, for it was the old, laughter-compelling favorite, "Too Much Johnson," but there was more than that back of the "standing-room" sign, for the present stock company is keeping up the pace it set the first week, and has proved itself the best all-round aggregation the little house on O'Farrel street has ever presented. There are none of the weak spots that have marred the performance in seasons gone by. Taking the summer just past for an example, Florence Roberts, White Whittlesey and Louis Morrison made a trio certainly better than anyone in the present company, but the others—I drop the veil of charity. I would not for the world make it harder for any of them to get a place. Their own acting is enough of a handicap. But the stage folk around Eugene Ormond and Gertrude Foster understood the business, and do work that is more than acceptable.

* *

The part of Billings, the arch-liar, calls for a quiet, cool presentation. Ormonde overdid the quiet of it, and made him appear simply lazy. The quiet extended even to his voice, so that three-fourths of his talk did not get to those back seats where the management sees fit to put the newspaper folk. Ormonde is capable of a better presentation of the character; his fault lies in a wrong conception. Also, speaking with a cigar in the mouth, although a distinctive piece of "business" good for a minute or two, loses its charm after it has run through a couple of acts. Gertrude Foster, in the role of the clinging, trustful wife, had no chance to show the roguish, but subdued vivacity which is the great charm of her acting. Nevertheless, she did a good piece of work. Charles King is always king, however he disguises himself, being an actor of one part, but that a good one—only monotony is tiresome. The rest were adequate, especially Helen Henry in the soubrette role.

* *

"Lohengrin" and "Otello" were so tremendously successful at the Tivoli last week, that the management, to the delight of the overworked chorus, has decided on a repeat—a rare thing at this play house. "Otello" suits the cast, Avedano in particular, better than anything else produced this season, and the Tivoli has been packed, partly on the strength of the production and partly because of the dearth of other first class attractions.

* *

The coming of Modjeska, who opens the Columbia's winter season next Monday, has an additional interest this year owing to the presentation of a new play by an American author, Gilbert Stuart's "Marie Antoinette." The subject has been presented on the stage before, but Mr. Stuart's version is original in treatment. In the South, where it was "tried on," it was pronounced a very strong play.

**

Of the newcomers in next week's Orpheum bill, Jennie Yeamans, the singing soubrette, promises to be the chief attraction. Frank Cushman, a monologuist, and Seymour and Dupree, musical gymnasts, are the other new faces. Retained from this week will be Hallen and Fuller, in a new sketch; Bright Brothers, Stinson and Merton, Terry and Lambert, and the Hungarian Boys' Military Band. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday.

* *

The California Theatre, now being overhauled and rehabilitated, opens week after next with a production of "A Genuine Gentleman," played by Ben Henricks at popular prices. There is no reason why light comedy at "family" figures should not be made a "go" at the California. There is an opening for that sort of thing in San Francisco, and the California's venture ought to succeed.

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LATE VERSE

The works of that brilliant and unhappy California poet, Edgar Rowland Sill, were never collected during his life. Much of his verse, some of it his best, was published anonymously in newspapers; more of it was found in his papers after his death. Even now, there are a number of popular poems classed as anonymous, which are believed to be his, but the records of their first publication are lost, and the claim cannot be proved. Two volumes under the titles of "*Poems*" and the *Hermitage and Later poems*" have been issued since his death, and now comes a further collection, "*Hermione and Other Poems*" from the Riverside Press, (Houghton Mifflin & Co.) As was the case with the earlier volumes, these verses are fugitives, culled from all sources, the three volumes being a selection of his works rather than a collection.

In general, these poems have the same tone as his other published works, a cheery view of things—contradicted in the author's life, by the untimely end he put to his own career—a firm religious faith, and a gentle, haunting music, depending upon his sense of the harmony in words. Among the shorter poems is one which was a favorite in its time, but seems forgotten in these later days. It deserves requoting, for it shows the poet at his best:

Even There.

A troop of babes in Summer-Land,
At Heaven's gate—the children's gate;
One lifts the latch with rosy hand,
Then turns, and dimpling asks her mate:

"What was the last thing that you saw?"
I lay and watched the dawn begin,
And suddenly, thro' the thatch of straw,
A great, clear, morning-star laughed in."

"And you?" "A floating thistle-down,
Against June skies and cloud-wings white."
"And you?" "A falling blow, a frown—
It frights me yet, oh, clasp me tight!"

"And you?" "A face thro' tears that smiled,"
The trembling lips could speak no more;
The blue eyes swam; the lonely child
Was homesick even at Heaven's door.

"*An Ode to Girlhood and Other Poems*," by Alice Archer Sewall (Harper & Brothers) is a collection of the verses this young author has published, from time to time, in the magazines and periodicals. The general tone is indicated by the title of the book; the verses deal, mostly, with the affairs of women and are in a charmingly musical minor key. Miss Sewall has, in common with another American woman—Louise Imogen Guiney—done the impossible in making a poem out of a theme so hackneyed as the manger of Bethlehem. That poem—"Madonna and Child," is the best in the collection, a little gem. The author, now at the beginning of her literary career, does not show the stuff of which genius is made, but she sings in a pleasing vein and she speaks for women and for a side of the female nature not hitherto exploited.

When Love Laughs is the title of a little book of verse by Tom Hall (Frederick Stokes & Company). The collection is prefaced by a brief explanation that the poems have previously appeared in several American magazines of a lighter nature. At its best, the work is gay, superficial, melodious, catchy, the kind of rhymes upon which we are inclined to smile in passing and to forget before we have ceased to smile. Then there is a heavier form of verse, introduced, I am inclined to think, to save the book as a whole from the charge of triviality. It is not successful; Mr. Hall, if a poet at all, is certainly not a poet of serious moods. His pipes are excellent for a two-step, but hopelessly inadequate for a sonata or a nocturne, lacking as they do the grace of true feeling. To summarize: these verses, while excellently placed in the periodicals where they originally appeared, have not enough merit to warrant their reproduction in anything so lasting as book form.

In "*The Island Race*," Henry Newbolt has made a trial at the heroic ballad and failed. His work has the romantic quality, but the trouble lies in the verse—it does not sing. The influence of Kipling is strong throughout, even in the use of the artificial form of the italicized refrain.

That popular old American poem "Nothing to Wear," gives the title to a volume of William Allen Butler's poems just issued by Harper & Bros. The author has been silent these many years, so that it will be a surprise to many to know that he is still living and that he edited this volume. Plainly, Mr. Butler is most at home in society verse, with a moral protruding in full view, as in the title poem. When he attemps more lofty flights his sentiment becomes bathos. The collection includes a list of "poems for children," among them some of the old jingling rhymes which we of this generation used to drone over in our fourth readers—"Tom Twist," "Somebody," "I Can't and I Can," etc.—all very easy, somewhat musical, and made to order to inculcate Moral Truisms into the Youthful Mind.

Admitting his ability as a correspondent—admitting his capacity to interest and instruct, which he has to a higher degree than any other American journalist—Julian Ralph has yet no prerogative to write fiction. His reputation has been gained in the field of facts; he is an excellent observer and a fine transcriber, but with a whole world awaiting his keen eye and clear style, he will turn out such rubbish as *The Prince of Georgia and Other Tales* (Harper & Brothers.) In the collection there is not one possible story—not one that has a trace of the art of fiction. True they were not wholly unreadable, but it's poor stuff to be turned out by so able and clever a man. *An Angel in a Web* (Harper & Brothers) proved abundantly that Julian Ralph's *motier* lay in the direction in which he had been accustomed to exercise his talents. This latest volume merely supplements the verdict evoked by that volume.

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This building is in the Classic Style of architecture, so popular in Eastern cities. It is constructed of stone and Roman brick, terra cotta and slate.

The Gulistan, "Being the Rose Garden of Shaikh-Sadi."—Harper & Brothers.

That accomplished journalist, Sir Edwin Arnold, improves his leisure moments by converting Oriental poetry into English verse. This is his pleasure. By way of occupation he writes editorials for the *Daily Telegraph*, the great bourgeois organ—the style of editorial safe, solemn and sanctimonious, which the average Englishman likes with his breakfast. If it has happened to the reader never to have come across Sadi there may be some illumination in Sir Edwin's translation, but really the accomplished old Persian has been discovered several times and translated more than once. His previous appearances have also been in much better English than anything at the command of the editor. We are told in the preface of the elegant simplicity of the poet's prose, and of the sweetness and subtlety of his verse, apropos of which take the delicate grace of the following:

That King I saw by day asleep,
And said: "'Tis good slumber should keep
His evil eye shut, but to die
Were better than thus loathed to lie!"

Simple, undoubtedly, but would you call it elegant? Sir Edwin is not always so inapt, but he is quite unable to do justice to his original. One is struck by the fact as one progresses through the volume, that Sadi was given to trite observations. He loved obvious deductions, and had almost as keen an eye for the commonplace as his translator. Yet I am satisfied that in the Persian the following is rather more pointed:

"Him great the wise will never style
Who of great men utters things vile."

Here is another gem of phrasing and philosophy:

"Oh, fair contentment! Make me rich with thee!
For wealth, lacking such gift, is poverty."

But for delicacy, elegance and subtlety combined commend me to this exquisite truism:

"When belly with bad pains doth swell,
It matters not what else goes well."

Who can deny the wisdom and understanding of this sentiment? Whoever knoweth not its truth is indeed happy, for a good digestion is better than a claim on the Klondike.

However "The Rose Garden" is not always as hobbled as the foregoing. Here is something with a touch of light in it:

I saw some fresh-blown roses, a great handful of them tied upon a gateway with some grass, and I asked, "What is grass—mere common grass—that it should dwell in company with roses?" The grass spoke, full of sorrow: "Khamoosh, keep silence! The kind minded forget not their associates! Albeit I possess neither beauty nor rich color, nor fragrance, yet am I a herb of the Garden of God; yet am I a servant among the servants of the Hasrat, the Eternal Presence, by whose bounty I have been nourished until now, so that whether I be destitute of all dignity, or whether by His grace I possess any merit, in my Lord is my trust and my desire."

McClures is a bit below grade. The articles are readable enough; that on "Guarding the Highways of the Sea" contains much curious information—but there are no features. It is impossible yet to express an opinion as to the value of "The Gentleman from Indiana"—the introduction of a charming society maiden who polishes off editorials and increases the circulation of Harkless' paper during his illness, is rather unreal. Cleveland Moffitt's "Menelik and His People" is not good enough. These re-dressed interviews are really unsatisfactory. Why not have the correspondent obtain the material at first hand? The *Cosmopolitan* is busy making itself domestically invaluable. Two utilitarian articles are in this number—"The Delightful Art of Cooking" and "Buying Food for the Family" both full of good advice. Some interesting facts are included in M. Saint Justs' "Inter-organization of the French Spy System." He knows whereof he writes, and declares it is ridiculous to believe that Major Esterhazy ran away from Paris as the papers had it. He was advised to go and was paid for it. It is suggested also that his various confessions are written by or at the dictation of the Chief of Police. "Andrieux when Perfect of Police," says M. St. Just "used to pay the expenses of a socialist paper published by the celebrated Louise Michel, of Communist fame. His idea was to make the 'Companions' fight among themselves, and I do not believe that Louise Michel ever suspected that the generous contributor who used to send her money and an occasional editorial through the mails was no other than the Chief himself. The *Pire Peinard*, the leading anarchist paper in Paris is in the same fix. This explains why none of the writers are prosecuted."

Mr. John J. Newsom, the well-known architect, whose offices are at 330 Pine street, has just returned from a tour of the East, and is once more very busy looking after the buildings he has in process of construction, designing new ones, and attending to his many enterprises. Mr. Newsom is said to be one of the most able constructionists in San Francisco.

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New Stories Re-Told.

x x x

CALLED HIM A MUSICIAN.—On a concert tour down South, Fred Innes, the composer and trombone virtuoso, heard himself and his work discussed by two venerable darkies. "How," queried one, "did you like that young pusson who played on the brass horn?" "Pretty well for a horn," answered the other," but Lor' sakes, what do you think? They tell me he can't play the fiddle at all, and yet they call him a musician!"

x

A POLITE INDIAN.—Crowfoot, the great chief of the Canadian Blackfeet, was a woman hater, but was also one of the most polite of men or Indians. He was interviewed once in a railway sleeping car by three ladies, who interrogated him as to his domestic relations. "Are you married, Crowfoot?" one woman inquired. "No." "What? Not married? Did you never have a wife?" "No; not any wife." "Oh, do tell us why! Is it possible so brave a man does not like women?" Crowfoot shook his head blandly and replied, "Never any woman have me."

x

DIDN'T EVEN HESITATE.—A college professor traveling in the West was suddenly called home. A painstaking perusal of the time-table convinced him that an express train would be due at the way station where he was stopping at four in the afternoon. The intending passenger watched it approach and thunder by the station at the rate of fifty miles an hour. The traveler was annoyed, and, turning to the station agent, remarked ruefully:

"That train didn't stop!"

"No, sir," replied the cheerful agent, "it didn't even hesitate."

x

SAND NOT PORK.—Two young men, who had seen better dayspassing along Western avenue in Seattle, soon after the stores had closed for the night, espied hanging in front of a store, a ham. One of them made a swift hop and caught the ham just as a policeman rounded the next corner. He rushed after them and the twain fled at top speed, distancing their pursuer. They stopped in a vacant lot on the waterfront, built a fire, and both proceeded to conjure up visions of a hearty and delicious meal. Preparations all finished, one of them drew a clasp knife and with great deliberation, proceeded to cut into the canvas end of the ham. Alas, instead of the brown rind they expected to see, a thin stream of sand trickled out. It was a sample ham.

x

"NOT IF SHE KNEW IT."—Ex-Queen Liliokalani, who now lives in Washington, is a great stickler on royal etiquette, No one is allowed to sit when she is in the room until he receives a signal from her to do so; she is invariably addressed by her attendants and friends as "Your Majesty"; those who neglect this title being angrily reproached for so doing, and every one is expected to back from her presence. A young colored girl who applied to Queen "Lil's" lady in waiting for the position of maid to "Her Majesty," on being told all that was expected of her, said indignantly: "No, miss; no, miss. Bad 'nuf to work for a darky, anyhow; but a darky dat 'spects all dat, not ef I knows it; not ef I knows."

x

AS A BROTHER.—A certain curate was of a painfully nervous temperament, and in consequence was constantly making awkward remarks—intended as compliments—to the bishop and others. Having distinguished himself in an unusual degree during a gathering of clergy at an afternoon tea at the bishop's palace, he was taken to task for his failings by a senior curate, who was one of his companions on the way home.

"Look here, Bruce," said the senior, decidedly, "you are a donkey. Why cannot you keep quiet instead of making your asinine remarks? I am speaking to you now as a brother—"

Loud laughter interrupted him at this point, and for a moment he wondered why.

x

A JOURNALISTIC FAUX PAS.—Stanley Huntley, creator of the Spoopendyke papers, entered the service of the New York *Tribune* as a reporter. His first assignment was a meeting of the Farmers' Club, which was made up of a number of professional men who knew nothing of agriculture and discussed unimportant topics with undue seriousness. On this occasion the proceedings were somewhat spirited, out of which Huntley made a gay and amusing article that was set up without the city editor seeiug the copy. It duly appeared next day and on the front page, much to the reporter's happiness. When he arrived at the office at noon Huntley was sent in to Horace Greeley. The old editor looked at him. "So you're the infernal idiot that wrote that Farmers' Club story?" Huntley flushed, as he said that he was. "What did you do with your copy?" "I didn't copy it. I wrote it all myself." "Young man," put in the editor in a softened voice, "how long have you been on this paper?" "Forty-eight hours, sir; and that article is true—every word of it, and if they deny it, I'll—" "No, you won't. They haven't denied it. They are the blamedest lot of idiots alive. But you shouldn't have said in this paper, sir. Indeed, you really should not. I am the President of that club."

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Is published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal., and Colman Building, Seattle, Wash.

Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months, $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

The trade is supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 342 Geary street; east of the Rocky Mountains by the American News Company, New York.

The Wave is kept on file and is for sale at Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France; 31 Union Square, New York City; 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.; and 206 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

For advertising rates and on all other matters pertaining to city business, address The Wave, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

All business matters pertaining to the Northwest should be addressed to Trevor Corry, Colman Building, Seattle, Wash.

Eastern representative, D. M. Foltz, 34 Park Row, New York.

THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY

PROPRIETORS

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EVENTS CURRENT.

Orange Free State to Assist Transvaal.

The Orange Free State, hitherto the uncertain factor in the situation England has to face in Transvaal, has shown, this week, that it intends to stand with the Boers in the struggle against the British, and the proposition becomes a doubly hard one for Secretary Chamberlain and his government. It has been felt all along that the Orange burghers would support their fellow Boers across the border in some fashion—that if their government did not take the stand, at least the citizens would enlist in the Transvaal army without waiting for official sanction. Now the Orange leaders come out for the Transvaal cause as strongly as they dare at this stage of the proceedings. At a special session of the National Assembly President Steyn announced that he believed the British to have acted in bad faith toward both of the Boer republics, that the concessions offered by President Kruger were fair to all parties concerned, and that his own government would abide by the treaty with the Transvaal. He deprecated war talk, declaring that there was nothing to fight about, but added significantly that the position of the Orange Free State ought to be identical with that of their blood brothers across the line. The Assembly thereupon went into secret session on the matter. Their decision is not likely to be made public before the ontbreak of hostilities, but no one who knows the temper of the Free State's legislators doubts that it will be on the lines of the President's speech. This practically doubles Kruger's available forces, and is ominous in forecasting the possible action of the Afrikander party at the Cape. Indeed, there have been rumors all the week that, in event of war, the Cape Government, with the Dutch party in control, might declare against England. However this is a most improbable contingency. It is evident that Great Britain will have on her hands the severest struggle since the Waterloo campaign. This has given the home government pause. There is little chance of England receding; things have gone too far for either side to back down without disgrace, but the British are assuming a conciliatory tone in order to gain time. Thus positions are reversed. Formerly Kruger has been the time-server. Now, however, secretary Chamberlain wishes to hold the game until the troops now *en route* can arrive at their destination. As stated last week, it is very likely that the Vaal folk wilt make the first move, and that a week or ten days from now—as soon as the first rains bring out the grass on the veldt. In view of the new turn of affairs, England will need many more troops than she has bargained for.

The Plague Scare in Europe.

The appearance of the plague at Oporto was not followed by any spread of the disease, but this fact has not sufficed to calm the fears of the scientists. It is pointed out that this slow bnt terribly certain scourge always appears in this manner—i. e., it takes root in one year, showing its presence by a few isolated cases, lies quiscent during the winter, and then does its deadly work during the following summer. Therefore, such authorities of renown as Dr. Honteaux of Paris are keeping alive in Europe a dread of the possibilities of next summer. The disease has most certainly appeared at Oporto, and that city saw fit to oppose it by the most ineffectual of all means —quarantine. That method is ineffectual because it is so easily evaded, whereas isolation, the other method, work in practice. In isolation the diseased ship is disinfected, the patients removed to pesthouses, and the well passengers are permitted to go to their homes, after a reasonable time, but with the understanding that they shall be under the supervision of the sanitary authorities for a sufficient period. In quarantine, on the contrary, the port is closed to vessels from the infected district, but as a quarantine is never wholly effective, the disease is likely to come in just the same. In the case of Oporto it is well known that smugglers from Alexandria and Morocco had no trouble in finding their way into the city after it was closed. One result of the plague scare is the thorough sanitation of the Mediterranean cities of Europe. It is well known that the disease thrives on dirt. The germ is not transmitted through the air, but by some direct method of contact, such as water, clothing, or personal touch. But it thrives on filth, passing the quiescent stage of the winter season in heaps of decaying organic matter. Dirt does not generate the disease any more than grass generates a cow, but it is a powerful factor in its spread. If the cities of Europe are kept scrupulously clean during the winter, the plague will die of starvation. For this reason the experts are calling for a thorough cleansing of Europe.

The Yaquis Find a Leader.

There is really no definite and impartial news about the Yaqui uprising available, nor will there be until the struggle attains proportions sufficient to warrant the dispatch of war correspondents outside Mexico. At the present time the information, coming from Mexican sources, bears the earmarks of the Spanish official report. Each engagement is reported as a splendid victory for Mexico, but the Indians hold the country just the same. The great army, which was to drive the natives to their strongholds and run them down, operates on the borders of Yaqui territory; all the fights have been in the valleys. In fact, the Indians and not the whites have advanced. It is possible that the Mexican versions of the battles fought thus far are correct. General Otis' campaign in Luzon has shown how an organized army, fighting against semi-barbarous opponents, may win every battle, and yet be worsted in the end. In fact, the position of Mexico in the affair is very like our own position in the Philippines. The Yaquis have found a leader in Tetabiate, who was a chief of the insurgents in the ten-years' war. By a clever ruse, the Indians had succeeded in making their adversaries believe that this formidable rebel was dead. It now appears that he is very much alive, and has, in fact, been acting under an assumed name as a captain in the Mexican auxiliary force. After doing the cause all the harm he could, he revealed his true colors, and recently led the Yaquis in two bloody battles, Mexican victories according to the Mexican account, but fruitless for the followers of Torres, as they lost heavily and gained no advantage in position.

The Pope and Democracy.

The ceremoniously unceremonious way in which the Pope sat down on "Americanism" led many to believe that democracy in general, and those forms known as "Christian Democracy" and "Christian Socialism" in particular, are in bad odor at the Vatican. Of late, however, several minor occurrences have shown that Leo and his advisers have made a hair-splitting distinction between "Americanism" and "Democracy," and are disposed to defend the latter. Of late, the aristocratic and monarchical factions in the Church have shown a disposition to override their opponents, and some of their specific acts in this direction have been visited with the direct rebuke of the Pope. Thus, the *Osservatore Romano*, the journal which echoes most closely the sentiments of the Vatican, began a few months ago the publication of a series of articles against Democracy. The series was brought to an abrupt close by order of the Supreme Pontiff. Again, when a young priest of radical ideas came out in bold approval of liberal ideas of government, a great clamor was stirred up by the opposition, who called for official censure of him and his acts. The Pope not only refused to rebuke the author, but took him into favor. Signor Tonialo, nearer to the prisoner of the Vatican than any other man, has also come out quite strongly for Christian Democracy, and his sentiments are taken as a reflection of those of his master. It may be stated as a general truth that the trend of Papal policy is toward recognition of Democracy. But the Church is, of course, conservative, and will not hurry the matter. In view of all this, the appointment of a commission of Cardinals to investigate the question is not specially significant. If the policy of the Vatican, as expressed in minor actions, had been shown to be aristocratic or monarchical rather than liberal, the action might be taken as a preparation for giving Democracy a settler; as it is, it simply means that advanced ideas on government are under favorable consideration.

The Rise in Meat.

Secretary of Agriculture Wilson, in his recent trip through the West, gathered some facts which throw new light on a question wnich has disturbed the country for some time—that of the continual rise in the price of meat. The investigation of the causes for this phenomenon was one of the things which sent him West. In unofficial statements made since his return, he names as the main cause the return of prosperity, which has sent up prices all along the line. But this does not explain the advanced price of meat, because that commodity has gone np the last few years out of proportion to all others. The main reason lies in the depletion of the public lands, hitherto available for grazing by all kinds of stock. The great herd owners have consistently neglected the preservation of this land, with the consequence that much of it is now unavailable for pasturage. Sheep, in particular, are great destroyers. A flock of these animals will leave ground barren and trampled hard in a very short time. Cattle make less trouble, as they can not feed so close nor crowd so thickly, but even these will destroy ranges in time. Sections in Oregon, Arizona and Colorado that were rich pasture lands a few years ago are now deserts. It is extremely hard to find remedies for this condition of affairs. The public lands now used by stock men for grazing purposes consist of ground which is covered by the Homestead act, but which is too poor to pay for pre-emption or cultivation in the 160-acre tracts available to settlers. The stockmen occupy it in the absence of any definite claims for ownership, but they cannot lease it nor hold it in any way, and one man's claim to occupation is as good as another's. The quantity of this land is surprisingly large; in Nevada it comprises ninety-five per cent of the state's area. There is at present no means of protecting or preserving it. The Federal Government alone has control of the land. It might be given over to state control, but it is likely that, in that event, the state legislatures would be "worked" by stockmen for extensive leases, which would be an un just thing, as most of this land will eventually be reclaimed by irrigation and taken up as hometeads. It is certain that meat will continue to advance in price so long as the grazing lands are unprotected. In time, the gradual reclamation of waste lands will eliminate all these grazing districts, and our supply of fresh meat will come from abroad, or from the stall-fed products of the Middle West.

Otis Explains His Campaign.

In a late interview, which he obligingly allowed to pass through the Press Censorship, General Otis made some peculiar statements which through light on the views prompting his wierd policy in the Philippine Islands. Otis began with the old, frayed "well in hand" statement. He went on to say that the insurgents were disintegrated and scattered and without support from their own people. This is his stereotype phrase, with which he opens all his official interviews. But his next statement was the surprising one. General Otis thinks that it would be unwise to hasten the rebellion, because if the natives have a little more liberty they will grow sick of it and learn how utterly unfit they are to govern themselves. "Independence is a craze with them * * if the insurrection is not soon ended, the Filipinos will be so heartily sick of independence that there will be no more trouble on that score." This is no place to take up the cudgel against Otis, but it may be remarked in passing that the negroes of Hayti have kept their craze for independence through nearly a hundred years of misgovernment, butchery and anarchy. The General then went on to criticize the anti-Expansionists, whom he condemns as responsible for the tenacity with which the insurgents hold out. Rumors regarding the attitude of Secretary Root toward our Military Governor of Luzon continue to be conflicting. One week, the papers have Otis on the verge of removal; the next, he is held to be in high favor with the Department. It is certain that if Admiral Dewey be called into conference with President McKinley he will not be likely to support Otis' tenure. It is known that he rates the General at his true worth. Just before his departure the Admiral said to a *Wave* correspondent: "He is a careful, methodical, mediocre man," and expressed a belief that there ought to be a change. As Dewey's word will go a long way at Washington, there is some hope of this incompetent's removal. A slight ripple of excitement was caused last week by a reported protest of Archbishop Ireland concerning the desecration of churches at the front. While there is no doubt that churches have been used for the exigencies of the campaign, still there has been very little if any willful desecration. It is denied, semi-officially, that Archbishop Irelaud made any such protest, and the rumor seems to have a political origin.

Operations at The Front.

The actual operations in the Philippines have been restricted the past few days to the Navy, and have amounted to very little. The army campaign will not open until the latter part of October, by which time the country will be passable and the advance guard of the new volunteer regiments will have arrived to enforce the veteran regulars. It is certain that the cavalry arm of the service will be used extensively in the American advance. In making forecasts of the campaign the importance of this fact cannot be overestimated. The swift native infantry, which gets along without baggage trains, can fairly walk away from our encumbered troops, preventing, with the help of Otis, any following of advantages. But cavalry, and American regular cavalry at that, could be depended on to scatter the fleeing native forces. The Filipinos, on their part, could not reply in kind, because they have no means of procuring horses. The capture of the slippery Aguinaldo, quixotic as the scheme may appear to be, is not at all beyond the range of possibilities. The naval operations before mentioned consisted of the capture of certain shore batteries by the *Charleston*, and the capture by the natives of the tin-clad *Urdaneta*. In the former engagement the cruiser bombarded the native intrenchments until the guns were silenced, and then took the fortifications by means of a landing party. One large Krupp gun, doubtless a relic of Spanish occupation, was taken by our men. The loss of the tin-clad has not yet been explained; the only available particulars state that her crew, an ensign and seven men, were captured, that the boat was burned and riddled, and that two rapid-fire guns and a one-pounder were taken away by the captors. It is announced by Otis that Lieutenant Gilmore and his thirteen fellow prisoners are to be delivered to the Americans this week.

Severe Earthquake in Alaska.

Alaska experienced, in the early part of the present month, a series of earthquakes so severe that had they occurred on any thickly settled district of the world, wide disaster must certainly have been the result. On September 3d the first disturbance occurred; the shakings continued at intervals during the following week, and culminated September 10th in a terrible series of shocks, which split the earth in some places, hurled into the sea glaciers and other bodies of ice which had stood for centuries, and is even believed to have changed the physical configuration of the Alaskan coast. The shock was more severe at Yucatat, a little missionary settlement, than at any other inhabited point. Here houses were wrecked, furniture destroyed, and the people, in escaping to the hills, were thrown repeatedly to the ground. They made their escape just in time, for a violent tidal wave followed, washing clear over the townsite. No deaths are reported as yet, but considering the wide field of the tremblor, which was felt as far north as Skagway, and the height of the tidal wave, it is miraculous if some lives were not lost. Reports sent in so far indicate that even the Saint Elias range was affected. A third heavy disturbance was felt at Skagway, September 15th. The siesmograph at Victoria, B. C., recorded a shock on Sunday, September 24th. As this same instrument recorded the shock of September 10th, and as the record of last Sunday was the more violent of the two, it is believed that another and worse shake-up has occurred in the same region. It is too early, of course, for verification of this belief. The earthquakes and volcanic eruptions of this year, occurring at such distant points as Hawaii, Japan, Turkey, California and Alaska are likely to upset some of the standing theories of scientists regarding volcanic and siesmic disturbances.

Editorial Comment.

The Nicaragua Canal---A Blessing, not a Curse.

A READER of "The Wave," who is heavily interested in wheat and its exportation, writes us as follows:

"The construction of the Nicaragua Canal will, in my judgment, benefit California beyond any computation, and I feel prepared to state my reasons for so believing. Wheat will bring at least 20 cents per bushel more than it would without the canal, and other products will net the producer proportionately larger profits. The wheat output of this Coast is too small beside that of the world's supply to permit the Liverpool buyer to reduce the price merely because Pacific Coast wheat has secured cheaper means of transportation. I am inclined to agree with you that the Pacific Coast will lose much of its trade with the Orient, the Australias, and the west coast of South America, but after all the State at large will be benefitted, and through its growth and prosperity the large coast cities will likewise prosper. Is it not of more advantage to a State to possess a prosperous farming interest stretching from one boundary line to another than to enjoy commercial advantages, large though they may be, centered in a few seaports scattered along the coast? If San Francisco had been alive to her opportunities in the past, there would be no danger to-day of New York "wresting the trade of the Orient" away from her. She would have been so firmly entrenched as to make such a feat impossible. Why should we build a stone wall about the State, or, nature having done so for us, why should we permit it to remain? Can we not compete with all the world, or are we of the Pacific Coast so constituted that free competition with the East and with Europe would shrivel up our energies and put a blight on our industries and our commerce? If we are paying higher wages than are paid in the East, we have no business doing so. No man should be paid a premium for living in a superior climate. Men work longer and live with more comfort here than in the East; and if, because of our distance from the cheap labor markets, we are paying a premium to labor, then hasten the canal if it will put an end to that imposition. Let us get down to the same business footing upon which the whole world stands. Even then we would have the advantage of it. Perhaps, and I hope it may be so, the opening of this great Pacific trade, that all the world recognizes is about to be, will bring to this Coast some of the manufacturing nerve and business enterprise of the East. San Francisco needs it badly enough. Seattle is well supplied with live, energetic merchants, and she will be heard from in the race for commercial supremacy. I think the canal situation may be summed up briefly in about this fashion:

"Its construction will increase the profits of every California producer of agricultural products. It will increase the profits and broaden the market for our lumber. In fine, it will make everything that comes from the soil more profitable, This, of a certainty, must stimulate State growth to a degree impossible without the canal. Now as to our manufactures and commerce, let us look the question fairly in the face, as you say. It will reduce wages. I grant that, if we are paying higher wages than are paid in the East. You say it will also reduce the price of coal and iron. Let us grant that also. Certainly we are better off than New York as far as Pacific Coast trade is concerned, if these three things happen. We still have the protection offered by a long sea voyage, which ought to be sufficient to offset any other disadvantages that Western manufacturing is likely to encounter. I do not see but what we will be better off, so far as manufacturing goes, with the canal constructed. Of course a handful of men—and we employ only a handful in our manufacturing—will be compelled to accept lower wages. But we will or ought to employ thousands where we now give work to hundreds.

"As to our present foreign commerce, I admit we may have a great deal of it. But what benefit does it bring to you or to me or to the rest of this community to know that the teas and silks of the Orient, or the mails of the Australias have "passed throngh" San Francisco or any other Pacific Coast port destined to the East and Europe. New York, Boston and Philadelphia do not come to San Francisco to buy their teas and silks; they go to the Orient direct. We do not pay them in like coin by purchasing our European goods in the home of their manufacture. We buy of New York, and permit New York to make a profit on us, a commercial idiocy in which she refuses to reciprocate. Perhaps with the canal we may buy direct of Europe. For a dozen houses in San Francisco do so to-day. I want to say that if the Pacific Coast ports lose their present foreign commerce after the canal is constructed, the blame will rest with the Pacific Coast merchants themselves. It is my acquaintance with those of San Francisco that leads me to admit we will lose trade.

"I do not attack the motives of your article, for it must be plain to every observing man that the construction of the canal will revolutionize things on this Coast. Some cases of individual disadvantage may result in the general readjustment that must follow, and I believe it would be wise for the press to discuss the matter fully and frankly. The prejudiced view that claims a monopoly of all the virtues on the side of the canal, is neither fair nor sensible. Whatever of bad there is to it should be ventilated, so that it may be set beside the good to be weighed. If the views I entertain are correct, the construction of the canal will not injure the railroads, but will benefit them. The thousands upon thousands of idle acres will be cultivated. New life will be infused into the irrigation problem and its solution hastened. Local freight and passenger business—the most profitable to the transportation company—will increase in volume to a point that will more than compensate for the loss of through business. San Francisco, Seattle, and other seaports will more than ever grow as distributing points. Denver, at least.

The zone of our trade ought to widen eastward, as far east as

"Another point that should not be lost sight of is that the yellow man of the Orient will soon become a producer. The cheapest producing market of the world to-day is Europe. The scales bear down heavily in its favor now. But a great revolution is now going on, and soon, very soon in my judgment, the manufacturing center of the world will lay in the Orient. The scales will then bear down heavily in favor of the far East, and the stream of manufactured articles will reverse itself. We will then occupy the same position to the cheap manufacturing centers that New York does to-day, with what result you may conjecture.

"I have only hurriedly stated these views, and would like to have some more able and less busy man take the subject up for careful discussion. The construction of the canal would to me mean great personal gain; perhaps I am prejudiced in its favor in consequence. Be that as it may, I would not favor it unless I felt fully convinced that its construction would greatly benefit the entire State.

"A WHEAT SHIPPER."

The Charter Contest.

THE brief of City Attorney Franklin K. Lane in the "Charter Case" just filed in the Supreme Court, is a masterly presentation of the charter side of the controversy. If the city fails to sustain its contentions, the fault will not lie with its attorney, but rather with the Legislature and the Board of Election Commissioners, who in some inexplicable manner succeeded in botching the proceedings preliminary to the charter election. It seems the Election Commissioners, in preparing for the election of Freeholders and the adoption of the charter, consolidated two or more general election precincts, making 94 special precincts out of 306 general precincts; that it did not provide for registration for these elections by boards of precinct registration, and that but four election officers were appointed for each special election precinct. These acts, it is complained, were in contravention of the special registration act of 1878, but on behalf of the charter it is maintained that the Board acted in strict conformity with the special charter election act of March 1897; which act the charter contestants declare to be unconstitutional.

Mr. Lane maintains that, inasmuch as every elector interested had an opportunity to vote, this fact, in the absence of fraud, makes valid the charter elections, whether technical requirements of the law were complied with or not. The elections having been free and fair, a mistake made by the Election Commissioners as to the law under which such elections should have been held does not disfranchise its votes. To uphold the doctrine that at special elections the Board of Commissioners or any other board has the power to abolish old and create new election precincts by consolidation or otherwise, would be to open the door to many wrongful practices. "Everyone may be given an opportunity to vote;" the election may be "free and fair" and yet underneath it all there may be hidden unpardonable fraud of the very worst character. Special elections are not calculated to bring out the full voting strength, and for this reason, if for no other, every encouragement and facility should be given to the voter to exercise his right. It is not a difficult matter to say in advance whether the votes of a given district are likely to oppose a given special measure. If election commissioners may readjust election precincts at special election, they may so arrange polling places as to make it inconvenient for the voter in the hostile district to cast his ballot against the measure and so disfranchise him. Crooked party primaries have been conducted along these lines before now, and the wishes of the people defeated. In the case of the charter elections, fraud is not apparent, but if the practice receive the sanction of the court, fraud will certainly result. We have in mind a primary election where redistricting was indulged in, where voters were compelled to lose a whole day to attend their political duties. In some cases when given districts were known to hold views opposite to that of the machine, voters were compelled to take a journey equal to a trip from San Francisco to Alameda. Once concede the power to diminish the number of polling places without reference to the laws governing the subject matter, and no man can say where the abuse will stop.

Mr. Lane cites numerous authorities sustaining his contentions and his brief exhibits skill and industry and ability, but necessarily there are but few "Charter Cases" to which he may appeal. He is compelled therefore, to turn to ordinary election cases and apply them. The fate of the charter is by no means certain. There are abundant grounds upon which it may be set aside. If it is maintained, the court must, for the sake of the importance of the cause, close its eyes to sins of omission and commission, which in another case and under different circumstances might be fatal to the litigant then standing in the shoes of the municipality and contending for the same construction of the law for which the city is now contending.

Krag-Jorgensen vs. Springfield.

IT is, perhaps, a little unfortunate that the new volunteer regiments are all equipped with the Krag-Jorgensen rifle. The army experts ought to know, of course, more about military arms than an ordinary layman or an inexperienced private, but amongst the rank and file there is a widespread prejudice against the regulation arm and in favor of the Mauser. It is pointed out that the Krag, although satisfactory in point of range, cleanliness, durability and "speed", is a poor "shooting" gun. That is, it is not accurate. The crack shots of the eighth corps say that the government gun cannot be depended upon to hit a target with any certainty. The bullets seem to take a spiral course. Sighted at 1,000 yards—about the range at which the most severe fighting is done—they almost invariably light high and to the right. The Mauser, on the other hand, is very accurate. Oly Young, Lawton's former chief of scouts, who died in Luzon a few months ago, chose a Mauser as his own particular arm, calling it the best gun for practical use he had ever handled. Young was in a position to know, for he was the best rough-and-ready marksman connected with the army, and had used every make of gun from an old muzzle-loading musket down to the latest "pea-shooting" repeater. The old Springfield, with which the state volunteers were armed, had its points of superiority for the work in hand. It was a single-shot gun, and therefore very slow, and its range was inferior, so that the Filipinos frequently "potted" volunteer regiments with their long-range Mausers while the latter stood no chance of replying, but had to stand and take it or advance to close quarters. But the Spaingfields shot well, and the moral effect of the tremendous racket those young cannon made produced a terrifying impression on Aguinaldo's half-savage forces. Time and again volunteers would advance to the assistance of regulars fightiug on even terms with insurgent forces and turn the tide of battle immediately by the racket of their Springfields. It is also a fact that the old piece prodnced terrible wounds, and this added to the terror in which they were held by the natives. Whether this latter quality is an argument in their favor is a matter to be decided between the humanitarian and the practical warrior, but at any rate it helped do the work. The plan of brigading volunteers and regulars together, the latter that they might hold the natives at a distance, the former that they might scare them, was used to advantage in the spring campaign. The Springfield has outlived its usefulness in strictly civilized warfare, but there is no doubt that it is still an effective arm in such campaigns as the present one in Luzon,

FAMOUS MINES AND MINERS.

California Gold Deposits That Have Made Millionaires.

THERE is no pursuit on earth so alluring as the search for gold. For it men—and women too—leave their firesides and venture into unknown lands, braving danger, hardship and privation, all in the hope of finding sudden fortune in the gold mines. Of the many who thus tempt fate, a few find the fickle goddess smiling and laughing, more find her difficult to woo, and reap only moderate reward for their risk, labor and hope. The many—well, as in everything else they are disappointed. But who are the lucky ones? The professional mining man—the geologist and scientific worker? Sometimes, but, strange to say, not often. Not infrequently it is the man with brave heart, full of hope, with brawny muscle, but with little other capital, that reaps the greatest reward.

From Siskiyou to San Diego the mountains of California are ribbed with veins bearing gold. They have been there during several of the later geological periods, and the degradation of their upper portion supplied to the ancient river channels and to the more recent superficial placers their great stores of gold. In the earliest days of gold mining in California it was this latter class of mines that furnished the larger part of the gold, and although moderate fortunes were made by many, no such vast sums of wealth were accumulated as have been piled up since quartz mining was successfully introduced.

One of California's most successful Pioneer miners is Alvinza Hayward. At first he was merely one in the army of prospectors industriously striving to gain the wealth he had come so far to find. For a long time ill-fortune followed failure, but with indomitable will and fixed purpose he pursued the elusive goddess until at last she yielded, and in the Eureka mine, at Sutter Creek, Hayward made his first stake. From that day he has achieved many great successes. The names of such mines as the Eureka, Plymouth Consolidated, Dead Horse and Utica are household words among the miners of California. Each has produced millions of dollars in bright, shining gold.

In the Utica, Alvinza Hayward has a partner, Charles D. Lane. The Utica, in its early day, had many successive owners, each of whom sunk a moderate fortune ere abandoning the property to the next unfortunate. Finally Lane took the hole and attempted to make a mine of it. He had abundant faith, but abundant faith sometimes makes a pauper of a rich man, and it came very near it in this instance. However, about the time he had reached the end of his financial rope, Lane succeeded in interesting Alvinza Hayward. A few thousand dollars more were put into the old mine and an ore-shoot was struck. The workings went deeper, the ore continued, and in a short time the Utica mine astonished the mining world with its great output. Here is an instance of a great mine requiring large capital to prove its value.

One hot day a lonely prospector was laboriously making his way through a tangled mass of brush on the steep slopes above the Merced river, in Mariposa county. He was in search of a gold mine. His capital was limited to a grub stake and a few dollars in coin. Long and unsuccessfully had he searched, but at length he saw below him the outcropping mosses of a quartz vein. He struggled through the chaparral and finally stood beside it. There it was, as it had been for centuries, gleaming white like snow, with scarcely a tinge of mineral oxide, but there was scarcely a space large enough to lay his hand that did not contain grains and little nuggets of gold. From that moment John R. Hite was a rich man, and Hite's Cove was numbered among the rich properties of the State. All California knows of the Eureka-Idaho-Maryland mine near Grass Valley. Its single ore shoot extending from the surface downward half a mile or more has made several men millionaires. Sixteen millions it is said came from this one mine of gold rock, and the Coleman Brothers were the luckiest owners. There is also the Empire and the North Star, near Grass Valley, which have been among the notable gold producers, and will continue for many a long year to add to the output of the State.

Captain W. A. Neville some years ago bought a prospect called the Rawhide mine in Tuolumne county, it is said for $11,000. He interested Ballard & Martin of Tombstone, Ariz., in his scheme, and after expending a good many thousand dollars in machinery and development, in 1894 it was announced that a rich strike had been made in this property, and since then Captain Neville has been one of the mining millionaires.

In Amador City years ago the Keystone mine was first opened. It paid from the grass roots, but developed into one of California's phenomenal producers. It is said that the McDonalds and their associates have taken out over ten million dollars.

Everybody has heard of the Kennedy mine near Jackson. This was one of the earliest quartz finds in California, and was successfully operated, and the early timers supposed it was worked out. After years of idleness F. F. Thomas reopened the old mine and struck a a pay dirt. It was 950 feet deep then—now it is 2,500 feet below the surface. Since then it has made several men wealthy. Beside the Kennedy is the Argonaut, which may be called a new mine, though it is more than 1,500 feet deep. This property owes its success to the skill of W. A. Detert of the Zeile mine, one of the ablest operators on the Mother Lode.

Over in Calaveras years ago the Guin mine was opened and vigorously worked in the old-fashioned way, and over two million dollars worth of ore was hoisted out of its small crooked shafts. Finally the vein pouched and the property was abandoned on the theory of its exhaustion. It was F. F. Thomas who conceived the idea of reopening it, and the

(Continued on Page 12)

Sir Thomas Lipton on the Erin

Rounding Sandy Hook

Full Speed Ahead

In Racing Rig, Sailing with Spinaker Set

FIRST TRIAL OF THE CUP CHALLENGER SHAMROCK IN AMERICAN WATERS.

South African Leaders.

SINCE the death of Bismarck the most remarkable figure in the politics of the world is he who stands alone against the power of England's statesmen, the obstinate woodchuck which the lion cannot dig out of his hole—Oom Paul Kruger. Much as has been said and written about this remarkable man, the world has yet to form an accurate estimate of his character. Is he a charlatan, one of the alleged "Boer Syndicate," fattening himself at the expense of the Uitlanders, and playing with diplomacy in order to gain time for the increase of his revenue? Is he only an astute politician, a demagogue playing for popularity, in order to hold his grip on the supreme power? Or is he, as he claims, as the Afrikanders claim, a consecrated personage, a smiter, one, like Cromwell, who keeps behind a rough, uncouth, peasant interior, a burning, devout soul ever urging him on to work as the liberator of his own people, and to fight, by foul means or fair, those who would deprive his little nation of its freedom?

To understand Paul Kruger one has to understand the Boers. Down in that little corner of the world lingers the last, dying remnant of Puritanism. The faith of the Pilgrim Fathers, of the early Huguenots, of the Dutch "Spirit-Wrestlers," has been stamped out in Europe and America, but it is a living force, an actual belief for men to live with and to die by, in that protected corner of the world. Life and death are a great, serious part of immortality to the native Boer, the passage through this world only a strict preparation for an uncertain chance at happiness in the next. In such soil flourishes that high form of fanaticism which makes such characters as Cromwell, Cotton Mather, Joan of Arc, Calvin. Whatever of greatness there is in any Boer expresses itself in a character hard and rigid as the tenets of the Boer faith, but consecrated to a high if narrow purpose, and inspired by those glimpses of the Vision Beautiful which make emotional insanity in smaller souls. It is not a coincidence that the only literary work which has come out of Dutch South Africa—that of Olive Schreiner—consists of a series of serious, semi-mystical visions dealing with the struggle of the religious force in man's soul. No true Boer could take up pen or pencil to treat of anything else, because the invisible and higher part of human nature, which is, for the rest of Aryan mankind, represented by a hundred things, stands in his mind for just one thing—religion.

A Mythical Figure.

Oom Paul is great with the Puritan sort of greatness—a strong, gloomy soul in a strong, ugly body. Had he gone, as have some of his more advanced countrymen, to finish his education at an English university, he would have made a record as one of the greatest athletes in the world—an oarsman, a runner—anything he wished to be. In his youth he was the fleetest thing on two legs in all South Africa, the chosen champion of the Boers against the famous Zulu runners, whom he always conquered. Once, on a long-distance race of the kind, he covered eighty miles of rough country in twenty-four hours, a wonderful feat under the conditions, considering that he is an untrained man. His horsemanship is as daring and finished as that of a Cossack. It is said that he could not only take hurdles while standing in the saddle, pick up articles from the ground, and shoot from under his horse's neck, but that he could stand on his head on his mount's flanks while at full gallop. And he shoots—like a Boer—which is the highest praise for a marksman.

The youth of Paul Kruger was passed in the rough life of the veldt, and was remarkable for nothing except for this athletic prowess. He took a small part in local politics, not an especially brilliant one though, married, and settled on a Vaal farm, as his father had done before him, and his father's father. It was when he was thirty that his mission came to him; as Cromwell and Bunyan awoke from the lethargy of their youth to grapple with the spirit, as the voices came to the shepherd girl of France, so one day, after a long period of doubt and depression, he went suddenly into the wilderness like a saint of old, to fast and pray. The rescue party that found him, days afterward, came just in time to save him from starvation. The superstitious Boers believe that it was then that the spirit of the Lord came upon him. Call it that, or call it splendid insanity, there is such a period in the lives of all these great, fervid, ghost-ridden fanatics. From that time on, Oom Paul went steadily toward his end—the rule and the advancement of the Transvaal Republic. Had this spirit consecrated a man of education, of breadth, it might have made a genuine leader. But Kruger, "not world-broad, if world-deep," was unfitted by training for anything like far-seeing statesmanship. From his seat in his small bakeshop in his toy capital he has moulded the small republic according to his ideas. What these ideas are may be inferred from the fact that he believes the earth to be flat, and that he looks with horror upon the granting of the franchise to any one who does not believe in the Bible. He has built his nation on those lines—on those lines he is fighting invincible England. If he fails, as he must fail, in his attempt to resist forces which he is too ignorant to know to be stronger than he, it will not be for lack of sincerity of purpose or singleness of devotion. This is Oom Paul Kruger, as history will see him when we have gotten past the blind judgment of factional feeling.

The King of the Afrikanders.

Of Kruger's own sort, but nearer to an understanding of actual affairs because he has seen more of the world outside the Vaal, is Jan Hofmeyer, "the uncrowned king of the Afrikander nation," and leader of the Boer party in the Cape Legislature. Never before, possibly, was a party in any parliamentary body led by an unofficial person outside of its own membership. For Hofmeyer has never had a seat in the Colonial Parliament, yet he controls the policy of the Dutch element in that body, is absolute guide of all the official acts of young Schreiner, the hot-headed premier, and is Kruger's right-nand man outside the Vaal. In the parliamentary sessions at Cape Town he sits in the gallery, a harsh, forbidding persouality, with aggression bristling from every angle. The Loyalist leaders have sneeringly asked him, time and again, to relax his silence and speak out like a man, but the appeals have never moved him. Only when the leaders gather outside Parliament House to form their policy he *does* speak, and with effect. His loyalty to the Queen was questioned once in his hearing. "I am loyal to Her Majesty," said he, "but first of all I am loyal to the Afrikander people,"

Of different type is Mr. Smutz, the Transvaal State Attorney, who is hardly a Boer at all, except in blood. For the one thing that all the Vaal folk have in common is their dense ignorance of anything outside their pastoral domain; a Boer of broad education is an anomaly. Yet Smutz is a Cambridge A. B. It is said that he got his start through Cecil Rhodes, of whom he is now a most bitter enemy, for while he was a poor student at the Cape University he captured a bursary offered by Rhodes and finished his studies on the proceeds. Returning to Africa, he was admitted to the bar of the Supreme Court and scored a flat failure. He had enough of the disagreeable, harsh, dunderheaded Boer in him to make his personality jar on courts and juries, for the South African Dutchman is far from being a "good fellow." Finally he gave it up in disgust and "trekked," like his ancestors, into the Vaal, after dragging out for some time a precarious existence as a newspaper correspondent. In the Rand he jumped into prominence immediately; there his personality was not against him and his education told. The first year of his residence he became one of the Transvaal emmissaries to Cape Colony, and carried himself so well that he rose to the control of the Republic's legal affairs before he was thirty. Should he live, and what is less likely, should the Transvaal survive as a nation after Great Britain gets through, he will certainly be President of the Republic—a very different ruler from old Oom Paul, but one that represents the progressive element that is steadily creeping into the conservative Vaal.

Joubert, the Field Marshal.

Quite another type of Boer from Kruger is old Joubert, the Field Marshal of Transvaal, and Vice-President of the Republic. There is no spirituality in his nature—no glimpse

of the Vision Beautiful for him. Here again the constant resemblance of the Boer army to that of Cromwell is strong. The army of the Commonwealth was full of just such stern old fighters, who smote for the Lord without stopping to praise him. Neither is there any diplomacy in his make-up; he is a lover of powder. The General is 68 years old now, and has led troops in every engagement of the Boers with British or natives, and he is the man above all others who was responsible for the merciless slaughter of the defenseless English at Majuba Hill. Strangely enough, he is in favor of granting a limited franchise to the Uitlanders, and leads the Liberal party in the Raad. Nevertheless, he will certainly lead the Boer army in the coming ruction, and may be depended on to lead it well.

His implacable nature was brought out at the time of the Jameson raid. He was for shooting at once all the prisoners. One whole night he sat and argued with Kruger and the Cabinet over the question. By morning he was convinced against his will, that they ought to be spared for ransom, and he went out to convince, in turn, his rabid followers, who were eager for a chance to slaughter the Englishmen. This is how he did it:

"Fellow burghers, if you had a beautiful flock of sheep, and a neighbor's dogs got into the pasture and killed them, what would you do? Would you take your rifle and straightway proceed to shoot those dogs, thus making yourself liable to greater damage than the value of the sheep destroyed, or would you lay hold on those dogs and carry them to your neighbor, saying, 'Now, here's your dogs. I caught them in the act. Pay me and they shall be returned.' We have the neighbor's dogs in jail. What shall we do with them?"

F. VAN WOERTZ.

Prospectors' Luck.

TAKEN in the aggregate, prospecting is not a paying business. It is all a lottery, wherein time, money and energy are spent for chances at capital prizes in the shape of rich finds, but in the end the price paid for the chances entirely overbalances the amounts paid out in prizes. The Western country is full of broken old wrecks of prospectors who have followed all the booms—Nevada in '58, Pike's Peak and Idaho in '68, Leadville in '78, Arizona in '88, Klondike in '98, und all to no purpose. If one of these old fellows *does* happen to "make it," some time along in the last years of his life, it all goes for nothing—he has lived so long alone, in hardship, toil, privation, solitude, that the ordinary uses men make of wealth are nothing to him; no life is to him a possibility excepting the roving one of prospector. Only very occasionally a man young enough to use his wealth finds a mine and founds a fortune; he, and he alone, is the lucky prospector.

But there is romance in the business as well as hardship; these old, worn rovers may find in the trackless wastes of the mountains the same attraction which the sailor finds in the trackless sea. There is material for a dozen tales in the adventures oi every old prospector; indeed, it is strange that our native novelists have neglected the field so long. Only this summer a prospector of a thousand tales walked into Los Angeles. He is one of the sort to whom the fortune came too late. Through all the working days of his 59 years he has followed the ghosts of his fate, always on the verge of a fortune, never quite over the verge. When Creede discovered the incredibly rich camp that bears his name, this old war horse, William Witt by name, had but broken an old partnership three weeks before to follow a boom in Arizona. His ventures have ranged from Central America to Dawson City, and located over eight hundred mines, but never a one that paid for the working. Until this year he has lived during his prospecting tours on the money he had earned by working as a miner in the intervals between trips, or upon the grubstakes of persons whom he interested in his plans. Last spring he had just $150 ahead with which to open the summer campaign. That would not take him far from the mining district at Hedges, Cal., where he had earned it, nor would it keep him long. He planned, therefore, to put in his summer in a near-by locality, and "lit out" for the Mojave desert with his burro and his traps. After six weeks of searching he picked up a bit of float rich in gold and silver, and went to hunting for the parent lode. He found it, after four days' search, and staked out the rich Columbia mine. This ought to have ended his troubles, but it did not. He spent months trying to interest people sufficiently to make them invest, and at one time pawned his property for a hundred dollars to pay living expenses. He found his "angel" at last, and sold out for $42,000. The old prospector is in Los Angeles now trying to enjoy his money, but his acquaintauces believe that he will hie himself back to the mountains again before many days, because it is the only life he knows.

One of the lucky ones who has found his fortune early enough to know what to do with it is James Brown Scott, who discovered the Wallipi mines at Chloride, in the Mojave desert. He had been in the West just one year when he struck it. He was formerly an instructor in chemistry at Ann Arbor, and had come west for his health. He was in Arizona, at the Harqua Hala mines, at the beginning of the summer of '96, and felt the heat so severely that he picked up a couple of experienced miners and started on a prospecting trip in the direction of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. It was the luckiest heat he ever experienced, for he came back part owner of mines now yielding $80,000 a month in silver and lead. When the trio arrived at Ash Fork they separated, the miners heading for the Canyon and Scott continuing to prospect towards the White Hill silver mines. Ten days later he found valuable outcroppings in the desolate valley where Chloride is now located. Scott sold his interests for $175,000 last year, while the two prospectors who went with him are still following a burro in the search for pay dirt.

Then there was old Creede, who followed the search for gold until he was an old man, and who bought only unhappiness with his wealth when it came to him. Like Witt, he had prospected all his life, but unlike the California man, he had stayed with one section—the mountains of Colorado. No prospector ever had a harder life than Creede. Twice he gave it up and went to teaming in Denver, but only to go back to the mountains again when the spring broke up the snows and the pine trees began to bud. In 1890 he picked up a piece of float near Mammoth Mountain, in Southwestern Colorado, and followed the find to its source. Inside the year he had a fortune of two millions, and entered upon a short and miserable career of dissipation and folly, which he ended by suicide.

Some Blind Luck.

"Fool's luck," pure, blind fate, led to the discovery of the Randsburg district in Southern California. The men who uncovered this valuable district were a reporter, a butcher, who had just seen his shop closed by the sheriff for debt, and a grocery clerk. These three had been in the business thirty days when they made their find. They had been caught by a mining excitement over some placer claims at Goler, in the Mojave desert, and were among three or four hundred men who had rushed there. The three novices figured on the flakes of gold found in the sand and decided that there must be a mother lode in the region. They formed a wild theory that the gold in these deposits had been washed from the rim of a volcanic crater, and that if they could find that rim they could locate the main deposit. They struck out, therefore, with a month's provisions, and with the laughter of the new camp following them. After three weeks' of searching, the reporter, Moers, found a stratum of peculiar brown rocks at the base of a hill, and uncovered their fortune. Each has since refused an offer of $1,000,000 for his share in these mines, which are producing $60,000 a month. Some of the miners who laughed at the ignorant trio and its wild theories are now working in the Randsburg properties at $3 a day.

There are stories galore about accidental discoveries. The Tin Cup property in Colorado is said to have been discovered through a discontented burro, who was pawing up the snow-crust on a winter day, and in doing so brought into view a piece of rich float which led to the discovery of a rich lode. History further states that the lucky animal was taken to Leadville forthwith and stabled in splendor, and that he ate himself to death the first week. Similarly, the Pearce mine in Arizona, the richest in that country was located by accident. A dog was the mascot in this case. Adam Hendricks, his owner, was a prospector who had been at it for many years. He owned a ranch in Merced county, where his family lived and scratched a bare subsistence out of the soil. He made a minor strike, early in his career, which netted him $4,000; that and a small legacy from his parents in Germany kept the family from starvation. He was at home each year just long enough to do the winter plowing, but eight months out of the twelve he sought gold. Finally, his wife persuaded him to give it up and settle down on the ranch. Then Fortune, with the coquettish way she has, visited him when he had ceased to seek. He went on a visit to a cowboy friend in Arizona and spent part of the time in hunting. One day, when game was scarce, he was playing with his dog, throwing stones for the animal to retrieve. One of the rocks he picked up attracted his attention; he took it to his friend's cabin, tested it, and found it the richest float he had ever seen. The parent-lode was located before night, and he sold out two years later for $200,000. The mine has since paid $1,800,000 in dividends.

To match these tales of wealth, there is the story of a prospector who followed a chimera all his life and died penniless in the search. Thirty years ago a sheep herder picked up, at San Gabriel, Los Angeles county, a piece of rock about as big as a human head which was flaked and studded with gold. It assayed $2,200 a ton. Prospectors went wild over the discovery, and began to search for the mother lode, which they believed to be somewhere in the San Gabriel mountains. They gave it up in a year or two, all but one. That man, John Edwards, had sacrificed a good business to go prospecting, and he staid with it until he died, twenty-four years later. In all that time his confidence in the existence of the lode he was seeking never faltered, and on his deathbed he drew for his friends rude maps of the district where he believed it to be located.

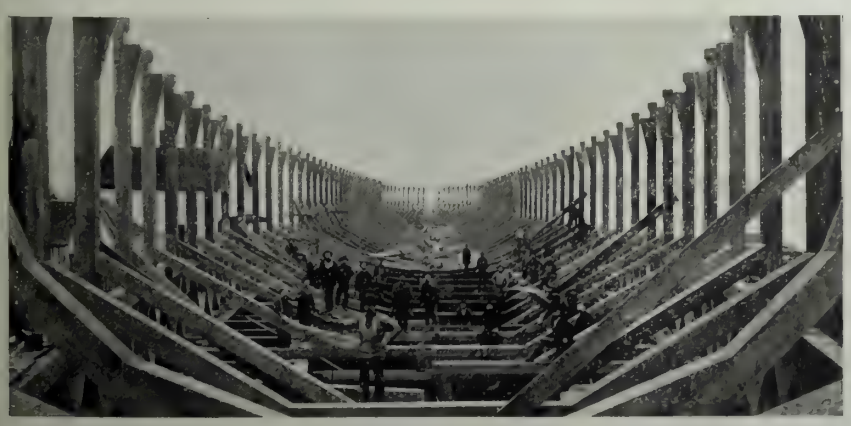
A. F. B.

The Cape Nome Gold Fields.

THE beach diggings at Cape Nome have been tested and found paying, and the boom has spread to respectable proportions. The thousand miners who have been washing gold in the past two months have taken out over $300,000, and there is much more to follow. No one claim, it is true, is heralded as an El Dorado; the biggest find yet yielded to its four owners about $4,000 on ten days' work—$100 a day per man—but this claim has not shown so well since. Still, there are very few of the beach-diggers with claims now located who will not come out far ahead on their summer's work. Many of the fortunate ones are prospectors who lost their all in the ill-fated Kotzebue rush, and are now recouping handsomely at Nome. The pay streak is close under the surface saud—from two inches to five feet down—and is handled by the rocker process. In spite of the loads of miners that arrive daily in canoes, rowboats and steamers, there is a demand for help. Wages started at $6 a day, and rose successively to $8 and $10, and this includes board. One reason for this is that beach-digging is terribly hard, "gruelling" work. Timber for fires is scarce, and even at this season of the year the workmen suffer from cold and damp, so that the work is not safe for any one unblessed with a strong constitetion.

Well above the beach, but an easy walk from the riehest diggings, is the new town of Anvil City, which was not even a hamlet this spring, but has now a population of some 3,000 souls, with almost as many more in the "suburbs," which means the thirty miles of beach which are under suspicion of bearing gold. It is a typical mining town, with the usual large proportion of saloons per capita. It has a dancehall—two, in fact, for one of the saloons has evoluted to that point—has enjoyed a masquerade ball already, and there was a lightweight prizefight between a San Francisco sport and a colored champion before the town was a week old. A postoffice is is in full operation, and the more ambitious stores are putting down board sidewalks. Dawson City prices prevailf which means 50 cents for a glass of bad whisky or a worse cigar, and other commodoties in proportion. The "city" is practically under martial law, as the United States soldiers stationed here act as police, and their officers, together with the Government Commissioner, administer justice, and do it well, according to the laws under which they are forced to work. These laws are what makes the trouble at Cape Nome. Never did a mining excitement prove so thoroughly the injustice of the United States mining regulations as this boom. By the flaw in the regulations which permits a man to take up practically as many claims as he likes, certain of the early prospectors "hogged" the lion's share of the paying properties. On the edge of the beach it is different; here a certain slice of the land is assigned to each miner actually washing for gold, but back of that, where the regular law applies, some miners own as many as twenty-five or thirty clrims. The palpable injustice of this state of things has led many new comers to jump these claims, but the intruders have always been ousted by the soldiers, who have no alternative but to apply the laws as they stand.

Where this floating gold comes from is a disputed point. Some say that it has been washed up from the sea; some believe that it comes from the deposits further inland. The conditions are new, as this is the first time that gold has ever been found in quantity along the sea beach, and even the most expert geologists and miners are baffled. If it does come from a parent lode inland, the region is destined to become the greatest find in the world. A number of prospectors have started on a hunt for this theoretical body of ore, playing for large stakes with their time and supplies as a wager. Many of the newcomers have joined in the search, as all the vilgin claims in the mining land already discovered have now been taken up.



Cradle of the Great Raft

The Raft Ready to be Towed to San Francisco

THE LOG RAFT AND ITS CRADLE.

Photo by Wilts

James Douglas, President of American Institute Mining Engineers

THE MINING ENGINEERS.

First Session of the Veteran Organization West of the Mississippi.

THE American Institute of Mining Engineers, the annual session of which has just opened in San Francisco, dates back to 1871. At that time mining engineering was beginning to be recognized a distinct and separate profession. To advance its interests, to provide for the thorough education of mining experts, to keep quackery out of the business, to further in all lines the interests of mining men through systematic and concerted action—these were the objects of the organization as it was conceived by its founders. At that time, it may be well to remember, the educated mining engineer was in bad odor with the prospectors and developers of the West. Some conceited youths just out of college, who did everything on splendid theories, and certain corrupt assayers with "fake" methods, had produced such a condition of affairs that in a few boom towns of the West a man who set himself up as a mining expert was in a fair way to an invitation to "leave the country, and be durn quick about it, too."

The fact that all this has changed—that the profession of mining expert is respected in the New West—is in no small measure due to this institute. It was founded on broad lines, and aimed to encourage every branch of the business by all legitimate measures. The study of methods of locating, mining and extracting precious and useful metals, coal and precious stones, the investigations of geological conditions, and that not only in this country, but in every known quarter of the globe, were all made a part of the society's work. And as the members scattered, after the way of mining men, to the four quarters of the globe, each one became a missionary for the organization until now it is the largest and by far the most active technical society in America.

The Institute works by means of its annual meetings, and by the publication and circulation of the original work of its members. Undoubtedly, much if not most of the body of literature disseminated by this means has been of great value. Some of the papers and articles which are now text books for practical miners and geologists, have come into being in this way. And the comparison of methods made in the annual conventions has had a great deal to do with the advance made in American mining the past few years. The fact that bodies of mineral scorned a decade ago as under-grade are now worked with profit, and the equally hard fact that processes regarded as "highfalutin" and visionary are now used with success everywhere, attest the value of this method, for most of these approved modern ideas have been brought to light through the Institute.

This is one of the first conventions of the society to be held in the West, and the first west of the Mississippi. Because of that, and because of the large attendance, it is an event of great importance to all Californians. This has been a year of scientific congresses in the State—first the agriculturists and then the miners.

The officers who direct the present convention are as follows: President, James Douglas, New York City; Vice-Presidents—E. D. Peters, Jr., Dorchester, Mass.; Albert R. Ledoux, New York City; Leon P. Feustman, Mexico City; E. C. Potter, Chicago, Ill.; Geo. F. Kunz, New York; W. N. Page, Ansted, W. Va.. Managers—C. W, Goodale, Great Falls, Mont; Frank Lyman, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Frank McM. Stanton, Houghton, Mich.; Richard P. Rothwell, New York; W. J. Olcutt, Duluth, Minn.; W. B. Devereux, New York; Arthur Winslow, Kansas City, Mo.; William Glenn, Baltimore, Md.; W. J. Taylor, Bound Brook, N. J.; Secretary, R. W. Raymond, New York; Treasurer, Theo. D. Rand, Philadelphia, Pa.

ARRIVAL IN CALIFORNIA.

THE main body of visiting miners arrived from the North on Monday morning. A delegation from the State association met them half-way and escorted them into San Francisco. At 2 o'clock Monday afternoon the Institute met in one of the banquetting halls of the Palace, and was formally welcomed by State Vice-President W. C. Ralston, presiding in place of Lieutenant-Governor Neff, who was to have performed that office, but was called away by private business. President Douglas responded with his annual address, a review of the progress of the century in metalurgy. He set an example which is to be followed in the remaining sessions of the convention by delivering only the more important passages of his paper, leaving the full text for publication in the documents of the Institute. By this method a larger amount of valuable work can be done than was possible under the old system. The delegates may obtain by these synopses a general idea of the contents of all the papers, and may later secure in full those in which they are specially interested.

Among the addresses crowded into the first day's session, one of the most interesting to practical miners was delivered by Professor Frank Soule of the University of Californuia, and dealt with a series of experiments he has been conducting on the strength and durability of mining cables and timbers. This paper was delivered in full, as was also that of E. H. Barton of Sonora on the Le Grange dam. Others, which were noted and which will be printed later in full, were presented as follows: "Stoping With Machine Drills," by Bert Thane, Sumden-Chief mine, Alaska; "Deep Mining at the Utica," by J. H. Collier, Tesla, Cal.; "Note on Plate Amalgamation," by Allan J. Clarke, Lead, South Dakota; "The Mines and Mill of the Atacama Mineral Company, Ltd., Taltal, Chile," by Sydney H. Loram, Chingford, Essex, England; "Investigation of Magnetic Ores from Eastern Ontario," by Frederick J. Pope, New York City; "The Relative Desulphurizing Effect of Lime and Magnesia in the Iron-Blast Furnace," by O. R. Foster, Brooklyn, New York.

R. Raymond, Secretary American Institute Mining Engineers

Tuesday's session was occupied with two papers, one a distinct contribution to science, the other an interesting and profitable practical exposition by professors of the University of California. The first, by S. B. Christy, dealt with the results of his three years' investigation of the cyanide process. The other was by A. C. Lawson, on "Some Features of the Economic Geology of California," and was illustrated with lantern slides. Among the other papers read or noted for publication at that session was a scholarly one by the venerable president, and dealt with the question of transcontinental railway transportation. Again on Wednesday the day was given up to scientific papers, and the purely theoretical part of the convention closed that night with a banquet at the Palace.

Members of the Reception Committee awaiting the Special of the A. I. M. E. at Shasta. Lieut -Gov Neff in centre

All this time the social side of the question was by no means lost sight of. Most of the delegates are mining men whose business keeps them in little mountain towns, and the session of the Institute is a vacation for them. They came to combine business with pleasure, and began early. The opening night there was a reception at the Palace; next day the California Club entertained the ladies of the visiting party, and as soon as the formal meetings were over the whole body of visitors started sight-seeing, again combining business with pleasure, for the itinerary includes the location of all the largest California mines and smelting plants. This continues until October 12, on which day the delegates reunite at Los Angeles and proceed homeward through Arizona.

Session of the American Institute Mining Engineers, Palace Hotel

SEATTLE STOCK EXCHANGE.

An Organization to Handle Washington Mining Stock.

A stock exchange, backed by men of such good reputation that there is no doubt of its success, has been organized in Seattle. It threw open its doors to the public for the first time on Monday the 18th inst. The Seattle Stock Exchange, which is the name by which the new organization has been dubbed, has splendid quarters in the heart of the business district. There is a large pit surrounded by galleries for spectators and fringed by the numerous offices of brokers. Everything is arranged for the convenience of patrons. The establishment of this institution was an absolute necessity. The mining industry of Washington is coming to the front so rapidly that the business men of Seattle were compelled to take notice of it. Until the exchange was opened there was nothing worthy of that name nearer than Spokane. Much Seattle money went to brokers there daily. Indeed, there was no place where men interested in Western Washington mines could meet and discuss prospects, stocks, or trade and sell. This is no longer the case.

The idea of establishing the exchange took form several weeks ago. A number of well known business men got together, organized and advanced several thousand dollars to fit up quarters. Very few of these men had ever engaged in mining. It was not a matter of money making with them, but rather an expression of public spirit. They have engaged experienced men to take charge of the institution and thus far everything has been running smoothly.

(Continued on Page 7)

A Great Railroad Deal.

THE event in California of the past week undoubtedly was the sale of the Crocker interest in the Southern Pacific of Kentucky. The price paid by the purchasers for the 300,000 shares of stock is variously stated ranging from ten to fifteen million dollars, but the exact figures are locked in the bosoms of the principals, who being a close-mouthed generation, are not liable to divulge it. To the majority of people this intimation carries the meaning that the Crockers are really out of the railroad, though it may strike them as curious that a fourth interest in the Kentucky corporation should be worth so little—comparatively of course. The fact is that the Crockers are as great owners of railroad securities as ever but are no longer in the railroad business. The Southern Pacific was organized as an operating company to manage and handle under leases the innumerable lesser corporations which own the railroads composing the system. Nearly every extension and branch line from Portland to New Orleans has a separate identity, and a distinct corporate existence and bonds were issued for their construction, which the Pacific Improvement Co. has carried as the individual property of the four owners. These bonds and other assets the Crockers remain in possession of and their aggregate represents the major portion of their fifty-million estate. Latterly, it is said, the Pacific Improvement Co.'s interests have been segregated from those of the Southern Pacific Co. proper and will be managed for results independent of the personnel of its ownership.

The assumption is that the retirement of the Crockers makes for the dominance of the Huntington interests and that H. E. Huntington will be back in San Francisco with full power to represent his uncle, the president of the corporation. It involves also the withdrawal of George Crocker from the second vice presidency. Mr. Crocker will doubtless live in New York henceforth and particularly apply himself to the affairs of the brokerage institution of Price McCormick & Co., in which he is a partner.

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A Terror of the Seas.

IT is not an all-devouring sea monster that is today making the waters of the California seas terrible to mariners, but a thing of wood—and valuable wood at that. Imagine an irresponsible, ram-like structure with a reach of some seven hundred feet and a weight of uncounted tons, waiting—heaven knows where—to administer a fatal bump to some unwary vessel, and you have an idea of the kind of fish apt to be encountered around the waters of the Golden Gate. This marine terror is an enormous raft which last week tore loose from the hawsers which held it while being towed from Seattle to San Francisco. Since then it has been making a grand tour of the Coast on its own account, aimlessly nosing against the keels that happen to come its way. If the plucky little San Pedro, which the other day only failed to secure it because of the lack of sufficient fuel, succeeds in putting the vagrant into custody, the captain, and crew may expect a small fortune in salvage, to say nothing of the gratitude of sailor-men in general whe are holding their breath in terror of this modern Charybdis.

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His Place at His Instrument.

AT A lone station away in the interior from Manila one hot afternoon the telegraph operator, a corporal in the Signal Corps, was seated in front of his instrument trying hard to keep awake. A newly created Second Lieutenant came in with a message to be sent. Without rising from his chair, the operator reached out to receive the message and got a lecture. The lieutenant told the corporal to stand at "attention" and then favored him with an extended dissertation on the respect which an enlisted man should always show to a commissioned officer. This was the first "call down" the corporal had ever received since he entered the service and he listened in silence to what the lieutenant had to say concerning military etiquette; he determined never to be caught napping again, He had just finished sending the lieutenant's message and that officer was still in the telegraph office when Major-General Lawton came in. The corporal sprang to his feet and stood at "attention" instanter, but the general said: "Keep your seat, my boy, keep your seat. Your place is beside your instrument, and there is no necessity for you to jump and salute me or any other officer that may come in with a telegram." As the Major-General wrote his message the lieutenant looked at the corporal and the corporal almost winked as he looked back at the lieutenant. And the incident was closed.

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A Question of Latitude.

IT WOULD seem that public opinion concerning C. P. Huntington is, like morals, only a question of latitude. This reflection is inspired by a late issue of the Galveston *Daily News* which devotes a whole front page to a scare-head article on "The Coming of Huntington," wherein the magnate, without whom no Pacific Coast caricaturist would be in business, is hailed as the commercial deliverer of the Southwest. Curious is it not how different communities regard the same personage. Here a sinner, there a saint. It is such inconsistencies that breed in the big man a contempt for public opinion, though it is a farce they must all take into account. I imagine the carefully stimulated unpopularity of the Southern Pacific in California has proved costly, though undoubtedly it has been overbalanced in other quarters by the favors showered on the magnates by communities less invidious. However, Mr. Huntington is much too big a man to be swayed or swerved by passing criticism. He goes his own way, follows out his ideas to their legitimate conclusion, and would not veer a whit from a chosen course if, on one of those forthcoming visits of his to the Golden State, the populace should decide to do him the honor of an illumination or gather *en masse* to give him a reception.

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A Brilliant Officer.

THE promotion of Captain Robert H. Noble of Major-General Shafter's staff to be Major and Assistant Adjutant-General U. S. V., is formal recognition of a clever and deserving officer. Major Noble is one of the men who have taken advantage of the opportunities afforded by the military profession to cultivate those accomplishments which the contingencies of active service so often render available. A graduate of West Point, he is naturally a mathematician; he is also an L.L. B. of the Universty of Maryland, and has been admitted to practice. He speaks French and Spanish, which he found useful in the Cuban campaign, and will prove even more desirable in Manila. He is above all a man of thorough knowledge of his profession, and has a turn for diplomatic negotiation which cannot but prove an important factor in his career. As General Shafter's aide he was prominent in the Santiago expedition, and represented his commander in several important negotiations; was promoted to Major and Assistant Adjutant-General and recommended for brevet Lieutenant-Colonel for services in the campaign. Since then he has been with General Shafter in San Francisco. Personally Major Noble has many friends in and out of military life who will be charmed to learn of his new opportunity for distinction. He leaves for Manila on Saturday.

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A Northern Railway Complication.

IN Seattle there is a railroad controversy that at the moment furnishes headlines to the dailies together with no little excitement to the communlty. The Northern Pacific and Great Northern are locking horns over terminal privileges, and if a friendly force does not harmonize their antagonisms some one will surely be injured. Between the institution of President Hill and that which President Mellen directs there has ever been a stern rivalry, a part of which has been concentrated in the contest for supremacy between Tacoma and Seattle. The Northern Pacific long ago identified itself with the fortunes of the former burg. It was the terminal of its transcontinental system; its offices were located there, and from the magnificent docks it erected the connecting line of Asiatic steamers started on their Oriental voyages. Incidentally it gobbled up almost the entire water-front, and passengers and freight for outgoing vessels are still compelled to make a long detour to reach the wharves. In spite of the immense sums thus expended, and the impetus the patronage gave Tacoma, Seattle forged rapidly ahead and its growth was immensely accelerated by the incoming of the Great Northern, which is superbly equipped with terminal facilities—docks, warehouses and freight sheds to the north and south of the Queen City. This condition of affairs by no means satisfied the authorities of the Northern Pacific, who though connected with Seattle by a species of jerkwater line, were denied that share of the travel which would naturally have fallen to them. So tney decided to abandon the hopeless task of making a metropolis out of Tacoma and to devote themselves to the Queen City.

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In order to understand the pretty controversy as it stands it is necessary to explain the physical limitations of Seattle. The city is built on a series of hills, and there are but two level streets between Hill No. 1 and the bay. The first of these boulevards skirts the waterfront, and one may imagine its condition gridironed with eight railroad tracks and traversed by drays and trucks carrying goods to and from the wharves, In the center of this district is a union depot into which Northern Pacific trains enter from the south and Great Northern trains from the north. There, then, is where the trouble begins. President Mellen purchased recently several blocks of waterfront property adjoining this depot, and declares it to be the intention of the Northern Pacific to erect there a magnificent structure, together with docks at which the Asiatic steamers shall land passengers and freight. At this there was great rejoicing. It was sometime before President Hill realized all the bearings of this innovation, but when he did he straightway headed for Seattle in a special train and registered his objections at a public meeting. To commence with, his own intention had been to erect a big depot just south of the city on the tide flats, where the traffic of the waterfront would not be interfered with. The creation of a structure where the Northern Pacific had purchased property meant the destruction of the small shipping that had so benefited Seattle, the diversion of the larger vessels to an inconvenient quarter, and besides would interfere with the Great Northern's right of way between its yards on the south of the city and its docks at the north. So he asked that the Council be not permitted to close the open streets, as his rival had asked. If it did, Seattle would be as Tacoma is, a seaport minus a waterfront. In exchange he offered half his holdings on the tide flats to President Mellen. It was then the latter's turn to be heard from—not to be outdone by the President of the Great Northern, the high chief of the Northern Pacific offered to share *his* depot grounds and disclaimed vehemently cherishing an ambition at monopolizing the waterfront. Since then the Great Northern has not been heard from, but before he departed from the Queen City, President Hill declared that if his rival's project prevailed he would at once move the terminus of his line to Everett. To his line rather than to that of President Mellen, Seattle owes allegiance, and I imagine will not be the loser in the latest railway controversy.

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San Francisco Politics.

MUNICIPAL politics have again become the subject of paramount interest in San Francisco. The forthcoming conventions will nominate candidates for the prominent governmental offices, while the others will be filled after January by the man whom the community selects as its Mayor. The extensive powers vested in this officer under the new Charter are familiar enough. His Honor to-be will have at his disposal patronage in comparison to which the Governor's will be insignificant. This consideration it is that confers so much importance on the contest, though the result is generally regarded as a foregone conclusion. Public opinion gives the office to the incumbent, Mayor Phelan. Though no names have yet been given, it is thought his adversary will be Horace Davis, a member of the Board of Freeholders, which drafted the new Charter, a wealthy and prominent citizen, by occupation a miller, whose intellectual attainments were thought high enough by the Regents of the University of California to fit him for the presidency of that institution. No one can gainsay his fitness or deny his honesty. However, Mayor Phelan has had the experience, has sustained the heat and burden of the day, and it is a sense of this that has made so difficult the choice of an opponent. In the same connection success is conceded two other Democrats whose honorable records have won them the public confidence—Assessor Dodge and City and County Attorney F. K. Lane. The probabilities seem to favor the nomination by the Democratic convention of the following: Mayor, J. D. Phelan; Assessor, Dr. Dodge; Tax Collector, R. P. Doolan; Recorder, E. Godchaux; Treasurer, Sam Brooks; Sheriff, Jerome Deasy; Auditor, L. M. Cumming; Coroner, Dr. Beverly Cole; Public Administrator, P. Boland. For the District Attorney and County Clerk nominations vigorous contests are being waged with very uncertain results.

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On the Republican side there is even less uncertainty. The ticket nominated will not be far from the following: Mayor, Horace Davis; Auditor, Asa R. Wells; District Attorney, Hosmer; Assessor, Supervisor Hyer, Sheriff, John Lackman; Coroner, Dr. Garwood; Recorder, H. Behr, County Clerk, W. A. Deane. Treasurer and Tax Collector have not yet been decided on. I. J. Truman, the incumbent, should certainly be given the Treasury, for he has proved a most efficient official and his stricty business administration has generally gained favor. These are, for the most part, all good names. The general impression, however, is that this is a Democratic year and the chances favor that party's nominees, who are all individually strong. Mr. Cumming, Mr. Doolan, Mr. Deasy and Mr. Boland have strong individual followings. An especially good nomination will be that of Edmond Godchaux, who enjoys unusual popularity and has the credit of having acceptably filled a long list of administrative positions.

SEATTLE STOCK EXCHANGE.

(Continued from Page 6)

Every effort is being made to protect investors, and in view of the fact that there are so many wildcat propositions being offered, the investing public will appreciate this. It is not an easy thing to list a stock on the exchange, for the most careful investigation is made before any stock is placed on the board. The rules of the listing committee are very stringent. Every application to list stock must be accompanied by a report of a mining engineer who is not interested in the property. There must also be a certified copy of the articles of incorporation, and the applicant must tell how much his company is capitalized for, whether it has ever paid dividends and such other information must be given as may be called for by the exchange. All the facts given in the application must be sworn to.

The exchange has a regular call and is being conducted on plans similar to those followed by exchanges in the large centers of the United States. It handles mining stocks and all sorts of legitimate securities.

A glance at the Seattle city directory will tell how substantial are the members of the exchange. A partial list of their names follows: John E. McManus, Anthony Corcoran, L. B. Parsons, J. W. Range, C. E. Cummings, C. E. Thurston & Co., Roger S. Greene, A. F. Nichols, H. L. Sizer, Jas. E. Blackwell, E. W. Price, Jas. W. Young, W. H. Howard, H. E. Weymouth & Co., R. T. Smith, J. E. Moran, of Everett; A. D. Gunn, of Index; James G. Givens, Edward O. Burdon, G. W. Yancy, W. G. Piper, I. D. McCutcheon, J. W. Clise, E. D. Comings, D. N. Holden, J. M. Dawley, R. B. Bullock, O. M. Moore, D. H. McLelland, E. W. Andrews, A. J. Blethen, D. C. Stam, Andrew Knox, J. T. Ronald, J. F. Eshelman, Jacob Miller, Dr. J. B. Loughary, A. B. Stewart, W. I. B. Nichols, Geo. B. Kittenger, Geo. S. Logan, J. B. McDougall, M. B. Augustine, Chas. H. Dinsmore, M. Phillips, Marion Frye, Clarence Hanford, Thos. B. Corbett, C. H. Jacobs, Fred Rice Rowell, Sam J. Yates, Y. A. Barrington, W. C. Gibson, J. E. McReynolds, Chas. H. Harper, A. F. Fralter, Frank Wright, C. E. Claypool, C. R. Collins, Joseph H. Smith, Alex. M. Watt, J. F. McElroy, J. H. Marshall, E. C. Byers, J. W. Rumsey, Stockton Rumsey, A. T. Van De Vanter, W. H. Vincent, E. B. Price, C. A. Hammond, G. A. Pounder, C. A. Riddle, Alpheus Byers, Will A. Steel, Ellis Morrison, W. E. Parker, Geo. M. Horton, Leland Spencer, Austin E. Griffiths, C. M. Duport, Dr. F. E. Kelley, A. H. Nunn. L. H. Griffith, C. L. Webb, F. J. Barnard, W. J. Homer, E. W. Way, J. W. Hicks, W. P. McElwaine, L. M. Wood, T. S. Walcott, W. S. Geary, E. C. Kilbourne, Wm. T. Perkins, Chas, Osner, J. B. Hill, Arthur W. Denny, T. D. Page, Wm. L. Dudley, R. H. Ludsey, F. W. Keen, A. I. Indridson, J. W. Edwards, Dave Blake, Oliver C. McGilvra, F. Lee Van Nice, Harry S. Morley, Wm. D. Perkins & Co., L. Diller, Lot Wilbur, Thos. Reynolds, J. C. Stein, Jas. M. Pallard, T. H. Campbell, I. N. Bigelow, W. M. Gunning, A. M. Patrick, Ed. L. Drew, C. H. Harrison, E. W. Frasier, Jno. Y. Terry, L. Frank Brown, C. H. Voll, L. M. Newman.

President Ye Cha Yun, Superintendent Bostwick and the engineers and carmen of the new Electric road

Marble Buddhist Pagoda in Seoul

Home at Seoul of the employees of the Electric road

Street Scene in Seoul

Old Stone "Turtle" Pillar, given to the King by the Emperor of Chin

OLD AND NEW KOREA.

The Kennedy Mine, Amador Co.

Angels Camp, famous for the Utica Mine

End of the Mother Lode, in Eldorado County

Hydraulic Mining in Tuolumne County

North Shaft of the Great Utica Mine

Outcrop Shawmut and Eagle, near Jackson

The Madison Mine at Angels Hayward & Lane

Morning Star Mine at Iowa Hill. Lieut.-Gov. Neff

FAMOUS MOTHER LODE MINES.

Accidents on the Southern Pacific.

BY JULIUS KRUTTSCHNITT.

THE general manager of the Southern Pacific system of railroads addresses the public in the following statement of facts relating to the management of the Southern Pacific Company's lines:

Recent articles in the daily papers about accidents on the Southern Pacific lines are so unjust to its officers and employes, and so inaccurate as to facts, that some official statement seems due the public in order that an impartial judgment may be formed.

Charges under the following heads have been made with more or less definiteness:

1. The system of train operation is defective and the responsibilities placed on employes by the Southern Pacific Company are greater than those placed on employes of other systems.

The Southern Pacific Company is running its trains under the American Railway Association standard code of train rules in use on all the important systems in the United States. They embody the experience of the best talent in railroad operating departments. A management would be justly subject to severe criticism for not using them. The duties and responsibilities of trainmen of Southern Pacific lines are no greater and no less than those of the trainmen of the Pennsylvania, New York Central or Baltimore & Ohio.

2. Employes are discharged only when accidents happen; no notice is taken when accidents do not occur, justifying the inference that discipline is lax.

It is true that employes are not discharged for every offense they commit. There is no precedent in any code of laws inflicting capital punishment for all offenses. Discipline is rigidly enforced according to s system that is now in operation on most of the best-managed systems in America. Authorites agree that perfect discipline consists in noticing all shortcomings and inflicting adequate punishment, seeking the general improvement of the men and not their dismissal, which is resorted to in extreme cases only. It is believed that the company has as faithful, careful and efficient men as any system in the United States, and it is unjust to brand them as inefficient and careless because a very small percentage have recently, through their negligence, caused losses of life and property.

3. On great Eastern lines negligence has been very nearly eliminated, and one rarely hears of smashups on the New York Central and Pennsylvania Central lines, although each carries twenty trains where the Southern Pacific carries one, etc.

The Southern Pacific does not fear comparison with any other large system in the United States. The above-named great Eastern lines have not eliminated accidents. although they have double and even quadruple main line tracks and block signals. The lists of serious accidents reported monthly in the technical papers show that, for the last eight months and a half for which reports are available, the Pennsylvania had thirty-three and the New York Central twenty-one serious accidents. The journal reporting these wrecks details the serious ones only, which amount to about one-fourth of the total. As every accident, no matter how trivial, that occurs on the Southern Pacific is magnified out of all proportion, the above figures should be multiplied by about four for comparative purposes. These lines do not run twenty trains to the Southern Pacific's one. The annual train mileage of the Southern Pacific is exactly the same as that of the New York Central, and only 39 per cent less than that of the Pennsylvania, instead of one-twentieth as much as stated. It will occur to a fair-minded person that it is natural they should not hear of smushups in the States of New York and Pennsylvania, some three thousand miles distant, and it is also quite probable that the Pennsylvania and New York dailies do not give the prominence to Southern Pacific accidents that is given them by the San Francisco press.

4. "The indictment of the Southern Pacific rests on a criminal parsimony; the road always runs short-handed."

It is not true that the Southern Pacific runs short-handed; to confirm this it is fortunate that the Interstate Commerce Commission's "Statistics of Railways" are within reach of the public, and those interested can verify the correctness of this statement. The "Statistics of Railways" for 1898 shows, for all lines west of the Mississippi river, as follows:

Interstate Commerce Groups	Number of Employees per Mile of Railroad.
Group VII—Including Burlington Route, Union Pacific Railway, part of Northern Pacific, Great Northern and Northwestern system	2.37
Group X—Including Santa Fe Pacific, Southern California, western part of Great Northern and Northern Pacific, O. R. and N., Oregon Short Line, Rio Grand Western, Southern Pacific and all California railroads	2 87
Group VII—Including Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe, Rock Island road, Denver and Rio Grande and Missouri Pacific roads	3.08
Group IX—Including Texas and Pacific, Gulf, Colorado and Santa Fe; M., K. and T.; G. A. and S. A.; San Antonio and Arkansas Pass, etc.	3 34
Average for above groups west of Mississippi river	2.9
The Southern Pacific Company has in its employ per mile of line operated	3.9

or more than the highest group and one-third more than the average.

5. It is specifically stated of the wreck at Newman that it "was caused from the fact that the engineer of the teachers' special was asleep at his post, absolutely unable to hold up his head by reason of the fact that he was overworked. * * * There is only one theory that will account for nearly a score of accidents that have occurred along the line of the Southern Pacific during the present year. * * * It is that the policy of retrenchment inaugurated by the Southern Pacific Company at the beginning of the year is responsible for all the accidents in that it compels engineers, firemen and trainmen to work when they are nearly dropping on their feet for want of sleep, while it has cut down the force of track-walkers to the danger point."

It is not true that a policy of retrenchment was inaugurated at the beginning of the year; indeed, it is but a short while since the management was severely criticized in the press because the expenses of the fiscal year, which closed on June 30 (which embraces the first six months of this calendar year during which the alleged policy of retrenchment was inaugurated) were very much higher than usual and it was stated this had caused great dissatisfaction among the stockholders. Trainmen are not paid by a flexible day which can be stretched out at will to effect economies, but are paid on the basis of miles or hours run, and, putting aside all feelings of humanity or consideration for its employees on the part of the management, there is no earthly motive for overworking the men as the company cannot save one dollar thereby. The accident at Newman was caused by an employee who had been on duty only four hours after having been off duty at a terminal station twelve hours and thirty minutes. His own statement as to acknowledging signals, which is corroborated by the testimony of nine other men, proves conclusively that he was certainly not asleep.

As no serious accident has been cansed by defects of track, it is not clear what is meant by the statement that the trackwalkers force has been cut down to the danger point. There is not a foot of track over which trains are operated on the entire 7,267 miles of the company's system that is not daily properly and carefully inspected.

6. The statement is made as to the Famoso wreck that the engineer who gave up his life at his post of duty was drunk, that the equipment damaged in the wreck was poor and the baggage car sills had been spliced.

Not a scintilla of evidence to warrant the charge of drunkenness against the dead engineer can be found. The nobility and self-sacrifice of the last act of his life should have protected him from such a charge unless well founded. The statement about the sills of the coach was unfounded also, as not a sill in the car was broken. It was impossible for any one to see them, as they were covered, and none of the covering was torn off in the accident.

It is a fact often noticed that accidents seem to occur in cycles. A number will occur close together, and comparatively long periods of immunity will thereafter be enjoyed. Systems of discipline or methods of management cannot fairly be judged by a small number of cases. Judgment should be predicated on statistics covering a reasonably long period of time. Although it is customary to refer in a very flippant way to the little concern given by railroad managers to accidents, it should be remembered that they are responsible to the owners of the properties, and motives of self-interest, if no higher ones, force them to take cognizance of each and every accident that happens. The Interstate Commerce Commission requires reports of all accidents occuring on the roads of the United States, and we have a basis for comparing the safety of operation and, incidentally, the efficiency of discipline on the Southern Pacific lines with all lines of the United States. The reports of the Interetate Commerce Commission furnish data which show that a passenger would have to travel about 181,000,000 miles over the roads of the United States generally before being killed in a train accident, and that he would have to travel 10,420,000 miles before being injured in a train accident. Similar data covering the operations of all the Southern Pacific lines show that during the eighteen months ending Jbne 30, 1899, although 32,322,000 passengere were carried an average distance of thirty-one miles each—equivalent to the journey of a single passenger of 1,000,000,000 miles—not one was killed in a train accident, and, before being injured in an accident, a passenger would have to travel the average distance given below:

During six months ending June 30, 1898, 16,290,000 miles.

During six months ending December 31, 1898, 20,250,000, miles.

During six month ending June 30, 1899, 69,283,000 miles.

From the above the public can judge whether a system of discipline and methods of management that have shown a steady increase in the safety of travel for three periods of six months each is inherently bad, as it has been recently represented to be.

J. KRUTTSCHNITT,
Fourth Vice-president and General Manager.

FAMOUS MINES AND MINERS.

(Continued from Page 3)

result is now history. The new Guin is 1,600 feet deep, has two shafts and is paying dividends which will increase and continue for many years.

These and many more may be mentioned, though they are all, with the exception of the Argonaut, old timers. It may be thought that California has no more new mines to discover. Such, however, is not the case. In the southeast corner of the State, in San Diego county, twelve years ago, prospectors located the Gold Rock mines. They were several miles from the railroad, fourteen miles from water, and no fuel available excepting such as lives in the burning sands of the Colorado desert. Not a spear of grass grows on the desolate hills; not a tree in sight. With low-grade ore the promise was not bright. Capital was interested, however, and the mines were equipped. Today the largest stamp mill in California is on this property—the Golden Cross—and a lively little town has sprung up about the shaft. Water is pumped from the Colorado river, being raised to a height of 500 feet. These mines. which have lately passed into the possession of Col. Isaac Trumbo, are today the best paying in California.

In the same connection I might mention the Yellow Aster in the desert northeast of Mojave, where the towns of Randsburg and Johannesburg have grown up. A thirty-stamp mill pounds out a fortune monthly for its lucky discoverers.

The history of mining in California is full of romance—full of unexpected turns of fortune—and a volume would be required to do the subject half justice. As the months go on we may expect to hear of new discoveries and new bonanzas, perhaps in unexpected quarters, for as has been evinced in the recent oil developments, California has not yet exhausted the best of her surprises. W. H. STORMS.

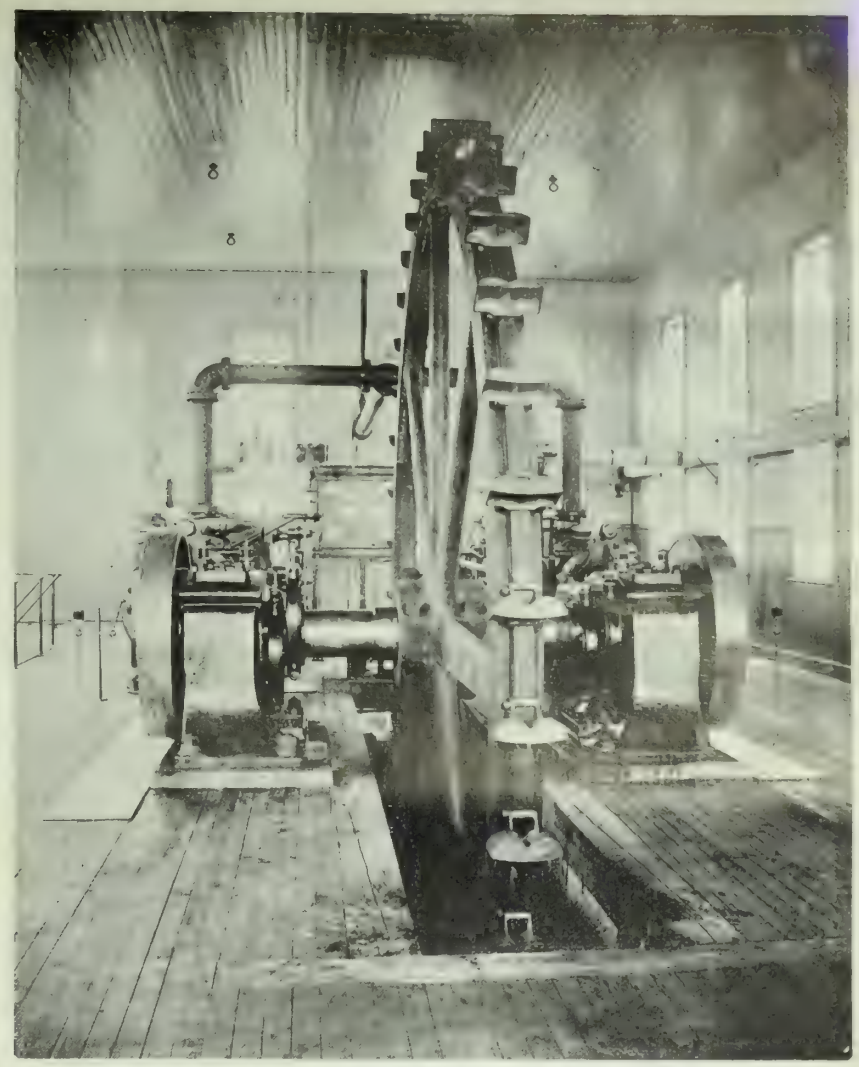
The attendance at the Mechanic's Fair, San Francisco continues undiminished in spite of the counter-attraction of the circus. It is really the best fair that the Institute has yet given. The Filipino village is an innovation, because the Fair has formerly been a purely industrial exhibit, but the new departure is a popular one and the little brown people draw crowds every day. The decorations are the most tasteful the pavilion has ever shown.

There is but one week more of the Fair and it behooves all San Franciscans who have not yet been, to go there. Especial attractions are arranged for the remaining days of the week, and on each afternoon and evening of next unique features will be shown. Notable among the exhibits now on view are the designt for the University of California, which were loaned by Mrs. Phoebe Hearss.

There are seventy-one princesses of marriageable years in the reigning houses of Europe, and only forty-seven corresponding princes. Unless they desire single blessedness, therefore, many of the princesses will be obliged to go out of their rank and contract morganatic marriages with mennot of the royal family.

General View of the Mechanic's Fair from the Gallery *Photo by Bushnell*

Thirty-foot Water Wheel in the Power Plant of the North Star Mine



Pelton Wheel, 22 Feet in Diameter, in the Alaska-Treadwell Mine

GREAT WATER WHEELS.

NECESSITY AND INVENTION.

NEW PROCESSES AND IMPROVED MACHINERY ORIGINATING IN CALIFORNIA.

CALIFORNIA miners often say that there is no State in the Union in which the conditions are so discouraging as in California. This statement requires some explanation. The natural difficulties are no greater than those encountered in other States, and, in some respects, and most particularly in the important respect of climate, nature has been kind. It is a peculiar notion which sticks in the heads of the world's capitalists that has held back and hampered the industry. The truth is, a belief s abroad, has been running loose for years, that the mines of California are "played out." It did not matter that the production of gold and other metals kept the State's output always in the group of the first three, it did not matter that the more the miners pushed their developments the richer showed the bodies of ore they entered; the financiers never got over the idea that the mineral resources of the State were exhausted when the precious metal was drawn out from the surface diggings. Consequently, the mines and miners of the State have been left pretty well to themselves. The properties have been, so to speak, self-worked. The typical story of a paying California mine is one in which the profit made by the early, primitive methods pays for subsequent improvements until a modern plant is finally installed, gradually accumulating, all on the profits of the mine. This explains the reason why the deep-lying bodies of ore, the Comstock lodes of California, have never been exploited. Capital has to be sunk in the beginning in order to reach such lodes, and the capital is not forthcoming. In the few cases where deep shafts have been tried, as in the Kennedy mine in Amador county, famous Gwin property, and one or two others, the expense has repaid the outlay. The Oneida mine, worked out near the surface years ago, has lately been reopened—sunk to lower levels—with what golden results, every California mining man knows. The history of California mining goes by layers—first, the early miners worked out the surface; then came a period, which we are just closing, when the deposits a little below the surface were worked; now, the indus.ry is to enter on the third and last stage, wherein miners go deep for big results.

Such being the case, and necessity being proverbially the mother of invention, it follows that the mining men of California must naturally have had to depend on their own wits for many things for which they could not afford to "put up." And so it chanced that many rough-and-ready improvements on existing methods and several entirely new processes have been invented in the State. Indeed, from no other section of the world have there come so many practical improvements in the industry.

First and greatest of all, there is hydraulic mining. It cannot be claimed that Californians first discovered this process, because it was in use among the ancients, and is described by Pliny, but it was rediscovered and put to practical use in the new El Dorado. Sometime between '52 and '54 the miners of the Sierras, having exhausted the surface diggings, devised this method of dislodging pay dirt from the mountain sides. The original apparatus was primitive, a cotton hose with a nozzle about as big and a stream about as powerful as that of a garden sprinkler, but power was added gradually until there resulted the huge stream, powerful as a modern cannon, which tore up the hills and muddied the rivers until the State intervened. Minor improvements in hydraulicking came also from California. "Booming" or "self-shooting," that simple but useful process whereby a slender stream is made to give, by spurts, the power of a river, came from the miners of Nevada county, while an improved hydraulic elevator, invented and patented in San Francisco, is employed in hydraulic mines the world over.

The abolition by law of hydraulic mining made invention a necessity again. The tabooed process had consisted in stripping off the overlying volcanic strata until the gold-bearing sands of the alluvial river were reached. When this was made impossible miners learned to follow the paying strata through the overlying deposits and work it until it ran out. "Drift mining" is the name given to this process, and it has since been adopted wherever there is a geological structure suited to hydraulic mining and an accompanying dearth of water.

The work of which California miners have best claim to be proud, however, comes in the gradual improvement of the stamp-mill and the concentrator. Both these useful machines have been evolved from old, awkward contriv-

Operating in the Alturas Placer Mine on Slate Creek, Plumas Co.

ances, as clumsy as a grist-mill, to modern machines of high efficiency. No one particular inventor and no one particular improvement stands out above the others; there has been a general change for the better all along the line. In the case of the stamp-mill, the old wooden stems were replaced, early in the game, by iron stems with improved appliances, and later by steel stems. Then a half-dozen improvements, some patented, some given to the world unnamed, were made in the minor parts. After that, the old square shoes and dies were replaced by round ones with a new revolving motion which added greatly to their efficiency. Lastly the self-feeding apparatus was added, and the San Francisco foundries which manufacture the separate casts for the mills found handier ways of combining the various parts. The concentrator has been developed from the simple, old Reutinger blanket. The first step was the introduction of an improved rubber fabric. Then the motion was studied and improved upon scientific lines, and finally the methods of loading and discharging perfected.

At the power house of the North Star mines at Gras Valley, Cal., are two of the largest tangential water wheels in existence, the first of which was installed in 1895, and has given such good satisfaction that when it was concluded to enlarge the power plant, it was decided to install the new one on precisely the same general lines as far as the wheel was concerned, but of increased diameter. This wheel is designed and constructed under patents issued to Mr. E. S. Cobb of the well-known firm of Cobb & Hesselmeyer, mechanical and hydraulic engineers of San Francisco, who also designed the entire new air-compressing plant. It is thirty feet in diameter and runs at 65 revolutions per minute, and operates under a head of 775 feet, transmitting power from the rim to the hub and thence to the ahaft of a 300 horse-power duplex, single-acting compound air compressor. With the exception of the hub, which is cast iron, this wheel is constructed entirely of steel, all sections of which are of known strength, and calculated to give an ample factor of safety, the conditions required in this case being *high* peripheral speed, *slow* revolutions of shaft and comparatively light total weight, the wheel weighing about 13,000 pounds. This type of wheel, besides being used as a water-power wheel, is admirably adapted for use as either *fly*, *belt* or *gear* wheels, and can be designed of any cross-section, diameter and number of revolutions per minute up to a rim speed of 20,000 feet per minute. These wheels can be built at a much less cost than those of other types, when wheels of larger diameter than 12 feet are considered, besides being simple in construction and easily erected, and having a large factor of safety for all stresses while in operation.

The above illustration represents a 22-feet diameter Pelton water wheel driving a 24x36-feet Riedler Air Compressor. As will be noted, the wheel is mounted direct on the shaft of the compressor, thus doing away with belting. The head of water is 480 feet, and the wheel has a capacity of 550 horse power. This plant is located at the Alaska-Treadwell Mine, which has the largest stamp mill in the world. Pelton wheels are used throughout, there being over twenty-five in the different departments, varying from five up to 1,000 horse power.

Young Prince Arthur, the Duke of Connaught's son, who is a student at Eton, was sent over to inspect Coburg when it was proposed that his father should succeed to the Dutchy. On returning to Eton he confided to some of his schoolfellows that what decided him to "chuck it" was being asked to play tennis with three other German princes, and finding that they had the balls fielded for them by a squad of soldiers, who saluted at "attention" each time they handed a ball. This was too much for a healthy, independent schoolboy, he explained, so he promptly decided to remain English!

That useful drug, ipecac, has been "cornered" by a number of New York dealers, who hold the entire supply. This, in connection with the scarcity of the drug, for Brazil no longer produces the root to any extent, has brought the price up from $1.25 to $4.25 an ounce in the past ten years. Rival firms are experimenting with a substitute, carthegena root, which can be had in great quantities in New Grenada.

A late view of Oil City. The Blue Goose Well in the left foreground

One of the Spouting Wells of the Coalinga Oil Co.

The Oil Industry

There are some facts about the history of the oil industry in Los Angeles, that will be of a great deal of interest to oil producers generally in California. To begin with, nearly all the oil produced in Southern California is used for fuel. It is a dry country, has but little wood and is a long way from any coal supply. Prior to the discovery of oil in Los Angeles City, coal was $9 and $10 a ton to small consumers, and $7 and $8 a ton to large consumers. The Puente Oil Company was one of the pioneers in the business, and for a long time its oil sold in Los Angeles for fuel purposes at $2.40 per barrel. Large discoveries of oil in Ventura County brought that price down to $2 per barrel. Then the Pacific Coast Oil Company and the Union Oil Company, which almost controlled the production of Ventura County, put on the oil steamer "George Loomis," built refineries at San Francisco, and for several years have shipped about all their product to the Bay City, their lighter oil being refined, and the product going to the Standard Oil Company, while their heavy oil was used for fuel. Along about this time, oil was discovered in Los Angeles City and within a year after its discovery, several hundred wells were drilled and a large over-production of oil resulted, the price as a consequence, going to ruinously low rates, the product selling at as low as 30 and 40 cents a barrel delivered. There was no storage capacity, and the people had either to leave their oil in the ground, or run it off in carload lots to San Francisco and to the consumers in Los Angeles, at any figure they could get for it. The oil discovery in Los Angeles City was in a section where the property had been subdivided into twenty-five and fifty-foot lots, owned by various people, and, in a very few instances did one owner own more than one lot. When a well was obtained on a fifty-foot lot, the persons owning the lots on either side of this well would come to the conclusion that unless they got two wells each on their lots, they would be robbed of their oil, hence the multiplicity of derricks in the Angel City, which are thicker than the masts on a ship. In many instances the derricks touch at the base. The Los Angeles field is extending in a westerly direction from the city. It has already reached the westerly city limits and is upon acreage property, where the wells will not be drilled so thickly as in the heart of the city, thus insuring them a longer life. As noted above, there was a decline in the price of fuel oil from $2.40 to as low as 40 cents per barrel. Then there was a gradual rise until, in 1897, oil was $1.50 per barrel, owing to there not being enough to supply the daily consumption. At this stage of the game, what is called the "Easterly Extension" of the city field was discovered, and soon the production was increased to 4,500 barrels per day, when the consumption was only about 2,300 barrels per day. At this time the corporation known as the Oil Storage and Transportation Company was formed. This company built tankage to the extent of 150,000 barrels, and until that tankage was filled, relieved the congestion, so that through the fall of 1897 and all of the year 1898 oil ranged at ninety-five cents to $1. It is now selling freely at $1.25, $1.30 and $1.35, according to the quality of the oil. There is very little chance for an immediate decrease in the price for various reasons, among wh:

First: The steady advancement in the price of oil, which may be attributed to the heavily increased production throughout the state, resulting from increased consumption.

Secondly: The fact that there is no known field at present from which an over production of oil can be expected in Southern California.

Further than that, increased storage facilities and the cheapness of money will prevent oil being sacrified in the future in this section of the state if an over production is had.

The storage capacity in Los Angeles City is about as follows:

Standard Oil Co.,	40,000	bbls.
Southern Pacific R. R. Co.,	40,000	"
Santa Fe R. R. Co.,	60,000	"
Union Oil Co.,	30,000	"
Oil S. & T. Co.,	150,000	"
Small tanks in field,	100,000	"
Total,	420,000	"

In the immediate vicinity of Los Angeles the storage capacity is as follows:

Santa Fe at San Bernardino,	30,000	bbls.
Central Oil Co. at Whittier	20,000	"
Puente Oil Co. at refinery, in field	100,000	"
Total,	150,000	"

There is at present above ground in the tanks above mentioned, over 225,000 barrels of oil, excluding the amount which the Puente Oil Company has on hand, being about 80,000 barrels.

For this year and 1900, any fuel oil produced by the Puente Oil Company will not be in competition with the general field, as all of its fuel oil for said time is contracted to the Chino Valley Beet Sugar Company. The Oxnard sugar factory will take all of the oil produced at Summerland and all oil produced in Ventura County and the Northern part of Los Angeles County around Newhall is controlled by the Pacific Coast Oil Company and the Union Oil Company, who do not market any of it in Southern California. The production of the Fullerton field, unless remarkable discoveries are made, will all be taken by the Santa Fe Railroad Company. Oil at $1.25 per barrel is equivalent to coal at $4.00 per ton, and the general consumer of coal in Southern California cannot get his coal for any such figure. Anyone who has ever used the two articles as fuel will give his preference to oil for many reasons. It is safe to say that the region between Los Angeles City and the sea will prove a most valuable field, and that a large amount of oil will be produced there. As it will be no longer a town lot proposition, there will not be five or six wells to the acre, hence an overproduction will not result from large discoveries in that region, and any overproduction of oil taken therefrom, will be stored to prevent a demoralization of the market. The consumption of oil is increasing daily. If the winters are favorable in the southern end of the state, the Alamitos Beet Sugar Factory, which has hardly opened its doors for two years, will be in the market for at least 80,000 barrels a year. The past two dry years have resulted in an immense development of water throughout Southern California, and even if a series of good seasons should ensue, water will be pumped all over Southern California with oil for fuel, the rains notwithstanding, and lands which were not thought susceptible of cultivation will be brought under the plow and irrigation.

It is rather a remarkable fact that the oil in the Coalinga field is now bringing more money than when the production was one-tenth what it is at present.

* *

The air is full of stories regarding large transactions in oil lands in the Kreyenhagen district, and it is altogether likely that several desirable pieces of land in that section will change hands about the first of the month. There are three distinct outcrops of oil-sand down on the west side of the valley, in the region of this district, and there is no doubt that the big sand which has made the Oil City district will be uncovered by some one when drilling actively commences in that locality. It is not generally known, but it is none the less a fact, that Messrs. Canfield & Chanslor, the Coalinga oil kings, have been quietly acquiring large blocks of property on the west side of the valley, in the high hills, all the way down from the neighborhood of Alcalde to the Avenal ranch. In fact, they are now reputed to hold the title deeds to not less than 12,000 acres in this particular section of the valley! It is not probable, however, that they will begin active drilling operations here until some time next spring. In the meantime such readers of "The Wave" as hold oil properties on the west side of the valley, can shake hands with themselves in a spirit of self-congratulation. There can be no question among those who have made an intelligent examination of the high hills in this section, of the fact that it will be ultimately one of the greatest oil fields in the world. It is very easy to trace the outcrop of oil sands, and they show up in extraordinarily large bodies. There are seepages of oil to be met with in almost every canyon, and the fact that such shrewd, experienced and successful oil operators as Messrs. Canfield & Chanslor have made such extensive investments in this direction is the best sort of evidence in support of the above statements.

* *

The members of the California Oil Exchange, with a number of prominent citizens, will make a trip to the Coalinga oil regions this week. A start will be made Friday night in two Pullman cars, and the party will proceed to Fresno, where a special engine will be secured, and the run will be made to Coalinga as a special train. The party will occupy the cars while away, and will take conveyances at Coalinga and go over the entire Oil City field and the contiguous territory. This trip will be valuable in its results, as giving the members of the Exchange an adequate idea of the comprehensive character of the oil industry, and the immense proportions the production is rapidly assuming.

* *

There are two well defined outcrops of oil sand in the Oil City field. They stretch down from the north and east at a pitch of 30 feet to the hundred, and then run off into the southwest. Crossing the valley you can find indications in the outcrop at a point west of the old coal mine at Alcalde and they then pitch down and are lost for a considerable distance along the line of the valley going south. The man who finds this great oil-bearing sand to the southwest, will do the pioneer work for a second Oil City, that will be equally as prosperous as its present prototype is in that field.

* *

The Royal Oil Company has its rig up, and early this week secured a good supply of water by pipe line. The crew at the Royal holds the banner record for quick work at Oil City, having laid the aforesaid pipe line in five days despite the sultry weather which has prevailed in the valley for the past ten days. They next laid the water line of the Oil City Petroleum Company and made an equally good record. The work of "spudding in" on the initial wells of both these companies will begin at once, and there will be no let up in operations until the drill strikes well into the oil sand.

* *

The well of the New York Oil Company in Section 20, is the center of interest at Oil City. The drill is down 1600 feet and is approaching the big oil sand which supplied the spouters of the Home and Coalinga Oil Companies. In the meantime, the stockholders of the New York Oil Company are eagerly awaiting the announcement from the field that the drill has gone through the shell and dipped down into the greasy stream of wealth.

* *

The St. Lawrence Oil Company down in the Kreyenhagen district has one of the most perfectly equipped rigs in the entire field. The well is now down 650 feet, and has struck gas and some oil. It is the intention of this company to make its first well a deep one, as they are satisfied that by doing so they will get a big flowing well.

There is a good deal of excitement over numerous oil seepages in Monterey County, especially in the Parkfield district. Several parties are getting in rigs preparatory to drilling. Captain Barrett is one of the earnest and unremitting boomers of this region.

* *

One of the upper country companies that is advertising its stock for sale, announces the present price of Home Oil Company shares at $3,000 per share. As a matter of fact, Mr. Canfield, one of the stockholders of this company, will gladly pay anyone $3,750 per share for Home Oil Company stock. Mr. Canfield fully knows that the Home is a good dividend payer, from the large checks he draws down every month.

* *

The Northfield Oil Company has a very promising tract of oil land in the northern section of the Kreyenhagen district. There are plenty of croppings of oil sand and oil shale on the land, and the company is making preparations to develope their property at once, and some good wells may be safely predicted.

* *

There is a big ripple of excitement just now down in the Kern county field, just six miles from Bakersfield. A good deal of property in that locality has been quietly absorbed during the past thirty days by well-known operators. This movement received fresh impetus when Doheny, the oil expert for the Santa Fe, and one of the pioneers of the Los Angeles oil field, slipped into Bakersfield quietly one day and bought the Elwood property, ostensibly in the interest of the Santa Fe. The Elwood well is down 350 feet, and at the present time fifty barrels a day are being taken out of the hole with the bailer. There is good reason to believe that this well will easily pump a hundred barrels a day. The Southern Pacific is putting up two rigs a short distance from the Elwood well, on land that belonged to Mr. George Crocker, and as there has been an error in the surveyor's lines at this point, there is a fine prospect of some lively litigation between the two corporations. Over in section 33 of township 28 south, range 28 east, the Imperial Oil Company is down about 350 feet with a well. They have not yet struck the oil sand, but have 100 feet of oil in the well, the same coming from a porous clay that immediately overlays the oil sand. This locality is a peculiarly favored one in which to drill wells. There is a top layer of coarse gravel, which can be boxed off. Then comes a thick strata of hard blue clay, that almost makes casing superfluous. The oil sand has a shell of fossiliferous cement, and the sand itself, as ndicated by the wells already down, is fully 100 feet thick. This great oil sand crops down by the river at frequent points, and its extensive character can plainly be definned. The oil is very much the same as that found in the Los Angeles field, but there are evidently millions of barrels here as against hundreds for the output of the southern field. In fact, it is a poor man's oil field, for the reason that wells can be put down so cheaply and quickly. A well can be sunk here to the oil sand, and be producing anywhere from fifty to a hundred barrels of oil per day inside of ten days. The new field lies along the Kern river in one section and Poso creek in the other, so the water problem is practically eliminated here. Another point that has made this field alluring to investors among oil men, is the assurance that it will be easy to market the production of the field without the construction of long and expensive pipe lines. There are two competing railroads at this point—the Southern Pacific and the Valley road—and they will no doubt both build spurs into the heart of this new oil field, and enter into active competition for the transportation of the oil to California markets.

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Session of the Board

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Bailey Photo, Seattle

WHAT tremendous joy to be able to get up and take a flying trip to New York to see Dewey. I cannot make it out why some of our people have not started. I'd go in a moment were any one of my relations built on the fairy god-mother style. It is to be a great event, for over two hundred thousand dollars have been collected for decorations, and hundreds of yachts will start out in flying colors to meet the hero in his wonderful *Olympia*.

I have been having a very hard time lately with Aunt Sybil. During our summer campaign she developed a tremendous love for reading, unequalled by any other passion I have ever seen her show. She reads such clever books, too, and now wants to know clever people. It is so hard on poor Miss Cricket, for I hate to think Aunt Sybil is to become an erudite person. I fear she may lose interest in my chiffons and favours and new crushes, and all these nice comfortable oddities that add so very, very much to my life. The worst part of her peculiarity has been demonstrated since she read the "*Individualist*," by Mallock. It is a story where many of the people say clever things most of the time. Now when I say anything just bright, Aunt Sybil from habit, because they always did it when I was a baby, writes it down in a big blank book—and it is only half full. So after I had read a few chapters of this smart novel, I put it away, and suggested to Aunt Sybil to come off her elevated stand and be as the people with whom she lives. She says, "No, Cricket, dearie, I'd be much happier in an atmosphere of clever people where one thinks out grave problems. So far the luncheons have been fine. Mrs. Martin's to Genevieve was a royal affair. You know I have a tremendous penchant for the University Club cooking; it is absolutely beyond doubt the best in town. The decorations I never noticed. Now, is not that shocking; but the girls all looked so nice and the menu was so tremendously fine that I forgot everything else. It was in excellent taste, and the music divine. When I got off the car at Jones street I really thought I had stepped in front of the opera house for a Melba matinee. The street was simply lined with carriages and broughams. All the girls were in their bests, but very few had really new gowns. Burlingame was there in full force, and I am glad to say that the girls are really getting to be less "cliquey" and self-conscious. Mrs. Martin used a great deal of judgment in seating her guests, so that all the bright ones were not together. Genevieve is looking more beautiful than ever, and just beams with happiness. Mrs. Martin and she are already the greatest friends. Kate Salisbury and Genevieve were both at the Loughbroughs on Wednesday evening, where we had a very jolly time. Josephine Loughborough looked particularly well. She has such beautiful hair, complexion and teeth, and I think is a most charming hostess. I love dinners; one has so much fun being with a man all through dinner. I notice the man of today does not stay so long over his black coffee and cigar as his ancestors used to. Azalia Keyes has grown to be a very sweet girl, with a most winsome way about her. She reminds me just a little in her manner of Mrs. Dr. Morton Grinnell, who was Jennie Catherwood. I was quite surprised to think of Ethel Dean really going to Vassar College. Somehow Ethel does not suggest a college girl, although she was always clever and attentive at school. Bessie Mills gave her a luncheon at which I really enjoyed myself. I was almost the eldest there, and felt like a chaperone. The Herrin girls, Gladys Merril, the Deans, and I, though all at school together, have not seen very much of each other these few years. I admire Alice Herrin very much. She has grown to be a very delightful girl, and looks as well in the daytime as Kate, who I used to like the best, does in the evening.

* *

Polo is still the man's craze at Burlingame. I think that girls, were they to ride astride, might, after another year or so, try it. It is wonderfully interesting to watch, and after all there is no reason why the woman of today cannot try everything. The links, both at San Rafael and Burlingame, are well patronized. I believe Mrs. Tetley is going to superintend the management of the Club House and have a fine restaurant there. She has a great deal of executive ability, and I am sure it will be a boon to the golfists. Mrs. Gilman Brown and Miss McCalla are at Del Monte resting after the contest. They go out to the links, however, every morning to keep in practice. Frank Carolan had a big stag picnic to forty in the Burlingame woods on Saturday. Arthur was spending the day down there with the Scotts, and a whole lot of fellows went down on the same train and told him they expected to have a great day of it. Since this I have heard they had a banquet fit for the gods themselves, and, talk of stories! Mrs. George Crocker has been staying at the Will Crockers this last week. I only wish she were to remain this winter, for she gives girls such a good time and enters into parties and dances and novel entertainments with all the zest in the world. The Terrys and Genevieve Goad have been staying with Mrs. Martin, and every luncheon and dinner there is gay and bright. Peter, Walter and Andrew, with their wit and brightness, are, I think, a panacea for all blues. Miss Terry keeps up her end, too. The Rudolph Spreckels and Mary Jolliffe have also been down on a visit to the Martins.

A lot of us went up on Friday noon to Aloha Farm, the Bancrofts place, to see Sara married. It was an outdoor affair under the oak trees, and all the girls and men wore white. It seemed almost as though the day was specially made for the occasion—a real Indian summer day. I have never seen anything so picturesque before, and have quite made up my mind to be married, when I do marry, under an oak tree. Alberta was maid of honor, and looked very picturesque: Sara wore her mother's dress and veil, and looked as happy and bright as possible. Donald Fry is a nice chap. I do not know him very well, but I always judge a fellow by his friends, and if his be all like those I met the other day, I think Sara a very lucky girl. Herbert Punnett was best man. I was so sorry to have to return Monday morning, for Mrs. Bancroft and Alberta made our visit absolutely charming, and I do hope I shall be asked up there again.

Belle Mhoon and Fred Magee are to be married on Wednesday, and now I shall you all about the fun we had at the Martin-Goad wedding on Tuesday.

Genevieve Goad's wedding quite surpassed even my most wild-eyed expectancy. The dear old Goad house was simply ravishingly beautiful in its decorations, which I must describe to you, Diary my dear. First when we entered the house the whole hall was dressed in joyous American beauty roses and suntinted autumn leaves—oh, but it was charming. The roses followed the line of the stairs and at the foot there were palms. The drawing-room, in which the wedding took place, was like a bower filled with white flowers of every description—tremendously long names, which do not love to linger in the light brain of your Miss Cricket—well to go on about the wedding which took place at twelve o'clock precisely. Ed. Greenway and Peter Martin headed the procession—after them followed Hattie Belle Goad, the maid of honor in a pretty gown of pink and white lace. She carried pink roses. Then came Aileen Goad McIntosh in white. On the arm of her brother Frank followed Genevieve, looking more lovely than I could have believed possible—you know Diary how handsome I consider her. Her dress was a poem, in white satin and Duchesse lace and her bouquet of orchids spoke volumes for Andrew's taste. Father Prendergast performed the ceremony, which was terribly short—I like linked sweetness long drawn out for my own part. The usual bridal music was played. I wish someone would compose a new wedding march, I am so tired of Lohengrin. It gives one the creeps, too, for I remember how unhappily that particular marriage turned out, and I am awfully superstitious. The wedding breakfast was excellent, the champagne my favorite brand—'tis well I am no longer a debutante. The decorations on the tables were carnations. The rest of the room was in long grape vines and hops. We had great fun during the meal, for the Martin boys and Addison Minner made things very lively. Andrew and Genevieve left by the owl train for Montecito, where they will spend the next month or so. Everybody was there, each one in a very fetching toilette. Greys were almost a uniform. I never saw so many shades of the quaker color. Aileen McIntosh looked sweeter than ever, and I still think her the flower of the flock.

MISS CRICKET.

Modjeska as "Marie Antoinette"

Gilbert Stuart's new play "Marie Antoinette," with which Modjeska opens this week at the Columbia, is a double disappointment. After the first act there is no doubt in the mind of any critical spectator but that the play is a complete failure—this is disappointment No. 1. No. 2 comes when the drama braces up in acts three and four, and is really intense and worth while for a few minutes before lapsing back into the mediocrity of the last scene.

In making an historical drama, one is handicapped always by a knowledge of the fact that his audience knows the story in advance, and that he cannot, therefore, make use of the device of surprise. Most playwrights have solved the problem, by weaving a web of utterly fictitious events into the woof of fact. Thus, in Schiller's "Mary Stuart"—a play with which one is forced to make comparisons, for the two dramas run on similar lines—this undercurrent is furnished by a romantic but fictitious love affair of Queen Elizabeth's, which is supposed by the author to have guided the course of history. This is the only way in which the interest of suspense can be worked into an historical play. We know that Marie Antoinette and Marie Stuart have to die on the scaffold eventually; that the spirit of Julius Cæsar is to take vengeance at last on his murderers; that Richard is to die on Boswell Field. We learned these things out of our schoolbooks. But how? In what way is the fictitious element of the plot to bring about the denouement? What is to become of those creatures of the author's fancy whom he has put alongside these real people? If there is no room for such a question, the playwright has missed half his effect. It is in this that Mr. Stuart has failed. He takes the story of the unfortunate Queen and her doomed family, and he tells it just as it goes in history, without addition, without even attempting an artistic arrangement. We know just what is going to happen to every person on the stage. Louis is to die on the scaffold, Marie is to die on the scaffold, so is Mirabeau. The Dauphin is to be starved in a cellar, and so on through the cast of characters. You can go down the program naming the fate of each one and telling how it came about—if you have only read Carlyle. Right there lies another and similar failure in a department where the historical dramatist should be strong—character-portrayal. As the familiar events should have a settiug of fiction, so the characters we have known from childhood ought to be surrounded with minor people with fresh and strong individualities. The author of the present attempt lost a great, a very great opportunity in his mob. Each of the tormentors of the imprisoned royalties are made fiendishly cruel in a kind of common bloodthirstiness. Now, a master would have put in little, subtle differences between them; each one would have voiced the common theme with a variation of his own. You would have gone away remembering them as people, not as supes one degree removed. Also there is a grand opportunity, lost here utterly, to set the tragedy off by the grim humor which might have been put into these ragged, ignorant amateur statesmen.

And yet, so truly pathetic is the story and so well has the author handled this part, at least, of his theme, that there were real tears and plenty of them in that Columbia audience. One expects that in an Alcazar audience, which goes to hear Florence Roberts with extra handkerchiefs, but it is rather a new thing for the elegant first-nighters of San Francisco.

That Marie Antoinette is made a genuine character in her development from the gay, foolish little Queen of the prologue to the heroine who goes out to death as the curtain falls, is due to the genius of Modjeska rather than to the talent of the author. The splendid old actress comes back to us a little broken by her recent severe illness. Her beautiful voice, with its attractive difficulties with the r's and v's of the English tongue, is weak and lacks timbre, but her portrayal of the part saves the performance; it is worthy to be ranked with her "Mary Stuart," her "Rosalind," and her "Katherine." In parts of this kind Modjeska is most at home, for she is too much the lady to be adequate to such a semi-barbarous role as that of "Cleopatra" or "Lady Macbeth." Imagine her as "Carmen!"

The new leading man, John Killard, was all arms, legs and angles in the dress and manners of the elegant old French court. In the pathetic scenes, however, he rose with the author, and did excellent work. A minor bit that was very well acted was the character of the mad, vindictive priestess of *la guillotine*, as played by Mary Halll. The production was well staged and adequately costumed to the period, and the large and important mob was well drilled as supes go.

W.

Dramatic Notes.

Roland Reed's old favorite, "Innocent as a Lamb," a farcical comedy which had big run in its day, is next's week's bill at the Alcazar.

Next week the renovated California opens with Ben Hendricks in "A Yenuine Yentleman," a Swedish dialect comedy-drama interspersed with specialties.

"Hotel Topsy-Turvy," a New York success of last season, follows Modjeska at the Columbia. That old familiar laugh-maker Eddie Foy, is in the cast.

On Monday night Modjeska abandons the tearful role of Marie Antionette for the cheerful one of Beatrice in "Much Ado About Nothing." "Mary Stuart" is billed for Tuesday, Thursday and Friday nights, and "Macbeth" for Wednesday and Saturday. The Monday night production will be repeated at the Saturday matinee.

Felix Morris is at the Orpheum again next Monday for a week's engagement, during which he will present several of his one act plays. A Hawaiian team in a lyric novelty is to be on the new program. The other new features will be Forest and King, comedians, and La Page Sisters, song and dance artists. Retained from this week will be Frank Cushman, Stinson and Morton, Seymour and Dupree and Jennie Yeamans.

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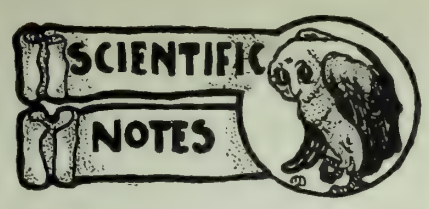
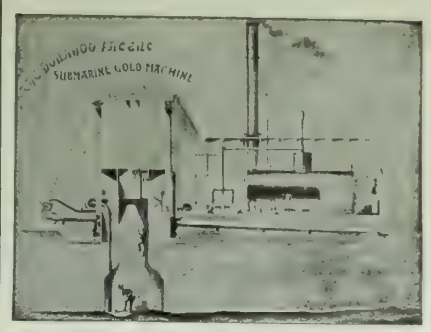


NO DISTINCTIVE CRIMINAL TYPE—Recent investigations by French scientists in the penal colony at New Caledonia tend to disprove the phrenological theory that there is a criminal type among men. M. Pitard has made measurements of the skulls of convicts for comparison with the skulls of Frenchmen—as sane and rational as Frenchmen ever are—most of them respectable citizens of Paris, and the result is to show that there is practically no difference. If anything, the advantage seems to be with the convicts, for their "vertical index," a sign of brain according to the phrenologists, is rather higher. The variations in the classes is the same, that is to say, they are long, broad, large and small alike. This, taken in connection with the fact, recently pointed out after a series of thorough investigations, that criminals are as a whole just as good looking, and in not infrequent cases even better looking, than men of known religious and studious character, surely tends to disprove the recent hypothesis of the existence of a criminal type that may be discerned by the measurements of the head and certain appearances of the face.

GUTTA PERCHA IN EXCELSIS—Gutta percha is now at the highest price in its history and a question has arisen as to where the supply will come from in case it is decided to build a cable across the Pacific Ocean from this country to our new possessions in the Philippine Islands. So short is the supply of gutta percha that cable people say that if this cable is laid it will be the last one that will be built until some new insulating material is discovered that will take the place of gutta percha.

MORAL VALUE OF HYPNOTISM—In a recent notable debate in London on hypnotism between Dr. Bramwell, of that city, and F. W. Myers, of Cambridge, the former gave some interesting practical results in this line, his experience covering some nine years of suggestive practice, during which he had not seen even the slightest bad effect, either immediate or remote, and he concluded that the moral sense must be heightened to a degree. He had resorted to suggestions with patients of all ages—some actually insane, many on the borderland of insanity and of a mental condition so extremely unstable that if there had been any danger of producing bad effects some patients would have shown them; but in not a single instance had there been a weakening of the will; on the contrary, those with a weak will gained force of character, and gave up vice. According to Mr. Myers, the leading facts of hypnotism, both for the physician and the phychologist, the facts which call most pressingly both for explanation and development, are those profound sanative regenerations which have so often transformed the dipsomaniac, the morphinomaniac, etc., into self-controlled and useful members of society.

VALUE OF PRECIOUS METALS.—Most people when asked to name the most precious metals usually mention gold as first, platinum as second, and silver as third. Gold is worth about $250 per pound troy, platinum $130, and silver about $12. Nickel is worth 60 cents, and pure aluminum from 50 cents to $2 to the troy pound. Barium sells for $950 a pound when sold at all, and calcium is worth $1,800 a pound. Cirium, is a shade higher; its cost is $160 per ounce, or $1,920 per pound. These begin to look like fabulous prices, but they do not reach the highest point, chromium being $200. Cobalt falls about half the price of silver, while didymium, the metal isolated by Masander, is the same price as calcium. Gallium is worth $3,250 an ounce. With this metal the highest price is reached, and it may well be called the rarest and most precious metal. Glucium is worth $250 per ounce, indium $150, iridium $658 a pound, janthanium $175, and lithium $160 per ounce. Nidium costs $128 per ounce; osmium, palladium, platinum, potassium, and rhodium bring respectively, $640, $400, $130, $32, and $512 per pound. Strontium costs $128 an ounce, tantaum $144, tilurium $9, thorium $272, vanadium $320, yttorium $144, and zinconium $250 an ounce.



The Stanislaus Dredging Company

OFFERS

Something New in Gold Mining

Hundreds of miles of rich river bottoms, and thousands of acres of gold-bearing gravel, so situated as to debar operations by wing-dams, flumes, drainage tunnels, etc., are now made available for most successful and economical mining exploitation.

An absolute bed-rock clean-up of river bottoms more easily and perfectly accomplished than could be done if the river was diverted from its channel.

This hitherto baffling problem is solved by the aid of the

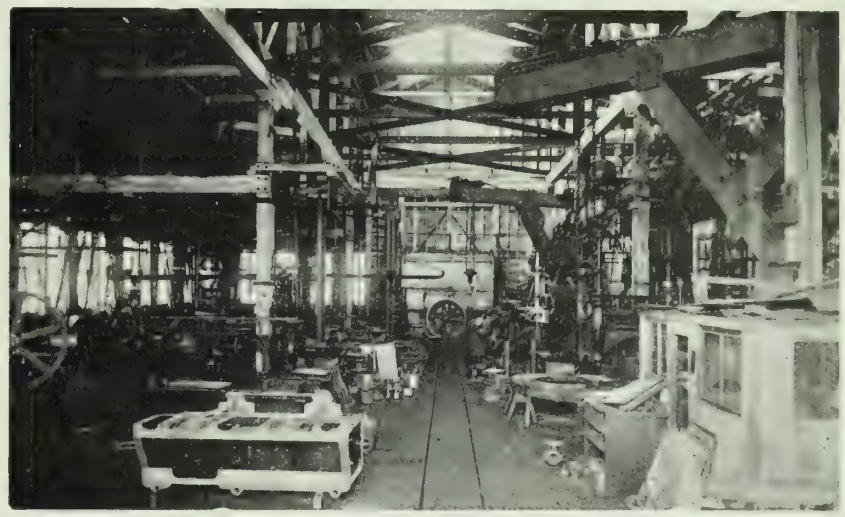
DONAHOO PATENT CAISSON DREDGE
Now Employed by the Stanislaus Dredging Company.

By this method literally ALL the gold on and in the crevices and irregularities of the bed-rock is secured, amounting in most instances to at least 100 per cent. more than can be obtained by any other dredging system.

The Stanislaus Dredging Company, having demonstrated the superiority of the Donahoo Patent Caisson Dredge, is prepared to build and sell or operate them on a royalty; also to purchase dredging ground, or dredge the same upon shares; and do all other business relating to their system of dredging.

Call or communicate with the offiee of the Company,

325 PARROTT BLDG., 825 MARKET ST.
S. GOODENOUGH, SEC'Y. — SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.



FULTON ENGINEERING AND SHIPBUILDING WORKS.

A Vista in the Machine Shops of the Fulton Iron Works.

There is no element or feature in the business life of San Francisco which is accomplishing so much in the way of promoting the prosperity of the community as those great industrial and manufacturing enterprises which give employment to hundreds of worthy workmen. Occupying a leading place among these must be reckoned the establishment of the Fulton Engineering and Ship Building Works, the nucleus of whose vast business was established by Hinckley, Spiers & Hayes in 1851. The firm originated in 1851 as the Fulton Iron Works and incorporated in its present form with a capital stock of one million dollars in '92. The plant was originally located on First street, between Mission and Howard, and then on Howard, Fremont and Beale streets, but after being destroyed by fire three times, was removed to Harbor View. It is one of extensive proportions and superior equipment, and covers an area of several hundred acres. Their city office is located at No. 15 First street. They make machinery of all descriptions, but special attention is given to the construction of wood and steel vessels, and all kinds of marine work. They also do a large business in building quartz mill machinery, air compressors, Corliss engines, pumping works, etc. This company built the ferryboat "Sausalito" in 1894, also the "*Ukiah*" and "*Encinal*," twelve steamers each for the International Navigation Company of Honolulu and the Alaska Packers' Association, four for the Wilmington Transportation Company, the steamers "Humboldt," "Dirigo," "Samoa," "Grace Dallas," "Henrietta," "Fulton," "Chas Nelson," and the river boats "Peters," "Weber," "Dauntless," and "San Joaquin." This company is also the builder of the pumping works for the Spring Valley Water Works at Black Point and the machinery for the dynamite guns at Presidio Bluffs and Huntingdon Roller Mill. They have recently received a contract to build a large tug for the Santa Fe & Valley Railroad one hundred feet long, twenty-three beam and eleven and a half depth.

H. N. COOK BELTING COMPANY
"GOLDEN STATE"

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LEATHER BELTING

SPECIALTY:
DYNAMO BELTS
PUMP LEATHERS

317-319 MISSION STREET
SAN FRANCISCO

JOHN G. ILS & CO.

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French Ranges

KITCHEN AND BAKERY OUTFITS

French Ranges are Brick Set, giving but little heat in the kitchen, and are very practical, durable and economical. Send for Catalogue.

For those who appreciate Comfort and Attention

A QUIET HOME CENTRALLY LOCATED

Occidental Hotel
SAN FRANCISCO

WM. B. HOOPER, Manager.

GREENBAUM'S

White and Dark Violet

The Most Fashionable Perfume
Possesses the Odor of Fresh Violets

200 POST STREET

CONTENTMENT

BY F. G. ENGELBACH

They had discussed the question in the smoking-room until their tempers had risen as high as the thermometer, when, at the psychological moment, Gherki opened the door. Being a newly-arrived South African millionaire, his entrance was opportune, and was greeted with a shout of welcome.

"Silence!" roared the autocrat of the club, an old Indian colonel. "Let me put the facts before Gherki." He glared angrily round, whilst the newcomer looked in surprise from one to the other.

"The fact is, Gherki, we've been arguing as to whether any man, rich or poor, is ever contented. Most of us can answer for the poor, but we wanted to hear what you others thought of it."

They all liked the plutocrat, for although a thing of yesterday, he was a gentleman to the tips of his fingers. His tanned face grew a shade paler as he listened, and the slight shiver which seized him was visible to every one of the men. He dropped with a sigh into a chair, and took out a cigar-case.

"You men make me wonder," he began, carefully choosing a cigar as he spoke. "Is there one of you who knows what poverty is? I guess not. I mean, by poverty, not having a penny in your pocket to buy bread with, and wanting food with a fierce intensity which burns. No. I see not one of you has been poor; but I have, and it was in those days I met the only contented man I have ever come across."

Outside, through the drawn blinds, the roar of the traffic sounded dully through the room, and every man felt cool. Grim want, which they had read so much of, seemed to be close to them even in that palatial room, and they felt a little cold!

"I had landed in London with the title-deeds of the Great Morgiana gold mine in my bag, and a few pounds in my pocket."

Gherki's voice was low, but everyone could hear it.

"I thought that my fortune was made. I alone knew of the vast potentialities of that great mine, and I expected to find financiers tumbling over each other in their eagerness to assist me. But they did not, gentlemen, and pound by pound my resources dwindled until I was within touch of destitution. I laid my views before many men, but they all put me off, until my heart grew sick within me. I had to appear well turned out, but no one knows how I suffered to keep a brave face showing to the world. Watch, rings, chain, everything went until one day I owned but the clothes I walked in, and my precious papers.

"That day began my good fortune, for the great financier nibbled at my bait and finally swallowed it! 'Come in the day after to-morrow,' he said, 'and I will complete the necessary papers.' How could I tell him I was penniless, and had not tasted food for twenty-four hours? I left him without a word, for I was ashamed to confess my condition, and stood out in St. Swithin's Lane almost desperate. Think of it, gentlemen, my share of that mine has brought me since two millions of money, and I wanted bread then with such awful eagerness that it makes me sick even now to think of it. I drifted along until I came to a large dwelling with a shopfront filled with substantial food at bed-rock prices. On the window was a huge placard:

"'WHY STEAL, STARVE, OR
"COMMIT SUICIDE.
"COME TO US AND WE WILL HELP YOU."

There were two men standing by in the Salvation Army uniform, and, seeing me look at the notice, one came towards me.

"'Would you like to see our shelter, sir?' he asked, for my frock coat and tall hat made me appear well-to-do. 'It's well worth seeing.'

"'Good God, man!' I replied, 'I'm starving, in spite of my clothes. I've had no food since yesterday.'

"He didn't betray the least surprise, but he held out his hand to me.

"'Come right in to the office and make yourself at home,' he said, and I followed him. 'Now sit down whilst I see the adjutant.' No questions, mark you, but they fetched me in—don't forget that! Then two more came, and I told them my story, and they fetched me a bowl of onion soup!"

A man close beside Gherki—a young man, it may be said in excuse—murmured: "How dreadful!"

"Curse you!" snarled the millionaire, so fiercely that the youth almost jumped. "Thank God you've never wanted, and pray you never may. Excuse me, gentlemen, for breaking out like that; but I don't often tell this story, and it stirs me, as you may imagine," he added contritely.

"That food was strength and life to me, and I begged for life to repay them. They gave me letters to address, and that afternoon I earned sixpence by work, which made me feel a man again. Then they lent me an old suit of clothes, and I went about eight o'clock into the chief living-room. There must have been nearly two hundred men collected there, and there wasn't a smile or a laugh amongst the lot. Black despair seemed to be brooding over everyone, and they looked hopeless. Listlessly they lounged about, and hardly one spoke above a low growl, for they were life's flotsam, and not a man trusted his neighbor. I was sitting half asleep on a bench when a wretched, sordid-looking man sat down beside me.

"'What time can we go up to bed?'" I asked, and wondered to see the flush which flooded his face as I asked.

"'In half an hour, thank God, we can go up. What's your number?'

"'408.'

"'Good! you're next to me. Say, is this your first night here?'

"'Yes,' I replied; 'I pray it may be the last.'

"'Well—well,' he muttered; we don't all think so. Some of us find the place well enough.'

"His voice was an educated one, and there was a something about him which seemed to suggest that at one time he had known better things.

"'To me it is a hell,' I said decidedly.

"'To me it is a heaven,' was his answer. 'Listen, I haven't told another human being, but I will tell you where real happiness is to be found when you drift down here, and that is in sleep.'

"'In sleep?' I asked.

"'Listen! Five years ago I was a journalist having a good connection, and making good money. I don't look like it, do I? But I am speaking the truth.'

"His ragged clothes, his matted beard and hair, and his emaciated face seemed to give him the lie, but I let him alone.

"'Perhaps it was fate or chance that gave me the idea,' my neighbor began, 'but day and night it took shape in my brain. "Write me," it seemed to say. "Don't waste your time on this ephemeral stuff, but lay me as your finished work on Fame's altar." I resisted the temptation for long, but at last I yielded, and began little by little to give time to my book which belonged to my daily work. Then I met a girl, foolish like myself, who seemed my ideal of womanhood, and we married. Absolutely happy in our union, content in the work which grew visibly before my eyes, I let everything slip away. I had money saved, and we lived on it, secure in the future success of my book. One ever-to-be remembered day my *magnum opus* was finished, and like two children we gazed reverently at its snowy-typed pages. We built glittering *chateaux d'Espange*, and peopled them with our fancies, while Fate was spinning her web around us. Secure in my knowledge of a great publisher, I took my work with confidence to him, and then rushed back to build other castles with the girl I loved. The memory of the next three months is blurred, but two great facts stand out clear. One day I received a letter from my publisher which took all the life from me. By a a coincidence, so it appeared, another author, far more famous than I, had treated of the same subject, and his book had been brought out the day before my friend wrote to me. "I fear 'Resurgam' is dead," he wrote, "and I regret it most sincerely, for I should have been glad to have published it." That was not all, for within a week my wife was fighting for her life with pneumonia. She, like me, had lost heart, and she died in spite of all our efforts. Bowed to the ground I took my punishment; but I had no strength to struggle, and little by little, I drifted here. It was hard at first not to wash or shave, to eat coarse food, and mix with the dregs of society, but you get used to it all in time. Then one night, Fate, which had dealt me such buffets, gave back royally with both hands that which she had taken away. I fell asleep, and, as I slept, the hard matter-of-fact world slipped away, and in my dreams I lived again the days that had gone. I seemed to wake, and there was my wife with a sheaf of press notices spread out before her. I had taken London by storm, and there was not one discordant note in my happiness. That was six months ago, and we are now living in a lovely house in Surrey, and I am trying to satisfy the demands of the publishers who at once flocked round me on my success. We pass our days together, happy in our trust and love. It is all a dream I know, but what do I care? You others live by day, I by night. Can anyone take one iota from my happiness, or add one thorn to the rose of my pleasure. And so I lose not one moment of my dream-life, for I am the first to go to bed, and the last to rise in the morning. To earn my necessary bread I sell bootlaces in the street, but what matters it, I don't care. Ha! now we can go up!' he exclaimed, rising at once. I heard this story in silence, and followed my guide up to the enormous dormitory, where, on the floor, not six inches from each other, were ranged rectangles of wood six feet six inches long by two feet broad, and six inches high. Each had a black leather-covered mattress and pillow on it, with a neatly-folded blanket laid upon it.

"'That's the way to oblivion,' said my guide as he took off his broken boots, and rolled himself in his blanket; 'good night!'

"I tossed from side to side, sleepless and miserable, but the gaslight shone on that wretched, upturned face beside me, and on it was a smile of quiet happiness. I felt savage that such content was denied me, and turned my head away in anger. I must have slept, for I awoke suddenly, hearing voices beside me. Sitting up I found my neighbor's bunk screened by two night officers, who were kneeling beside him.

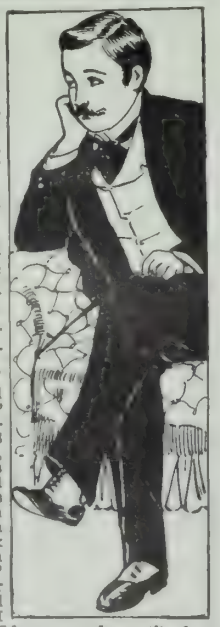
"'What's the matter?' I asked.

"'He's dead,' was the reply, and," Gherki added, "will you believe me, gentlemen, on the dead man's face was a smile which one can imagine on the visage of an angel, so much did it transfigure that poor mask of clay.

"Yes, he was the only contented man I have ever known, and I—well, I envy him sometimes." M. A. P.

Pimples

Are more than a disfigurement of the skin; they are a handicap to a young man, alike in love and business. The pimply face looks dissipated and both merchant and maiden look askance at the unfortunate fellow whose face is his misfortune. An almost certain cure for pimples and similar disfiguring eruptions is found in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It purifies the blood of the corrupting cause of ordinary eruptive diseases, cleanses the skin and builds up the body with sound wholesome flesh. "Discovery" contains neither alcohol nor narcotics.



"I am well pleased with your medicines," writes John A. Calloway, Esq., of No. 218 26th St., Columbus, Ga. "In 1894 I was working at night and I broke out in lumps all over, and when these left the skin peeled off. I took six bottles of 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and two of Doctor Pierce's Pellets, and I do believe that I am sound and well. I have a good appetite, but before I commenced treatment I had no appetite at all. My eyes were sunken and my face was pale. I had pimples and brown spots on my face. Now these are all gone. I have used many kinds of medicines but received no benefit. Last year I weighed one hnndred and thirty-four pounds, and now I weigh one hundred and forty-five. Please accept my thanks. I am so glad I found the right kind of medicine."

Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser sent *free* on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing *only*. Send 21 one-cent stamps for book in paper covers, or 31 stamps for cloth, to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

400 GRADUATES SECURED POSITIONS IN PAST TWO YEARS

LOW RATES!

San Francisco Business College

Only Experienced Bookkeepers and Reporters Employed as Teachers. Send for Catalogue.

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The Solly Walter School of Illustration

Will reopen August 1st for the Fall and Winter Term

26 O'Farrell Street, San Francisco

The Best Short-Hand College

Remember, that all those desiring to learn short-hand are advised by the official short-hand reporters to go to . . . . .

Robert F. Gallagher's Stenographic College

The only place in this city where practical rapid short-hand is taught. Mr. Gallagher has been an official reporter for seventeen years, the last six years serving under Judge Wallace, and is regarded as one of the fastest short-hand writers in the United States. Call and investigate. Terms, $50 for full course. or $10 per month; evening class for beginners or for advanced pupils to acquire speed, $5 per month. Parrott (Emporium) Building, rooms 430-31-32. Telephone South 43.

Mr. and Mrs. Dickinson's Academy

1247 Franklin St., near Post

English, French, German and Spanish Boarding and Day School. Begins with kindergarten and prepares for universities, business and society. Drawing and painting. Cultured home training. Excellent table. $30.00 per month. Music in all its branches, if desired, extra.

WAKELEE'S

Foot Powder

—FOR—

Golfers, Hunters, Fisherman . . . . .

Relieves and Cures Hot, Swollen, Smarting, Aching, Sweating and Tired Feet. For sale by all First-Class Dealers or by mail for 25 cents. Wakelee & Co., Chemists, San Francisco

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REPAIRS

California Electrical Works

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BUY IT Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the

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"Damiana" is a powerful aphrodisiac and special tonic for the sexual and urinary organs of both sexes and a great remedy for diseases of the kidneys and bladder. For weak nerves these bitters are invaluable, and leading physicians recommend them as the greatest invigorator known. Long-winded testimonials are not necessary. "Damiana" Bitters are known on their merits. Send for Circular.

NABER, ALFS & BRUNE, Agents
323-325 Market St., S. F.

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT—GOULD & CURRY SILVER MINING COMPANY.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Virginia City, Storey Co., Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 31st day of August, 1899, an assessment (No. 87) of fifteen (15) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room No. 69, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 4th day of Octobor, 1899, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Wednesday the 25th day of Octobor, 1899, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors. ALFRED K. DURBROW, Secretary.

Office, room No. 69. Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF MARY MCKENNA, DECEASED—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Jane Daly, Executrix of the last will of Mary McKenna, deceased, to the creditors, of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Jane Daly, Executrix, at the offices of Gavin McNab, Esq., her attorney, rooms 46 and 47, Mills building, the same being her place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. JANE DALY,
Executrix of the Estate of Mary McKenna, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, Sept. 12th, 1899.
GAVIN MCNAB,
Atty for Executrix.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.—Bullion Mining Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, Cal. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 20th day of Sept., 1899, an assessment (No. 55) of Five (5) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 11, 331 Post street, San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 24th day of October. 1899, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday, the 14th day of November, 1899, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the cost of advertsing and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors. R. R. GRAYSON, Sec'y.

Office: Room 11, 331 Pine street, San Francisco, Cal.

A GLOWING HIGHWAY TO HAPPINESS
.....IS THE ROAD THAT LEADS TO **DEL MONTE**

Added to the many pleasures afforded by its enchanting surroundings are FINE GOLF LINKS

* THIS SEASON'S *

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THE PEERLESS CALIFORNIA RESORTS

Santa Fe Route

SAN FRANCISCO TO CHICAGO

The Most Comfortable Way Across the Continent.

Every day in the year Pullman Palace and Pullman Upholstered Tourist Cars leave Oakland Mole for Chicago and the East. Take Market-Street Ferry at 5:30 p.m.

Dining-Rooms are managed by Mr. Fred Harvey, and are perfect in every detail, serving meals at regular rates.

No other line offers so many inducements as the Santa Fe Route.

SAN FRANCISCO TICKET OFFICE,
628 Market Street. Telephone Main 1531

OAKLAND OFFICE, 1118 Broadway

SACRAMENTO OFFICE, 201 J Street

SAN JOSE OFFICE, 7 W. Santa Clara Street

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway wharf San Francisco.

For Alaskan ports, 10 a. m. Sept. 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, Oct 3, change to company's steamers at Seattle.

For B. C. and Puget Sound ports 10 a.m. Sept. 3. 8, 13, 18. 23, 28, Oct. 3 and every fifth day thereafter.

For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, 2 p.m. Sept. 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, Oct. 1, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Newport (Los Angeles) and Way Ports, 9 a. m. Sept. 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29, Oct. 3, and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 a.m. Sept. 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, Oct. 1, and every fourth day thereafter.

For Mexican ports, 10 a. m. 7th of each month.

For further information, obtain folder.

The company reserves the right to change, without previous notice, steamers, sailing dates, and hours of sailing.

Ticket Office: 4 New Montgomery St (Palace Hotel)

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Gen. Agts.
No. 10 Market Street, - San Francisco, Cal.

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The Finest and Fastest Train from California to the East
IS THE

Overland Limited

VIA

UNION PACIFIC

Leaves San Francisco DAILY at 6.00 p.m., running through to Chicago without change of cars.

EQUIPMENT—Pullman Double Drawing-Room Sleepers
Dining Cars
Composite Buffet Smoking and Library Cars
Reclining Chair Cars

Entire train vestibuled and lighted throughout by Pintsch Gas. Time, 3½ days, San Francisco to Chicago—*twelve hours quicker than all other lines*

Upholstered Pullman Tourist Sleepers are also carried on the "Overland Limited," daily, San Francisco to Chicago, without change, thereby enabling passengers holding second class tickets to reach Chicago and all points at the same time as first class passengers. Steamship tickets to all points in Europe.

Tickets and sleeping car reservations at General Office, No. 1 Montgomery Street. Telephone Main 1930. D. W. HITCHCOCK, General Agent.

OCEANIC Steamship Company

Hawaii
Samoa
New Zealand
Australia

S. S. Mariposa, **for Australia**, Wednesday, Oct. 4, at 10 p.m.

S. S. Australia, for **Honolulu only**, Wednesday, October 18, at 2 p.m.

Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Capetown, South Africa.

Ticket Office 114 Montgomery St.
Freight Office 327 Market St.

J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO General Agents

Toyo Kisen Kaisha

Steamers will leave wharf, corner First and Brannan streets, at 1 p.m., for **YOKOHAMA** and **HONGKONG** via Honolulu, calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki and Shanghai, and connecting at Hongkong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

America Maru ..... Tuesday, October 17th
Hongkong Maru.....Wednesday, November 1st
Nippon Maru.....Saturday, November 25th

Round-trip tickets at reduced rates. For freight and passage apply at company's office, 421 Market street corner First. W. H. AVERY, General Agent,

The O. R. & N. Co.

DISPATCH FAST STEAMERS

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From Spear-St. Wharf at 10 a.m.

FARE **$12 First Class** / **$8 Second Class** } Including Berth and Meals

State of California sails Sept. 15. 25, Oct. 5, 15, 25.
Columbia sails Sept. 10. 20, 30, Oct. 10, 20, 30.

Short Line to Walla Walla, Spokane, Butte, Helena, and all points in the Northwest.
Through tickets to all points East.

E. C. WARD, General Agent, 630 Market St.

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THE MARRIAGE THAT FAILED.

Depressing as are funerals anywhere, I think that they have a special sadness in this gayest and yet saddest city of the world. One recollection which every visitor carries away from Paris is a sombre memory of the continual passage of these processions. Perhaps this prominence of funerals comes from the way Parisians have—it falls in with the French love of ostentation—of making much of the last rites. One may live in squalor, but he must be buried in splendor. So at all hours of the day, one meets these sober corteges, varying in all degrees from the "first-class" funeral—the undertakers here divide these functions according to price, into ten grades—to the scant parade with its one or two lone mourners, by which the pauper is carried to his rest.

This reflection leads to nothing; it only suggests, very dimly, what I mean by saying that Paris is the saddest place in the world to an Anglo-Saxon. A veneer of polite manners covering a society so corrupt that it is dying at its roots, hysterical patriotism concealing bonded wrong, all the beauties of all the arts housing a city of cynical, affected, joyless joy—this is Paris as I think of it to-night. To-morrow, perhaps, I will loaf with some *gaillard* in a sidewalk cafe and drink in the charm of the mad capital and reverse my judgment, but to-night my opinion is colored by the memory of the story of that American girl, and by another relation I heard to-day—the tale of one of those gangs of swindlers and adventurers which infest every grade of Parisian society.

The Duchess of Bauffremont is queen of this Gypsey circle, and she is quite the most respectable personage therein, being as much a dupe as a ruler, and nothing worse than a vulgar match-maker gone mad. She was early left a widow, and inherited a fortune of some five million dollars. It must have been her own natural tastes which led her to take up with every desperate adventurer who came in her way. The time came when those of her own class deserted her, and she was left with her undesirable circle. For these she did everything—supported them, lent her name to their schemes, let them bleed her. Above all, she assisted them in their matrimonial plans: this in time became the passion of her life—underhauded match-making. Most of her fortune drifted into the hands of her hungry followers; a great deal of it had gone, in the first years of her widowhood, to the church—for she is beautifully devout, this anomaly. The last few years she has had little but her title and her reputation. Keeping the latter in the background, she gave the influence of the former, last year, to a French Becky Sharp, one Eveline Tilkin. This woman had made Vienna, Berlin and New York successively too hot to hold her. So to Paris she went, and met the Duchess. Knowing how the latter loved matrimonial intrigue, the Tilkin announced herself as a candidate for marriage—she was free just then, by action of the New York divorce courts. The old Duchess fell into the scheme, and found a rich Parisian who wanted a bride of noble birth. That was easy to one of her experience. She found a "busted" nobleman who was willing to play the part of father and lend hie title for five hundred francs and a month's lodging. He was less than ten years the Tilkin's senior, but that did not matter; a certificate of birth for his "daughter" was more of an obstacle. That was managed with the help of a priest in Venice, to whose monastery the Duchesse had given liberally in her younger days. He forged the certificate of birth, but even at that the plan fell through. The bridegroom-to-be learned something of the antecedents of his fiancee's set, and broke it off just in time. Then the Tilkin upset all calculations by falling in love with a reduced Polish Count, a waiter in a restaurant at Geneva, and marrying him. Their wedded bliss lasted six weeks; then she deserted him, came to Paris, and immediately saw a chance of marrying money, for a certain Baron de Puynade became infatuated. She calmly accepted his advances and an engagement ring, but he, like her first fiancee, heard of her antecedents—not, however, before she had pawned the ring. The whole frowsy set were arrested—the bogus father, the waiter-baron, the disgraced Duchesse and the Tilkin herself. The latter, believing, most probably, that her bolt was shot, hanged herself in prison. The rest escaped with slight sentences and a slight additional stain on reputations already black. The Ducheste de Bauffremont, at the respectable age of sixty-six, is back with her set, but she will engineer no more marriages. What a subject for a Hogarth—this simpering, dyed, enameled patroness of thieves and perjurers! Paris has made her possible, I say tonight, and yet tomorrow, when the sky is bright and the crowds are out and the parade of fashion is gay along the boulevards, I shall love Paris.

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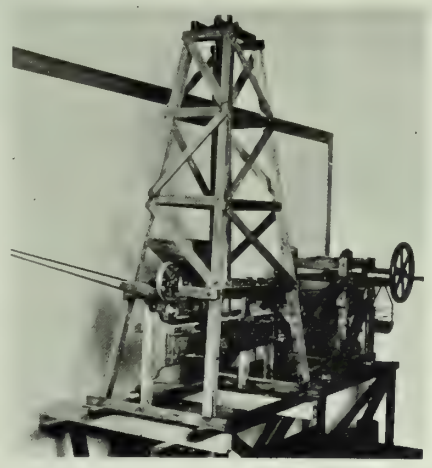
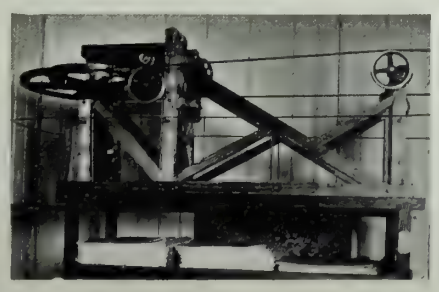


Model Terminal Structure

the rope and prevent any slip between the pulley and the rope. Its function is to control the running of the line. Where the line is flat it must be driven by power applied in some way to the grip pulley, but where the delivery point is sufficiently below the loading point the line will run by gravity and a brake is attached to the grip pulley to regulate the speed. On light lines a plain sheave may be used at one end in place of the grip pulley. The grip pulley and sheaves are made sectional for mule transportation. Between the two terminals are placed a number of *Towers* about 18 feet high and 150 feet apart on the average. To these towers are fastened iron

One of the Towers

brackets to carry the sheaves, which support the traveling rope. The *Wire Cable* which is stretched around the terminal pulleys and over the carrier sheaves is made of special crucible steel wire, which experience has proved is best adapted for this purpose. This may also be packed for mule transportation. The *Clip* is fastened securely to the rope in such a way that it will pass easily arouud the terminal grip pulleys or sheaves and over the intermediate sheaves. To these clips are hung the *Buckets* or carriers by their hangers. The buckets carry 100 to 150 pounds, in special cases they carry much more; they have drop bottoms which are securely latched during transit, but are easily tripped at the dumping point letting the load drop into a bin or on to the crusher floor of the mill. The *Loading* of the buckets on lines carrying only a



Model Lower Terminal

few tons per hour can be done by a man with a scoop shovel throwing in the load while the bucket slowly passes in front of him. This man also regulates the running of the line. But where the capacity of the line is greater the work of loading by hand will be too much for one man and an automatic loader is used. This with one attendant will load all that it is desired to carry on the ropeway.

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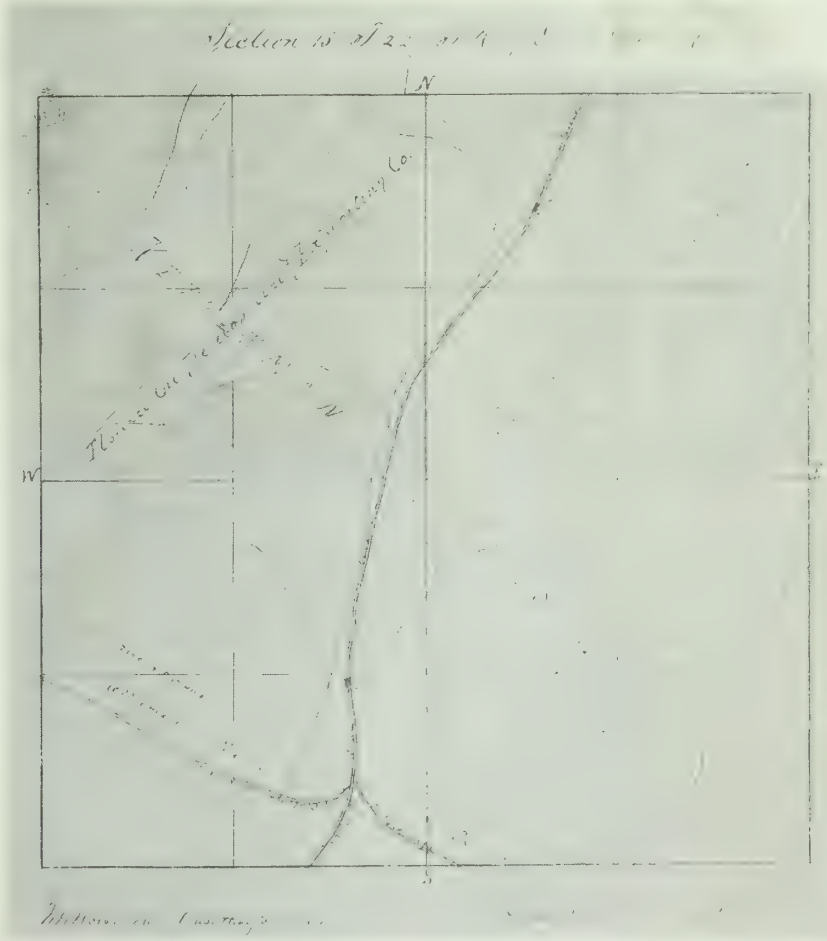

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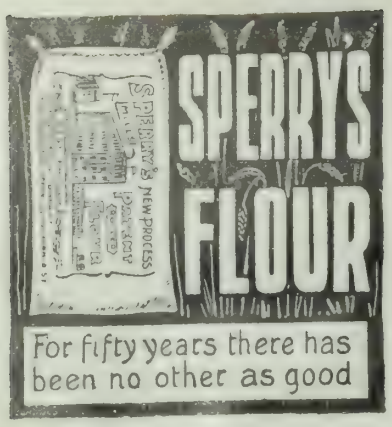

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x x x

AN INJUSTICE TO IRELAND.—While the *Shamrock* was lying in Southampton waters, close watch was kept on board to prevent any marauding small boats coming in contact with her delicate sides. One evening while Sir Thomas Lipton was on deck, he observed a heavy knock-about boat rowed by four roughs pounding straight for the yacht. "I say my men, look where you're going." The roughs stopped and looked scornfully at the racer. "Wot do ye call that thing yer aboard," howled one of them. "This is the yacht *Shamrock*," replied Lipton. Another of the roughs glanced at the strange lines of the craft and howled to his companions, "By 'evens Bill, look at the freak. The *Shamrock* 'e calls 'er. Another bloody injustice to Ireland."

x

A KNOCK-TURN.—When J. McNiel Whistler, lived in Chelsea, his peculiarities soon made him a familiar figure even among the barge men, who got to know of him as the artist of their beloved Thames. One afternoon while sauntering along the embankment, Whistler was confronted by a man who had one eye most effectively blackened. The artist stopped and inquired: "What's the matter, my good fellow?" The man touched his hat, "Oh nothing sir—merely a knock-turn in blue and green."

x

AN UNGRATEFUL BLOKE.—Gleeson White, the brilliant art critic, was sitting writing under the chestnuts in Ravenscourt Park, when along came a British workman in corduroys and a clay pipe and plumped down along side of him. The intruder proceeded genially to give the writer valuable information about fighting dogs and the beer at adjoining pubs, to which White replied politely as long as possible. His patience exhausted, he continued his writing. After a while the fellow patted him on the shoulder. "You don't seem as if you 'eard w'at I'm saying of." "I'm not listening," said White. The man got up. "Well, of all the ungrateful blokes as ever I come across, you take the bloomin' cake! 'Ere I've been for the larst 'alf hour doin' the best as is in me to cheer you up, and let you on to some things as you may find useful in dogs, and you 'aven't got the common gratitude to listen."

x

A DIFFERENCE IN SPELLING.—In the Cable office in Trafalgar Building, London, there is an iron fence slitted in such a manner that the cable clerk can make brief announcements to the public respecting the condition of the cable service. Robert Barr, the well-known novelist, dropped inone day just after the clerk had set up the words, "Working well in all parts of America." Barr observed to the clerk, who happened to be a very solemn man. "Pardon me, but you've made a slight mistake in spelling here." The clerk at once came from behind the counter and squinted at his handiwork. "I can't see it, sir." "Can't you?" said Barr. "Perhaps I'm wrong, but it struck me the second 'W' should be an 'H.'"

x

AN ORIGINAL JURIST—Fighting Bob Bowling, the warlike Kansas City Justice of the Peace, was trying a case in which a party was attempting to recover $10 for the death of a dog that the defendant had killed after being bitten by the canine. The case was nearly through, the evidence had all gone the plaintiff's way, and it seemed probable he would get damages for the loss of his treasure, when one of the witnesses, in describing the dog, stated it was a yellow cur. "Did you say that this dog was yellow?" asked the judge, taken by surprise. "Yes, sir," was the reply. "Well, this court don't propose giving judgment for the loss of a yellow dog, and verdict is rendered for defendant." The court then adjourned.

x

OVERRULED THE SUPREME COURT.—On another occasion Justice Bowling made a ruling in a trial that was not acceptable to the lawyer for the defendant. He demurred at the decision of the judge. "You are overruling the Supreme Court, your honor," said the lawyer. "I do that every day, my friend: sit down," was the jurist's reply.

x

WHAT IS IT?—At a dinner party one of the guests, an enthusiastic golfer, started off with the whitebait to enumerate to his partner the details of a match that he had been playing that day. It was not until the dessert was brought on that he suddenly bethought himself that he had been doing all the talking; indeed, the young lady had not said a single word during the progress of the meal. It was possible that she was not interested in the subject—incredible, but still possible. "I am afraid I have been boring you with our talk of the link," he said, in half apology. "Oh, no; not at all," was the pretty maiden's polite response. "Only, what is golf?"

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THE WAVE

VOL. XX. No. 15 SAN FRANCISCO — OCTOBER 7, 1899 — SEATTLE PRICE 10 CENTS

STATE

REUNIONS.

Photo by Weidner

Arrival of the Transport "City of Para" from Manila with Members of the Regular California and Montana Regiments on Board.

THE WAVE

Is published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal., and Colman Building, Seattle, Wash.

Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months, $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

The trade is supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 342 Geary street; east of the Rocky Mountains by the American News Company, New York.

The Wave is kept on file and is for sale at Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France; 31 Union Square, New York City; 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.; and 206 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

For advertising rates and on all other matters pertaining to city business, address The Wave, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

All business matters pertaining to the Northwest should be addressed to Trevor Corry, Colman Building, Seattle, Wash.

Eastern representative, D. M. Foltz, 34 Park Row, New York.

THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY
PROPRIETORS

SAN FRANCISCO—October 7, 1899—SEATTLE

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EVENTS CURRENT.

The Peary Arctic Expedition.

Some anxiety is felt on the Atlantic Coast of the United States concerning the possible fate of Lieutenant Peary, who is now making another dash for the North Pole. He started northward last summer in the steamer *Windward*, intending to reach the highest latitude possible before the winter ice-lock, and there establish a base of supplies for further operations. With the expedition went the whaler *Hope*, which was to hunt walrus and leave supplies of blubber "cached" along the route in order that he might obtain provisions on his way back. The whaler accomplished this purpose and returned to Nova Scotia; since that time the explorer has not been heard from. There is every reason to believe that the conditions favor his advance this summer because there has never before been such a warm summer as this in the Arctic regions. Atlantic steamers report that the Northern sea is packed with ice-floes, always a sign of a comfortable temperature in the Arctic Circle. This fits into Peary's plan, because this season is the one he had picked for the dash to the Pole, and if luck favors him in other ways he will stand a good show of success. Old whalers say that in this case no news is good news, for his line of communication was so well established that in the event of disaster tidings would have reached civilization before this time. As provided in the original plan, a relief expedition went North with supplies in July. This second force ought to be back before November, and its arrival is eagerly awaited along the shores of Newfoundland, from which region Peary drew his crew. There is a race for the Pole going on just now, because the Norwegian, Sverdrup, is making northward in the famous *Fram* from a different direction, but with identical plans. Both the American and Norseman are to succeed or fail on the issue of this summer's work, and it is more than likely, in view of the favoring weather, that one or the other will establish a new record far "farthest North."

The Nation Welcomes Dewey.

Admiral Dewey came into New York harbor on his flagship *Olympia* two days ahead of schedule time. This early arrival disarranged somewhat the plans of committees preparing for the celebration, but matters were hurried forward, and the affair came off almost as planned. It was undoubtedly the greatest celebration ever held in this country, far outdoing the Boston Peace Jubilee of 1866. In the two days during which the *Olympia* lay at anchor in the harbor, fully 2,000,000 visitors crowded into the city, packing every available hotel and lodging-house. On Friday the formal reception was started by the naval parade. In this, almost every vessel in New York harbor and the entire Atlantic squadron participated. It is estimated that there were 400,000 people on the water that day. The *Olympia* and the other war vessels led the pageant, which proceeded up the river to Grant's tomb, turning there and stopped to salute the military hero of the Republic. The scene as Dewey paid his respects to the memory of the great general was most interesting and affecting. The following day the crew of the flagship disembarked, and the Admiral was received by the representatives of the city and the nation. In the afternoon there was a military parade; this was the most beautiful and tasteful feature of the entire celebration. The committee in charge avoided the error made by San Francisco in her reception to the volunteers, by making quality and not quantity the standard. Unpicturesque civic organizations were weeded out; the whole pageant was but three hours in passing, and there was no section which was not interesting. The returning hero led the procession until it reached the City Hall; here he halted and reviewed the 27,000 soldiers who marched in the van. Immediately thereafter, Mayor Van Wyck presented him with a golden loving cup on behalf of the people of the nation. Here his emotions overcame him, and he was unable to respond to the address of welcome. The celebration ended with a smoker to the *Olympia's* crew, given at the Waldrof-Astoria; this the Admiral was too tired to attend. It is only just to say that Dewey's attitude during this trying time was that of a modest, simple gentleman. He must have realized the sincerity of the welcome, and he was undoubtedly touched by it, but he avoided posing on the one hand, and a haughty, domineering attitude one the other. A section of the "yellow" Democratic press, led by the New York *Journal*, has been making a special effort to persuade the Admiral to become a candidate for the next Presidential nomination by booming him at this time, hoping that his head would be turned by this outburst of popular feeling, and that he would agree to an acceptance on impulse. This calm attitude of his is the best possible proof that he will stick to his avowed intention to keep out of politics. The Admiral goes next to Washington, where he finishes up his official business; after that, he may make a tour of the country, as he has promised committees from Philadelphia and Chicago to visit those cities.

The Japanese Strike a Blow at Missions.

Considerable dissatisfaction is felt by those interested in foreign missions over a late ruling of the Japanese government which practically classes all mission schools. The law as passed provides that no schools in which religion is taught in any form shall be given Imperial sanction. The missionaries to that country have worked throngh education in preference to other means, and nearly all the money expended by Foreign Missionary societies in this and other Caucasian countries has gone into schools. The missionaries in charge have the alternative of ceasing their teaching altogether or statisfying the government that they will conduct their schools in the benefit of learning, and cease all religious instruction. It remains to be seen which course the mission people will take. The measure was passed at the instigation of the Buddhist party, and will not affect that faith, as the Buddhist priests have nothing to do with education. The large Japanese school system, now being revised to conform with the best European methods, has always been on a secular basis.

The Boers Armed and Ready.

By the time this issue is in the hands of its readers, the first blood may have been spilt in the Transvaal war. The week has been one of preparation on both sides. The only diplomatic act was the transmission of a note from Secretary Chamberlain to President Kruger. This document came very near to being an ultimatum. It contained nothing new, only a renewed declaration of the position of Great Britain, a refusal to submit to arbitration or to relax the suzerainty, and a demand for justice to the Uitlanders. Kruger did not answer; it is more than probable that, as a London newspaper puts it, "his answer will be made of lead." The Republic has been much more zealous in hastening war preparations than the Empire. Boer troops are massed along the frontier, especially on the Natal border. There is no doubt that the first move of the Republic will be an advance on that colony. Uitlanders are piling out of Transvaal as fast as they can get railway transportation, This is difficult, as most of the trains are being employed to rush men and supplies to the front. Orange Free State has come out boldly for the Boer side, and the preparations there are almost as active as in Transvaal. England, on the other hand, is arming much more slowly. The troops now in South Africa are in no position to withstand a Boer advance. The Indian army, of a strength variously estimated, gets to Cape Town in about two weeks, but that may be too late to prevent the defeat of the British South African force. Although the English papers declare that war is inevitable, certain statesmen, especially Lord Salisbury and those connected immediately with the Queen, still cherish hopes of a peaceful settlement. It is said that the Duke of Connaught will go to South Africa as an Imperial Commissioner when General Sir Revers Buller takes command. He will almost certainly be too late, as he cannot arrive before October 15th, and the war is now only a matter of a few days. Coutinental Europe will not take sides in the war, but sentiment is about equally divided there. In this country there is an unreasoning tendency toward supporting the Boer side of the question—a matter of pure sentimentality, inspired by the fact that Transvaal is a Republic.

Filipinos Make Peace Proposals.

Emissaries from General Aguinaldo approached Major-General Otis last week with an offer for a peace conference. Their official documents were signed by "President Aguinaldo of the Philippine Republic." General Otis very properly refused to treat with the insurgent leader under this title, as to do so would mean a recognition of his claims, and sent back the documents with a statement to that effect. The envoys remained for a few days to discuss the situation informally. Their demands were such as a conquering party would be likely to make, and were too absurd for serious consideration. They asked for a full recognition of Aguinaldo's government and entire independence. Their utterances on the situation were most instructive. They claim that the natives can continue the present campaign indefinitely, as they know the country, are at little expense in keeping up an army, and have the sympathy of their people. General Alejanarino, the intelligent and well-informed leader of the embassy, showed in his interviews with press representatives how much the Atkinsonites have encouraged the natives. He kept making inquiries as to the time of the next meeting of Congress, and its probable action as regards the granting of independence. It could be plainly seen that he counted on recognition of the native Republic as a probability. Future embassies will not be received unless they approach the American commanders with the proper documents, signed in the proper manner, and then only when their reception is proved by circumstances not to be an excuse to check a forward movement of the Americans. Later news about the scuttling of the tinclad *Urdaneta* shows that Ensign Wood, commanding, and four of his men were killed. The rest are prisoners. The first action of the fall campaign occurred last week, when General Wheeler reaped one of those fruitless victories which have been characteristic of the American campaign in Luzon. The loss on both sides was slight.

Late Work of the Agricultural Department.

The recent trip of Secretary of Agriculture Wilson is to be productive of still more good results. After visiting the West and arousing public opinion concerning the destruction of native timber and the working out of the soil, he extended his researches to New England, and has just taken steps to find measures for revivifying the soil of that region. As a step in this direction, some expert soil physicists have been sent to Massachusetts and New Hampshire to study the various abandoned farms of those States and report on them. The Secretary recommends tile-drainage on the Western plan for New England, believing that it would reclaim much marshy bottom land. The Department is preparing to study the Philippines, particularly with regard to their usefulness as an outlet for overproduction in certain lines of farm produce. This month a shipload of butter was sent to Manila to be placed on the market there. The cargo was bought at the market price in this country, and the experts who have it in charge will keep full notes on its preservation, on the total cost of transportation, etc. Another interesting experiment now under way regards perfumery. Agents are to bring to this country cuttings from the various plants from which scents are extracted; these are to be planted in several sections of the East, and their growth and adaptability noted. At present very little perfumery is made in this country, and it is believed that, with the help of modern machinery, we could compete successfully with France and Persia.

The Financial Situation in Russia.

The topic of main interest among financiers in Europe is at present the enormous industrial advance along all lines in which Russia is now engaged. The building of the Trans-Siberian railway is only one feature of an immense activity in railroad building. During the past decade the Government has appropriated about a billion and a half roubles for this purpose, and in addition many private companies have made enormous outlay in the same direction. Development of the national resources by means of mines and manufactories has also been a feature of this awakening. The Russians are going in for the most improved appliances in this line; for example, all freight trains on the national roads have been provided with air brakes, a thing made compulsory in no other European country. The closing of Russian ports to outside commerce, which is to go into effect in 1901, is another step in the line of national industrial development. Arbitrary and mediaeval as this measure seems to us, it is done in all good faith in the belief that will encourage a national merchant marine. The system of government is, at fault, and not the intention. With this great awakening there has arisen an inflation of Russian securities, which is more than likely to be the prelude to a coliapse and a panic. The nations of Europe have been flooded with stock backed by promoters of the Hooley type, and even Russian Government bonds are now considered unsafe by wise financiers, because of the enormous public debt which the nation has been obliged to assume. A consideration which weighs with far-seeing capitalists is the fact that the new roads will not pay their running expenses for some time after their completion, as they are built with a view of opening up the country through which they pass. A war, no matter how small, a year or so of famine, the triumph of that reactionary party now waiting to wipe the word "progress" out of the Rusaian language as soon as the present Czar dies, would render the country unable to meet its obligations. It seems as though the Emperor, who is known to be desirous of getting the national improuements under way before his death puts the other party in power, had concontracted for more than he can perform.

Results of the Trust Conference.

Of tangible results, the Trust Conference at Chicago was barren. The body passed no resolutions at all, so that it did not put the composite opinion on record, nor was there any other permanent record of the views as a body. That the proposed resolutions, had they been passed, would have been against the trusts, goes without saying. The delegates were nearly all frankly hostile to corporate monopolies, but no two of them held the same view on remedies. This preponderance of the anti-trust element was more apparent than real, because the followers of Bryan were organized for noise and wire-pulling, while the more moderate faction worked as units. In the first few meetings it looked as though the convention would generate into an annex to the National Democratic machine, but the spirited speeches of Bryan and Cockran in the last sessions insensibly broke this spirit; interest swung from the minor squabble of the politicians to the battle between the leaders. Now that the event is over and can be reviewed in perspective, Cockran looms up as the giant figure. Even the most rabid had to admit that his presentation was able; the unprejudiced are saying that Bryan came out far behind. Perhaps the realization of Cockran's strength, as he showed it in the early sessions, was the real reason why the Nebraskan dodged the joint debate. Cockran took a bold stand when he declared that the alleged evils of trusts did not exist, but his presentation of the case was so strong that no one was able to refute it—not even Bryan. The meeting, fruitless as it was of immediate results, had its effect in the interchange of views it brought about. There were a few views held practically in common. One was the opinion that a monopoly, trust or combine receiving from government agency any special advantages is unjust and generally an evil. Similarly, it was generally agreed that all such government encouragement ought to be withdrawn. As to the question of the extent of this encouragement at present, there was the widest diversity of views. Again, nearly all the other delegates believed with Cockran that the tariff is the mother of trusts. Only one prominent delegate disputed this—ex-Senator Blair of New Hampshire—who supported very ably the belief that free trade would encourage industrial combination.

Mr. Joseph Conrad, author ot "*The Nigger of the Narcissus*," is a Pole, with an unpronounceable Polish name, is tall, very spare, very dark, and talks with such force and intelligence on such a huge range of subjects that it is hard to think of him as a former sea captain. He and Stephen Crane own together a 30-foot sailing boat, on which they will soon make a voyage to France, having for cook and captain bold, mate, midshipmite, and crew of the captain's gig, only the Pole and the American.

Editorial Comment.

Why not Withdraw, Colonel Burns?

ASSUMING that Daniel M. Burns is a Repnblican, loyal and true, and that he is, as he should be, more concerned for the future of that party than in the gratification of personal spites, or even personal ambitions, what is his plain duty? He alone is responsible for a deadlock which prevented the election of a United States Senator from California. He was not a candidate for the place until after the Legislature convened; the people had no opportunity of expressing their approval or disapproval of his candidacy, but at the last hour, as though by some illy planned, preconcerted arrangement, he clumsily tumbled into the contest, followed by twenty-odd members of the legislature whose votes counted one each, but whose personal verities were in the main represented by cyphers. If Mr. Burns had not forced himself on the attention of the Legislature he would not have received one vote, naturally. His closest intimate would scarcely have suggested his name without prompting. A Senator would have been duly elected, and the party would have been at peace with itself where now all is confusion.

It is charged by the enemies of Burns—and many of his conservative followers admit the truth of the charge—that if Burns is elected, the party will be disrupted and meet with defeat at the next election. Burns himself and his close adherents deny this strenuously, and declare the assaults on him to be unwarranted in fact and dictated by the malice and spite of a few newspaper men who were his former political associates. They point to his record as a Republican, while the Governor of the State is quoted as declaring him to be "one of the grandest Republicans in California." In Burns quarters there lives a fine contempt for the criticisms of the press, which are characterized as slanders, and there also abides a superb confidence in the popularity, the fitness, and the availability of the Colonel. If the lofty ideas of the Burns followers have a secure foundation in truth, then there should be no danger to Burns in submitting his ambitious claims to the judgment of the people. If the voters do approve of him—if they do give the lie to his traducers and affirm their unbounded confidence in him—think what a glorious victory he would achieve over the slanderous and malicious journalists who have libeled and defamed him and misrepresented public opinion. But on the other hand, if his enemies speak the truth, if his election would shock the State and awaken resentment and indignation, think of the disaster to the party that would follow—think of the defeats that would inevitably come to innocent men aspiring for place on a Republican ticket if Burns should *sneak* into the United States Senate. If Burns is right he can afford to trust to the people for his vindication. If he is wrong, the party cannot afford to "vindicate" him by a trick that is dishonorable and unfair.

Friends of Mr. Burns are to-day presenting for the signature of members of the Legislature documents agreeing to go into a caucus of sixty-one. Members are being assured that the Governor will call an extra session of the Legislature whenever the required number of signatures has been obtained, and they are promised place and rewards for their signatures and their support of Burns. This is the fact. If a session be called under these circumstances, our Governor may bid good-bye to the remnant of respect that is entertained for him among citizens who still with stubborn faith believe him worthy. If Burns secures the Senatorship by such means he will *sneak* into office, and the State will resent the manner as well as the man. The victory of such a trick would not be a "vindication." It would constitute a new crime in itself. The whole proceeding lacks the first essential of sane politics. It is not even clever. It has the taint of cunning and selfishness. Of course, if it succeeds, Burns will be provided for for six years; but during those six years many an honest and aspiring Republican will be punished for Burns' crime.

It is Mr. Burns' duty to the party to withdraw. He may do so with honor. General Barnes has withdrawn. Mr. Grant has done likewise. Mr. Bulla is out. Let Burns follow these examples, and with that superb confidence that is his, born of his faith in the people and in his own popularity, offer himself as a candidate at the next Legislative election, and so determine who is right. Of course, Colonel Burns will do no such thing, but he would be a bigger and more popular man if he would.

The Press and Captain Carter.

The conviction of Captain Carter, and the approval of the sentence of the court martial by the Secretary of War and President McKinley, puts a period on the sensational scandal the Democratic press was endeavoring to create. The trial of the guilty captain proceeded in an orderly and sensible way, but it was not to the satistaction of the opposition dailies. A conviction followed; the press applauded, but were at heart disappointed that the officers had performed their duty. An appeal was in due course taken by Carter's attorneys. The dramatic press then proceeded to work itself into a paroxysm of indignation and noisily and loudly declared that Carter would be released, that strong political powers would influence the administration to discharge the guilty, and that a deplorable scandal was imminent. At no time was it apparent to anyone else that the administration intended to interfere in the slightest degree with the verdict of guilty, but this fact did not prevent sensational headlines, declaring to the contrary, and calling on the country to prepare for the worst. In due course the Secretary of War reviewed the findings of the court martial and approved the verdict, as did the President. Now this very peculiar institution the press, calmly claims that a "great scandal was averted by its vigilance and power." This kind of nonsense may appeal to the ignorant, but it brings a tired, sick feeling to a man of any intelligence.

What is then to prevent the *Examiner* claiming in its columns tomorrow that the Supreme Court is about to be influenced by some potential power, to decide some given case against the people. It may do so in any suit without the slighest foundation. While the case is being considered by the court it may print columns of hysterical stuff, darkly hinting at undue and dishonest influences; to help matters it would likely drag the railroad into the plot, and by its seeming honest indignation bring some of its readers to believe its charges to be true. In due season the court would hand down its decision, we will say in favor of the people. Of course the sensation would be exploded, but then this charming journal would meet the new conditions with the cheerful and reassuring claim its vigilance and influence had averted a scandal. It would with the assistance of some asinine interior dailies, pat itself on the back for its enterprise, and claim a victory over the corporation. Of such stuff as this our enterprising contemporary is made.

Dewey and the Presidency.

IT does not seem probable that the politicians will be able to induce Admiral Dewey to accept the nomination for the Presidency. There is scarcely any doubt that, if nominated, he would be elected; but to what purpose? He stands to-day in a position second only to the President. It is his for life, and throuh the administrations of opposing parties he may wield a powerful influence in bringing toward perfection a navy of which he is already proud.

According to the daily press, Admiral Dewey stated positively, long ago, that he would not be a candidate under any circumstances, and until he publicly announces a change of heart in this connection it is idle, and possibly unbecoming to shout for his nomination as though he were merely a lying politician, concealing his real intention from the public. Dewey has demonstrated before now that he is the possessor of a level head and a determined character. He will need to exercise both of them to resist the temptation now spread out before him. Assuming it to be true that he has declared it to be his intention not to accept the nomination for the Presidency, we are willing to prophesy that neither the blandishments of the politicians, nor the magnificent ovation of the people will swerve him from a course deliberately adopted and publicly stated.

If the nation were in any peril—if there existed a real need for a man of his character at the helm of state to guide it through some threatening crisis—one can readily understand that our Admiral would not shirk. But no such condition is present. To be nominated and elected over McKinley would simply serve the ends of a political party, not the nation. Dewey is not made of the stuff that can be shaped into a political tool. His sense of honor is higher than that or the nation is sadly mistaken in the man.

It is rather strange that trout should be the foe of the salmon, but this seems to have been proved by investigations made by sound fishermen. The Dolly Varden is the great tiger of the northern water. It preys on salmon fry and it is estimated that one fish will kill 100,000 in a season. The maw of a trout in Baker lake was recently opened and was found to contain ninety-three undigested small salmon. After the latter fish grows to a respectable size it is able to take care of itself, aud when it reaches its full growth it is large enough to make way with a trout, but it is doubtful if this fish preys on its enemy. There is no way of protecting the fry from the trout, so the fishermen have to take chances when they plant the seed.

The term "smart," which has had great popularity in *le hig lif* of Paris, has given way to the extraordinary term "chanteclair." Toilets that were formerly "chic," and a few months ago would have been spoken of as "smart," are now "chanteclair." A young member of the Automobile Club was heard to remark: "General Mercier's attack upon Freystaetter was not 'chanteclair.'"

The conservative party is imperilled by its dog-muzzling order. Last year over 22,000 were seized and 17,000 were destroyed. The seizures caused 10,000 lawsuits. And now a petition from the Canine Defense League, with 100,000 signatures, demands the retirement of the President of the Agricultural Board because he refuses to withdraw the obnoxious law.

The cost of the Boer campaign to England will be at least 375 millions of dollars, or as part of the national debt ten million dollars a year, which, of course, would come out of the poor man's pocket through tobacco, beer or tea. The Government, however, estimates the cost of the expedition at 25 million dollars.

THE BATTLE OF MANILA.

DEWEY'S OWN ACCOUNT OF THE VICTORY.

IN THE early days of September and October of '98, Admiral Dewey used to be more communicative of the opinions and ideas that he entertained relative to the direction of the islands than he was during the last few months prior to his departure.

Dewey is notably frank and blunt in expressing his ideas, and it would seem to one accustomed to the cautious and often times carefully chosen words of the ordinary public man that the Admiral was what is commonly called indiscreet in many things that he said about public affairs. He did not hesitate in those days to express himself emphatically, generally compressing into a single sentence his verdict about any particular person, thing or question. However, he did not always feel so inclined.

I remember one day asking what he thought of the policy of expansion. He replied, but in a way that gave me no idea of what his own opinion was: "If the United States wants to share in the opening up of the eastern trade, and the Nicaragua Canal is going to be built, it might be well to possess these islands; if, on the other hand, America does not desire to extend her territory, with the attending responsibilities of a new government, she has now the privilege of securing a coaling station here in the Orient."

One day he spoke about the fleet entering the bay of Manila on the memorial first day of May, 1898.

"The night previous," said the Admiral, "I called my skippers together and talked with them about my plans. It was determined that the *Olympia* would lead the way into the bay and the others follow. The harbor was said to be well mined, and defended by powerful shore batteries. The fleet gradually steamed along the coast to the entrance; several outgoing vessels were stopped and information sought to be secured, but the reports were conflicting.

"Under the cover of darkness the warships slowly felt their way into the harbor, and here it might be said great credit is due Navigator Calkins of the flagship, who never before had been in these waters. The lights on the Luneta could be seen as the ships approached to their positions opposite Manila. Early on the morning of the first of May we headed over toward the city looking for the Spanish fleet. We thought at first that a lot of sailing vessels that were anchored off the mouth of the Passig river were warships.

"Soon afterward we discovered that the fleet was over toward Cavite, and immediately moved in that direction. I remember that there was a little popgun off the point at the mouth of the river that was blazing away at us, and as the *Concord* drew off in following us to Cavite, she fired a shell at this gun. It was just at dawn when the Spanish ships, all stationed at or in the vicinity of Cavite, opened fire on us.

"The first shot was fired from the fort on Sangley Point. They had two guns from off their ships mounted there, and as places had been made for six guns, all would have been mounted had we been a day or so later. These guns could have sunk any one of our ships. I moved my ships up to the positions I desired them to occupy, and then opened fire on the Dons. The orders to the captains were, 'When you are ready, open fire.' Yes, the *Olympia* fired the first shot. Soon the smoke from the guns made it so that the enemy's ships were lost to view. After a time our vessels withdrew, as it was thought the ammunition was running short, and being far from a base of supplies, it would not do to fire the last shell.

"As we were withdrawing, it could be seen, though indistinctly, that one of the Spanish ships was ablaze and in flames, but still they kept up an increasing fire.

"The newspaper correspondents reported this withdrawal to be, merely on account of a breakfast repast, after which we returned to complete our victory,' jokingly added the Admiral.

"Resistance was really hopeless. The Spanish fleet was incapable of defending Manila or the bay against our fleet, though they had powerful guns which could have pierced any of our ships. I should say that the victory was won as the result of the seamanlike manner in which the captains handled their respective warships, and the perfect execution of our plan of attack. When we fired we hit. The Spaniards fought bravely, many perishing at their posts. Nothing human could have withstood that well-directed hail of shot and shell. The shooting of the Spaniards was very poor, and in every instance ineffective. One of the shots aimed at the *Olympia* struck the *Baltimore*, slightly wounding six of her crew. In one hour and a half the whole Spanish fleet was destroyed and sunk, and the United States was in possession of Manila bay.

"I then sent the *McCullough* over to Hongkong, and forwarded to Washington a statement of what was done."

Manila, September 18, FRANKLIN BROOKS.

THE demand for labor in Seattle and vicinity during the past few months has beaten all records. The railroads have been first on the list of those who needed help. Then came the logging camps, the lumber mills and the hop fields. The demand for laborers for picking hops is over now, for the season has come to an end, but this will not throw any more labor on the market. The hop pickers are for the most part Indians, who will return to their camps and take things easy until another season comes round, and whites who look upon the work as a sort of a picnic. Hop picking is not laborious, and the latter class will find other occupations of a light nature. Then there is a demand for servant girls. The city has not yet, like Chicago, pressed men into service, but it may have to. There is scarcely an empty room in Seattle at the present time, and a very few empty houses. Hundreds of men and women are returning from Klondike and Alaska every week, and others are coming in expecting to go North. As a result the city never has had as many visitors as now. The returning miners almost to a man will spend the winter here, so as to be ready to return to the North when spring opens. Very few of them have families and they must board. Servants are needed to care for them and servants are hard to get. However, something may turn up to supply the demand and relieve the mind of the patient housewife and the boarding house keeper.

Blind Aaron, over 100 Years Old

Native Family and Dogs

A Squaw of the higher class astride a Totem Pole

Wrangel, Alaska, from Mt Dewey

Wards of the Ladies Aid Society, Alert Bay

Blind Aaron and Squaw at Home, Wrangel

THE ALASKAN INDIAN AT HOME.

Photos by A. C. Pillsbury

NATIVE ALASKANS.

Connection between Coast Indians and Asiatic Peoples.

LIEUTENANT CASTNER and party are back from a summer trip, undertaken in the interest of science, to the interior of Alaska. Their mission consisted in a study of the natives and their customs, a branch of ethnological investigation hitherto neglected. All that is known of the Indians—or Esquimaux, whichever way you will have it—has come to us in the way of detached articles, mostly unscientific in character, and the question of their place in the human family is undetermined. This branch of ethnological study is important, because it ought to throw light on the connection between the coast Indians and the Asiatic peoples. The party worked under definite instructions, taking measurements, tabulating certain characteristic words of the language, and studying their customs *in extenso*.

Two definite divisions of the native peoples were determined. The interior people were found to resemble very closely the Indians of the Rocky Mountain region. They are a fine, stalwart race, of unusual stature. Some young bucks measured stood six feet four inches tall, and women over six feet were found to be not uncommon. Lieutenant Castner speaks in terms of the highest admiratian concerning these people, who have resisted the vices and allurements of the whites and kept the old, native virtues. Their language, judging from a cursory observation, seems to be closely allied to that of the Indians of Montana and Idaho. and they are probably an isolated shoot of the same nation. They practice polygamy, but are otherwise very virtuous. A close study of their customs was made impossible in the short space of time available, by their shyness and their ignorance of English and Russian. From a few degenerate white "squaw men," dwelling on the borders, some more or less reliable testimony was had about their social customs. They marry early, the young bucks taking a wife as soon as they come to maturity, and adding others as their property increases. There is no evidence of marriage by sale. Of their wives they are very jealous, resenting any communication between them and the whites. This hampered the scientists in their work, as they were unable to get more than a distant glimpse of the women. When a man dies, his property is divided amongst his neighbors, and the wives are expected to marry again at once; if they do not, they become the slaves of his relatives. In the event of the death of a father, the eldest son is head of the family, and holds his brothers, his sisters, and his mother in slavery until they marry. At the birth of a child. the mother goes apart for purification for three days, and must not eat in all that time.

In addition to their unusual stature, these people are finely proportioned and handsome after an Indian fashion. The young women are sometimes beautiful. As a tribe, they are fond of ornament, fairly loading themselves with all the jewelry they can obtain—bracelets, finger-rings, anklets—and paint their bodies. Except in the coldest part of winter they go nearly naked.

THE INDIANS OF THE COAST.

Results from the study of these fine savages of the interior were very meager from the causes noted above. On the coast it was easier. Here the natives have been under Russian domination for a century. Besides the degeneration always following the coming of the white man to a savage tribe, they are an inferior race. All through their study of this tribe, the ethnologists of the party were puzzled by a strong resemblance to the Japanese and the tabulated results of their observation of the language are being eagerly compared with old Japanese, in order to confirm or destroy their theory that these savages are a degenerate branch of the Island race.

The coast dwellers are small, almost dwarfish, indolent beyond belief, and untruthful. Contact with the whites has placed their scale of living higher than that prevalent inland. Thus, they use firearms, live in log houses in winter, and are learning to sail their canoes instead of paddling them. The priests of the Russian Church dictate most of their ways of living, and have brought about many curious customs by way of expediency. For example, the early priests found that morality was low—much lower than that of the polygamous interior tribes. They insisted, therefore, on early marriage. But so rudimentary were Indian ideas on such matters, that a man had no choice when he came to take a wife; all squaws looked alike to him. The present custom, therefore, is to shut up the girls as soon as they come to maturity, permitting no man to see them. When a man reached marriageable age, he goes hunting among his friends and takes the first girl he finds available. So far as could be found, anything like love-matches are unknown. This custom is very hard on the women, because they are shut up, underfed, and otherwise abused in the few weeks between maturity and the arrival of a suitor.

The Russians introduced native brandy and Christianity loghouses and consumption, but they did little else for these little yellow people. No one on earth is more constitutionally tired than an Alaskan coast native. They are fine, skillful hunters, but they never stir abroad except under the pressure of absolute want. One officer saw a winter's supply of fish thrown away at Cook's Inlet. The inhabitants had enough to eat at the time, and did not choose to clean and dry the fish for future use. Yet last winter these same people would have starved but for government relief. Many gold finds have been made by direction of the natives. They know the value of the metal and recognize it when they see it, but are too indolent to wash for it. They are expert dog teamsters. and take care of their dogs better than they do of their women, caring for the animals in winter, and keeping them after they are too old for teaming.

Consumption is killing the tribe, and rheumatism is helping it along. The mortality from these two causes is frightful. For this, too, the Russians are mainly to blame. Besides introducing European ideas in clothing—a thing which always works ruin to savages—they brought in the deadly Russian bath. This experiment in cleanliness was disastrous in that latitude, where a heavy sweat is sure to be followed by a cold. The natives, liking the physical comfort of a good steaming, put primitive bath-houses in all their villages, and bathing became fairly a habit, with disastrous consequences. Very few live beyond forty; most of them are carried off by quick consumption or rheumatism before that time. The army party reports that scarcely a healthy native was observed during their sojourn on the coast.

These are the main facts ascertained by the expedition; results are to be published in full in the slow course of government reports. The members are unanimous in the belief that the coast race is doomed, and believe that the main object of government effort toward reclamation of the Alaskan Indians should be directed toward the fine tribes of the interior. DALTON.

Washington, D. C., Sept. 22.

ON A SCOTCH MOOR.

Life in a Country House during the Grouse Shooting.

WHEN Fall brings the grouse from cover and the moors, never very green at any time, begin to get brown and dry, you must pack your traps and get away to Scotland for the Fall shooting. "You" means anyone who is in the world of London society. If you have not a shooting-box in the Highlands, you certainly have a friend there with a box or a castle of his own, and it is ever so much better, because you don't have the trouble of entertaining.

Really, the native of the Island of Britain, North or South, belongs out-of-doors. I think that I have observed before that an Englishman is never so pleasing a creature as when he assumes flannels, a shirt low in the neck, showing a throat that is always brown and muscular, pulls a little University cap over his blonde hair, which is more than likely to be curly, and goes a-poling at Heneley. And so your stalwart, tall Oxford man and your raw-boned Scot are picturesque beyond all belief when they are beating the moors. It is a shame and a desecration to put such a creature in funereal black and pack him into a ball room. He doesn't belong there, any more than a Cooper brave belongs at a five o'clock tea.

Shooting is the main thing at the old, tumbled castle, within shot of a modern rifle from Balmoral, where I am permitting myself to be entertained. The ordinary ways of life are relaxed to suit the convenience of the sportsmen. If one has the bad taste to miss sunrise over the moors and the sweet, fresh air of early morning, praised by greater pens than mine since Scots began to write, he is summoned before the sun is an hour high to an early and hurried breakfast. This meal is delightfully Scotch. Oatmeal, of course, and haggis; and now that I speak of it, I wonder how many who have read of that dish know the manner of its making. It is a sort of pudding, made of sheep's heart, lungs and liver, chopped up with suet, onions and oatmeal, seasoned and boiled in a pudding bag. It is not so bad, they say, after you get used to it, which is a stage I have not reached. This fare is supplemented by oatcakes—a bit of Highland fare to which one does not need to be acclimated—by the usual breakfast dishes of a generous country house, and by cold game. It is a big, generous meal, and its size and heartiness are well-advised, because it has to last you for a long morning of tramping, shooting and beating.

THE HUNT.

The hunt is a simple thing, (so I was told at dinner last night by a laird who has hunted the whole world over) and pleasant for every one except the pheasants and moorfowls. The game is driven towards the hunters, who drop the birds as they whir past. Some of the ladies take part, but I have not ventured. I am of that division of the sex which follows at a distance and tries to be cool and charming for luncheon. This is served at the keeper's lodge on the moors, generally—sometimes, though, it is spread under the trees—and is very elaborate. Things are kept warm by hot-water dishes, and there are sweets and fruits and wines. It is really the pleasantest meal of the day, lacking the formality of dinner. The men come in dressed in their hunting costumes—the English in conventional shooting breeches, the Scots in kilts. For away off here the Scot lives in his national costume. He wears a subdued plaid for the shooting, and exposes his bare knees to the heavy brush of the beating; in the afternoon, if he does not hunt, he is in a more elaborate costume; in the evening he changes again into a resplendent plaid, with the full clan colors. Did you ever know that the clans have as many as three plaids each? I didn't until I came here. A really smart Scot has a separate plaid for hunting, for ordinary wear and for full-dress. Some, like the Stuarts, have four, the extra one for military use. Most of the men hunt again in the afternoon, and limit themselves to three meals a day, instead of the usual British five. The women have tea at five o'clock, and there is a late dinner somewhere between eight and nine, which is formal and dressed-up and very hearty, as dinners are every where on the British isles. I crave pardon for dwelling so much on the fare of the Scotch shooting-box, but the feeding of the transitory body is put to the fore wherever Englishmen be. Eat much and exercise much so as to be able to stand it, is their rule of life. The Scots come down gay in their full-dress plaids, the Englishmen shed their knickers for the conventional dress suit, and the Dianas who have followed the beaters in short skirts and corduroys come out in bare shoulders and jewels. This is the most trying part of the day, and leaves you feeling stiff and stuffed and drowsy, so that an early bedtime is welcome.

By special favor and the judicious use of a few shillings bribe-money, I had a sight of Balmoral and the Queen's own apartment last week. A laird whom Victoria sometimes visits in the course of the free-and-easy life she leads at her Highland home was my intercessor.

Balmoral is a curious palace; it exists more as a memorial to the lamented Prince Consort than as a home. Here the furniture, the pictures, the hangings, are just as they were at the time of his death. Old-fashioned groups of wax statuary stand under glass cases; the engravings are all the heavy, clumsy efforts of that period. The winter palaces of the Queen are tasteful and artistic, according to end-of-the-century ideas, but when she goes to the Highlands she goes on a pilgrimage in honor of her husband. It is loyalty carried to the extreme, and as loyalty begets loyalty, this quality may explain the intense devotion of the English to their sovereign.

Apparently the only additions to the furniture made since Victoria became a widow are photographs of the royal family, of which Balmoral shows a collection of thousands, and a whole roomful of the originals of famous English carciatures of prominent statesmen. This apartment, the smoking-room, I think, is fairly papered with them.

Her life in this retreat is the simple one of an English country lady. She is accustomed to visit in the houses of the surrounding peasantry, and has a habit of stopping for tea and chatting affably with her favorites among the old dames, many of whem she knew in her early married life as country lassies. KATRIONA.

The police department of Hartford, Conn., will soon be equipped with automobile patrol wagons, ambulance, and prisoners' van, There are great possibilities in the way of the use of automobiles for municipal work.

The Japanese government has decided to make vaccination compulsory in Japan, and that all children are to be vaccinated before they reach the age of ten months. They must be revaccinated when they are six and again when they are twelve years of age.

An automobile ambulance is being made for St. Vincent's Hospital, New York city. It will be propelled by electricity, and will be a model of its kind. Electric power is more advantageous for propelling a vehicle where it is essential to have a very steady motion. The large pneumatic tires, it is expected, will also contribute in no small degree to the comfort of the patient.

A feature of modern government in Japan is the extraordinary growth in late years of the number of government officials. In 1888 the number of officials was 45.558, and their emoluments a little over 11,000,000 yen, (or $5,250,000 in American gold dollars.) The returns for 1890 show an increase of about 2,000, but after the conclusion of the war with China the number of officials was increased in one year by 11,000, and at the end of 1898—which is as far as the return carries us—the number of officials is shown to be 18,613 and the total emoluments 19,123,673 yen.

IN punishing criminals, as in other matters, China is some centuries behind times. A summary system of trial exists, and how swift and terrible punishment is has been illustrated a hundred times. The accompanying photograph illustrates one of the minor forms of coercion in vogue among the Celestials, and favored especially for female offenders. Three women are represented here undergoing punishment by pillory in the Canton provinces of China. These prisoners were "jugged" for stealing, the principal evidence against them being a suspicion. Being of the same class they were systematically grouped together. The apparatus shown in the picture consists of a rude yoke, made on the plans of the stocks of our forefathers. The front and back parts swing on a hinge, and are fastened by a bolt. Thus secured, the prisoner is left to her own devices. She may stand, sit, or make a shift at lying down, but she cannot rid herself of the yoke or of her companions until her sentence expires — usually three days. These offenders were convicted for petty crimes, and they were, therefore, allowed to remain indoors, out of public view, a mercy not granted to prisoners in the stocks by the old English law. For more serious offences, the culprits are paraded through the streets with placards advertising their crimes posted upon the boards. Executions are generally preceded by such a display. That the apparatus shown in the photograph has been so used is proven by the remnant of old paper that appears upon it. These women have been confined but twelve hours, and they have not yet reached that stage of exhaustion which comes in the last days of this form of confinement. In some cases serious illness and even death are results.

Chinese Method of Punishing Criminals.

Paesident Wheeler on the Ground.

THe manner of President Wheeler's coming to take charge of the University of California is such as to give the people of the Coast a decidedly favorable impression of the man who has already revolutionized the administration of his new charge by the stand he took against the old ridiculous system of control by the Regents. He slipped into San Franciso unostentatiously, and proceeded without unnecessary fuss to the University campus. His attitude at the student celebration in his honor was in line with his former acts. He spoke generally, but briefly and to the point, telling the students what he hoped to do and avoiding any self-glorification. And the manner of the man was such as to make his hearers believe that the thing which he said that he hoped to do, he would do. Some one who came under the influence of the Sage of Cambridge said that his ideal of a university was "me at one end of a log and Agassiz at the other." There is really no doubt that teachers are of more value to an institution of higher learning than buildings or endowment; these are mainly useful only as they attract and hold great teachers. Viewed in this light, the coming of Benjamin Ide Wheeler may mean more to the University of California than the late lamented architectural competition.

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The Football Situation.

FOOTBALL chances, as they look to-day, are all with California. The Stanford team has to be made this year from raw material. With two exceptions the 'Varsity men of last fall have left college. This is no great loss, because weak material combined with poor training and illness to bring about the overwhelming catastrophe—

First Game of the Season

from a Stanford standpoint—of last Thanksgiving. The only first-rater the Cardinal loses is Fisher, who, with Murphy, played the entire game for his side last year. On the other hand, only two places are vacant in the California line-up—one end and quarter back. There are plenty of good players for the latter position, which was not very brilliantly filled last fall, but end may give some trouble. In the season's opening game, Masters, who tried the position, showed that he has volumes to learn about end play. However, it is very early in the season to make prophecies about the work of any new man, and if Masters proves wanting, there are plenty of lively candidates to try for the vacant position.

One advantage which weighs heavily for the college at Berkeley is the fact that they have a coach and trainer who know conditions. No team can be trained on Eastern methods in California and keep its "ginger." The mistake of the imported Eastern handler is that he drives the men as he would in Connecticut or Massachusetts, and brings them to the mark stale. Butterworth blundered in this respect; so did Cross and Camp. Now Cochran is at Berkeley with a year's experience "up his sleeve," and Al Lean, the trainer who assists him, knows more about the effects of the climate on athletes than any other man alive. Coach Chamberlain, who dictates at Palo Alto, has for an assistant one of the best trainers in the country, "Tot" Murphy, but both are new to the climate, and unless they are warned by the mistakes of their predecessors, are likely to bring their proteges to the mark languid and overtrained.

The only chance for a Stanford victory is a surprising development of the Freshman material. The baby class this year brings in a great number of young and unexperienced, but splendidly built men, who will make football men in time. Experience has proven that it takes at least two seasons to make a player out of even the best qualified men. Such sterling rushers and kickers as Kaarsburg, Craig, Fickert, Burnett, and many others that could be mentioned, had to learn for at least one season before they showed 'varsity form. It is very doubtful. therefore, if Stanford can get her first-year material into shape. Still it is in the range of possibility. It must not be forgotten that the game of the fall of '96, the first decisive victory either college had won over the other, was taken by Stanford with a team of colts.

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The Yachts and the Wind.

NOW that the first of the series of international yacht races has degenerated into a drifting match, the America's cup contest looks a bit ridiculous. The fact is, there is no way of proving abosolutely the superiority of either the *Columbia* or the *Shamrock*. It is pure luck. If the committee in charge could regulate the weather and the rate of the wind, there might be some chance of a definite conclusion. As it is, Fate is the helmsman. If strong winds prevail in a majority of the races, the *Shamrock* will win; if the wind is easy and gentle, the cup will remain on this side. And in either event, no one will be able to say which is the superior sailor.

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Spokane's Spasm of Virtue.

SPOKANE, say the gambling element, is so moral now that it is fairly disgusting. Truly, the city does appear, just at present, like a Seventh Day Adventist summer resort. The saloons are closed after ten o'clock and all day Sunday; the tiger is "bucked" no more, and other more questionable resorts are under the ban of privacy. And it wasn't the church people who did it, either, but a section of the lawless element. The moral wave was started by the attempt of certain sporting people to open an over-gay concert hall, the Comique. Now the gamblers' ring had concert halls of their own, and managed so to pull the wires that the permit for the Comique was downed in the City Council. Then the Comique people, burning for revenge, went out and mustered their followers, organized the church people to assist them, and passed a series of blue laws. There is little chance, however, that Spokane will continue to be such a town that the temperance orators will hold it up as a shining example, as the city fathers are beginning to realize that the *risque* features are the ones that draw visitors from the surrounding mining districts. The pressure of people who come for such a purpose is no great "ad." for the town, but they bring in money and keep things going.

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A New Era at Port Orchard.

CAPTAIN COGHLAN, whose fame has been identified with the name of the warship *Raleigh* and more closely with the Kaiser's, has recently taken command of the Port Orchard navy yard. He fouund it lonely at first, but what with his work and an occasional trip to Seattle, he is fast becoming reconciled to the solitude. Captain Coghlan is an active man, unwilling to rest on his laurels. He is full of plans. He has already presented to the Government a requisition for funds amounting to $473,210. With this he intends to inaugurate an era of improvement. New steam engineering and machine shops are to be erected, rigging and sail lofts to be improved, and the yard, now as fenceless as the sands of Sahara, to be appropriately enclosed. A fence, says the Captain, is well nigh indispensible in a navy yard, preventing as it does the almost universal tendency among sailor men to rove at will. If all expectations are fulfilled the work will be finished by the end of the year, thus rendering the yard as well equipped as any in the United States.

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The Seattle Exposition.

SEATTLE *en fete* greeted the people of the State last Monday in opening her big Exposition to the public. The magnitude of the affair was a genuine surprise, the management had kept many things "up their sleeve," so that the reality far exceeded all expectation. The most surprising thing to a "tenderfoot" is the variety of interests represented. Many counties show mineral specimens, agricultural products, lumber, fish and manufacturies, all grown or developed within their borders. Every county in the state is represented. It has been a most successful affair. The weather was propitious, the officials had the good sense to make their opening addresses short and to the point, and the attendance is all that could be wished for. Among the novelties is a miniature daily newspaper, published right on the spot, as the official organ of the big show.

Concerning Log Rafts.

IT is highly probable that the accident to the big Robertson log raft, which has been a terror to the Pacific Coast shippers these many weeks, will settle for good and all any attempt to ship logs by that precarious method. The interests of the lumbermen, as well as those of shipowners, demand it. The sending of logs by raft is far and away cheaper than the usual method of transportation, but the risk is too great. The lumber may get to port all right if the weather is favorable; if it is not, the chances are ten to one that the logs will get loose, and the owners will either lose their property altogether, or will have salvage and search-boats to pay for. In this case, the Robertson Company had to foot such a bill as would knock off the profits from many successful enterprises of the sort. The sad fate of this raft has discouraged a project to supply lumber to the Cape Nome district, where timber of all kinds is at a premium. It was intended to send a huge raft North this month, in the hope that it would reach tne gold beach before the ice pack should close in, but shippers are now arguing that if the Robertson direlict cast loose in a moderate summer gale, there is little chance for a Cape Nome raft to weather the severe Equinoctial storms of the Northern sea, and the project is practically abandoned.

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Indian Summer on the Sound.

IF anyone from less-favored climes wants a continuation of summer he should come to Western Washington, where the season of flowers seems just beginning. The foliage is greener than it has been all summer; the days are delicious and the nights comfortably cool. There is a little fog in the morning; this clears away by the time the sun is high, and the rest of the day is beautiful—just right. In this, the beginning of October, people are wearing their summer things. Picnics long postponed because of the uncertain weather of August, are now running full blast, and the parks of Seattle are crowded nightly.

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Seattle and the Cape Nome Boom.

THE wiseacres who directed prospectors away from the Cape Nome district, claiming that there was "nothing in it," have lost their reputation as prophets. Opinion has veered in the other direction. It is now generally believed that the Cape Nome properties are a second El Dorado. Seattle is again deluged with inquiries. Passage to Anvil City in the spring is being engaged and paid for already, and transportation lines are prospering in consequence. This is quite a handsome revenge, by the way, because when the excitement first broke out the "knockers" had it that the steamship companies had stirred up the whole thing in order to get custom. Transportation to Cape Nome is a comparatively simple thing, as the beach diggings are close to the open sea, and the fearful land journey or the perilous river passage which caused so much hardship in the Dawson City rush do not figure in the cost of a trip to Anvil City. The main danger that passengers and freighters have to face is the high, rolling surf along the beach—for there is no harbor. The landing has to be made in small boats, and a good wetting is the docking charge. The Roanoke, on her last trip, solved the problem by taking along a scow which is to be hauled ashore by a cable and carry the cargo across the breakers. Other Seattle people besides the steamship owners are coming out ahead on the new diggings. A few speculators who took chances at the beginning have won small fortunes. One lumber man risked $7,000 worth of building material; it sold at Anvil City for $56,000. Still another made $30,000 clear on a similar venture.

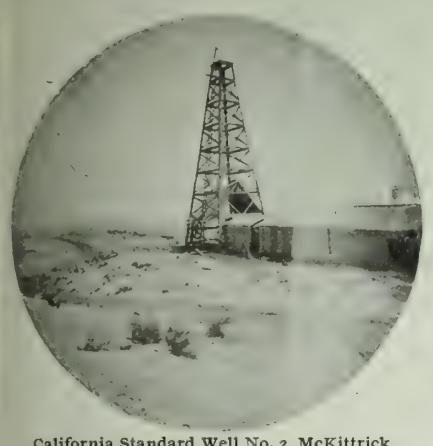
BOSWELL, JR.

The work of taking and classifying the census of 1900 is going forward very smoothly. About three thousand persons are employed in the census division of the Bureau of Statistics, and the Bureau is practically permanent, although the law establishing it provides specifiically against that very thing. To the departments into which the work has formerly been divided—population, manufactures, vital statistics and the like—has been added another one, that of "methods and results," with Professor Walter F. Wilcox at the head.

$1,000,000 from Alaska and some Prominent Transportation Men of Seattle

The Oil Industry

The Kern river oil section for the past ten days has been experiencing a regular Klondyke boom. At no time in the history of Bakersfield has that place been so crowded with strangers. The hotels have had to turn people away every day, and have had their halls filled with cots nightly to accommodate the crowds constantly arriving, eager to get



California Standard Well No. 2, McKittrick

an interest in land in the Kern river country. Capitalists, drillers and real estate speculators of all kinds have been flocking there by the hundreds, and it looks as if the rush had only just been inaugurated. Land, that but a few months ago was considered high at $1.25 per acre is now quoted anywhere from $20 to $200 per acre, and the whole country has been taken up with mining claims. Carpenters are busy in every direction putting up new derricks, and at present over twenty-five of these structures are located on both sides of the river, while each day sees additional ones in process of construction.

The oil found in this region, as stated in last week's *Wave*, is very similar to that produced by the wells of the Los Angeles section, and is a fine fuel oil. There has been some complaint that there is water in the wells drilled along the banks of the Kern river, but this was to be expected and it can be met by casing. The wells on the higher ground will not have to contend with this difficulty, and the Kern river region can be counted on as a tremendous oil producer, judging from the great body of oil sand to be found there. The strata at that point, are almost as level as a table, indicating very little, if any, geological disturbance. Oil is reached from 360 to 400 feet, and the walls do not cave, as there is a large body of blue clay overlaying the hard shell. It is confidently expected that the same conditions will be encountered at greater depths, and from the general character of the field, we would not be surprised if deep drilling does not result in the development of some splendid flowing wells. One of the attractive features of this new oil field is the fact that it lies so handy to two competing railroads, thus ensuring cheap rates for transportation to market for the oil. Those lucky investors who secured large blocks of land in this locality before the excitement will wake up some morning to find themselves millionaires. Of course all of the land which has been located in that section will not turn out to be good oil land; still, the indications show that the field is a large one and ought to yield a big production. Both the Southern Pacific and the Valley roads are said to be greatly interested in this territory, and both are reputed to have picked up some nice blocks, the Southern Pacigc holding on to its land, while the Valley road has been working through its secret agents. This point would be a fine fuel point for both of the roads, now that they have seriously taken up the matter of converting all of their engines to fuel oil burners.

* *

There is such a scarcity of portable drilling outfits down the Kern river country, that in several cases rigs have been set up and the

Oil City Petroleum Co. Ready for Drilling

parties are drilling holes by horse power. Over in one section, south of the river, a company of squatters are going down after oil with pick and shovel. In fact, everybody down there just now is crazy on the subject of oil, and San Francisco capitalists are sending down all kinds of money to buy land in the new field.

Oil investors can be certain of one fact, and that is that they can depend on the integrity of the California Oil Exchange in the matter of listing oil stocks. The Exchange will only list reputable companies, and no amount of pressure will enable a fake concern to have their stocks listed in the Call Board. Of course, the Exchange cannot guarantee that every oil company started will secure paying wells, but it can see that these companies listed, make proper expenditure of moneys received for the development of their properties, and there is no question that the Exchange will do its full duty in this respect. Of course with the tremendous and widespread interest that has been excited in connection with oil development, it is but natural that fake concerns should make an effort to fleece the public. The data collated by the Exchange on the subject of oil development can be secured, by those intending to invest by applying to the members of the Exchange, and no one intending to make such investment should do so without first having a talk with some member of the California Oil Exchange and getting all light possible on the merits of the company in which he intends making an investment.

* *

The excitement over oil lands along the south side of the Newhall valley still continues, and is daily becoming more acute. The real estate lying westerly along the ridge pierced by the Saugus tunnel seems to be most in demand. The Pacific Coast Oil Company has been making very active efforts to buy large blocks of this land, as recent developments have clearly demonstrated that it is very promising territory for big flowing wells, whiie the oil is of a particularly fine quality. Very handsome offers have been made during the past week to owners for the absolute sale of their lands, and when these golden overlooking for some sensational developments over in the McKittrick district, and to the north of that section. By the way, the Spreckles have just closed the deal for the 40,000 acre ranch of the late Mark Hopkins, and it is expected that they will start the drill going in a short time in that section. The Spreckels are now among the heaviest holders of prospective oil land in the State, as well as ranking among the large consumers of fuel oil in their different interests.

* *

The announcement in this paper, that Messrs. Canfield & Chanslor had secured 12,000 acres in the hills to the south west of Coalinga, has caused quite a flurry of interest among the holders of stocks in the group of companies at Kreyenhagan, and these securities have been in active demand. As a matter of fact, there is good ground for interest in this direction, as there seems to be no doubt that the famous oil sand which has been producing millionaires up at Oil City heads directly for the Kreyenhagan district, and in addition to this fact, there are also two additional oil belts in evidence in the ranges in this vicinity. With three oil sands cropping at the surface, belonging to three distinct belts, this section is a desirable one for investors, and stocks will steadily climb up the hill. The trip of the members of the California Oil Exchange to the Oil City district has been postponed for the present. The weather is too warm in the valley yet for so large a party to make the trip with comfort, and the Exchange will not reach the wells for possibly two weeks yet.

* *

Mr. W. G. Hughes, Vice President of the Union Oil Company, one of the big reliable money makers of this State in the oil business, has been in the city for several days. Mr. Hughes is a member of the California Oil Ex-

An Oil Train Sidetracked at Coalinga

tures have been unsuccessful, earnest efforts have been made by the agent of the company to tie up the land on long leases and royalties. We learn on reliable authority that this land will yet figure in a sensational way in the oil production of the State. There is one flowing well in Pico Canyon of which but very little has yet been said in the press. It is down 1,100 feet, and the character of the oil found in this well, together with its quality, is the groundwork for the present activity to acquire real estate in that section among shrewd and well-posted oil men.

* *

There is a lot of good money wasted by the blunders of poor drillers in the oil business. Many of them go pounding away at Mother Earth with a slack rope, and when they strike a hard shell the bit follows the shell and slides off at an angle of 45 degrees, and the next report on the well is a crooked hole, a broken rope and an ugly fishing job on hand. Oil companies who have development work on hand, cannot be too careful in the selection of drillers. In many instances, they expend thousands of dollars for an up to date rig, and then employ a man who has but little, if any, knowledge of drilling a well, and place him in charge. No wonder the reports are bad, and more money asked for to continue operations. There is one company down in the valley that has moved its rigs several times in consequence of an unbroken series of crooked holes. This sort of experience is very costly.

* *

The Western Land & Oil Syndicate has been gobbling up large blocks of oil land all the way down the valley, and now own about 15,000 acres. This company has made several important leases the past week, and drilling operations will begin at once. They are change, and takes an active interest in its affairs. He firmly believes in the great future for the oil interests in California,—a future that is rapidly merging into the present. Mr. Hughes does not look for the early construction of a pipe line from the Coalinga oil district to tidewater, by reason of the present high prices ruling for pipe. He is satisfied, however that at least one line will be built to this city, as quick as this stringency in the pipe market has abated.

* *

The Consolidated Oil Company in the Kreyenhagen field, has a fishing job on hand. There is a string of tools down in the hole and a charge of dynamite was sent after it. As quickly as the tools are recovered operations will begin again. The Consolidated struck a fine flow of oil containing fully forty per cent. of lubricants. They, in company with the other corporations in this field are right on an unusually thick body of oil sand, which runs north-west and south-east, coming over from the mountain districts of Monterey County. This belt is an entirely different one from the Oil City sand, and further developments along this line will be watched with eager interest by those interested in lubricating oil. This product should command quite an advance on the price paid for oil used strictly for fuel purposes.

* *

Banker J. J. Mack of Bakersfield is one of the lucky land-owners in the Kern River district. With shrewd business foresight, Mr. Mack made large investments in the Kern River field before the boom struck that section. His land is now very valuable, as he was fortunate to make his investments along the true oil belt.

A beet sugar factory is talked of in the Puente Valley, and Ross Clark, the owner of the Alamitos factory, has announced that he will duplicate his capacity, if the rains in that vicinity this winter warrant his doing so. Taking it all in all, there seems to be no chance for a reduction in the price of oil for some time to come.

Rig of California Oil Co. McKittrick

The water question at Oil City has been the main cause of delaying operations among many companies that have their rigs on the ground. Chanslor and Canfield have secured a bountiful supply of the aqueous fluid from a tunnel in the mountain range north of Oil City, and pipe lines are being laid all over the field. In addition to this source of supply, Captain McClurg has sunk a well in the valley south of Oil City, and has secured a flow of water equivalent to 500 barrels a day. This will also be pumped to such companies as may need water for development purposes. Captain McClurg intends to sink at once another well within a short distance.

* *

It is stated that the next field of active operations in the oil industry that will be exploited by Chanslor & Canfield will be the Kreyenhapan district. These two successful operators own lots of good land inside of the Calcarous rock belt in this district, and they think very well of it. Some one is going to find the Oil City sand down in this neighborhood, and these gentlemen are willing to lead the procession in this respect.

* *

The luck of the Shamrock Oil Company in striking oil in the McKittrick district has been quite a stimulus in that section, and lots of new derricks are now going up. Several new companies have recently acquired land in this locality, and will go ahead drilling at once.

* *

Over thirty new derricks are now going up in the Kern River oil field, on both sides of the river, and along Poso creek. Plenty of development in this field means plenty of production to those who are in the right belt.

* *

There is a race betweeu the drillers of the Selma and the New York Oil Companies as to who shall strike the oil sand first. They are both working on deep holes, and both confidently expect to strike flowing wells in the near future.

* *

The Caribou Oil Company has everything about in readiness to sink a deep well. Their rig is a model one, and like the Royal and Oil City Petroleum Companies, they have plenty of room in their derrick to handle conveniently a string of tools.

A Trench Full of Oil. Mckittrick

Eastern parties are making a quiet effort to secure control of the lrnd of the Kreyenhagen Oil Company, but the stockholders know they have a good thing, and their figure is very high. In fact, they do not show any disposition to part with their property even at gilt edged prices.

Our Entrenchments at Malabon

On the Way to Malolos

Remarkable Defences composed of Bridge Pillars and Iron Rails encountered by our Troops outside of Malolos

Wounded Filipinos in Trenches at Santa Ana

Filipino Barricade Outside Malabon

Insurgent Trench at Paranaque, with Rests for Rifles and Stone Protection for Head

THE TRENCHES IN LUZON.

The Remarkable Entrenchments Thrown Up by the Insurgents are the Wonder of Military Men

The Military Encampment at the Presidio

March up Market St

Montanans on Dock

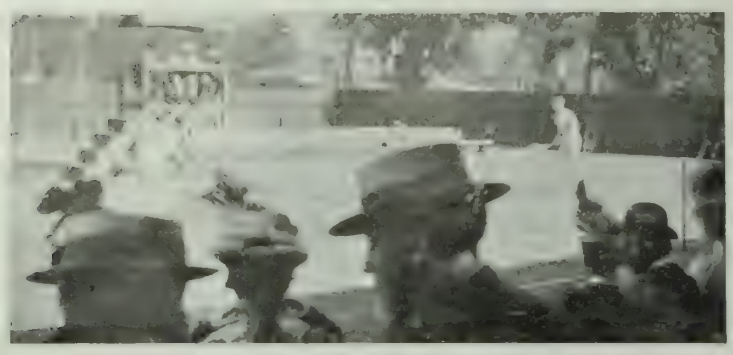
Transport "Valencia" at Dock

The Transport "Zealandia" with the First Detachment

Banners of the Montana Regiment

ARRIVAL OF THE MONTANA REGIMENT FROM MANILA.

Photos by Weidner



EASTERN TENNIS CRACKS MEET SEATTLE PLAYERS

BABBLINGS OF A BELLE.

At present, Dear Diary, we are all either swearing eternal enmity to some one, or are forgiving and forgetting the disagreeables that have happened during the summer. So far in my life none of the really mean things I have said have found me any enemies. I am one of the few, though. I really do not believe people think there is any particular malice in my remarks. One girl I know is head, neck and ears in hot water—in fact, her only friends now are the girls who have not yet had a chance to know her. Of course, she is exceediugly pretty, otherwise, perhaps, Arthur says, she would have had more judgment than to be so exaggerated in her statements about her best friends. There are a great many girls who say mean things of their friends to men for fun. Men are so very serious that they remember details, and manage to impart what they have heard to some other girl. The consequence is, stories fly, and become so grossly magnified that many a girl's reputation is really hurt. Of course, I know when a maid is exceedingly popular with fellows who have, perhaps, discovered your limitations, it is very difficult to acknowledge her beauty, wit, or method of wearing her clothes. Still it is all wrong, and my advice to 'ye fresh debutantes' is to hear everything and say nothing.

I know a girl who is neither rich nor beautiful, but has a real Christian spirit. When anyone is being abused she immediately mentions several virtues of which she has had ocular demonstration. Yet, would you believe it, I heard some girls say at luncheon the other day that she simply did this as a pose. At that time I again thought, "Cricket, dear, say nothing, neither in favor or against man or woman—that is the only way to get on."

I am progressing, but as yet I can only count eight real true scalps to my belt, and five of these are navy men. Navy men, you know, are very easy and very nice. Still it would not do to take them seriously. Once I read a book on the hard times any kind of a woman has who marries a navy man. It made such an impression on me that I refused two that evening, and eschewed "buttons" ever after. I remember when Leila was doing society, owning a button was a vain distinction, and to be the proud possessor of a belt buckle was almost a method of announcing an engagement. Now, however, one can buy the button hatpins for a quarter, and buckles are as plentiful as the heroes who wear them. Still, navy men are delightful as partners, and Mrs. Salisbury told me the other day that a number of them had been invited to the Fortnightly this winter. I have all my partners engaged for the first two dances. Nearly all of these fellows I have loved for some time, but I do want to know a few new ones, for I am just beginning to see my finish if the debutantes really carry out their threat to entertain more lavishly than even the old Californians used to. Mrs. Collier and Mrs. Salisbury have really done remarkably with the Fortnightly. It has always been the most popular club in town, and somehow or other I have always had a better time there than anywhere else. How I long for the dances to commence. I often think what would life be without "two-steps and crushes." I just live for the fun I shall have this winter. Notes, flowers and the quivering impatience to see who will be the most popular girl. What do people do who don't dance? I often wonder.

The other dancing club that has as its chaperones Mesdames Voorhies, Mills, Huntington, Hearst, Foster, Hopkins and McCleary, opens on the last Friday in October. It is specially for younger girls, but a few of us secured invitations, and it is going to be quite worth while. I hear there are to be really good suppers; that appeals to me tremendously, and all the girls will dress well. I am sick of organdie frocks, and were I to be a patroness of a dancing club I'd suppress the desire to wear them during the winter. They are good enough for summer, when anything else is too warm. The prettiest organdie I have ever seen was on Bernie Drown, and she wore it with the same distinction that any other girl would have worn an importation from Vienna. Bernie can do that; so could Eleanor Terry. I am so sorry she has gone East. How the Martins must miss her! She was really the life of their home at San Mateo. The George Crockers and Rutherford girls have also set out for New York. I do wish Mrs. George Crocker cold stay out here one winter; she is such a jolly entertainer and likes me immensely. I have heard that there is a very nice New York man very badly crushed on Alice, but she denies the story. I hope it is not true, for if she will marry a Californian, we shall have her in our midst.

The Hopkins speak of going to Europe, and it is almost a settled thing in the Brigham family. They think of going in March and remaining about two years. Alice intends entertaining exclusively by giving dinners this winter. Her father is so charming I always hope to be put near him at table when I go to their house.

Speaking of dinners reminds me of Mrs. Joseph Donohoe. She has sold her house on Broadway, and Aunt Sybil says the best dinner hostess in San Francisco is homeless. A witticism of Aunt Sybil's. Mrs. Donohue has really been the chief instigator of this exhibition of needlework which is to take place at Maple Hall on the 9th, 10th and 11th of November next. Much of the work is really most beautiful. Aunt Sybil will exhibit some of grandma's lace and some linen she wore herself when a girl. A great many women and girls are making lovely center pieces for tables, bureau scarfs, and curtains for hall doors. It will be a most interesting affair, and is such a charitable work that I feel confident all the girls will buy things there for Christmas presents.

We had such fun at a luncheon party the other day at Mrs. Winslow's. She asked her Del Monte girl friends, but really gave it to Ethel Hager. Emily, Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Laura Bates, Mrs. Oxnard and Louie Bruguiere were there. Louie was very entertaining, and we had fun just having one boy at lunch. We talked Del Monte, golf, and the weddings of the past month.

I went to the Donald Y. Campbell tea in Oakland Saturday, and had a splendid afternoon with all the Oakland girls. Janet looks so well, and is as happy as any girl I know. She told me they intended giving several teas this winter. I saw just enough of the football match between the Berkeleys and the Olympics to know that Berkeley would win. There were a lot of people there. John Moore and young Kaarsburg were doing splendid work. I am just a bit crushed on John, and expect to dance a good deal with him this winter. My dear Gerald was there, and I felt very proud of having as I think, one of the nicest fellows in town as my property. Most of those who attended the football game went to the Goodrich' sto tea. I noticed Juliet Garber, Lesley Green, Carmen Moore, Agnes Duff and Marie Rose Deane looking awfully pretty. The girls on the other side of the bay get a whole lot more out of life, I think, than we do in San Francisco.

In San Rafael on Saturday a fair was given for the benefit of the Children's Hospital at the Lichtenberg place. The grounds were artistically decorated, and the booths were found most charmingly situated beneath the trees. Mrs. Foster, Mrs. Crooks, Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. De Young, Mrs. Cushing and Mrs. Pomeroy were those who really made the affair a success. They worked hard, and were amply rewarded by the proceeds.

Aunt Sybil said that the musicale at the Century Club last Wednesday was the most delightful on record. The Hush girls really played awfully well, and Aunt Sybil said she wished all the time their mother could have heard them. She is still in New York, but is infinitely better than when she left here. I saw the Taylor girls of Santa Barbara there, also pretty Miss Apperson, Mrs. Hearst's niece. Mrs. Davenport poured out the coffee, and made every one feel very much at home. With so much to tell, I almost forgot to mention how really beautiful Madeline McKissick Bruguiere looked on Friday night at the Columbia Theatre. She had only a small part to play, but I consider that she is really talented, and she is so pretty and graceful I am quite sure she will make a great success as an actress.

MISS CRICKET.

The winter Cotillion Club of Oakland, which has gradually absorbed the Deux Temps and Little Deux Temps, is to hold its first meeting at Reed's Hall on Saturday evening. Miss Marietta Haven is to lead the cotillion. Quite a number of the older girls have joined this club, which now has a membership of about 120. It is under the leadership of Miss Alys Miller.

Eastern Tennis on Seattle Courts.

After capturing society at Del Monte and learning something about doubles from the redoubtable Hardy boys, the Eastern tennis cracks proceeded North, where they swept everything before them, both on the courts and in society. The players who went up against them in the tournament at Seattle were as children in their hands. It goes without saying that the courteous young Easterners were lionized. Beals Wright, the eighteen-year-old wonder, was especially popular. His play at Seattle was brilliant, and marked him as a coming national champion. The visit will be of great benefit in educating the Northwestern players, who learned by their rather rough experience with one-sided scores that they still have a good deal to learn of the game.

"I had female trouble for eight years," writes Mrs. L. J. Dennis, of 828 East College St., Jacksonville, Ills. "Words cannot express what I suffered. *I sought relief among the medical profession and found none.* Friends urged me to try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. When I commenced taking this medicine I weighed ninety-five pounds. Now I weigh one hundred and fifty-six pounds—more than I ever weighed before. I was so bad I would lie from day to day and long for death to come and relieve my suffering. I had internal inflammation, a disagreeable drain, bearing down pain, and such distress every month but now I never have a pain—do all my own work and am a strong and healthy woman."

Sick women are invited to consult Dr Pierce by letter *free*. Correspondence private. Address Dr. R.V. Pierce, Buffalo, N.Y.

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NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT—GOULD & CURRY SILVER MINING COMPANY.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Virginia City, Storey Co., Nevada. Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 31st day of August, 1899, an assessment (No. 87) of fifteen (15) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room No. 69, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 4th day of October, 1899, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Wednesday the 25th day of October, 1899, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors. ALFRED K. DURBROW, Secretary. Office, room No. 69 Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF MARY MCKENNA, DECEASED.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Jane Daly, Executrix of the last will of Mary McKenna, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Jane Daly, Executrix, at the offices of Gavin McNab, Esq., her attorney, rooms 46 and 47, Mills building, the same being her place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. JANE DALY,
Executrix of the Estate of Mary McKenna, Deceased.
Dated at San Francisco, Sept. 12th, 1899.
GAVIN MCNAB,
Atty for Executrix.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.—Bullion Mining Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, Cal. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.
Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 20th day of Sept., 1899, an assessment (No. 55) of Five (5) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 11, 331 Post street, San Francisco, Cal.
Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 24th day of October 1899, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday, the 14th day of November, 1899, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the cost of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors R. R. GRAYSON, Sec'y.
Office: Room 11, 331 Pine street, San Francisco, Cal

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT—BEST & BELCHER MINING CO.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco California; location of works, Virginia District, Storey County, Nevada.
Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the twenty-second (22d) day of September, 1899, an assessment (No. 68) of twenty (20) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 13 Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the twenty-seventh (27th) day of October, 1899 will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Friday the seventeenth (17th) day of November, 1899, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.
M. JAFFE, Secretary.
Office: Room 33, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

THE fashion writers of a scant three seasons ago used to lay it down as a social dictum that prizes at parties and cotillion favors and all such little society souvenirs ought to be as inexpensive as possible—something pretty and tasteful, they said, and not elaborate—oh, dear no, that was vulgar; and when the smart set of New York began to give chatelaines and elaborate knick-knacks for the ladies to carry to the cavaliers of their favor, London shrugged its shoulders and murmured: "So American."

But alas for changing times, the Londoners have taken their latest ideas on cotillion favors not from gay Paris, where they are still true to sweet simplicity, but from gayest Gotham. Last season, they began to "put on dog" as the West has it, over their favors, and now the display of them at a smart ball looks like a show of wedding presents. Certain *Nouveaux riches* are the most extravagent of course, but even the most conservative are giving such expensive trifles as silver cigarette cases, glove boxes, parasols, silk stockings, purses, chiffon boas—and from there on up to jeweled muff chains, rings, bangles and—actually—diamond brooches! A penniless society favorite in the status of a heiress-hunting Count in New York could keep himself in income by disposing of the baubles he has acquired at the fashionable cotillions—and the end is not yet. The fad will go the way of fads, of course, by running on so fast and far that it becomes ridiculous, but just now the great houses are going one another a bit better at every occasion.

POPULARITY OF THE COTILLION.

This is all the more important to the smart set because that style of entertainment is very much the rage in London just at present. Nothing has been found to take its place for a general loosener of social stiffness. Even the stolid British youths and maidens become gay, unaffected, almost graceful in the fun of this social frolic. So every big establishment gives its cotillion in the course of the year, some of them as many as half-dozen, and anything which makes against numerous cotillons makes for further stiffness in London society, from which Heaven deliver us! Lady Huntingdon gave the best German of the last London season; hers came before the era of costly favors, and was a pretty flower dance. Some of her figures were new, and as I doubt if they got across the water last winter, I will speak of one or two. Mr. Albert Stopford, the cotillion leader *par excellence* of London, led at this particular ball, and introduced the first one. It has been named "The Sedan Chair." The chair in this case was real, banked high with flowers and borne by two negroes in fancy costumes. This came down the center of the hall to a blare of trumpets, and from it descended Miss Hwfa Williams, that blonde old-world beauty, her arms filled with lilies-of-the-valley. She was gotten up in eighteenth century costume, with patch and powder, and her quaint, delicate features made the portrait-illusion perfect. She walked down the hall beside her chair, giving to each man in the various sets, as they were called out, a boutonniere of lilies-of-the-valley. The gallant leader, in a costume of the same period and with link-boys before and behind, then came along and distributed corsage bouquets to the ladies. Falling in beside the chair, he led the figure proper, a simple one much like the "Debutantes' March," popular in New York two or three seasons ago, the sedan-chair with its black bearers leading all the way.

It will be noticed that the original feature of this figure comes in the manner of favoring and, in fact, this is characteristic of all the late innovations—evolutions of the dancers are very simple, slight variations on old themes. At Lady Cunard's cotillion in carnival time last year, there was a figure called "The Belfry," which was quite the prettiest thing of the season. In the center of the ball-room stood a miniature steeple made of flowers and hung with a multitude of sweet-toned bells, each rung by a ribbon. There the ladies stationed themselves, and the men passed by in review. As each of the fair ringers spied the man of her choice, she rang a merry peal on her bell and stepped out to claim him. Another figure of note at the same function was named by the flippant the "Lady of Shallott." Here the choser held a mirror before her and had her back to the advancing line. As they passed she ran her handkerchief over the glass for the rejected, as though to wipe away the vision, but for the lucky suitor she lowered the glass in salute. Again, a later party in Grosvenor Square danced a very unique figure somewhat resembling the "Japanese Lantern" also in vogue in the land of the free, but this was a charming variation. The fair section of the dancers waltzed out on the floor floating gaily colored balloons. After them, the men danced in pursuit, each taking for partner the one whose balloon he captured—with the consent of its owner.

ENGLISH SINGERS AND AMERICAN DRINKS.

Cotillions hold their own, as I have said, but dancing in general has fallen off. Hostesses have frankly surrendered to the undancing sex, and no longer prostrate themselves before the gilded youth to beg them to come and take out their wall-flowers. Concerts are now the thing, elaborate, stately concerts, with high-priced artists and higher-priced suppers. Never before has there been such a season for the possessors of musical talent; artists have benefitted not only in the way of money, but in social position as well. Melba, Edward Lloyd, Wolff, a half a dozen others, have taken their places on a plane of equality with those of the *haut monde*. I do not know whether they have dragged up the actors with them, but I do know that for the first time in the history of London society, certain player-folk are freely and frankly received as social equals. Beerbohm Tree, for example, is as high on the social ladder as any commoner in England. What a change from the time when Mario of the voice divine was sent to luncheon with the butler when he sang at society concerts!

I notice that since the Charing Cross Bazaar, London has naturalized another American institution—our national drinks. It was said at the time that the popularity of these beverages at that smart function was due to the beauty of the American women who mixed and served them, but they have been just as popular, since, even from the hands of mere, prosaic maids and butlers. Mint juleps and long, cool fizzes have been the chosen beverages of the matrons, while the taste of the men runs decidedly to the American cocktail. You know, or ought to know, that refreshments on this side the water, where the climate calls for stimulants, are frankly alcoholic. No American hostess would think of treating her guests at a ball to the good things of a bar-room, but that is just what is done in Grosvenor Square, especially since the new beverages from Yankee-land "caught on."

LONDON, Sept. 10. KATRIONA.

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IT IS amusing to an American, nurtured on Trans-Atlantic ideals of marriage and love and all that which makes novels and plays and the sentimental side of life, to see how the American girl—Heaven bless her, I could not live in burned-out Paris without an occasional sight of one of those frank young savages—drops her ideals and takes up with the European view of matrimony. At home, when a girl marries for money, she keeps pretty still about it; the arrangement is always a tacit one. A suitor who would approach a New York heiress with a frank offer of a business arrangement would get the cold shoulder in no uncertain fashion, but let one of our countrywomen pass a season or two on this side, and she bargains herself away with the most sordid of the Europeans. The pre-nuptial period possess in negotiations over dowry and marriage-settlement and other commercial arrangement, and there is no romance about the period of engagement—all that is expected to come in later. Even when it is a love-match, the real motive of the transaction is concealed as carefully as in the case of a marriage for money in New York or Boston.

This reflection was suggested to me by a narrative I heard at the American Club here in the course of a little, gossipy conversation between some old members of the colony who came over to study art and remained to study Paris. The subject of their gossip was an unmarried American woman, past the age when she could be called an American girl, who had just come down from Geneva for a stay of a few days. Rich, independant, with high social connections and all that would go to make her happy in her own country, she remains abroad and nurses an old love which long ago became hopeless.

Nearly ten years ago, she and a young Italian nobleman fell mutually in love. At least she did; there is some doubt in his case. The preliminaries were carried on in the European fashion; she was to barter her money for his title. Then it was discovered that her fortune could not be made over to her husband; a hard-headed old Yankee father had put such a provision in his will to guard against fortune-hunters. The family of the prospective groom argued and negotiated, but all to no purpose; finally, they broke off the match with a view to bringing the Americans to terms. At that, the young girl, only nineteen and very intense, fell sick of no other malady than disappointed love. The scheming Italian sister, a Duchess, and chief ambassador of the Italian party, when she saw that the Americans were not coming to terms, decided that a rich wife with the sack in her own hands was better than no wife at all. Therefore, she came to the residence of the American girl and asked to see her. But the little heiress was far too ill to see anyone, and instead an American aunt with her own ideas on foreign marriages ran up against the Duchess and there was a ladies' battle which ended with the Italian in full retreat, and the Yankee party in control of the field; there were no further negotiations. What would have happened had the Duchess seen the girl can only be conjectured. People do not die of love; our heiress rallied in time, and a year later, when she was slowly recovering in the South of France she learned that he had married a German girl whose millions were available for transfer.

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The mild furore over the beauty shows in London and Paris has died out somewhat. If the Paris Exposition holds its projected display of feminine charms with prizes for the same, I am going to back the New Woman of the East, Princess Nazleh, whose photographs are just now selling on the boulevards. There has been trouble in obtaining a portrait of this Helen of Cairo, because she has to keep in Oriental seclusion—very much against her will, for the Princess is the quite up to date and a scandal to the conservative Mohammedans.

Like Langtry, or Sarah the divine, Princess Nazleh has kept her charms beyond her youth. This is the more remarkable from the fact that Oriental women age early. But then, she is an exception to all rules, for she is the one blonde in a dark race. Her eyes are blue and her hair is of the rich gold color one sees in a specially favored Englishwoman. Gold is the prevailing tint in her color-scheme; her fair, opaque skin is of the creamy tint poets have sung these many generations. She is tall beyond the average of her race, finely formed, and has more of the free movement of the athletic Saxon than the voluptuous ease of the Oriental.

In fact, she is partially an English product. Her father was a progressive Oriental, who paid with his life for his opinions, being poisoned by order of the Khedive. The daughter was placed under an English governess and had a retinue of English servants.

In her girlhood, she was taught to ride and walk and exercise. It is said that the sight of her riding abroad in a top-hat and tight-fitting habit and without a veil was the specific event which brought death to her father. At any rate, she was disciplined at the time, and taught that the place of a Mohammedan woman is indoors. A husband was chosen for her soon afterward, a courtier who had fallen under the spell of her beauty, but she would have none of him. She had made up her mind to marry by inclination, and showed the true woman's eye by taking the worst of her suitors, Khahil Pasha. He was a gambler and perhaps worse, who had lost his post as Ambassador at Paris under discreditable circumstances. He ran through her dowry and then obligingly died, leaving her to pay his debts. She was always a faithful wife and is said to have been really devoted to him. The debts ate up most of her private fortune, and she was in sore straights until her marriage with Prince Nazleh, an invertebrate potentate, who lets her do as she likes. This she accomplishes by being startlingly unconventional—according to the Eastern idea she goes out with a thin veil, sometimes—actually—without any at all! She drives out *en Anglaise* with a little Egyptian boy in livery as a footman, and the pious Mohammedans hold up their hands in horror. But much as they execrate her ways, none of her orthodox haters have ever been able to find the slightest taint of scandal in her private life. A strong character she is, and one that might have been a power in a more favorable environment.

Autumn.

O the wheat is wearing whiskers
And the corn is wearing silk,
And the stocks are waving tassels all so fair,
And the berries blush for pickers,
And the cows give butter milk,
And the thistle-down is floating in the air.

And the argus eyed new tater
Is a peepin' from the hill,
And the flax says, won't you twist me into twine?
And the ghost-dust covered miller
Is a-grinding at the mill.
And the punk'in is a-pulling at the vine.

And once more 'tis Indian summer
For the weather's smoky blue,
And the little ones are swinging on the gate,
The melon and the cucumber
Are both making much ado,
And the officeseeker's seeking o'er the State.

And we hear the loud exhorters,
For 'tis now campmeeting time,
And the chickens are a-laying very low,
And the harvest moon gives quarters,
To all those without a dime,
And lovers stroll where gentle breezes blow.

And Jack Frost his nest has feathered,
And the squirrels are in glee,
And the thresher's hum is heard throughout the land,
And the nuts will soon be gathered,
And we'll have a husking bee,
And nature's music beats the Sousa band.

And the cider press is grinding
All the nectar from the fruit,
And the farmer takes his swine unto the fair,
And we see the gourd a-climbing,
While the prices follow suit,
And the thistle down is floating in the air.

—*Bede's Budget.*

Looking Backward.

The man who'd pass the spurious coin, and who
The officers held in cell at last,
Mused thus: "They'd have hard work to prove it true
If only I could recall the passed!"

—*Life.*

Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Hayes Larkin and Ninth. American or European plan. Ira R. and James H. Doolittle.

He Would and He Wouldn't.

IT was while Dalton, the burglar, was convalescing in the prison hospital that Smithers, the "con" man, declared his experience had shown him that in the world outside there are many too pious to do wrong themselves ready to get some one to do it for them. There was a murmur of assent from the other members of the party.

"There is not a doubt of it," interrupted Dalton. "Let me give you a little thing that happened to myself. There was a rich old Californy widow," he said, "who got stuck on a youngish man, not at all well known, and married him. The pair came East and lived in a house up by the Park. The papers were full of the diamonds the old thing sported at the opery, and I made up my mind to investigate. I had no trouble in ripping off the grill from a back cellar window one night and getting in. Up in the butler's pantry I found nothing worth keeping, so on I went to the second story front. The door was chained, not locked, and I had off the staple in a jiffy. In I went, my dark lantern in one hand, my gun in the other. Some one was snoring to beat the band in the alcove. So I turned my attention to the desk in a corner, handsome, inlaid, with a steel compartment at one side. My tools were well oiled and I worked noiselessly; but all of a sudden flash went the electric lights. I sprang to the foot of the bed. There lay a man grinning as if it had been mighty clever to press the button alongside.

"I'd have given him something on the other side of his mouth to grin about, when, 'Hullo, Bill Dalton,' he said, 'you're just the man I'm looking for.' Blow me, but I was jiggered. Then I looked again. It was an Australian chap I had worked with once, a man fond of rings, scents, ile and hair dye, and just the one to get on the blind side of a silly old dame. So I tumbled.

"'Where's your wife?' I asked.

"'She's away, dammer,' said he, 'and she's got the sparklers with her, and there's nothing in the house worth melting.'

"'You're right there,' said I; 'I would'nt play quoits with that plated stuff.'

"'I've been bilked, Bill," said he. 'The old cat has kept me on short allowance from the first. Let me have a dollar before you go, will you? She shut off on grog and cut up nasty about wimmen.. Now she's gone for good, I reckon, for she's taken out her divorce papers. Her lawyer has got a bill of sale of the furniture; the house is advertised for sale; I pawned the last spoon Saturday night, and I've been living on jam for two days; so I'll have to get out, sure. Now, there's them diamonds. I know she's got them with her, for she's as vain as a petted parrot. The house where she's staying up in the country is as open as a sieve, and those of the servants that ain't deaf get blind after sunset on old ale. I'll steer you up there tomorrow night and watch outside; then we'll divide and skip. Come to think of it, I was never cut out for a family man.'

"'Why don't you do it yourself,' I asked.

"'She's a light sleeper,' said he; 'and do you know, I couldn't choke her.'

"'All right,' I agreed; here's your bone, if you're as hard up as all that, and I'll meet you fair tomorrow night.'

"Well, gents, the next night we drove twenty miles. My pal reined up in the lane and pointed out the guest chamber looking out on the garden on the side; I never cracked a crib so dead easy. All I had to do was to shin up a tree, creep along the veranda roof, and cut out a plate of glass. The moon shone bright as I sprang lightly into the room, and there lay the old lady with her arm around a tin japanned box. No fly could have entered more noiselessly, but as I tiptoed closer and closer, she opened her eyes.

"That was the jewel box all right, gents; I never seen a prettier sight than the way the gems danced and flashed as I broke off the cover and held them up. I filled both pockets and passed out on the roof, not bothering to close the window. The draft could do the lady no harm. Through the trees I could make out a faint shadow which I knew was our horse and wagon. I stopped short and asked myself why I should whack up with a man who would go back on his lawful wedded wife. After a moment's reflection, the nays had it; so I shifted a short iron rod, wound with rubber, from my hip pocket to my right sleeve, and went on down the post and through the orchard until I came to the lane.

"Have you got it?" whispered my pal, and his voice trembled more than the diamonds had in the moonlight.

"'Sure,' I answered; 'did you think I was making a social call?'

"'Then give it to me,' he cried, dropping the reins and leaning out with clutching hands.

"I did give it to him, gents, and for fair, right in the back of the neck; not a finisher you know, but a mild persuader that made him topple out and curl up on the ground, with no more interest in the subsequent proceedings than the chap had in Bret Harte's pome. Away I drove and got rid of the stuff to a fence before sunrise. As for him, he came to, I believe, just about the time the alarm was given, and then the men from the house grabbed him. Doubtless he gave a satisfactory explanation of his presence, but I didn't wait long enough in town to find out."—*N. Y. Sun*

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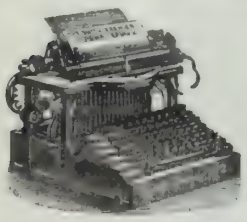
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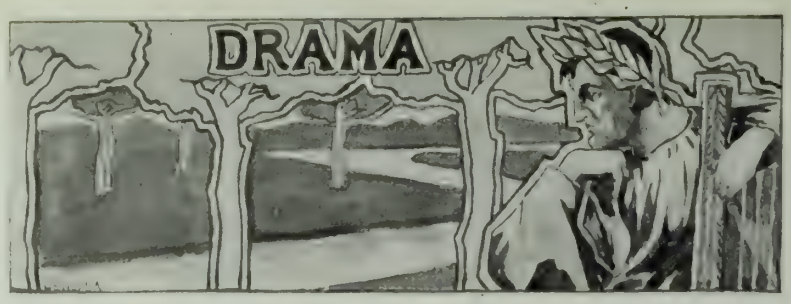

IT IS time for a new idea in vaudeville. This form of entertainment depends on novelty. If it is not abreast of the times and a little ahead of them, it is nothing at all. Frothy, light as air, making no appeal to the intellect or the deeper emotions any vaudeville feature palls after it is once seen. Shakespeare or Sardou or even Pinero will stand a second or a third hearing, but no one goes a second time to hear an Orpheum skit. Once you have seen it and been entertained by it, you are through with it for all time.

And it has been a long time since anything really new has been found. Skirt-dancing came, created its furore, was rehearsed in all its variations, and had its day; then the cake-walk ran its course; after that, the one-act play came and claimed its share of attention. We are now just in the declining days of that form of entertainment. But it is a good two season's since anything really new has been discovered. The bills the Orpheum has been running for the past few weeks are proof of this dearth of novelties. When the managers of vaudeville can find nothing new, they fall back on the old, reliable, song-and-dance teams, the primitive form from which variety entertainment developed. There are five such "teams" in this week's bill; there has been even a greater proportion in past weeks. This does not mean any reflection on the management of the O'Farrel street house. Vaudeville theatres throughout the whole country feel the same want—a great dearth of new features. But if the situation is not soon relieved by the invention of a new "turn," there is sure to be a falling off in the popularity of this form of entertainment.

This week, "The Hawaiian Queens" furnish what comes near to being a novelty, in that they combine the old song-and-dance act with a fantastic operetta. These three actresses are pretty and have voices above the vaudeville standard, though why they attribute themselves to Hawaii can be explained only by their advertising agent. Felix Morris in his artistic work with the one-act comedy is too well known to need mention, and Jennie Yeamans, without saying or doing anything which one can remember afterward, gets laughter and applause by means of her magnetic personality. For the rest, there are only the eternal song-and-dance teams.

W. I.

* *

"A Yenuine Yentleman," at present showing in the renovated California Theatre, is a melodrama of middling worth, with the inevitable heavy villain, persecuted heroine, bloodthirsty mob and scenic effect. Ben Hendricks, who handles the part of the Swedish immigrant posing as the hero, has spent years in developing the Scandinavian dialet, and is the leading exponent of that branch of character work. Outside of the dialect his acting is simply good melodrama. In this particular study of the Swedish character, he puts the Scandinavian in a different light from the one in which we have been wont to see him. He is the type of a man you would expect to come from the middle class of Northern Europe, and has all the petty vanities and large-heartedness of the diamond in the rough. The attendance on the opening night was large, and the performance scored a hit with the audience.

* *

Miss Clara Kalisher, a young California contralto who is going to be heard from, made her first professional appearance in San Francisco recently, and captured her audience. Of the many Western singers who go to Europe every year to undergo the finishing process, there are a few who come through the trying-out process of European criticism and justify the expectations of their friends. Miss Kalisher is one of them. She is the possessor of a full, clear mezzo voice, but she has more than voice to recommend her. Her temperament is of the kind which makes artists, and she has a winning and refined personality. This rare combination was heard at its full force in the more stronger and dramatic selections, particularly in Meyerbeer's Prophet, which was never better sung in San Francisco. Miss Kalisher has already proved herself in concert work in the East, but her gifts fit her admirably for opera, into which she will probably drift eventually.

"Hotel Topsy Turvy" at the Columbia next week. It is a musical comedy which had a big run in New York. Eddie Foy heads the cast.

At the California, commencing Monday night, Nance O'Neil in Peg Woffington. There will be a change of repertoire during the week.

The Alcazar Stock Company makes its second trial at melodrama next week, presenting "Jim the Penman." Sir Charles Young's notable play has not been seen in San Francisco for over three years, and it is always a good drawing card. Charles King plays the star part, that of the forger, and Eugene Ormond will try his hand at the Henry Miller style in the role of Captain Redwood.

Miss Jessie Foster, a lyric soprano, who has recently come to San Francisco, is to give a concert next Monday evening at Sherman & Clay Hall. She is said to have a splendid soprano voice of great range and agreeable timbre, and was introduced to the American public by Major J. B. Pond. Miss Foster is a pupil of Signor Ettore Barili teacher of Madame Patti.

A Phantom Feast.

Laughter gave a dinner fine,
And I marveled much to see
Every guest his opposite
Had for vis-a-vis.

There was sorrow facing Joy,
Pleasure smiling back at Pain;
Faith serenely eyeing Doubt,
Haughty, cold and vain.

There was Love with soulful eyes
Looking calmly down on Hate;
There was Greed with Charity
For his holy mate.

There was Anger, too, with eyes
That were flaming like to fire;
There Serenity; also
Virtue and Desire.

Hope, forgetful of Despair.
Melancholy wan and Cheer;
Sweet Forgiveness and Revenge,
Valor scorning Fear.

Jealousy, with her green eyes
And glad, honest Trustfulness;
Sympathy with soothing palm,
Pride that wounds distress.

Honor, plumed, and shameless Shame;
Fortune and Adversity.
And yet others seated there
In strange company.

Laughter, rising in his place,
Held his sparkling wine on high;
"Drink, immortal ones!" he said;
"Drink your goblets dry.

"Ye are children of the race;
Every virtue has its mate;
Mirth were not if tears were not
Is the law of fate."

Much I marveled at the feast
And the language of mine host,
Yet I could not him gainsay
Seeing there my ghost.

—*Chicago News.*

"Ichabod."

The deed is done. Dishonored France
Hangs bleeding on a traitor's lance;
Her dignity is laughed to scorn,
Her shame to all the world is borne
Upon the shrieking wind.

Dark clouds are gathering in the sky
To cover up the awful lie
Lest it should rise and dim the light
Of honor, justice, truth, and right,
And devils make us blind.

The deed is done. Let Justice rise
And tear the bandage from her eyes;
Throw down her scales, bid reason speak,
And smite the traitor on the cheek,
And set the martyr free.

O, spirit of the just and true,
Who bids us dare, and, fearless, do,
In time of need, the right defend,
And grant a Picquart for a friend,
When falsehood sits on high.

O, France, misguided, rent, and torn,
We grieve to see thy state forlorn;
In letters wrought from living flame,
Write "Ichabod" across thy name,
And pass thee sadly by.

Elizabeth R. Coddington *in N. Y. Times.*

Mr. Curtis Tobey, Jr., the popular architect, is very busy superintending the new buildings he has in course of construction, including some large bridge work, and his artistic designs are placing him prominently before the building public. At present he is drafting some handsome residence plans.

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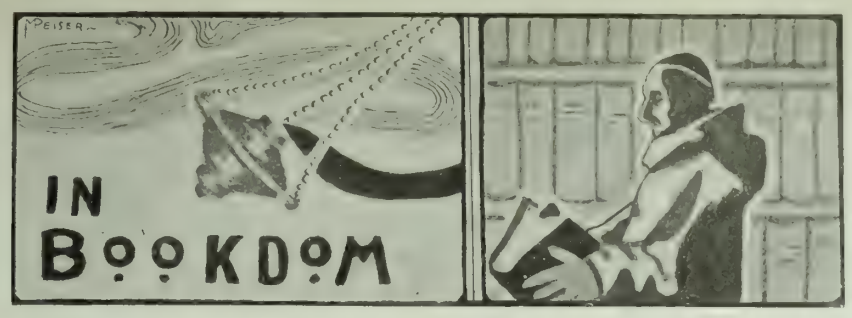

OCTOBER MAGAZINES.

THERE is rather more navy in the October magazines than the average reader may deem necessary. Timeliness requires appropriate mention of Admiral Dewey, who, of course, is the man of the hour. It is pleasant to know Admiral Sampson's impression of his fortunate colleague, and more interesting to hear from Governor Roosevelt in the same connection. Yet one can have too much of a good thing, even though he be the only hero who has come out of the war with an unabridged reputation.

Scribner's has some clever pictures of the New York water front. The frontispiece, in blue, by Jules Guerin, is a particularly pleasing effect. "Visions will come," by Lowell, is a fine piece of work. Gluckins' sketchy effects illustrative of Royle's vaudeville article are full of character, if rough. Stevenson's letters are full of South Sea life this month, with interesting allusions to the *Casco's* voyage. The missives to "Tomarcher" are really charming.

McClure's has an article from the chief of correspondents, G. W. Stevens, describing the Dreyfus trial at Rennes. It is full of vital observation in stylish English. The "Racing Yacht," apropos of the great race, is decidedly informative. "Mark Twain" is not remarkable, but the "Boyville" story is a gem. Kenneth Graham, alone, gives one the feeling of youth, though it must be admitted that the Kansas writer, though his style has charm and facility, is by no means a classic, and Graham is. The other stories in this number are breezy and entertaining without being important. Booth Talkington's "Gentleman From Indiana" is concluded with appropriate ceremonies. It is not a great work, though it may be a popular novel. The impression one gets of Harkless as a personality is the best thing in the book.

There are really more editorial subjects in the *Atlantic* than in all its contemporaries. If *McClure's* presents the magazine side of the news, the *Atlantic* may be said to catch the news side of thought and economics. There is a constant progress of opinion among learned and scholarly men, and this magazine reflects it in a way no other magazine seems to do. For instance, President Eliot of Harvard records the latest changes in secondary education; H. D. Sedgwick mentions the gradual approachment of Protestantism and Roman Catholicism. This is a most thoughtful article on those recent events in Rome which have called forth newspaper comment throughout the world. President Benjamin Ide Wheeler writes on language as an interpretation of life, and declares the substitution of translations for originals a perverse suggestion. In "To Have and to Hold," Miss Johnson involves her hero in three fine sword duels with buccaneers, in which, of course, he prevails gloriously. His predicament, however, is not an agreeable one, though I presume that will be arranged in subsequent chapters.

A tendency to overloading, noted in previous criticisms, is again observable in the *Century*. It is a heavy number, good but too solid and insufficiently varied. There are two travel articles, both readable. Miss Scidmore's impressions of Pekin deserved better illustrations, whereas Philippoteaux's drawings of Cairene scenes are charming. A Roman Chorus has its importance from its graceful pictures. The "Oregon's Great Voyage" is illtimed. This article should have been printed two months ago or held twelve months more. There are several conclusions in this number, the history of Alexander, Franklin's life, and "Via Crucis." I trust the editors of the *Century* will develope some more distinctive features for their next volume. Especially have they lacked good short stories, which latterly have gone to *Harper's*, *Scribner's* or *McClure's*.

Mark Twain on Christian Science is the feature of the October *Cosmopolitan*. He pokes fun in rather a serious vein at the tenets of Mrs. Eddy, and actually declares and comes near proving that this gifted prophetess submits her manuscripts to an editor. This is a cruel accusation. The illustrations of the grape gatherers are especially poor, considering what fine pictures the vineyards might be made to yield. Cagliostro is a good subject. Prince Colonna might have been a little less categorical and more information in his article on the Bonaparte of to-day. The material is full of interest and worthy of better treatment. The stage in Mexico is novel and interesting.

Lippincott's has so changed for the better of late that it is worthy of distinguished attention. The story this month is by Harry Stillwell Edwards—"Love Across the Line." This is so long as rather to circumscribe the rest of the contents table. *Ainslie's* has some good stories, and its articles throughout are readable. Tales of the "Chemist's Club" is a good idea. The articles on Reid of Newfoundland, and on Sir Thomas Lipton are good magazine stuff. Apropos of pictures, it is better to be unpretentious in this direction than slipshod. Half-tone reproductions are worthless if not well printed, and good printing is out of the question without slow pressing.

The Ladies' Home Journal is as ever up to its mark. Of its kind nothing could be better. It features this month a series of articles on "The Theatre and its People," which promise to be very interesting. There are two pages of views of Los Angeles and Pasadena mansions, intended to suggest that California has developed a new style of architecture. Two of the mansions are typical, but the rest represent the familiar American country home type of structure. Certain houses in Berkeley and in San Rafael would be more typical.

New Books.

The publishing season opens vigorously if not brilliantly. Perhaps it would be too much to expect, every month or so, a "Richard Carvel." There is ample time yet within the limits of '99 for a *chef d'oeuvre*, and let us pray that one may arrive ere Xmas. A good book is something more than an opportunity for the critics. It should furnish topics to the evangists and offer a text for the moralists. Neither Winston Churchill's novel nor "*David Harum*" met the test, though the latter is celebrated as the great triumph of the public over the reviewers.

That Mrs. Catherwoods' "*The Queen of the Swamp*" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co) will compete in the matter of editions with these books is improbable. Yet it represents the best tendency in latter-day fiction. This volume is made up of a number of short stories and episodes of country life at various periods, with an out-of-door feeling in them—nothing daring or strikingly original about the incidents, yet one is struck with their naturalness and simplicity. Each has its heart interest, not based on sentimentality, but derived from the actual conditions of its being. In "*The Sixth Sense*," by Margaret Sutton Briscoe (Harper & Brothers), the cleverness of the author is an important factor in the effect, whereas in reading these sketches of Mary Hartwell Catherwood, one has no impression of either agent or medium. The episodes are enacted before one's eyes by the men and women most concerned in them. Sometimes the issue is tragic, less often comedy, but invariably true. The plot of "A Kentucky Princess" might suggest an exaggeration, but as it stands it is a fact, and done with such fine skill and art. In the writer's opinion this is really the best set of American stories since Hamlin Garland's "Main Travelled Roads."

Admitting the cleverness of Mrs. Briscoe, it is hard to say where she is at. The first story and the last seem to have been inspired by Henry James, but they are not half smart as as Edith Wharton's essays in the same direction. It may be said of the series that they are both readable and interesting, but they must be figured only as agreeable essays at story writing in comparison with Mrs. Catherwood's admirable sketches. To attain greatness one must have a metier and a method, and one must be true to life as one sees it. Without these qualities there can be no real literary value. Morgan Robertson is illustrating what it is to have a familiar field in which to set and develop incidents.

Tales of "The Prisoner of Zenda" type, even though they lack the fine skill of Anthony Hope seldom fail to prove entertaining. Though there is no obvious imitation of the immortal Rassendyl about Jack Rallywood, hero of a "*Modern Mercenay*" (Doubleday & McClure), yet the book is concerned with the affairs of an unknown kingdom, against which improper plotting is being carried on. The *dramatis personæ* are all diplomatically or actively engaged over the affairs of the little principality of Massau, and Jack Rallywood is a strong factor in retaining the Grand Duke on the throne. It is true he was a poor specimen of royalty, but that does not abate the heroism or dash of Captain Jack. Several exciting fights keep the book bubbling and the conclusion is appropriate and satisfactory. Throughout this is a readable and entertaining novel, and of the kind one does not put down until finished.

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THE SWEETS OF COLLABORATION.—Cecil Raleigh, the dramatist, and a confrere were rehearsing a mutual collaboration, when the collaborator suggested the introduction of a scene for the comedian. "It shall not go in!" said Raleigh. "It *will!*" retorted the other. "It will *not!*" replied Raleigh. "Well, anyhow," was the other's reply, "I shall now go home and write it." "Write on," quickly responded Raleigh, "then send it on to me, and I shall go home and cut it out!"

x

TIT FOR TAT—Smith, a hotel man, and Jones, a manufacturer's agent, were talking one day about their business interests. "I say," said Jones, "however do you use such an enormous quantity of pears and peaches?" "Well," replied Smith, "We eat what we can, and what we can't eat we can." "Indeed!" said the other: "we do about the same in our business." "How is that?" "We sell an order when we can sell it, and when we can't sell it we cancel it."

x

SPONTANEITY THAT COSTS—A well-known Congressman, on returning to his native town after a successful season at Washington, was approached by a labor agitator who suggested the advisability of working up a public reception in his honor. The Congressman grew suspicious, and urged that receptions should be spontaneous or nothing. "Look a here, my friend," said the agitotor, "it's just the spontaniety that you've got to pay for."

x

A NON-COMMITTAL ADDRESS—Ex-Assemblyman Mahlon Chance, a Republican campaign orator, after delivering a fiery address on one occasion, was accosted by an old man who had sat in front of him all the evening. "That was a fine speech, Colonel." "Thank you, sir; I'm glad you liked it." "O, yes, I liked it fust rate. But say, Colonel; what ticket are you for, anyway?"

x

TWO KINDS OF SICKROOMS.—Dr. Emily Blackwell, one of the pioneers of her sex in medicine, heard a young physician deliver a fierce diatribe against opening the doors of the profession to women. When he ceased she asked: "Will you please tell me one reason why they should not practice medicine?" "Certainly, madam; they haven't the muscle, the brawn, the physical strength." "I see, sir. Your conception of a sick room is a slaughterhouse; mine is not."

x

AN INDUSTRIOUS JURIST—When Judge Martin Grover was holding Circuit Court in Wyoming, he amused all the officers he didn't disgust by opening court at 8 o'clock in the morning and running it, with only an hour off at noon, until 8 in the evening. "'Taint as long as farmers have to work," explained this wise old jurist, "and I'll tell you what it is, if I had my way I'd open court at 7 every day in the year." "And what would you do before that time in the morning?" asked one of the attorneys who was standing by. "I'd get up and dress, and eat my breakfast, and saw wood until the time came for court to open," responded the Judge calmly.

x

DEWEY'S WIT.—When Admiral Dewey was President of the Naval Inspection Board, he had for his colleagues Captains Bronson and Emory, and the trio had the reputation of being the best dressed men in the service. On their numerous inspection trips Dewey invariably carried his belongings in a satchel, while his colleagues carried several suits of clothes. At the final trial trip of the *Annapolis* Dewey reached New London in advance of the others, and was sitting on the piazza of his hotel when an express wagon loaded high with big trunks was driven up. "Ah," said Dewey, with a smile, "I see that Bronson and 'Bill' Emory have come."

x

NOT A CREDITOR.—During the famous Congress of Vienna each of the several monarchs present was the guest of some nobleman. On one festive occasion Baron Rothschild was invited *par exception!* He modestly went to take his place, not among the more exalted guests. When they discovered Rothschild, however, they all rose, one after the other, and saluted him, except the King of Prussia. Some one asked the King why he did not salute the great European banker. "Did I not?" he replied. "Well, I suppose it was because I was the only one who did not owe him anything."

x

DIPLOMATICS IN RAG-TIME.—At a meeting of the Cabinet in Washington during the difficulty with Canada over the Alaska boundary, Attorney-General Griggs asked Secretary Hay how the negotiations were getting along. "In rag-time," was the reply. "I answer their propositions in twenty-four hours, and they answer mine in twenty-four days."

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Is published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal., and Colman Building, Seattle, Wash.

Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months, $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

The trade is supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 342 Geary street; east of the Rocky Mountains by the American News Company, New York.

The Wave is kept on file and is for sale at Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France; 31 Union Square, New York City; 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.; and 206 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

For advertising rates and on all other matters pertaining to city business, address The Wave, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

All business matters pertaining to the Northwest should be addressed to Trevor Corry, Colman Building, Seattle, Wash.

Eastern representative, D. M. Foltz, 34 Park Row, New York.

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SAN FRANCISCO—October 14, 1899—SEATTLE

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EVENTS CURRENT.

The Transvaal Forces War.

The expected has happened. War is about to be declared in the Transvaal. This long-looked-for consummation came at the very moment when it seemed as though bloodshed would be avoided. Last week the British and the Boers lay encamped on the border, each waiting for the other to make the first move, each seeming to desire an avoidance of the moral burden of beginning. The Peace Party in England began to grow stronger, and there was hope that the conflict might yet be avoided by diplomacy. Outsiders who believed that the war was certain to come, were still of the opinion that the present deadlock would last until December, by which time, it was expected, England would be ready to strike. Transvaal was not expected to make the first move, unless popular pressure from Boer troops trying to get at the British should force the issue. This is probably just what happened. At any rate, Dr. Reitz, Kruger's go-between, came out Tuesday with an ultimatum which is equal to a declaration of hostilities. This demand includes the submission of the question to arbitration, the withdrawal of British troops from the border, of all reinforcements landed since June 1, and of all reinforcements now on the way. The English are given until Wednesday night to return an answer, and if this answer does not agree to the four points stated, the Boers declare that they will consider it a hostile act. As there is no earthly chance of Britain's agreeing, this note precipitates the conflict. The war spirit in England is now most intense; the departing troops have had the greatest ovation in English history. The reserves had already been called out when the ultimatum came, and their marching orders should now come in a few days. Meanwhile, Kruger is foolish if he does not strike at once, before the reinforcements now on the way can reach the scene of action. Indeed, all Europe is wondering why, if he has intended to fight at all, he has waited so long. The real answer to this is probably that he has been hoping that he could still gain his point by stratagem and a show of force, but that the tremendous war fever of his people shoved him over the brink. Even now, when he has made the move and shouldered the moral burden, he may not hurry the attack. The Transvaal won the war of 1880–81 by waiting for the British to get tangled up in the wilds of their country, and then harrassing and picking them off by superior shooting until they were worn out. If this be his policy, he will give Great Britain time to gather reinforcements and make preparations for a systematic invasion.

Russia's Policy in Finland.

The contradictory policy of the Czar of Russia—contradictory according to Western ideas, but perhaps consistent enough from the Slavonic point of view—was exhibited lately by his avowal of a determination to put the screws on Finland, while at the same time he is granting reforms to the rest of the Empire. That district has been heretofore a free province and was exempt from other national burdens, especially military proscription and heavy taxation. Last year the Imperial Government made it an integral part of the Empire, with all the duties and burdens which make government sit so heavily upon the Russian people. The Finnish diet lately sent a delegation to protest. This body was not permitted to see Nicholas, but upon the departure of the delegation he issued a statement, as follows: "At the closing of the Diet by you last May the representatives of the estates brought to my notice the state of alarm into which they had been thrown by the forthcoming reform of military service in the Grand Duchy of Finland and the promulgation of the manifesto of February 15. To my regret, I perceive from the speeches of the Land Marshal and the spokesmen that the representatives of the country failed to adopt the considerations of the general State utility, upon which the necessity of these measures depend, and allowed themselves the expression of opinions on the subject which were out of place. I authorize you to declare at large that those opinions are incorrect, and that they do not correspond with the position of affairs established since the beginning of the present century, whereby Finland is an organic part of the Russian State and inseperable from it." Continuing in the same style, the Czar says that it is his duty to reorganize affairs in Finland wherever they relate to the Empire, as it is in any other part of his dominions.

Admiral Dewey on the Philippines.

The most important of the late developments in the Philippine situation was the conference between Admiral Dewey and President McKinley, and the prompt action, on the line of his recommendations of the President and Secretary of the navy. The great Admiral went to Washington immediately after the conclusion of the celebration in New York, and after his formal reception by Congress spent two days conferring with the President, Adjutant-General Corbin and Secretary Long. All the facts are not known, of course, but some of his recommendations were made public, presumably with a view to their effect on the insurgents. He insisted, first of all, on a vigorous conduct of the campaign on land, and a thorough blockade by the navy. Believing that the force now in the Asiatic squadron are insufficient, he asked that every vessel in the navy not needed in home waters be sent to Manila. He stated in no uncertain terms his belief that Aguinaldo had been inspired to further action by the anti-expansionist talk. Further, he was of the belief that, if the United States intends to give the Filipinos absolute independence, we should, for the good of all parties concerned, clean out the native forces first and treat with them afterward. He formally requested that the sending of the additional war vessels should be placed to his responsibility, so that the natives, who have been led to belive that he was for giving up the war, would know his true position. Just what he had to say on the all-important question of the competency of Major-General Otis is not announced; the only fact which has leaked out in this connection is his statement that the general is overworked in his double position and should be relieved of one part of his responsiblity. In accordance with these recommendations, the cruiser *Brooklyn* and the gunboats *Marieta* and *Machias* were ordered to proceed to Manila at once. As soon as they can be gotten ready, the cruisers *New Orleans*, *Nashville Albany* and *Monocacy* will be sent on, and others may follow. All of these are in commission except the *Albany*, which is now building in England, but is nearly completed. The late operations at the front have been insignificant, only a slight advance, contested in a desultory fashion by the natives, in the region of Imus.

The Royalist Plot in France.

Details of the French Royalist plot, for complicity in which Paul Deroulede and other prominent Nationalists are to stand trial in Paris this month, have just been published in *La Gazette de France*. As this is the semi-official Government organ, and is as nearly incorruptible as a French newspaper ever is, the account may be taken as practically correct. The conspiracy was a far-reaching one. It was planned late last year, when the Duc d' Orleans, who favored immediate action rather than a conservative policy, gained control of the faction. The young agitator, M. Buffet, was chosen Prince Regent. It was his duty to pose as head of the new Government, in the event of success, until the proper moment for placing Orleans on the throne. The burden of the work devolved upon that portion of the party known as the Junesse Royaliste. Among these Count Boni Castellane was especially active, and a good part of the funds used in the subsequent movements came from his portion of the Gould millions. The provinces were placarded with Royalist proclamations, and a "campaign of education" was carried on by orators in the pay of the party. Before long it was discovered that the populace could not be depended upon for support. Thereupon, Orleans conceived the idea of buying up the Nationalist leaders and gaining control of the anti-Semitic factions. Deroulede and Guerin were accordingly bribed, and the Junesse Royaliste were divided around among the anti-Semitic League, the League of Patriots and similar organizations, whereof they soon gained control. Then came the death of Faure, and the Orleanists chose the day of his funeral as the moment of attack. Deroulede was to convince or bribe General Ruoget, commanding the army, to make a demonstration. At the same moment other leaders of the League of Patriots were to win over the generals commanding in the provinces. The pretender and his court were waiting across the border. At the signal from Deroulede they were to hasten to Paris by relays of automobiles. But Roget was not willing to be bribed, and before he could be convinced, Deroulede was put under arrest by the Government authorities who had gotten wind of the plot. The importance of this revelation lies in the fact that the Nationalist leaders have denied most strenuously that they were in league with the Royalists. The account in *La Gazette de France* is most circumstantial, giving even the minutest details. It appears by this that Guerin's price was 15,000 francs of Castellane's money and was to have, in addition, an estate and a patent of nobility in the event of success.

Colorado Forsakes Democracy.

An illustration of the fact that the Western States which supported Bryan in 1896 went Democratic on the strength of their financial interests and not on principle, is afforded by the erstwhile Free Silver state of Colorado. This commonwealth used to be the strongest Republican state in the West. In the Blaine campaign of 1888, it returned the largest proportional majority of any state in the Union and that, too, in a Democratic year. Colorado was hit hard by the fall of silver, however, and when Bryan came out as the apostle of bi-metallism, it went so strongly Democratic that the Republican vote in 1896 was hardly worth counting. When it became plain that Free Silver was a lost cause, the miners of that state turned to the development of gold properties with the result that in two years Colorado produced more gold than even California,—the aggregate totaling a greater sum than the best record for silver production. As a result, party feeling has so changed that this state is expected to go Republican in 1900. While the majority of Coloradans are still bimetallists, the tendency is to regard the cause of silver as a dead issue or at least as a minor one, and the question of expansion will determine the attitude of Colorado in the coming campaign. McKinley seems to be the favorite for the presidential nominee, and it is almost certain that Wolcott will be the party nominee for United States Senator and General Hale, who formerly commanded the Colorado regiment, for Governor.

Venezuelan Boundries Settled.

The commission sitting to arbitrate the conflicting boundary claims of Great Britain and Venezuela has made its decision and has achieved the rare feat of pleasing both sides, for each of the two nations involved claims a victory. Great Britain gets control of the valuable gold-fields for which she has so long contended, while the South American country is given the greater part of the disputed area, and also obtains complete control of the Orinoco river. To an outsider, it seems as though the English had come out second best, for they have surrendered territory concerning which they refused to arbitrate in 1890, because they claimed that there could be no dispute as to the British ownership. This tract is 30,000 square miles in extent, and includes the greater part of the disputed territory. Ex-President Harrison acted as counsel for Venezuela, and the result is in no small measure due to his able conduct of the case.

Plans of the Democracy.

Chairman Jones of the Democratic National Committee has just returned from Europe to take up the burden of the campaign of 1900. When seen by the interviewers at the gangway of the steamer, he made a few remarks which indicate that he does not understand how the party has drifted toward new issues during his stay abroad. He was solid for free silver as a main issue, declaring that the only change to be made in the 1896 platform will be the addition of an anti-expansion plank, and that the campaign is to be fought and won on the money question. He is equally sure that Bryan and McKinley will be the candidates, and that Bryan will win. Mr. Jones may do the party great harm if he continues to advocate the silver question as a main issue, since even Bryan has been pushing anti-imperialism to the foreground and letting free silver slide, while recognized organs of the party show a growing tendency to fight the Administration solely on its Philippine policy and its war record. Since Admiral Dewey informed President McKinley that the anti-imperialistic howl had gone a long ways toward encouraging Aguinaldo, the sensational Democratic organs have given up their attempt to shove him into the nomination; even the *Examiner-Journal* dropped him with a humorously frantic haste after he made that memorable remark, and Byan is, as Mr. Jones says, the only candidate who has any chance of being nominated.

Episcopal Clergy Denounce Divorce.

Bishop Potter of the Protestant Episcopal Church has again opened the divorce question, which the clergy of that communion have been agitatng for a long time. It is a well-known fact that the Episcopal Church is, like the Roman Catholic, strongly against legal separation of man and wife. In general, however, its rule has been less strict on this matter than that of the Catholic Church. It has permitted the innocent party in a case of divorce for adultery to be remarried by an Episcopal clergyman, and has not been accustomed to excommunicate persons who have been divorced and then remarried. Bishop Potter advocated, at the last Diocesan convention, a return to the Roman Catholic canons, which prohibit divorce and legal separation, and the refusal of the sacraments to persons remarried after divorce. He also called upon the clergy of his church to agitate for an absolute legal prohibition of divorce. He hinted so strongly that his meaning could not be mistaken that the reception in society of Perry Belmont and his wife, who was divorced from W. K. Vanderbilt, was the immediate occasion of his renewing the agitation in this manner. He went farther than this, holding that the canons and teachings of the church should be such as to check the evil at its root by standing against hasty and ill-advised marriages. Other delegates followed in a similar strain. The matter has caused something of a sensation in New York society because of the fact that the Bishop denounced members of the so-called "Four Hundred" for receiving Mr. and Mrs. Belmont. The Episcopal Church is virtually the official church of high society in the East, and its stand upon such a matter carries great authority in social circles.

Forest Fires in California.

There has been an epidemic of forest fires in and around San Francisco. Sunday morning last it began with the burning of the Sutro woods on Lone Mountain. This fire raged all day, in spite of the efforts of the Fire Department and volunteer aids, and destroyed many acres of timber in the region, once threatening the Almshouse and the Affiliated College buildings. The following night Mill Valley, one of the most beautiful natural groves in California, was swept by fire, probably of incendiary origin. Many cottages and summer residences were destroyed, but the greatest loss was the burning of a noble grove of trees which time alone can repair. Redwood canyon, where grow the larget trees in the valley, was fortunately spared. At about the same time an extensive fire started in the Santa Cruz mountains, near Los Gatos, and swept southward, destroying timber, farms and vineyards. Monday, Wright's Station was in great danger, but a fortunate change in the wind saved the town, although farms and vineyards on the outskirts are almost a total loss. At one winery the season's vintage, amounting to 40,000 gallons, was employed successfully, in the absence of water, to save the buildings. After passing Wrights' the flames swept on south toward the region of Soquel and Watsonville, burning much valuable timber and farming property. At the time of publication, this fire is not yet under control.

Gold Scarce in Europe.

England and, indeed, the entire Continent, is becoming alarmed over the scarcity of gold. The financial situation is in this respect more acute than it has been at any time since the panic days of 1873. The scarcity has been marked for some months, but the Bank of England

avoided trouble by various time-saving devices. Then came the Transvaal war scare and the stoppage of the Johannesburg mines. The South African supply had been depended upon to keep the Bank of England in gold; when, therefore, this source was practically cut off and when, further, the government began to draw on the surplus for war supplies, the Bank of England realized that something must be done to relieve the strain. What this something is to be the bank officials do not know, but the first action is likely to be a rise to 6 per cent in exchange. The Bank of England would be in a harder quandary were it not that the whole of Europe is in a similar fix; indeed, the strength of the British position lies in the fact that France and Germany are London's creditors. The National banks of France and the Netherlands are said to be harder hit than the Bank of England.

The International Regatta.

Three trials at an international yacht race were made last week, and in each instance the contest was declared off for lack of wind, neither boat finishing within the time limit. Tuesday of this week was set for the fourth attempt, but the wind failed completely, and there was not even a trial. The story of each of the three races reads alike. The yachts started at 11 a. m. with a fair breeze, which died down in a few minutes, becoming puffy and intermittent. They then drifted, each moving into the lead successively as she caught the wind, and drifting on in this fashion until the expiration of the time limit of five and one-half hours was reached. In the second race they did not even round the stakeboat which marked the middle of the course. Some line was obtained on the sailing quality of the two yachts by their action in these farcical attempts. In a fair breeze the *Columbia* proved the speedier in windward work. This was rather unexpected, as experts have believed that the *Shamrock* excelled in windward work. But the surprising fact noted by all observers was the superior handling of the British yacht. Her crew was quicker, "smarter" and more scientific than that of the Yankee boat, and her Captain outgeneraled his opponent. Had the contests been declared races, the boats would now be on about even terms, as the *Shamrock* led at the end of Tuesday's sailing, and the *Columbia* led on Saturday, while on Thursday they stood on even terms. Concensus of opinion is that *Columbia's* proved superiority in windward work will give her the series, although the finishes will be undoubtedly close. The best of good feeling prevails on both sides, and for once the course has been kept clear.

Editorial Comment.

The Question of Intermediate Railway Rates.

THE San Francisco Traffic Association, alarmed at the demands made by Chicago and St. Louis on west bound freight, has suddenly sprung into existence again to do battle for the local importer and distributer. Seattle, Portland, Los Angeles and San Diego are equally interested in this question, for each is similarly threatened.

The St. Louis and Chicago people are demanding "lower differentials to intermediate coast points." In brief, the Eastern jobber is complaining because he is compelled to pay more for a short haul (to intermediate interior points) than he has to pay for the longer haul to San Francisco. As we understand it, he is asking for an actual mileage rate from Chicago and St. Louis to interior Pacific Coast points, based on the present through mileage rate. If the Eastern jobber succeeds in securing this concession it will enable him to sell direct to the country merchants, and St. Louis and Chicago jobbing houses will enter into vigorous and direct competition with the San Francisco, Seattle and Portland wholesalers. Naturally, if this interloper has the ability to undersell his Pacific Coast competiter, the local man may as well close his doors and put up his shutters, for there is little of state pride in merchandising. The wise buyer does his shopping in the cheapest market. The tide of manufactured goods flows westward, but mere proximity to the manufacturing center should not enable the Chicago or St. Louis jobber to buy any cheaper than may the Pacific Coast dealer. If we may buy as low as they, we should sell as low, plus freight. The San Francisco jobber should be able to sell to the San Francisco retailer at as low a figure as can the Chicago jobber, freight of course taken into consideration. He does not always do it. The local dealers who replenish their stock from the East direct are growing, not diminishing, in number. There is room for investigation here. In the hardware line, many small dealers ignore the local jobbers and buy in Chicago. There is no good reason why this should be so. In the past our local dealers have found it expedient to cover up their large profits with complaints of high freight rates, They follow the example set by the Hebrew of long ago, who demanded fifty cents for a paper of pins. The customer demurred at the price. Equal to the emergency, however, the Hebrew threw up his hands and cried: "But think of the high freights!" The local merchants have been throwing up their hands. to the same purpose, for a quarter of a century. It is also true that in each of the cities of California known as "common points," *i. e.*, points having a common freight rate on through business, the eastern drummer has invaded the territory and snatched customers away from the local jobbers, This should not be possible. The movement on the part of the St. Louis and Chicago merchants is intended to broaden this field, and ultimately work the destruction of local distributors. Getting down to the A B C of the question, let us examine it. The Pacific Coast jobber buys his goods at the Eastern factory, transports them across the continent to his house at San Francisco, Seattle or Portland. The first charge on the goods is their cost; in this the Chicago jobber has no advantage. The second charge on the merchandise is transportation across the continent, This charge also must be borne by the Chicago dealer. Up to this point the foreign dealer and the local jobber at "common points" are on equal terms. Neither has an advantage as to strictly local consumption. Yet Chicago houses are to-day underselling local houses to local retailers, even when conditions are identical.

It is not with this strictly local business, however, that this new movement deals. The Pacific Coast merchant reaches out into the interior for trade. He receives an order from "an intermediate point on the Pacific Coast." The goods so ordered must be repacked and reshipped *East* to the point of consumption, It may be to some point in Nevada, Here comes an additional charge on the goods for the short haul. The Chicago jobber is not now permitted to ship direct to these intermediate points. If he does, he must pay the rate to San Francisco plus the return rate to destination, and even then his goods must pass through the point of ultimate destination, en route to San Francisco, to be returned to that point before delivery is made. The shipper living in such a locality may stand at the depot and watch his carload freight pass by on its useless journey to San Francisco, but he cannot take possession of it until it returns. This seems to be a hardship. It is certainly artificially maintaining the wholesale houses of the big Coast cities. It is a practice that has done much to make the railroads unpopular in the interior, but we gravely doubt if it has made any corresponding friendships in the cities. While this arrangement favors San Francisco, Seattle and other "common points" it likewise benefits the carriers, inasmuch as it insures them the local short haul. Objections to this scheme of things have usually come from the interior merchant and consumer, who are now backed up by a powerful ally in Chicago and St. Louis.

At first blush one is struck with the impression that nothing short of rank injustice would approve of such a performance. On its face it bears the stamp of discrimination. But all of our daily papers, those usually the first to berate the transportation companies, seem unanimous that it would be wrong to grant the St. Louis and Chicago merchants "lower differentials to intermediate coast points," though it is to be doubted if they can give good reasons for the faith that is in them.

The interstate commerce law in letter and in spirit frowns upon discrimination as to persons or localities. All things being equal, it will not permit the carrier to charge more for the short haul than for the long haul, yet it recognizes that as to competitive points the transportation company may reduce its rates so that a locality touched by two or more railways, or open to water competition, may reap the advantages of its position. If competition is brisk between the terminal points of a railway because of rival railways and clipper ships, as is the case with the American transcontinental lines, it is perfectly proper for the carrier to reduce its rates between termini, to secure its share of that business. But it scarcely seems reasonable that every "intermediate point, should claim a pro rata reduction based on the competitive rate. It is doubtful if the carrier would be sustained in the claim that it had the right to carry goods between competitive points free of charge or at a loss, for to do so would necessarily place added burdens on non-competitive points. But that it has the right to establish competitive rates lower than those prevailing to intermediate points seems just and fair, otherwise the carrier would be compelled to abandon all through business. The test to be applied to determine the justice of a rate to a non-competitive point should be, is the established rate fair when measured by the service performed—not measured by the low competitive rate. Unless Chicago and St. Louis can show actual discrimination and the existence of unfair rates, it will be difficult to disturb existing conditions. The present "threat," however, strongly suggests the wisdom and necessity for securing a Pcific Coast man on the Interstate Commission.

The Forthcoming Campaign.

GOVERNOR PINGREE of Michigan has with some flourish announced his willingness to support Admiral Dewey for the Presidency. Inasmuch as the latter gentleman has already announced that he will not be a candidate, and has expressed a preference to remain "just where he is," it is more than likely that Michigan's chief magistrate is seeking free advertising. The country is settling down to an understanding that the battle of 1900 will be fought out between President McKinley on one side and Bryan on the other. For second place on the Democratic ticket an Eastern man will in all probability be selected, while a westerner is likely to be chosen as running mate for Mr. McKinley. Mr. Bryan is already paying the penalty for coming too early into the field. Enemies from without as well as from within his party are obstructing his progress with as much vigor as though a campaign was on. Only a short while ago at the Trust conference in Chicago, Bourke Cochran tore Mr. Bryan's trust theories to tatters. His plan for abolishing trusts, which *The Wave* has already reviewed at length, would, as one speaker declared, render State lines into shadowy things, and build up a centralized form of government which the people of the nation are scarcely prepared to adopt.

Before election time rolls around the question of trusts will no longer be an issue. The initial step will have been taken to prevent their wrongful practices, and the good common sense of the American people will come to recognize that a manufacturing concern engaged in business upon a large scale does not become a criminal concern because o the magnitude of its transactions.

Before election time comes the Philippine war will have come to an end, and the work of adjusting governmental matters on the archipelago will have progressed to a point satisfactory to both peoples.

Before election time comes around, again the people will have settled down to a full realization and enjoyment of the prosperity that is unquestionably ours, and the question of free silver at the ratio of 16 to 1 will find no place where real prosperity abides. Mr. Bryan will doubtless endeavor to impress the people with an idea that inasmuch as the plan for international bimetallism has failed, the Republican party must stand for the single gold standard. He will conjure up a horrible spectre, no doubt, but prosperity does not look with kindly eyes on bugaboos.

THE WASHINGTON VOLUNTEERS.

RETURN OF THE GALLENT REGIMENT FROM MANILA.

IN the gray dawn of Monday morning the Washington Volunteers, one of the bravest regiments that faced the bullets of the Filipinos, steamed into San Francisco harbor. The boys from the Sound State come back with a record unequaled by any other regiment, volunteer or regular, which participated in the Filipino war. On February 4th, when the outbreak commenced, they were lying in their trenches outside Manila where, for a good two weeks, they had been obliged to remain passive while watching the natives prepare for the war. The following day, in that memorable action which has gone down to history with Saratoga, Gettysburg and Antietam, the Washingtonians bore the brunt of the fighting. So severely were they engaged that Company A alone lost twenty-two men. Every regimental company list of killed begins with five or six names marked "Manila, February 5th." From that day on, the Springfields of the regiment were continually busy. In the first campaign about Manila, in the famous advance of General Lawton, in the fighting around Imus, the Washington men were always in the lead. Thirty-seven pitched battles and numberless smaller brushes is their record. In all of these they bore themselves with credit and gallantry. This is the list: Santa Ana, February 4th and 5; Paco Church, February 5th; Guadaloupe, February 14th; Poteros, February 15th; San Pedro Macati, February 15th and 16th; Guadaloupe, February 18th and 19th; San Pedro, February 20th; Guadaloupe, February 22d; San Pedro Macati, March 3d, 4th, 6th, 7th, 13th; Poteros, March 14; Taguig, March 18th; Laguna de Bay, March 19; Pasig, March 26th; Taguig, April, 9th; Santa Cruz, April 11th; Paete, April 12; Lumban, April 13th; Taguig, April 16th, 20th, 27th, May 19th; Taytay, June 3d; Cainti, June 3d; Morong, June 4th, 5th; Taguig, June 5th, July 12th; Calamba, July 26th, 27th, 30th.

A battalion of Washington men were the heroes of one of the most sensational episodes of the war. In April, Major Weisenburg's corps of 200 sharpshooters went farther away from the base of operations than any other body of American troops—to Santa Cruz, clear across Laguna de Bay. The Major had been sent to extend the American lines. He managed to lose his communications with Otis, a necessary preliminary to a decisive advance in Luzon, and cut loose with his little force across an unknown country held by the enemy. Although opposed by overwhelmingly superior numbers, the Washingtonians drove everything before them, took Santa Cruz, and held it until the rainy season. This is only a sample of the work of a regiment of which there is a soldier saying: "The Filipinos hate about evenly the Washingtons, the Fourteenth, and the Devil."

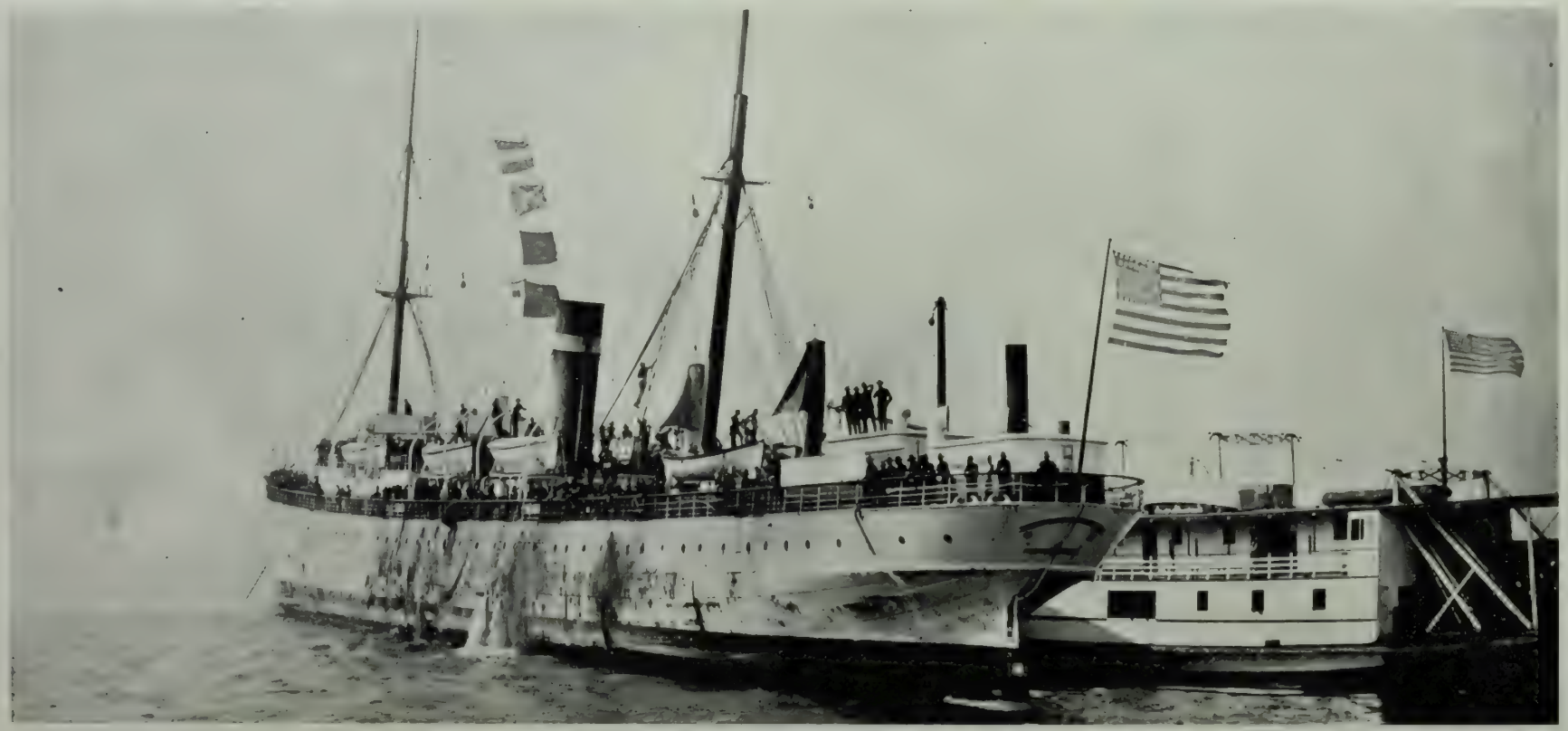
The reception accorded the regiment on its landing in San Francisco, although only a mild foretaste of what will happen when it arrives in Seattle, was yet cordial enough to satisfy anyone. Since their own men came back, Californians have grown rather indifferent about returning volunteers, but these men were the heroes of the war and came from a sister State, so that all San Francisco stood on the curb-stones and gave the war-worn soldiers an echo of their welcome to their own brave men.

AS was expected, Spokane is recovering from her brief fit of virtue. The most virulent period of the attack lasted about a week, and then things began to slide back into the old ways. Gentlemen with a thirst have to be circumspect after 10 p. m., but they have not the least trouble in irrigating then, or at any other time—even Sundays. As for gambling, just as much money as ever goes into the tiger's maw; his keepers have to go to the extra expense of hiring a look-out, that is all. The whole thing is so farcical that the ordinance will be repealed before many days.

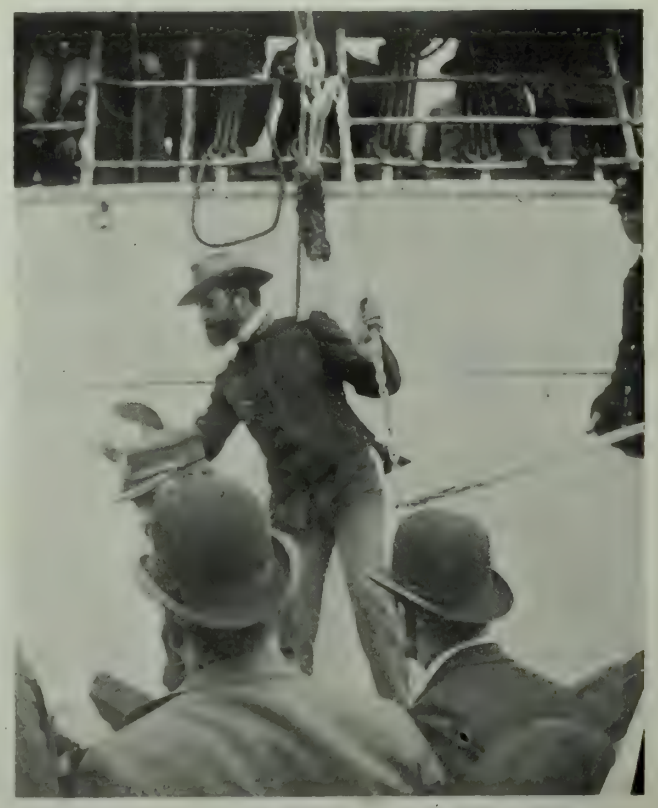
THE bitterness of a factional fight incited by a desire for revenge will be instilled into the coming elections in Washington. Ex-Senator Wilson is the angry man, and Mayor Humes of Seattle is the object of his wrath. Wilson claims that when Humes withdrew from the late contest for senator, the mayor violated his pledges by throwing his strength to Wilson's opponent, Foster. At any rate, the factions have anticipated the state election of next spring by locking horns in Seattle. The first ward is to be the battle-ground, as is usual in the Queen City, where that large district, with its lodging-house colonies, generally swings the elections. It is the shame of Seattle that the gamblers of this district have much to say in politics, and the factions, knowing this, have already arrayed the leaders of the "tin-horn" element against one another.

The Filipino Mascot

The Governor's Tug alongside the Transport



Colonel Wholley greeting Mayor Humes



The Pennsylvania at Anchor

RETURN OF THE GALLANT WASHINGTONIANS.

The Voyage of the Alpha.

HUNDREDS of prospectors, gold-mad, are risking the fall journey to Dawson and Nome and the uncertainties of a northern winter in the hope of getting ahead of the spring rush. The last regular steamer of the season sailed for Nome two weeks ago. It was crowded to the limit of safety, and any number of prospectors were unable to get passage. Many of those left behind elected to go to Dawson and attempt the hazardous journey down the Yukon on the ice. Left behind by this last steamer, a party of Seattle men started to Skagway, intending to risk this route, which, when the river is free, is some forty days shorter than by sea. At Victoria the party learned that a special steamer to Anvil City was to be chartered by a Seattle capitalist. Without a moment's hesitation they turned back to await their chance at the direct route. This boat, the "Alpha," leaves this week, and the eagerness of the gold-seekers is shown by the fact that although her limit is fixed at 225 passengers, nearly 2,000 applications for accommodation were received. If they can survive the winter, the lucky ones are sure to profit by the venture, for there are nearly fifty miles of beach diggings, including much paying ground not yet staked out, and those who winter in Anvil City will have the first chance in the spring. The perils of the winter alone make the outcome of the venture uncertain. The "Alpha" may be caught in the ice-pack and held, with her passengers on board, until the spring break-up, or, if she does make the beach, she may deliver her human cargo in a land of famine. For this winter in Anvil City is likely to be more terrible than that first winter at Dawson. Much doubt is expressed as to the supply of provisions in the town, and there is more than a doubt about firewood. There is not enough timber in the region for the erection of huts or shanties to shelter the population, and it is expected that the ice-locked boats in the harbor will have to be broken up for firewood before spring. Such may be the fate of the "Alpha," now starting out on the most adventurous journey ever undertaken by an Alaskan steamer.

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The Week's Football.

THE showing made by the Stanford colts in last Saturday's game surprised even the strongest partisans of the cardinal. The heavy Olympic team, strengthened by the addition of Monroe and Cadwallader, was expected to walk over their young and light opponents, instead of which, the clubmen had to work hard to make it a tie. On comparative scores, therefore, the Berkeley team, which managed last week to beat a weaker Olympic team by a very narrow margin, is not beginning the season so very far in advance of the Palo Alto boys. The college line of last Saturday was the greatest surprise of the day. Not one of the linesmen proper (guards, center and tackles) had ever before represented Stanford in a college or club match, yet they kept their opponents guessing. Especially was this true of Dole, who, although lighter by twenty-five pounds than his opponent, was yet able to break through the Olympic line again and again. His work, though less sensational than that of Carter and Monroe for the Olympics and Rice for Stanford, was the best football played last Saturday.

* *

Stanford will be in grievous error, however, if she pins her faith too strongly on the showing made last Saturday. It is a recognized fact that a light, agile lineman is generally superior to a heavy man early in the season. This is noticeable in the practice work of the college teams, where the big guards and tackles are frequently handled with ease by light and plucky men in the first weeks of training, when there is really no question but that the big men are superior when in shape. The strong, agile man of moderate size gets into form early, but he cannot stand hard pounding through a season. This is exactly the case with the Stanford line as now constituted. They showed themselves in this first game to be plucky players, but their inferior weight makes it doubtful whether they will last through the season and keep in condition.

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A Crowded Summer.

SURELY, the hotel-keepers of Seattle have no cause to complain of lack of patronage this year. Beginning early in the summer, there have been few weeks when accommodations in the Queen City were not at a premium. First, there was the Editorial Convention, when thousands of visitors crowded the hotels and lodging-houses, and overflowed into the homes of the city. Then came the rush of traffic to Cape Nome and the other new camps. Next was the fair, and now comes a double occasion —the return of the volunteers and the State Convention of the W. C. T. U.—which promises to bring as many visitors as all the other events put together. The ladies of the temperance organization are in a quandary. The W. C. T. U. is not a rich society, and they have depended upon local enthusiasts to house most of the delegates to former conventions. But this year, the good friends of temperance had sustained so many attacks on their hospitality from country cousins visiting the city during the summer's gaities, that they were unwilling to carry it any farther. Many admitted frankly that they expected to rent their spare rooms. The good ladies got in and worked as they have never worked before, and ended by obtaining the required accommodations, but only by a very narrow margin. This only emphasizes a fact I have touched on before, the need of larger hotel accommodations in Seattle.

A Mutual Scoop.

One of the funniest exhibitions of the "hot-air and hammer" policy of two of San Francisco's enterprising daily journals appeared in connection with the second Shamrock-Columbia "drifting-match," which came off last Thursday. The rivals in question got out their bulletin boards and their pictorial plans as usual. The *Call* was displaying its vigilance by receiving the news by wireless telegraphy direct; the *Examiner* was having hysterics over its own enterprise in running two model yachts across the front of the building. Next morning the *Call* came out with two columns on the front page, relating in blazing adjectives how "the *Call* left all rivals behind and secured the Scoop of the Century." It was a highly rhetorical roast of everything journalistic—except the *Call*. At the very moment when this masterpiece was melting the composition metal on the *Call's* lineotype machines, the slaves of the *Examiner* were setting up a column of equally withering and scornful prose, headed: "The *Examiner* is first with the news of the race. Its superior telegraphic and correspondence facilities enable it to distance other newspapers!" It is so rare that two papers scoop each other on the same piece of news, that I put the matter on record as worthy of comment.

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A New Public Monument.

WHEN the volunteers return to Seattle, they will find a new public monument in the heart of the city. This structure is not exactly a work of art, but it will attract more attention than it would were it the work of St. Gaudens himself—for it is an Alaskan totem-pole, one of the largest and finest ever found in the West. The Harriman expedition brought it back, having obtained it from an untutored savage in the tribe which owned it, by the methods ordinarily used to get a franchise out of a boodle alderman. Who says that the Indians are not amenable to civilization?

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Herr Max Junghaendel.

MAX JUNGHAENDEL'S criticism of the University architectural competition, published in the *Wave* three weeks ago, has called attention to a most interesting personality of whom Americans in general know but little. Herr Junghaendel, although still comparatively a young man, is probably the foremost living writer on architecture. In bodily makeup, he is a great, strong, blond Northerner, with a face as massive and well formed as his huge Teutonic body, a German through and through, with the geniality as well as the analytical mind characteristic of that people. He is a Saxon by birth, and has had the most thorough training for his profession possible to a German. After leaving the Technical High School at Dresden, he entered into a partnership with Herr Bruno Schmitz, an architect now famous the world over, and practiced with success. Then a disease of the eyes drove Junghaendel to traveling. He spent a year in Italy, and there, in dealing with a controversy over the restoration of the facade of Milan Cathedral, he found his forte to be architectural criticism. The work he did in this connection brought him the editorship as editor of well-known German architect of publications. A year later he was sent to Spain in order to gather materials for the first work done over his own name. That work, called simply *The Architecture of Spain*, and pronounced the best one on the subject, made his reputation, It was followed by a book treating on the English Renaissance. In 1890 Herr Junghaendel conceived the idea of an extensive treatment of Oriental architecture, and travelled for four years gathering material. Up to the present time this work has borne results in one direction only, the work called "Egypt," published in collaboration with George Ebers, Gaston Maspers and Sibly Rawlinson, for which he was decorated by the Khedive and the Sultan..

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Three years ago, Herr Junghaendel came to this country in order to study its architecture with a view to publishing a work upon it. To this he intends to devote five years in all. He took up his residence near that of Thomas A. Edison at Orange, New Jersey, and fell under the spell of the Wizard of Menlo. Together they have been working, on the problem of color photography and reproduction, a thing in which Junghaendel's interest is only second to architecture. The work has resulted in a new reproduction process, a power press for color intaglio printing and a method of manufacturing the transparent printing ink needed in the last process.

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Two Political Leaders.

IN SPITE of pessimistic gibes to the contrary, it does seem that a man can wield a controlling influence in political affairs without having his motives aspersed and his character assailed. With the personality of Gavin McNab, the dailies deal respectfully and yet Mr. McNab is veritably the guiding force and spirit in the Democracy. The same seems true of Henry T. Scott, in the Republican organization. I have not yet seen it asserted that he is a self-seeker. Mr. McNab has been prominent on the political battlefield for over a decade, has waged war ruthlessly on the forces of bossism, and at last is in control. Not because he wants to, but because he has to. A large and lucrative law practice demands all his time, and there is absolutely nothing for him in dominating conventions. He is not a candidate for any office, is extraordinarily frank in expressing opinions about men and things, and has no business interest which might be favorably or otherwise affected by his political connections. Nor has Mr. Scott aught to gain from politics; he, too, is immensely busy and surpassingly blunt of speech. Perhaps in this lies the power of both men. They are believed, are disinterested, and have but one motive, that of good citizenship.

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Municipal Politics in San Francisco.

ALLUSIONS to the rowdiness of the Municipal Convention of the Democracy are frequent in some of the dailies, and may mislead the average reader as to the true condition of affairs. The fact is, it was one of the most successful conventions the party has ever held. There were several well-defined and thoroughly vigorous contests waged on the floor and a good deal of uncertainty even among the men whom rumor had placed upon the "slate." The ticket, up and down, is an excellent one. It could hardly be improved. It is composed from the best element of the party, and headed by Mayor Phelan, Assessor Dodge and City Attorney F. K. Lane, will surely have a good list of winners to its credit on Election day. It is early of course, to prophesy results and there is plenty of promise of an active fight, if not for all the offices, at least for a great many of them. Public opinion seems to favor the retention in place of the men who have made clean records, and this principle will govern among intelligent voters. The active leadership of the campaign will be vested in Charles Fay, who has had considerable experience in conducting successful fights.

The Republican ticket was dictated by the decent element of that party and presents a first-rate array of names. If the best men on both ballots should win out, San Francisco would surely have an unimpeachable municipal government for at least two years. Davis, Hyer, Lackman Deane, Wells and Black are all strong names and will give their opponents, however distinguished, a brisk tussle for the prize. When two very good men are opponents for the same office, party affiliations will undoubtedly govern the voters. Take the instance of Jerome Deasy and Lackman, candidates for sheriff. Both are unimpeachable, both have been tried and found true—there is nothing to choose between them. There are several such contests. I presume that Mr. Z. U. Dodge will have the management of the champaign, assisted by no less important a citizen than Mr. H. T. Scott. Now, Mr. Scott is really one of the cleverest executives among San Francisco's business men. He is the man of detail and finance in the Union Iron Works and he will conduct a political fight as though it were a business operation, and, we all know, a good organization tells tremendously. As for the head of the ticket—Horace Davis is the best man the party could have found for its candidate. He is identified with the charter, is distinguished, conservative and respectable, and though he is up against the strongest man San Francisco has developed in the last two decades, he will surely be heard from.

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Among the best nominations on the Democratic side of the forthcoming fight are Edmond Godchaux for Recorder, G. H. Cabanis for Police Judge and J. M. Cummings for Auditor. Each has an excellent record untinged with suggestion of boss control. Joseph S. Tobin and Charles Wesley Reed, of the Democratic Supervisors, are also notable nominations. Both are young, great athletes and good fighters, and have the stuff in them which makes the leader.

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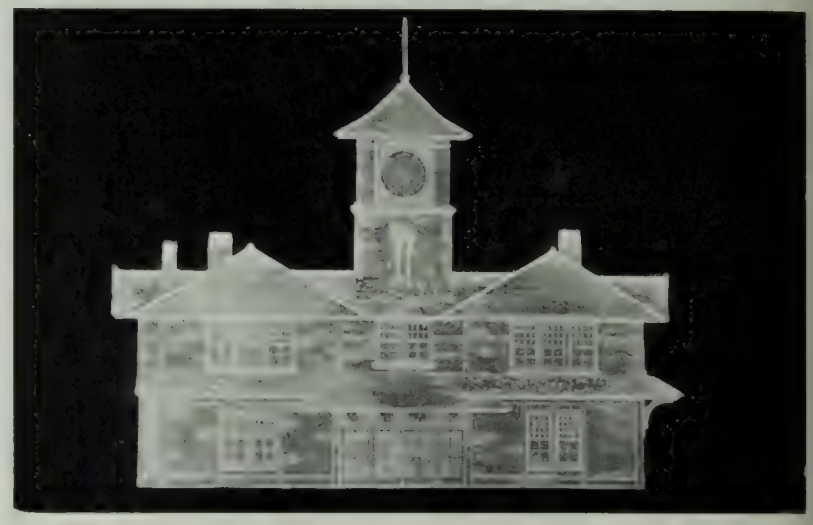
The Political Oratorical Honors.

IN BOTH Municipal conventions there was a good deal of noise, though in that direction the Democracy was easily ahead. For all the confusion, however, the competent talker could invariably make himself heard. The oratorical honors of the Republican gathering went to Lucius L. Solomons, who has turned his faculty for ready and felicitious speech-making to political account. In his younger days, Mr. Solomons was the favorite toast-master at innumerable club and social festivities, and only W. H. Mills excels him in the art of apt and ready introductions—by the way Mr. Solomons was Mr. Mills' secretary for several years. In all the proceedings of the reform convention, this clever young lawyer took a prominent part and his ready wit and pleasant manners made a most agreeable impression. In the Democratic gathering the honors must be divided between L. W. Hickey and Louis F. Bartlett, who most certainly had an audience whenever they spoke. Both are lawyers. Mr. Hickey is a graduate of St. Ignatius College, San Francisco, and Mr Bartlett, a nephew of the late Governor Columbus Bartlett, was graduated from the University of California. One does not need to be offensive or rampantly emphatic to secure a hearing in a convention, provided one has something to say, and the success of these gentlemen proved that oft ignored fact.

Scene on Line of Railroad

South Bay [Fields Landing] Station

Fortuna Depot



Passenger Depot at Eureka, now in course of construction

SCENERY AND DEPOTS ON THE LINE OF THE EEL RIVER & EUREKA RAILROAD.

Journalism in France.

HAVE PARISIAN DAILIES REPORTED THE DREYFUS CASE?

ONE benefit France will obtain from the Dreyfus agitation is the improvement of her national newspapers on the lines of the English and American dailies. The "slow" methods of the French journals are the continual wonder of the foreign correspondents who attended the Dreyfus trial. I had always realized the truth of the statement that the Paris papers date their issue one day forward, and print the news of one week back, but I never knew how very poor were their news methods until the New York, Boston and San Francisco dailies, with their accounts of the trial, came over by mail. With the single exception of *Figaro* not one of the papers of the French metropolis had accounts to compare for length or accuracy with those published in our national press. Indeed, the Parisian journals could not employ the methods of English-speaking journalists if they would. The French are not used to liberty, and the newspapers are hedged about with all sorts of restrictions—except those relating to truth. A French editor may lie as much as he pleases; it is the only liberty he has. For instance, no private wires are allowed in all France. News must be sent through the government telegraph office, censored and edited, and then sent by messenger to the editorial rooms, which may be miles away. But the journalists get about as much as they deserve, after all, for at no time is news given much thought in Paris. The tone of the papers is literary. They exist mainly for controversial purposes—the transmission of the opinions of M. This or Mme. That on current event. These articles are always signed and are read just as eagerly by the Parisians as is the news of the world at large by us. I notice that the San Francisco *Examiner* is printing each week a long editorial article by Ambrose Bierce. Now supposing that Mr. Bierce wrote such an article for his paper every day, and that it was featured, as is the news page in the *Examiner*—suppose that there were a dozen minor writers doing similar work over their own names, and still another score of extremely small lights adding their anonymous work—and suppose, finally, that the circulation of the paper and its hold on things depended upon the manner in which the public took to these articles, and you have some idea of a French daily paper. This explains why journalism and not the bar is the accepted doorway to political life in France. Moulding public opinion is the journalist's main reason for being, and he does it over his own name entirely, so that his personality is continually before the public.

The "yellow press" of France is quite different from that in America. It is just as bad—worse in its way—but bad in a different manner. The lying of a "yellow" boulevard daily is a little too raw for our ideas. Most of the ultra-sensational papers of the country went anti-Dreyfus in the late crisis. It was just the sort of thing to appeal to the great, unreasoning multitude, and the sensational papers worked it for all it was worth. The inwardness of the thing was exactly similar to that of the free silver agitation of our beloved calamity howlers. Only the Parisian press reveled in the most picturesque lies imaginable. For example, *La Patrie* wrote most of the reports of the Dreyfus trial on an imaginative basis. The opening day they had Dreyfus arising in court and making a full confession. For aught I know th fanatical readers of that sheet still believe that Captain Dreyfus admitted his guilt, and that only the pernicious influence of the Jewish syndicate saved him from the guillotine. All through the trial *La Patrie* suppressed almost every bit of favoring evidence and exaggerated the condemnatory testimony out of all proportion. It was a beautiful bit of fiction, but it was not news.

Only one French daily employed modern news methods at the trial; that one was the old reliable *Figaro*. This sheet, frankly unprincipled as is its attitude toward things in general, did the best that paper could do in giving the exact facts to the public. A large force of stenographers, working in relays, got accurate verbatim accounts to the telegraph offices every ten minutes, and *Figaro*, had it not been hampered by the telegraph censorship, would have had its extras out with the speed and dispatch of a New York daily. Even the English-speaking correspondents admitted that their own papers had never done better work of the kind.

Now, the excellent reports of *Figaro* attracted attention along the boulevards and had the effect of increasing the circulation and prestige of that already prosperous journal. It was a novelty, this correct and prompt presentation of facts. Moreover, the French journalists—I do not call them newspaper men, for there is not a newspaper man, as we know the genus, in all France—had an opportunity of studying the methods of American and English correspondents. The more teachable of these took the lesson to heart, and there has been an expansion of the news feature all along the line. I do not anticipate any great and immediate results. The French will undoubtedly give more space to events occurring within their borders, but as for the world outside—France is the world to a Frenchman, and the barbarians cut no figure. Even the Transvaal disturbance, which is interesting the rest of the world just now, is barely mentioned in the most progressive Parisian newspapers.

One point which American newspaper men would have sifted to the very bottom, but which the French journalists have left to conjecture, is the identy of the two judges who voted for Dreyfus. There is little doubt in the public mind that Captain Beauvais was one of them; his public refusal to shake hands with Colonel Jouast after the verdict was rendered showed this plainly enough. As to the other, there is more room for conjecture. Captains Merle and Parfait and Commandant de Breon are all suggested. My opinion favors de Breon. He is the judge who went over to Demange, as the latter sat weeping after the trial, and clasped his hand with the utmost friendliness and cordiality. Afterward he declined to leave court in the carriage sent to convey the judges to their quarters, and I have it on the authority of one who was very near to the court that he called for the *dossier* that night and sat for hours conning it and murmuring: "No proof; no proof." He is a deeply religious man; I believe that the American papers have already published the fact that he went alone to the church at Rennes the evening before the judgment and prayed silently for over an hour. It is all conjecture, like the rest of the case, but were I to decide I would put on the roll of h nor headed by Zola and Picquart the names of Parfait and de Breon.

The Dreyfus case was not without its humorous features, although they have been so far unnoticed, being overshadowed by the somber details of the tragedy. The unofficial corps, newspaper correspondents, commercial agents and the like, who made up a large part of the floating population at Rennes during the trial, and who had no stakes on the outcome, took life much as they found it and enjoyed the gaities of the place in the cafes of the town and in the picturesque woods surrounding it. It was the thing to attend the principal cafe of the place after dinner. In that place there was a ladies' orchestra which called up old memories of San Francisco and one Senorita Angelina in especial, a very pretty violinist. Every afternoon there were picnics and excursions. Rennes is a pretty spot, and I for one became quite attached to it.

There were police agents everywhere, one to each of the foreigners, and three or four to every Frenchman of distinction. Even my humble self was followed by a small, greasy, Italian-looking gentleman, who met me in the cafes and tried to inveigle me into a talk on treasonable subjects. In the last days of the trial I used to meet a commercial traveller who was very daring in the way he joked over the matter. It was hard in those days to jest about the question at issue without stepping on some ones intellectual toes, but this *gaillard* had "the way with him," and managed to keep all parties in good humor. When he planked himself down at the restaurant and wanted the bill of fare, he called for "*le bordereau*" and his morning mail he called "*le dossier*." It was only after he arrested two of his friends of the cafes for anarchistic sentiments, that we found that he was an agent of the police.

Others were not so politic. M. Mauries Barris, who was dangerous enough to require the constant attention of one of these followers, was summoned by a servant while at dinner and informed that a stranger had a message for him. "Who is he and what does he want?" Barris enquired, The servant stammered, blushed, and answered: "He is my cousin, and the gentleman who is following Monsieur. He wants to know if Monsieur is going out for a half hour, because Monsieur has kept him so busy today that he has not had time to eat, and as he is very hungry he wishes the opportunity." "Monsieur" laughed and promised to stay indoors until "the gentleman who was following him could get his dinner.

Another anecdote which I have not yet seen in print concerns Dreyfus himself and goes to prove the coolness of the man. It is said that on the last day but one, when misfortunes were gathering thick around him—the day when the absurd Austrian adventurer had given the forged testimony which went so far toward convincing the judges—the historic prisoner sat all the evening discussing Marconi's wireless telegraphy with the captain of his guards.

Paris, Sept. 15. ETIENNE MARCEL.

The equable climate of the Southern California coast, the rainfall of the Sound country, and a soil fertile as that of Oregon are characteristics of Humboldt county. The most striking physical features of the region give evidence of this unparalleled combination of climate and soil; the magnificent spread of forest, the great growth of plant life and perpetual verdure are index sufficient of themselves to guide the observant to the conclusion that in Humboldt county nature has joined her forces to give all forms of life their greatest opportunity for development.

DAIRYING INTERESTS.

Certain industries in their growth and prosperity afford testimony of a like nature. A great cattle country is not necessarily salubrious, as the cold of Canada and the arid ranges of Arizona sufficiently testify. Dairy farming, however, with the establishment and multiplication of creameries, probably more than any one other type of agriculture point to exceptionally favorable conditions of climate and soil. Dairy stock is delicate and cannot be profitably raised where winter conditions necessitate housing and special feeding, or summer suns and drouth place a period upon green feed.

In Humboldt county the dairying interests are becoming more extensive every year. So long as the great redwood forests continue to yield their quota of lumber undiminished, no other occupation but that of lumbering could become the leading industry of the county. Nevertheless, the importance dairy farming has assumed in the county, the capacity, number and profitableness of the creameries already established and the reputation the product has gained over the entire State, easily win for the dairying interests second rank among the industries of Humboldt county. There are at present writing thirty-two creameries throughout the county, equipped with from one to four separators with an average capacity for working 2,500 pounds of milk per hour. Two hundred and sixty-eight tons is a conservative estimate of the total amount of milk separated daily by the creameries of the county, although as one creamery averages as high as seventeen tons of milk per diem the figures will bear expansion. The output of butter by one concern for last April was 37,000 pounds, and this was given as an average yield. It is no uncommon thing for a vessel to leave Humboldt Bay with 100,000 pounds of butter on board for distribution among people who would otherwise be obliged to spread their bread with firkin-flavored butter. The nature of the native grasses, conditions of climate, soil and the clover production of bottom lands enable the creameries to run all the year round. Even in well-favored coast counties of California, the pastures are dry by midsummer, and in the fall of the year are worthless as milk-producers. In Humboldt county on the contrary at these seasons the native grasses are still green and nutritious, the clover fields are yielding their abundance, and the profits of the creameries are greatest, for fresh butter can be obtained nowhere else.

The first creamery working separators was built in 1889. The majority of those now in existence are incorporated, the stock being held mainly by the farmers and dairymen who supply the milk. All these companies pay good dividends, at least ten per cent. The ratio between the cows furnishing milk and the acreage of pasture necessary for their support is about one cow to an acre and a half of pasture. Thus it happens that land is held in small parcels, as with creamery facilities any holder of from 20 to 40 acres and 15 to 30 cows can make a good living. Cheese is being shipped in increasing quantities, and for some years a milk condensing factory has been in operation.

The introduction of clover into the country about 1880 revolutionized agricultural economics in Humboldt county. Grain and potato lands were found to be capable of producing a perennial growth of clover, a feed found to insure a larger flow of milk than any other. Heavy bottom lands and marshes, formerly considered of little value, have been reclaimed, drained and sown to clover. The result may be seen today in the bed of Eel River Valley, Arcata and the basins of the small streams flowing into Humboldt Bay. These regions and the Ferndale district present an appearance of perpetual verdure, with a rank and luscious growth of clover, and are admitted to be the most thrifty rural districts in California. An important by-product of the creameries is hog raising, and there has of late years arisen a brisk demand for stock swine to fatten upon the skim milk and the waste from butter making.

The condition of the dairying industry is purposely first presented in this article upon Humboldt county, as it produces *prima facie* proof of the assertions that follow regarding the soil, climate and productiveness of this favored section.

So much has been strenuously set forth concerning these factors in other countries and other states that the public is beginning to ask for facts before flights of fancy and figures in advance of boomers' rhetoric.

PHYSICAL FEATURES.

Humboldt county is situated on the Northern California coast between Mendocino on the South and Del Norte on the extreme Northern boundary of the State. The county offers a coast line to the ocean of almost 110 miles. Facing the sea and clothing a low range of mountains, the redwoods present serried ranks of almost unbroken forest throughout the whole length of the county. Rivers and streams are numerous, the majority capable of furnishing effective water power for manufacturing, but at present one only is navigable, the Eel river. The topography of Humboldt is rugged, abounding in fertile valleys and undulating uplands, together with large plateaus and extensive prairies on the mountains, covered originally with native grasses and luxuriant masses of brush, but now largely under cultivation. From one of the higher peaks that reach an altitude of some 7,000 feet, a magnificent stretch of country may be viewed. East of the redwood forests that clothe the coast line are slopes of smaller timber, largely evergreen, pine, oak, spruce, fir, alder and madrone in endless variety. On the extreme Eastern limits of the county may be seen the snow-capped summits of the Coast Range proper. The whole intervening country, presenting a series of fertile water sheds, is teeming with vegetable life, and to one who has lived in the dryer regions of California this vivid verdure is the most striking feature of the country.

CLIMATIC CONDITIONS.

Whether it be that forests favor a generous rainfall, as some hold, or that the regular rains result in forests, an abundant rainfall distributed over seven months of the year is a feature of the climate of Humboldt county. This, with an equable temperature that varies less than eleven degrees in the twelve months, and a covering of deep, rich, alluvial soil, is the key to the astonishing growth and vigor of vegetable life throughout the county. The rains are evenly distributed, and during the season between October and April it is unusual for any one month to show an excessive or disagreeable rainfall, but the seven months will yield an average of forty inches. The winter climate, although wet is by no means unpleasant. The sun shines brightly between the showers, and brisk southwesterly breezes dry the surface of the land. There are no extremes of temperature, and indeed in no other portion of the United States, with the exception of Florida, can the official records show such equability and uniform mildness. An inspection of the following tables of average mean temperatures and monthly rainfall will explain why no irrigation, no drought and no failure of crops occur in Humboldt county.

COUNTY LANDS.

Although the county is traversed by numerous mountain ridges and spurs, there is practically not a foot of arid territory in the whole section. Every class of land, mountain, foothill or valley, could be made productive. Grain, fruit, vegetables, grass, timber or minerals are yielded on every acre. The public land in the Humboldt district is by no means exhausted, and there are yet over 780,000 acres vacant, the larger proportion being well worthy of cultivation. The choicest lands have naturally been taken up, and much of that which remains is remote, rough and at high altitudes, or covered with small timber and brush. There are plenty of cheap lands still to be had, however, close to schools, towns and markets. The slopes adjacent to Humboldt Bay are devoted mostly to mixed farming, the same applying to the benches and uplands adjoining river bottoms, and the mesas and potreros between the red wood belt and the coast. As the redwoods on the hills are hewn, the brush and debris is burned off, grass seed sown in the ashes and good grazing land results. Land titles are traceable direct to the government and guaranteed by patent. Prices of land for farming, dairying and stock-raising range all the way from $3 per acre to $300. Redwood timber land varies in value from $10 to $100 per acre, depending on location, quantity and quality of timber. The lands of the county are classified as follows:

Timber land area	934,000 acres
Cultivable land area	500,000 acres
Grazing land area	600,000 acres
Marsh land area	31,281 acres
Mineral land area	125,000 acres
Denuded forest area	43,000 acres
Waste land area	11,073 acres
Total land area	2,244,354 acres

TIMBER LANDS.

It is estimated that the redwood forests of Humboldt county originally covered 538,000 acres. Over 45,000 acres of timber have been cut and converted into lumber, leaving 493,000 acres of virgin redwood forest. This constitutes the richest available resource of the county. Exceptional in kind and quality, stretching over a hundred miles along the Pacific Coast, with an average width of eight miles, this gigantic redwood forest forms an almost unbroken belt extending from the northern to the southern boundary of the county. The forests yet standing in Humboldt county present an untouched reserve of 49,500,000,000 feet of lumber, which at the present rate of manufacture would not be exhausted in two centuries.

The timber land of the county may be classified as follows:

Redwood	494,000 acres
Pine and other conifers	295,000 acres
Oaks, laurel, madrone, etc.	135,000 acres
Total	924,000 acres

Of the appearance of these magnificent forests an authority writes as follows:

"It is difficult to form a truthful conception of the redwood forests without viewing them. The immensity, stateliness, density and continuousness of the forests cannot be pictured or accurately described. No equal area on the globe probably contains so compact a body of valuable timber. For miles and leagues one may travel along the river bottoms on the mountain trails, or across the warped and serrated surface of the country without emerging from the shadows of the timber. Exceptional bulk of individual trees will not occasion so much surprise as the loftiness and average size of all, their number, uniformity, vigor andthe continuity of the forest. Neither fire, nor storms, nor time's decay, nor destructive parasite, has made any impressions on these forests. The only devastation is that which the woodsman has made to supply material for Pacific Coast homes. These redwood forests are not like the groves of sequoias. Few redwood trees measure more than fifteen feet in diameter, or are over two hundred feet in height. Yet on almost any single acre in the redwood belt may be counted from fifteen to forty trees measuring over five feet in diameter. The redwood forests are apparently imperishable except as man's ingenuity sacrifices them for the timber which they yield.

Even the stumps refuse to perish or even to die, but send forth shoots, or sprouts which, if left undisturbed, would renew the forests in course of centuries. Redwood forests are never injured by fire. The wood itself resists

AVERAGE TEMPERATURE.

PLACE	Jan	Feb	Mch	April	May	June	July	Aug	Sept	Oct	Nov	Dec	An'l
Arcata	45.7	45.2	48.9	50.4	53.0	56.3	56.7	56.8	55.8	54.0	51.0	47.9	51.7
Eureka	45.7	45.2	49.1	50.6	53.4	55.7	56.0	56.1	55.4	53.5	51.5	48.0	51.7
Hydesville	44.7	46.3	49.2	52.6	56.0	58.0	59.0	59.6	59.2	55.8	52.4	47.1	53.3
Rohnerville	45.2	45.6	49.4	52.0	55.4	57.3	59.0	59.4	58.6	55.0	52.0	47.9	53.1
Ferndale	45.3	45.0	49.0	51.5	54.0	56.6	57.4	58.2	56.7	54.0	51.7	47.9	52.2
Mattole	44.0	47.9	51.4	56.0	59.8	61.0	62.9	64.1	62.8	56.2	52.0	45.0	55.3
Hoopa Valley	42.5	44.9	49.9	54.8	60.3	66.6	72.2	71.2	65.0	56.5	48.4	44.5	56.4
Average for County	44.7	45.8	49.4	52.7	56.1	58.8	60.5	60.7	59.2	55.1	51.3	46.9	53.4
Sacramento, Cal	46.6	50.5	54.9	59.3	64.2	70.1	73.0	71.0	69.5	62.3	53.3	47.1	60.2
Fresno, Cal	47.6	51.7	57.9	62.6	70.5	78.9	84.7	84.4	76.8	63.5	56.7	50.0	65.4
Los Angeles, Cal	52.8	54.8	57.2	59.9	63.3	67.7	70.4	71.1	68.6	64.3	59.1	55.1	62.0

AVERAGE MONTHLY RAINFALL.

PLACE	Jan	Feb	Mch	April	May	June	July	Aug	Sept	Oct	Nov	Dec	An'l Total
Arcata	10.58	6.44	5.33	4.45	2.83	1.83	0.00	0.00	0.23	3.33	3.04	8.46	46.52
Eureka	7.20	5.80	4.62	4.28	2.21	1.07	.10	.05	.80	2.62	3.83	7.78	40.36
Hydesville	9.02	4.87	4.80	4.16	1.92	1.08	.14	.04	.46	2.60	2.30	8.28	39.67
Rohnerville	9.02	4.87	4.80	4.16	1.92	1.08	.14	.04	.46	2.60	2.30	8.28	39.67
Ferndale	7.00	5.10	4.60	4.22	2.10	1.07	.10	.05	.72	2.60	3.75	8.00	39.31
Mattole	24.41	9.74	12.72	5.24	3.44	1.49	.06	.00	.24	6.72	6.43	19.49	87.98
Hoopa Valley	10.84	7.97	7.55	4.69	1.87	0.82	.14	.11	.85	2.90	7.33	10.37	55.44
Christmas Prairie	13.78	11.87	4.32	8.14	2.08	1.04	.47	.00	1.39	2.85	12.43	19.67	78.04
Average for County	11.47	7.02	6.09	4.92	2.30	1.18	.16	.04	.66	3.28	5.18	11.17	53.37
Sacramento, Cal	3.78	2.80	2.73	1.85	.74	.12	.02	.00	.12	.79	2.14	4.71	19.80
Fresno, Cal	1.32	1.17	1.30	1.34	.36	.10	.00	.00	.10	.57	1.24	1.80	9.02
Los Angeles, Cal	4.08	3.74	2.27	1.29	.31	.09	.02	.10	.04	.82	1.71	3.84	18.31

Klamath River

The Latest Cut of Large Timber.

combustion, and is difficult to burn even when dry. Then the density of the forests so effectually excludes the sun, retains so much moisture in the soil, and absorbs so much dampness from the ocean fogs and breezes that a fire makes no progress even in the undergrowth. In the borders of the redwood belt, where a growth of pine or spruce shares possession of the land with the redwood, fires sometimes sweep through, destroying pine and other timber, but leaving the redwood uninjured. Nor do any land insects, so destructive to other woods, even attack redwood, whether standing or fallen. Time decays the outer covering of the trunk when it has fallen, but the sap and acids contained in the body of the tree seem to preserve it, and the destruction of a lifeless redwood trunk by decay is a process that must be measured by centuries. These qualities of the timber render redwood lands exceptionally valuable as a holding, for while there is constant appreciation in value, there is no risk through deterioration. Nature's endowment of this single county with an indestructible forest of half a million acres of redwood timber land, containing fifty billions of feet of the choicest lumber ready for the harvest, is one of the most bounteous acts of her liberality. The commercial value of this endowment can scarcely be accurately estimated. The reader is left free to draw his own conclusions. Stumpage at available points is now $1.50 per thousand feet. What it will leap to when the Pacific Coast is thickly settled, when white pine is exhausted in the Lake states and when cheap water transportation through an isthmian canal is provided, is a matter for conjecture.

This great natural endowment of an almost inexhaustible supply of timber, easily accessible and with so many good qualities as a building material has made lumbering the chief industry of Humboldt County and Northern California, and lumber the principal product of this region."

THE LUMBER TRADE.

Although redwood lumber is extensively used on the Pacific Coast, and to a more limited extent, abroad and in the East, it is probable that its true value and varied usefulness will not be fully realized until the supply begins to fail. Shipments of redwood lumber from Humboldt county during the boom in Southern California exceeded 200,000,000 feet per annum. An increasing lumber trade between Humboldt and foreign ports exists, which is liable to develop to dimensions that no man can forsee. At present this foreign traffic concerns itself principally with Australia, the Sandwich Islands, Mexico, and the west coast of Central and South America. In 1898, over forty vessels cleared Humboldt harbor with lumber for foreign ports. The methods of lumbering have undergone a change from the ox or mule team to steam power applied by means of stationary engines and wire cables. Short lines of railroad convey the huge logs to the mill or bay, for almost every extensive redwood mill plant in Humboldt includes several miles of railroad.

Redwood is the only lumber that can take the place of white pine, act as a substitute for mahogany and black walnut, replace oak for railroad ties, cypress and cedar for shingles, and surpasses all other woods for fence posts or any purpose requiring contact with the earth. It is a lumber unsurpassed for railroad purposes, flumes or conduits. Shingles made of redwood are superior to any other kind, being weather and damp, as well as practically fire-proof. A fleet of about 150 vessels is engaged in lumber-carrying between Humboldt and other ports. Many of these vessels have been built in Humboldt ship-yards. The small three-masted schooners have been largely replaced by steam vessels of light draft but great carrying capacity. It should be stated that the recent rush to Alaska has somewhat depleted Humboldt shipping, but the vacancies in the fleet caused by this temporary demand are rapidly being filled. The table of tonnage and values of vessels crossing Humboldt Bar during two years, namely 1891 to 1893, given below, will furnish a a fairly accurate idea of the proportion of this fleet before the Klondike craze arose.

HUMBOLDT BAY AND HARBOR.

Humboldt Bay forms an alcove that lies with its greatest length parallel to the coast for a distance of fourteen miles. Its greatest width is four miles, and tidal area about twenty-eight miles. Owing to government improvements at an expenditure of over $2,000,000, Humboldt Harbor is now one of the safest as well as most commodious ports on the Pacific Coast. The harbor is completely landlocked by spits or bars of sand, and the some what narrow entrance has been so deepened and widened by jetties on either side that even at low tide vessels of heavy draft can now enter the harbor with ease and safety. These improvements were inaugurated in 1889, and were designed by Col. Mendel and Major Heuer of the U. S. Corps of Engineers. Considerable money has been spent in the work of dredging the bay, but the principal operation has been the building of two jetties of stone, upon brush matresses, that project from the sand spits out into the ocean for a distance of a mile and a half on either side of the entrance to the harbor. These barriers perform a twofold office. They hold the bars of sand forming the harbor in place, and form a permanent channel which is ever deepened by the rush of outgoing tides. The improvement is of a permanent character. Beacon lights are maintained by the government at the extremities of the jetties and also within the harbor off Eureka, to enable vessels to enter this refuge at any hour of the day or night.

The contract for the work upon these jetties expired about August 28th last, and the structures exhibit every evidence of permanence and strength. Up to date the Government has paid the contractor who has brought the work to successful completion, namely, John C. Bull, Jr., of Arcata, $1,715,000. The amount of rock required to build the jetties was enormous, no less than 1,300,000 tons. The distance between the jetties is 2,200 feet, and there is from twenty-eight to thirty feet of water at low tide, thus forming a channel both wide and deep for the passage of vessels of heavy draught. It may be mentioned that the first contractors to tackle this job were paid at the rate of $2 and $2.10 per ton of rock hauled and dumped. They failed, and the work was awarded Mr. Bull for a far less sum, viz., $1.34 per ton, and he has fulfilled his contract in a way that is a credit to himself and a permanent improvement to the harbor.

Originally Eureka harbor was the estuary of a large body of fresh water, viz., Mad River, but it now has no important tributaries, and is separated from Mad River on the north by a narrow strip of land.

TONNAGE AND VALUES.

Aggregate Tonnage and Value of Vessels Crossing Humboldt Bar in and out during two Years—from June 1st, 1891, to June 1st, 1893.

Class	Number	Tonnage	Value	No. of Trips	Aggregate Tonnage Crossing Bar	Aggregate Value of Vessels
Steam	29	7,208	$1,466,000	599	392,687	$88,696,000
Sail	132	31,043	2,483,000	927	344,831	32,261,000
Totals	161	38,341	$3,949,000	1526	737,518	$120,957,000

SHIPPING AND EXPORTS.

The growing importance of Eureka Harbor is manifested by the steadily increasing amount of shipping passing in and out of this port. Two lines of mail and passenger steamers provide a semi-weekly service to San Francisco, and a line of steamers between Eureka and Portland has been established. In addition eight steamers built primarily for freight and lumber, are provided with passenger accommodation also, and make daily trips southward. Something like two hundred sailing vessels ply between Humboldt Bay and distant Pacific ports, carrying freight and passengers. Pilot tugs are in constant service on the bay and the charges for their services, should such be needed, are the only taxes against shipping in Humboldt. This feature alone is destined to make this harbor a great and popular port, as it is in striking contrast to the custom prevailing at certain other Pacific Coast harbors, where an organized system of plunder appears to prevail.

The annual report of the Humboldt Harbor Commissioners for the year ending December 31, 1898, as compiled by Secretary David Cutten, will give a clear idea of the magnitude and importance of the traffic, exports and imports to and from this port with outside markets.

In respect to the traffic between the port of Eureka and foreign countries, it may be safely said that Humboldt has sold to foreign consumers during the past ten years products netting an average of $850 for each inhabitant of the county, and has received over seventy-five per cent of the earnings of vessels in transporting these products to distant foreign countries. As the cost of carriage has averaged 35 per cent. of the net value of exports, the home share of these earnings must have reached a sum exceeding $400,000.

SHIP-BUILDING.

There is any quantity of material for ship-building purposes handy to the bay, and of a quality particularly adapted to this use. Therefore it is not surprising that the ship-building industry has grown rapidly within the last ten years. There have been built and launcned on Humboldt Bay within this period about 150 vessels of various classes having a gross tonnage of about 35,000. The following is a fairly complete list of vessels built of Humboldt timber and launched from the local yards up-to-date.

		Net Tonnage
Ocean Schooners	103	20,088
Barkentines	7	3,310
Brigs	6	960
Ocean Steamers	7	2,480
Bay Steamers	13	2,520
Bay Schooners	12	179
Bay Sloops	2	18
	150	29,555

Since the commencement of the harbor improvements, and removal of the dangers of the bar, a great increase in the number of vessels built and their tonnage has been noticeable. Thirty-seven built since 1887 averaged 409 tons gross, whereas 21 vessels built since 1891 averaged 446 tons; five vessels launched in 1896 averaged 543 tons, and four launched in 1897 averaged 519 tons gross.

The largest sailing vessel ever built in California was launched from Bendixsen's ship-yard in 1892, the *Jane L. Stanford*, named in honor of the wife of Leland Stanford. The vessel is of 970.59 tons burden, with a lumber carrying capacity of 1,250,000 feet. In November, 1896, the new steamer *Humboldt* was launched from the same yard, with a gross tonnage of 950 tons. There is little doubt that the ship-building industry will be greatly enlarged, as in addition to the timber facilities, the bay affords any number of eligible sites that can be cheaply acquired for yard purposes, and the climate admits of work all the year round. The depth of the water in the bay is now sufficient to float the largest vessels.

THE FISHING INDUSTRY.

The waters of Humboldt are well stocked with fish. The salmon industry of Eel River is important, and in the season gives employment to four or five hundred men. The yearly shipments of fish from this port, chiefly of fresh salmon, ranges from two to three million pounds. There are three hatcheries in the county, one on a branch of the Trinity River and one on the North Fork of Mad River, and a third one has been built and operated during the past year at the mouth of Price Creek on Eel River, which alone deposited over four million young salmon in these waters during the month of February, 1898. The salmon cannery at the mouth of Eel River has not been operated of late years, owing to the great demand for Humboldt fresh salmon. The entire annual product from the fishery has been estimated at $50,000.

Continued on page 9.

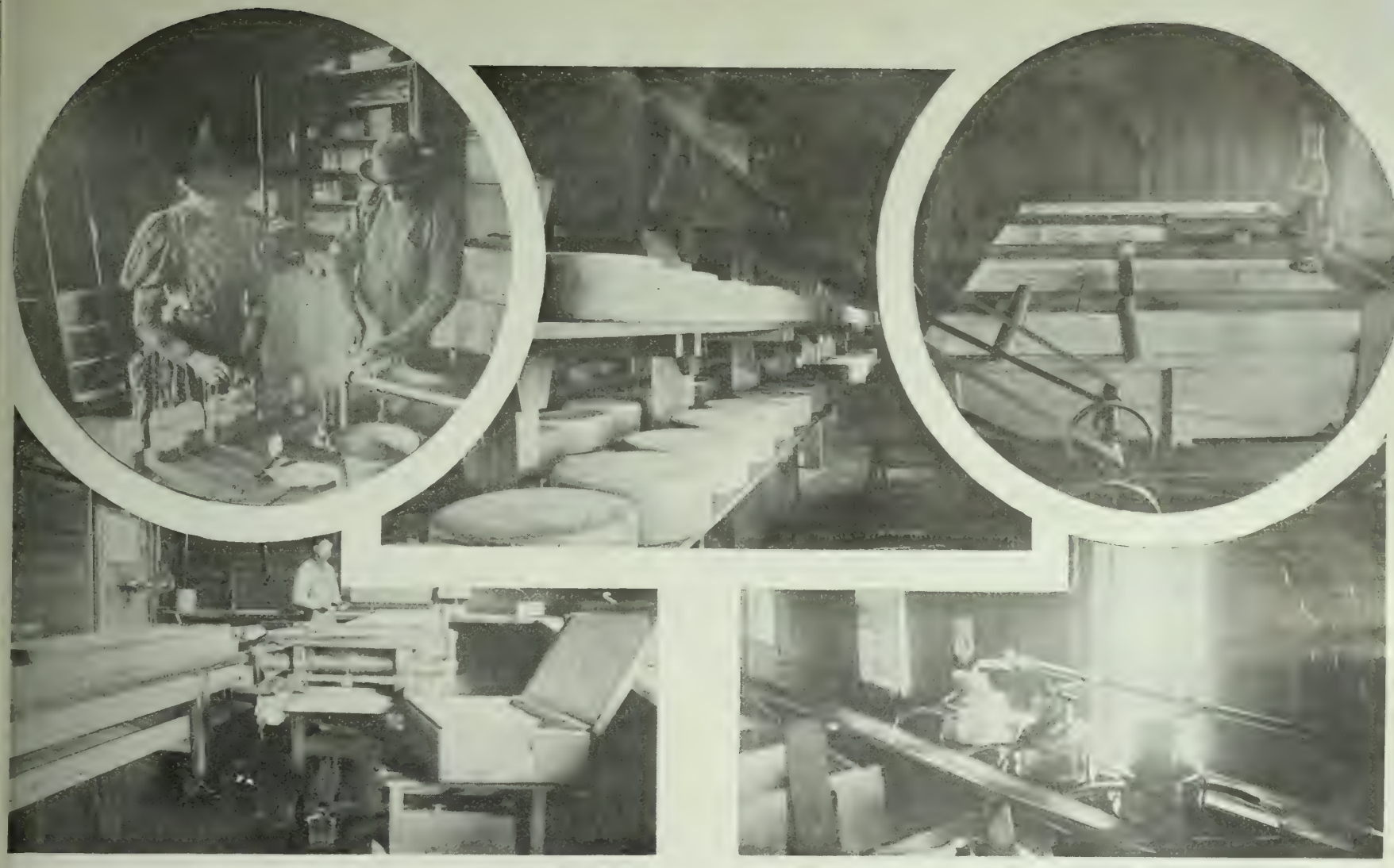
THE LATEST CUT OF LARGE TIMBER.

This cut took place at Vances' logging camp, the latter part of last month, the views on another page showing the sections into which it was sawed. To give one a general idea of the amount of lumber of a tree with a base such as this viz.; 16x16½, we append the following dimensions obtained from the Vance Mill & Lumber Co.

Total length estimated	300 ft.
Length from butt to first limb	150 "
Diameter at butt	16½ "
Average diameter of logs	11 and 87-100 "
Full contents of logs	166, 125 ft. b. m.
Allowing for saw kerf and waste, logs should make in lumber	1 3,000 ft. b. m.
Weight of logs estimated 4½ lbs. per ft. b. m.	747,563 lbs.
Bark of tree	6 inches thick

The number of days from time choppers commenced until tree was made up into logs ready for transportation was 4¾. As the largest log was split in the woods before transportation, it took nine (9) logging cars to haul logs to the mill. Three such trees would load one of the ordinary coasting schooners of the Pacific Coast.

General View of Fortuna.



Interior of a Creamery

HUMBOLDT'S DAIRYING INDUSTRY.

(Continued from page 7)

Trout are found in every stream. Perch, flounder, bass, herring, sea-trout, cod and numberless other varieties occur in the bay, while salmon and steel-heads enter all the waters and are caught in abundance. The finest fishing is said to be found in the "Lagoons," a chain of lakes near the northern coast of Humboldt. A larger proportion of the fishermen earning their living by this industry in Humboldt county are native born than will be found at almost any other stretch of Coast in the United States.

AGRICULTURE AND PRODUCTS.

Extended mention is made in the initial portion of this article to the dairy and creamery interests in Humboldt county, so that nothing remains to be said on this head, save that the industry referred to easily stands at the head in productiveness, profit and importance of the agricultural interests of this section. The same refers to the introduction of clover in 1880, which has already been dealt with in connection with the dairying industry, and given the prominence its importance and effect upon the prosperity of the county deserves. The bottom lands have also been sown to alfalfa with success, and several crops per year raised without the aid of irrigation. Indeed, throughout the whole field of agriculture and horticulture in the county of Humboldt, irrigation is unnecessary and unknown. Alfalfa, however, has not been found to be the equal of clover for dairy purposes.

The lands now covered with clover were primarily devoted to potatoes, and Humboldt reds were famous throughout the State. Fortunes were made and lost in the pursuit of potato raising, and great quantities are even now shipped from Eureka to San Francisco.

HAY AND GRAIN.

Oat hay is the staple feed for horses and stock in Humboldt. This county leads all others in the State in the quantity and quality of its oats. This crop is grown principally on the uplands or slopes near Humboldt Bay, and along the fertile benches of Eel River valley. The hay grown in the interior has the best appearance, but lack of transportation facilities offsets this advantage. The price of baled hay varies from $9 to $11 per ton. As there is never any drought or failure of this crop the range in price is not very great, except when the demand from less fortunate sections becomes urgent. The yield of oats is frequently enormous, exceeding 120 bushels per acre some years in certain localities, and 80 to 100 bushels per acre is not uncommon. The oats raised in Humboldt are plump, heavy and bright, and much sought after for milling purposes.

Wheat grown in Humboldt is exceptionally well developed and heavy, and the uplands appear to yield as large crops as alluvial lands. The brightest grain is grown away from the coast back of the timber belt. Fields frequently yield eighty or more bushels to the acre. Thirty to thirty-five bushels, however, is an average yield. With the advent of additional railroads a greater acreage of the county will be devoted to this grain, and the establishment of flour mills is merely a matter of time.

Barley is coming into favor in Humboldt county, for it is found that this grain grows as thriftily as either wheat or oats. At one time considerable quantities of barley were shipped from Eureka port. Then a temporary decrease in the acreage planted to this crop made it necessary to import, but latterly there has been a revival in barley planting. From forty to sixty bushels per acre is an average yield. Indian corn is raised successfully in the valleys and rich mountain lands away from the coast. It is much utilized for feeding to dairy stock.

STOCK RAISING.

Almost the whole of the cultivated area of Humboldt county and much of the forest land is devoted to stock raising. It is an ideal stock country. Grass practically all the year round, an abundance of water, and temperate climate. At present the population of certain sections of the country is sufficiently sparse to afford considerable range. The prairies back of the timber belt support thousands of cattle, for they are covered with a nutritious native grass. Only the highest mountain ranges are covered with snow in the winter for any length of time. Sheep raising is carried on extensively, and from 1888 to 1892, when the profits on wool were high, Humboldt shipped annually from 1,500,000 to 2,000,000 pounds of the best and cleanest wool to be found on the Pacific Coast. The industry of sheep raising is rapidly reviving, and at present it does not clash to any great extent with the cattle interests, there being room and feed for both.

Hog-raising as a by-product of the creameries has already been alluded to. In addition to this method of fattening, large droves of swine are supported by extensive forests of oak along the upper waters of the rivers and tributaries of the county. The acorns form a first-class feed, together with native shrubs, grasses and nuts. Indian corn, peas and barley are planted to some extent for hog-fattening purposes, the animals being turned into the grain when ripe and allowed to do their own harvesting.

LEATHER AND OTHER MANUFACTURES.

That Humboldt county is destined to became the site of numerous great manufacturing interests no one can doubt when the exceptionally favorable conditions with which this section is surrounded are taken into account. To mention a few of the natural advantages, there is an abundance of cheap fuel, unlimited water power to be obtained by harnessing any of the multitude of water-sheds of which the county is largely formed, an even temperature, and frequent communication by water with the principal markets of the coast.

Leather is a prominent industry of the county, the tanbark forests supplying the necessary raw material for tanning purposes, and the local butchers of the county supplying a proportion of the hides. San Francisco, however, is the source of the greater bulk of pelts for leather-making. There are three tanneries, and for the past seven years they have averaged an annual output of 465,000 pounds, valued in the neighborhood of $80,000 per annum.

FRUIT AND VEGETABLES.

Over a million pounds of apples are shipped from Humboldt to San Francisco annually, and this fruit has established a reputation for size and flavor all over the Pacific Coast. Practically the whole county is adapted to raise fruit of some sort without irrigation, but perhaps the best apples come from the Mattole and Bridgeville districts, and from the headwaters of Eel River.

Large orchards of prunes are now in bearing, principally east of the redwood belt. This fruit promises to dispute with apples for supremacy in the orchards of Humboldt. The peaches raised, particularly the variety known as "Camp Grant peaches" rival in size and flavor those grown on the Sierra foothills. There is probably no area on the Pacific Coast that admits of so wide a range of fruit growing. Fine orchards are seen on the bottom lands and uplands. Where the redwood has been stripped near Eureka and on Mad River, extensive orchards have been planted; the ridges and prairies back of the forest have some of the largest and finest orchards in the county. The orchards on the high lands produce the finest flavored fruit while those on the low lands are the greatest bearers. It is confidently believed that with the advent of additional lines of railroad, Humboldt county will be one of the greatest fruit sections in all

Mad River

A By-product of the Creameries

California on account of its climate and abundant moisture.

The size to which roots and all common garden products grow is amazing. Beans do well on all lands. Onions grow to enormous size and sell at high prices in the spring. Melons, tomatoes and other products requiring a high temperature to mature properly flourish away from the Coast. In this connection it may be mentioned that there is a fine field for poultry raising in Humboldt county. Hill lands back of the forests can be had cheaply and are suitable for this pursuit, particularly for turkeys, which are always high. This section also offers exceptional opportunities for bee raising, on account of the enormous fields of white clover, and long seasons during which the bees can work.

MINING.

About 200 men are engaged in placer mining, although Humboldt county has only been prospected in spots, and the industry is in an undeveloped state. The placer fields now being worked are at Orleans on the Klamath, Willow Creek, and Trinity River, in the north-eastern portion of the county. The pay ground produces between $4,000 and $5,000 worth of gold to the acre. Capital is being attracted to this industry, which already yields about $75,000 per annum. In addition to gold, numerous other minerals have been discovered in Humboldt county in commercial quantities, including silver, cinnabar, copper, iron, petroleum, chrome, lime and coal. Extensive operations have been commenced in the Mattole region in boring for oil, and there is good reason to believe that a flow will be obtained, although the efforts in this direction that have been made in the past were not crowned with success.

THE CITY OF EUREKA.

Eureka, a city with nigh upon 10,000 inhabitants, forms one of the great commercial gateways of the Pacific Coast. That it should be without railroad communication at this date appears almost incredible, and is indeed a condition that must shortly be removed forever. Situated on the shore of Humboldt Bay, the city's site rises gradually back to the foothills, thus providing perfect drainage. It is distant from San Francisco 225 miles by water, or 300 miles overland. The streets are all graded, many graveled, and those in the heart of the city are to a great extent paved with bitumen.

Eureka is lighted by arc lights, to the number of nearly seventy, by the Eureka Lighting Company. This company also controls an extensive gas plant, with about six miles of gas mains.

The water supply is derived from Elk River. It is piped a distance of six miles, and has a fall of almost 200 feet. This gives sufficient pressure in case of fire to throw a stream of water over a building from any of the numerous hydrants established at the street corners. Eureka fortunately has known no disastrous fire, owing to this excellent supply of water, and also on account of the almost universal use of redwood as a building material, this wood, as before stated, being distinctly fire-resistant. The water system is owned by a corporation known as the Ricks Water Company, after the founder, C. S. Ricks, since deceased, and R. Sweasy is its president and H. L. Ricks, a son of the founder, superintendent.

Eureka being the county seat of Humboldt has a court house, a noble structure of brick, stone and Portland cement. This building represents a total cost of $170,000. The Ingomar Theatre is considered the equal of any opera house in the State. Within recent years many fine business blocks and handsome residences have been erected. The educational facilities of Eureka are as fine as will be found in any city of its size in the West. This includes both the public schools and numerous private institutions. A fine public library is also an important educational factor. Religious life is represented by fully a dozen churches of various denominations.

Seven lumber mills are within the city limits, and about forty other mills scattered throughout the county are owned by residents of Eureka. The city boasts four well-established, solid banks, two daily and four weekly papers, a large shipyard, foundries and machine shops, boiler works, tanneries, soap factory, furniture factories and benevolent societies without number. The following figures obtained from the County Assessor, giving the assessment for 1899 of the city of Eureka is interesting and significant reading:

Value of city and town lots	$1,735,605
Value of improvements on same	1,063,885
Value of personal property on same	585,922
Deduction on account of mortgages	544,266

TOWN OF FORTUNA.

Eighteen miles from Eureka, on the Eel River and Eureka Railroad, is a town destined to become one of the most important in the county. This is Fortuna, situated with the forest hills as a background, and fronting on the Eel River. There is an exceptionally rich agricultural district tributary to it, and it supports a number of manufacturing and other industries. Special mention must be made of an extensive evaporating plant owned by an enterprising company that has faith in the future of the county as a great fruit producer. Owing to the exceptional fertility of the soil in the immediate neighborhood of Fortuna, horticulture is being extensively practiced. The town has now two of the finest school buildings in the county, a new school-house having been recently erected at a cost of $9,000. Among the hostelries for the accommodation of the public, the Star Hotel, under the management of Mr. Lane, has earned an enviable reputation. The population of Fortuna is upwards of a thousand. The climate is warm and sunny, with little or no fog. The town supports a weekly paper, and numerous well-stocked mercantile establishments.

FERNDALE.

The commercial center for the great stock-raising and dairying region of the lower coast of Humboldt county is the town of Ferndale. It is the center of the important creamery and dairy industries, there being upwards of a dozen public and half a dozen private creameries in the vicinity. It is the most prosperous as well as the largest town in the southern section, and is in communication with San Francisco by steamer entering Eel River. Its population is about 1700. The bottom lands surrounding the town

North Fork Falls of Mad River

are now a series of great clover fields, while orchards and diversified farming occupy the mesas and foothill slopes. The hotel accommodations are of the best. The "Ferndale" is a great rendezvous for commercial men, and is noted for comfort and the courtesy of the management. The American Hotel is largely patronized by the general public, being popular with all classes of patrons on account of its cleanliness and general excellence of the accommodations provided.

Ferndale affords excellent banking facilities, a bank having been established with a directorate of unquestioned standing and financial stability. One semi weekly and one weekly newspaper are issued in the town, which which affords excellent schools, churches and fine business houses. The prosperity of Ferndale is unvarying and assured. The Assessor's figures for 1899 speak for themselves:

Value of town lots	$124,395
Improvements	129,955
Personal property	59,799
Deduction on account of mortgages	54,589

ARCATA.

One of the oldest towns in Humboldt is Arcata, and also one of the most pleasantly situated, sheltered as it is from heavy fogs or winds by high hills topped with redwood forests. The town boasts a population of nearly two thou

Eel River Creamery

Ferndale Creamery

Grizzly Bluff Creamery

Excelsior Creamery

A GROUP OF HUMBOLDT COUNTY CREAMERIES.

McNamara's Shoe Store

A. C. Dauphiny & Co's Establishment

Rhoner Building

Revere House

The Eastern Shoe Store

Interior of Cottrell's Grocery Store

The Palace. Commercial Men's Headquarters

BUSINESS HOUSES OF EUREKA.

Dr. R. Gross

Frank Ziegler

A. C. Dauphiny

H. A. Poland

A. Buhne

sand. Good harbor facilities situated on the northern extremity of the bay provide facilities for commerce, and a wharf extends far enough into the waters to accommodate large vessels. This improvement is the property of the Mad River and Arcata Railroad. The town is excellently planned, with wide streets radiating from a public square. It has two systems of water works, an electric light plant, a bank, a weekly newspaper, a union high school, a tannery, and six or eight lumber and shingle mills in the vicinity keep business booming.

The bottom lands around Arcata form perfectly level tracts of alluvian. The soil is very productive. The town is the commercial center for the mining region of Northern Humboldt, as well as the great agricultural and grazing districts of the Mad River basin.

The Assessor's figures upon real and personal property in Arcata for 1899 may be given here as showing the prosperous condition of the town in question.

Value of town lots	$126,805
Value of improvements on same	121,165
Value of personal property	85,017
Deduction on account of mortgages	38,257

ROHNERVILLE.

This town in the Eel River Valley has about seven or eight hundred inhabitants. It is in a rich agricultural district, being the center of a great hay and grain region. The great grain fields, however, are to a considerable extent being cut up into smaller holdings for orchards. Rohnerville was one of the first places to be settled in the Eel River Valley. It is about one and a half miles from the depot on the Eel River Railroad, stages meeting every train. Several shingle mills are in the vicinity of the town, also a tannery, two nurseries, a brick and tile yard. There is a full line of trading stores of every description. Rohnerville can boast excellent school facilities, a good water system and numerous churches.

David Evans

Mayor Evans and Members of the Eureka City Council.

railroad. It is the great shipping point for the products of southern Humboldt. The steamers plying between San Francisco and Eureka all take and discharge freight at this point. Its entire population, about 500, is engaged in commerce.

Humboldt. There is a rich agricultural district tributary to the town.

OTHER TRADE CENTERS.

Petrolia, situated in the valley of Mattole River, about five miles from the coast, was the scene of oil excitement nearly thirty years ago. Today considerable prospecting for oil is being done, with every prospect of success. Garberville, on the south fork of Eel River, forty-eight miles above Scotia, is in the midst of a great grazing region. Orchards are being planted extensively, and grain fields sown. Bridgeville on the Van Duzen River enjoys a good trade with the upper valley. The fruits from this section are considered among the finest grown in the county.

THE RAILROAD PROBLEM.

With the revival of railroad building, the prospects that the resources of rich Humboldt county will be tapped by a connecting line with the outside world, are better than they have been for the past thirty years. Nevertheless, it says little for the boasted enterprise of the great western systems to say nothing of the transcontinental lines, that so vast a territory of unparalleled productiveness as that presented by Humboldt county, should at this date remain practically unoccupied by railroads. The lumber industry alone is sufficient to provide traffic and earn dividends for any road that taps the great redwood forests. The great stock-raising interests, dairies, and other agricultural industries with which the country abounds, forms a guarantee that the railroad company that penetrates the region referred to will rapidly recoup its initial expenditure, and with the expansion of these pursuits and increase of population that follows in the wake of railroad building, earn good and constant dividends. Railroad building in the United States has now but few new fields to conquer, worth the expenditure of capital, and there is little doubt that Humboldt county is occupying a large share of the attention of railroad managers and those controlling capital for the purpose of railroad building. Such will find not only the finest field for this class of enterprise now remaining in the United States, but a disposition on the part of at least thirty thousand people, to meet them half way.

ALAN OWEN.

Dr. Nicholas Senn of Chicago, who has been doing some independent investigation in Hawaii, believes that the native island race is doomed. One in thirty, he says, is tainted with leprosy, consumption is making rapid strides among them, and they are being gradually pushed to the wall.

Hoopa Valley

General View of Trinidad

SCOTIA.

This is a lumbering town on Eel River, and connected with the Pacific Lumber Company's railroad. It has a population of about 600 people, to a great extent employees of lumber firms. There is a fine school building, and an electric plant that lights the town and lumber mill. Scotia has an extensive trade with the Upper Eel River country. Fifteen years ago the site of the town was a dense redwood forest.

FIELDS LANDING.

South Bay or Fields Landing is situated on the deep water of the bay, about seven miles from Eureka, with which city it is connected by the Eureka and Eel River

BLUE LAKE.

Eight miles from Arcata, on the Arcata and Mad River railroad, is the lumbering town of Blue Lake. The town has a population of seven or eight hundred, and is situated in the midst of very picturesque scenery. While the town derives its chief support from lumbering, there is a rich farming country tributary to it. The climate is particularly warm and sunny.

HYDESVILLE.

At an elevation of 500 feet above the level of Eel River, on a pretty potrero, is located the town of Hydesville. It is about twenty-two miles from Eureka, and is the northern terminus of the stage route from Ukiah in Mendocino to

Residence of P. J. Peterson, Ferndale

Residence of J. Rasmussen, Ferndale

FERNDALE RESIDENCES.

Stump|Twenty-two Feet in Diameter

Logging with Stationary Engine

The Undercut, about Seventeen Feet in Diameter

Logging Trains on the Eureka & Kalmath Railroad

On the Ways to the Saw

Redwood Forest on Eel River

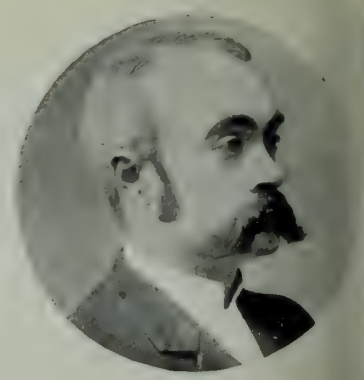
Remnant of a Redwood Forest

LOGGING IN HUMBOLDT COUNTY.

N. Bullock
Pres. Chamber of Commerce and P. M.

J. P. Haynes
1st Vice-Pres. Chamber of Commerce

J G. Loverin
2d Vice-Pres. Chamber of Commerce



C. P. Soule
Treas Chamber of Commerce

George A. Kellogg
Sec'y Chamber of Commerce

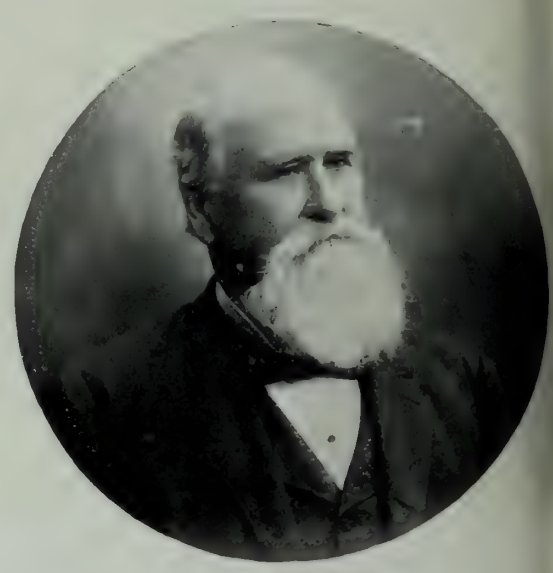
H. L. Ricks
Trustee Chamber of Commerce

J. C. Bull, Jr.
Trustee and Builder of Jetties

H. L. Ford
Federal Court Commissioner

John W. Henderson

John M. Vance



S. M. Buck

Denver Sevier

George Rolley

G. R. Georgeson

F. W. Georgeson

Dr. C. G. Barrett

Dr. C. H. Bulson

Dr. Endicott

S. S. Crowe

REPRESENTATIVE BUSINESS MEN OF EUREKA.

Masonic Temple

Arcata School

The Wharf at Arcata

Store of J. E. Crawford

Arcata from the South

VIEWS OF ARCATA, HUMBOLDT COUNTY.

Panorama of Eureka

High School, Eureka

Vance House

F Street. Looking East from First

Humboldt County Bank

Catholic Church

House

Bank of Eureka

First Baptist Church

Second Street. Looking West from the Vance House

Third, Street Looking East from E

Uniform Rank, Knights of Pythias

PROMINENT BUSINESS AND PROFESSIONAL MEN OF EUREKA.

DAVID EVANS, Mayor of Eureka, was born in Wales in 1838. He followed the sea in early life, coming to Mobile Bay in 1854, drifting back and forth, arriving in California in 1837. Went to Frazer River during the gold excitement, returning to Humboldt County in 1861, and has been engaged in the lumber business ever since; his first venture with Mr. McKay is now known as the Occidental Mills. He also built the Dolbeer and Carson Mills, and a number of other mills. For the past thirteen years he has been connected with the Excelsior Redwood Mills. Mr. Evans takes a great interest in the welfare of Eureka, and devotes a great deal of his time to devising improvements. Mr. Evans was recently re-elected for his second term as Mayor, thus showing his popularity.

A. C. DAUPHINY, one of the newly elected City Councilmen, was born in Stillwater, Minn., has been a resident of Humboldt County for twenty-eight years, and has been in the grocery business for fourteen years. Mr. Dauphiny was Chief Engineer of the Fire Department for several years, and is entitled to great credit for increasing the efficiency of the department. Mr. Dauphiny is married and has four children.

HENRY A. POLAND, a member of the City Council, and the only member of the old board that was re-elected, is a native of Maine, coming to Eureka in 1892. Mr. Poland was engaged for ten years in the milling business in Philadelphia before coming to Humboldt County. During the past four years he has been in the sporting goods business, in which he has been very successful. Mr. Poland is married and has two sons.

DR. R. GROSS, recently elected a member of the City Council, has been a resident of Eureka since 1875, and for a long period a trustee of the Chamber of Commerce, being one of the most active and progressive members, devoting much of his time to the advancement and improvement of the city. He is at present dyking a large tract of marsh land of about 700 acres. Dr. Gross is a native of New Brunswick, and graduated from the University of Glasgow in 1862, also holding a diploma from the Royal College of Surgeons of the city of Edinburgh. Dr. Gross has a very large and lucrative practice.

J. G. LOVERIN, Second-Vice-President of the Chamber of Commerce, is a native of Deering, New Hampshire, born in May, 1850. The early years of his life were spent in his father's sawmill on the Comstock river, thus acquiring the rudiments of mill business. When he became of age he took a business course in the Waveland University of Wis-

Residence of Mayor Evans, Eureka.

consin. On graduating he went to Oshkosh, Wis., and engaged in milling. He came to Humboldt county in 1874 and engaged in the mill business. Mr. Loverin introduced to the millmen of Humboldt many improvements in mill machinery, going East in 875 and having constructed the first gang-edger that ever cut a redwood board, all lumber being edged by hand up to that time. Mr Loverin was also one of the first who started the agitation for terminal rates, and it was granted only after a very vigorous effort on the part of the millmen. The market in the East for redwood shingles was brought about greatly by the active and personal efforts of Mr. Loverin, he having made as many as seventeen trips to the Eastern States, visiting all the lumber men, and finally getting them to substitute redwood for pine. He has thousands of correspondents all over the United States. Mr. Loverin not only handles shingles, but all other redwood manufactures, and predicts a great future for Humboldt county in its redwood productions.

JOHN C. BULL JR. of Arcata is a native of Boston, born in 1840. He came to California in 1850, going to Humboldt County in 1856. Mr. Bull has always taken a great interest in county affairs, and was Sheriff of the county for a number of years. He is a large land-owner, and is extensively engaged in stock raising, supplying all of Arcata district with meats. Mr. Bull is also one of the Trustees of the Humboldt Chamber of Commerce, and has recently completed the building of the jetties, it having taken about six years of continuous work to do so, for which the Government paid him $1,300,000. Mr. Bull deserves great credit for the faithful performance of this contract, as other contractors failed, although they were paid 50 per cent more than the price Mr. Bull agreed to do the work for.

JOHN VANCE, founder of the Vance Mill and Lumber Company.—John Vance was born in Nova Scotia in 1819 and came to California in 1850. In February, 1852, he arrived in Humboldt county, engaging in the lumber business. Mr. Vance secured several thousand acres of the finest redwood timber land in the county on Mad river and erected a mill thereon in 1875. In 1882 Mr. Vance erected the Vance block, including the hotel, which has for years been the principal hotel of Eureka. In connection with his lumbering business he found it expedient to own a fleet of vessels, and he had the *Uncle John*, *Oceania Vance*, *Lizzie Vance* and *Sparrow* built and constantly employed in transporting the product of his two mills, shipping to Australia, Tahiti and the Hawaiian Islands. Mr. Vance was one of the original stockholders and first President of the Eel River and Eureka Railroad. In 1888 Mr. Vance was elected Mayor of Eureka and re-elected in 1890. Under his administration there were many improvements, new streets opened, the sewer system extended and more lights provided, and the city materially advanced. In his death Eureka and Humboldt county lost one of its most progressive and energetic citizens.

JOHN M. VANCE, President of the Eel River and Eureka Railroad is a native of New Brunswick. He arrived in California in 1866, coming to Eureka in that year, and became identified with the lumber and milling business, continuing in that line for fifteen years. He succeeded his uncle, John Vance, as President of the Eel River and Eureka Railroad about 1891, and has filled that office during the past eight years. Under his management the road has been very successful, many improvements having been introduced, and it is now one of the best paying railroads in the State.

HIRAM LAMBERT RICKS, a native son, born in Eureka in 1859, son of Pioneer C. S. Ricks. Mr. Ricks has resided continuously in Eureka since his birth, and is Superintendent of the Ricks Water Works, of which he owns one-half of the stock, and is also manager of the Ricks estate, which owns the largest amount of improved real estate in Eureka. Mr. Ricks is married, having four children—two boys and two girls.

SAMUEL S. CROWE, born in Jeffersonville, Ind., in 1861. Mr. Crowe remained there until 1874, when he went to St. Louis, where he learned his trade. Going to Honolulu in 1876 he engaged in the contracting business, remaining there two years. Mr. Crowe came to Eureka in 1892, resuming his business of contractor and builder, having constructed some of the largest buildings in Eureka, notably the Carson Block and the Jones Block, and reconstructed the new Revere Hotel.

F. W. GEORGESON, Cashier Humboldt County Bank. Born in Scotland. He came to California when a boy. Commenced a business career in the mercantile line in Sonoma and Mendocino counties, finally coming to Humboldt about twenty years ago, after which he was engaged in the wool business in San Francisco for ten years. Has traveled extensively all over the Pacific Coast, and has a large circle of business acquaintances.

GEORGE A. KELLOGG, Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, is a native of Belvidere, Boone County, Ill., born March 24, 1853. Coming to Trinity County, California, in 1859, remaining there for twenty years, when he came to Humboldt County. Mr. Kellogg was elected Auditor and Recorder for four successive terms, and has held many positions of trust, being Secretary of the Eel River and Eureka Railroad and Secretary of the Vance Mill and Lumber Company. At the present time he is Secretary of the Shingle Manufacturers' Association and also Secretary for the Chamber of Commerce.

CHARLES P. SOULE, born at Winslow, Maine, in 1851, attended the Colby College at Waterville, coming to California in 1867. Mr. Soule has had considerable experience in the banking line, having filled different positions in the Bank of California and the bank at Virginia, also Bank of California agency at Hamilton, Nevada, and the banking firm of Paxton, Curtis & Co. of Reno, Nev. Mr. Soule was one of the incorporators of the Bank of Eureka and the Savings Bank of Humboldt County, of which banks he has since remained as Cashier and Director. He is also Treasurer for the Humboldt Chamber of Commerce.

ROBERT L. HAUGHEY, who has recently purchased the Loverin mill, showed a considerable business tact in getting hold of an institution so well known, it having been established in 1874, and is without doubt better known throughout the Eastern States than any other mill in Humboldt County. Mr. Haughey is a native of Indiana, but has been located in Leadville, Colo., for nineteen years, but for the past three years has been engaged in the lumber business. Mr. Haughey's mill handles about 30,000,000 shingles and 5,000,000 feet of lumber yearly.

G. R. GORGESON, one of the most active and progressive of Eureka's citizens, is the subject of this sketch. Mr. Georgeson is a native of Scotland, but arrived in Humboldt County when but 17 years of age, and has resided there ever since. Mr. Georgeson is considered the best judge of real estate values, and acts as agent for several large estates. He is also agent for Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express, and for the Liverpool, London and Globe Insurance Company, the German-American Insurance Company, and the New England Mutual Life Insurance Company.

N. BULLOCK is a native of Orleans county, New York. Mr. Bullock came to Eureka in 1860, and became engaged in the lumber and cattle business, afterwards becoming identified with the firm of Russ & Co., continuing in business with them for twenty-five years. Mr. Bullock was appointed Postmaster, and is President of the Chamber of Commerce, which office he has held for two terms.

WARREN JONES, one of Eureka's most successful merchants, is a native of Ohio, came to California in 1861, remaining in San Francisco until 1891, when he came to Eureka. In 1874 he started the first shoe store in Eureka, being part of the building owned by Mr. Jones and known as the Jones Block, corner of Third and F streets. By strict attention to business Mr. Jones has built up the largest business in that line in the city. Mr. Jones now has his two sons associated with him in the business. On another page we give a photo of his place of business, as also his residence, which is considered one of the finest in Eureka.

JUDGE S. M. BUCK, one of Eureka's leading attorneys, is a native of Maine. Coming to San Francisco on April 1, 1856, he later went to Tuolomne County and did some mining. In 1859 he was elected to the Legislature from Tuolomne County. In 1861 he came to Humboldt County, where he has since resided and been practicing law, and is recognized as the leading corporation attorney in the county.

HENRY L. FORD, a native son, born in Mendocino County. His father was captain of one of the companies under Colonel Stevenson that raised the Bear flag. Mr. Ford studied law under Judge Wilson, and has practiced law in Eureka for the past ten years, paying particular attention to mining litigation. Mr. Ford was appointed Federal Court Commissioner for Humboldt County.

DENVER SEVIER, son of a pioneer was born in Eureka in 1860. He adopted the legal profession, and has been practicing law since 1889. Mr. Sevier is one of the attorneys for the Eel River and Eureka Railroad in their series of law suits and has acted as counsel in a number of very important cases.

GEORGE T. ROLLEY, the attorney for the Public Administrator, was brought by his parents from Morris, Ill., where he first saw the light of day on February 5, 1874, locating in Fortuna, being a resident of the county since that date. Mr. Rolley studied law under Senator Gillett, and was admitted to the bar June 27, 1895, since which time he has been quite successful in a number of important and intricate suits.

Dr. C. H. BULSON, whose photograph appears in another column of this paper, has recently located in Eureka. The doctor was formerly a resident of this county, being the son of the late Dr. H. R. Bulson, a former well-known practitioner of Eureka. Dr. Bulson left Humboldt County to enter the Cooper Medical College of San Francisco, where he attended two years, leaving that institution to go East and complete his medical studies, graduating at the Cross Medical College (Department of the Rocky Mountain University) in 1889, and was honored by being elected President of the Alumni Association. After graduating he joined his father, who had removed to Stockton, where he has practiced continuously during the last ten years. In 1893 the doctor spent the winter attending the Chicago Post Graduate Medical College. On his return he was elected Superintendent of the City and County Hospital of Stockton, San Joaquin County, serving two years. At the expiration of his term of office he went to New York, taking post graduate courses at the New York Polyclinic and Post Graduate Medical School, besides special courses of instruction under the leading surgeons and specialists of that city. Dr. Bulson's qualifications and experience insures for him a liberal share of the patronage of the people of Humboldt County.

DR. R. H. ENDICOTT, whose portrait appears on another page, is recently from Stockton, this State, where he has been engaged in the practice of his profession for a number of years. The doctor has permanently located in Eureka, where he will continue to practice medicine and surgery. During his twenty-four years of residence in this State, he has been busily engaged in his professional work. His

Warren Jones' Residence, Eureka.

many patients and friends speak in the highest terms of his skill and ability. The doctor is a native of Missouri, and received his medical education in the leading medical colleges of St. Louis and the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Iowa. We bespeak for the doctor a liberal patronage from the people of Humboldt, knowing that they will find in him not only a skilled physician, but a true, honorable gentleman and friend.

DR. C. G BARRETT is a native of Ohio, but came to California in the early '60's. Soon after arriving at his majority he took up the study of dentistry, and practiced for twelve years in Sacramento and Oregon. Coming to Eureka about five years ago, Dr. Barrett by his professional skill and strict attention to his business has acquired a reputation second to none in Humboldt County.

THE VANCE HOUSE.—The traveling public will be pleased to learn that Mr. Pardee, the popular host of the above well-known caravansary, is about to make a number of improvements and additions to the hotel. The large increase of travel has made this necessary. Mr. Pardee proposes to add a number af rooms, building a new story, and completely refurnishing and renovating throughout. This hotel has always set a table that was replete with the good and appetizing products of Humboldt County, not overlooking the different kinds of game in their season.

W. A. McNAMARA.—The picture of Mr. McNamara's "Blue Front" store on another page hardly does it justice, as it does not show the large interiors of both stores, one facing Second street and the other F street. Mr. McNamara, the peoprietor, succeeded his father in the business about ten years ago, and has made quite a success. For a city of the size of Eureka, Mr. McNamara carries a very large and assorted stock, and keeps up to the times on all the latest styles of clothing and gent's furnishings in everything appertaining to men's wearing apparel. The "Blue Front" is one of the best-known stores throughout the county.

J. E. CRAWFORD, one of Arcata's most prosperous business men, is a native of Knox County, Ill., coming to Humboldt in 1874. In 1885 Mr. Crawford established a general merchandise store, and by strict attention to business and fair dealings he has built up one of the largest trades in that part of the county, the business growing to such an extent that he has established a branch store at Blue Lakes under the management of his son, Mr. E. A. Crawford. A cut of Mr. Crawford's place of business is published on another page.

Residence of S. F. Pine, Eureka

Business Interests of Humboldt County.

BANK OF EUREKA.

The Bank of Eureka and Savings Bank of Humboldt County were incorporated October 4, 1889. They erected the handsome building which they now occupy jointly, during the winter of 1899-90, and opened their doors for business July 1, 1890. Both banks are owned by the same stockholders, and the officers are identical—neither officers nor directors have ever been changed. The capital stock of the Bank of Eureka is $200,000 subscribed; paid in, $100,000; surplus and undivided profits, $40,016. Its officers are: William Carson, President; J. Dollison, Vice-President; C. P. Soule, Cashier; L. T. Kinsey, Assistant Cashier. Directors, William Carson, Allen A. Curtis, Robert Porter, J. K. Dollison, Alex. Connick, A. Berding, C. P. Soule. Correspondents in San Francisco, London, New York and Chicago.

We give herewith the nineteenth semi-annual statement of condition at close of business June 30th:

ASSETS.

Cash on hand	$ 81,143 85	
Due from banks	154 9 4 62	$286,658 45
Bonds		55 775 00
Loans		233,789 83
Bank premises and fixtures		15,287 28
Other real estate		8,228 15
Other assets		1 107 50
		$ 550,846 32

LIABILITIES,

Capital stock paid in coin	$ 100,000 00
Profit and loss	47 178 85
Due depositors	333,876 54
Due banks	67 8 3 47
Other liabilities	1 977 66
	$ 550 846 32

Nineteenth semi-annual statement of the assets and liabilities of the Savings Bank of Humboldt County, Eureka. Condition at the close of business June 30, 1899:

ASSETS.

.....	$ 76,371 18
.....	33 622 17
by first mortgages on Humboldt County	264,329 62
.....	9 452 60
.....	30,105 05
	$ 413,890 62
.....	$ 50,000 00
.....	2,670 45
to stockholders	
unt can be withdrawn	
sses during	
tion nor been paid	
.....	14,281 04
.....	339.341 43
.....	7 597 70
	$ 413 890 62

HUMBOLDT COUNTY BANK.

The Humboldt County Bank of Eureka is the only banking institution in Humboldt county, having been incorporated February 27, 1873. Capital fully paid in coin $200,000. Its officers are: J. W. Henderson, President; Josiah Bell, Vice-President; F. W. Georgeson, Cashier and Secretary; Henry Sevier, Assistant Cashier. The Directors are: J. W. Henderson, Josiah Bell, H. H. Buhne, N. Bullock, I. Cullberg, J. M. Carson, H. W. McClellan, John M. Vance and S. W. McFarland. The bank does a general banking business. Its paincipal correspondents are: The Bank of California, San Francisco; Laidlaw & Co., New York; Merchants' Loan and Trust Company, Chicago, and N. M. Rothschild & Sons, London, England. Drafts are issued payable in the principal cities of Great Britain and Continental Europe. We give herewith statement of condition at close of business August 19, 1899:

RESOURCES.

Cash on hand	$ 83 277 01
Due from banks	177 454 92
Bonds	104,547 00
Loans and discounts	180,670 27
Real estate	55 370 38
Other resources	4 509 44
	610,829 02

LIABILITIES

Capital stock paid up	$ 200 000 00
Due depositors	301.019 64
Due banks	77 647 04
Profit and loss	37,503 49
Other liabilities	4,657 95
	$ 6 0,829 02

THE EUREKA LIGHTING COMPANY.

The city of Eureka is well supplied with gas and electricity by the Eureka Lighting Company. This company has spared neither trouble nor expense in the construction of its plants, and has now large modern works able to supply towns much larger than Eureka. Its electric light equipment consists of nine boilers of a nominal capacity of 675 horse power and four fine modern engines of single cylinder, high-speed, automatic cut-off type, having a nominal capacity of 650 horse power. There are four Westinghouse alternators of sixty kilowatt capacity each; one General Electric 100 kilowatt mono-cycle generator, which is used both for lighting and for motor service, and in addition to this the company has in reserve six arc machines, having a capacity of 270 lights. The company is furnishing from the mono-cycle machine an all-day and all-night current, which is run constantly from Monday morning at 7 o'clock to Saturday night at 11. There are only four cities in the State which are running a day current, so that Eureka stands very well as compared with other towns in regard to facilities for lighting and power during the day time. The gas works consist of a large brick retort house, with three benches and semi-regenerative retorts, and a 40,000 cubit foot gas holder, and about ten miles of mains. The company uses as fuel the refuse sawdust supplied by a neighboring mill, and consequently is able to maintain the very low rate it charges consumers. Sacramento is often cited as a town where cheap electric power may be secured, but the Eureka Lighting Company is furnishing its patrons with power at no higher price than that charged by the water power companies supplying Sacramento.

BENDIXSEN'S SHIPYARDS.

Mr. H. D. Bendixsen is a native of Denmark, coming to California in 1863 and to Eureka four years later. In 1873 he established his present yard at Fairhaven, just across the bay from Eureka. Mr. Bendixsen has launched 104 vessels from his yard, mention being made elsewhere about the building of the largest vessel on the coast, the *Jane S. Stanford*, with a carrying capacity of 1,250,000 feet. Dimensions: 215 feet long, 41 feet beam and 17 feet depth of hold. In 1896 he built three schooners, the *Albert Meyer*, *Defender* and *Metha Nelson*, and two steamers, the *Alliance* and the *Humboldt*, which has since made a record for herself and builders in the northern waters. In 1897 built the steamer *Hueneme* and schooners *Wawona* and *Mildred*; in 1898 steamer *Fulton* and schooners *A. M. Baxter*, *H. D. Bendixsen* and the *James H. Brice*. The launching of the *H. D. Bendixsen* was made a great event, it being the one-hundredth vessel of his launching, the owners insisting that it be named after its builder. This year Mr. Bendixsen has launched the four-masted barkentine, *William Carson*, with a carrying capacity of 1,000,000 of lumber, and the schooner *James Rolph*, with a carrying capacity of 750,000 feet. There are now on the stocks a four-masted schooner for Charles Nelson, a steamer called the *Dispatch* for Gray & Mitchell and an oil barge, the first of a fleet for the Union Oil Company, later on the keel of a steamer 220 feet long, 38 feet beam and 17 feet depth will be commenced. Mr. Bendixsen is very particular as regards his lumber for construction, having it cut per special order and attending to the seasoning personally.

A MODERNIZED HOTEL.

The Revere House of Eureka Is Now a First-Class Hostelry.

Eureka now has a hotel building of which it should be justly proud. The improvements which have been carried on at the Revere House on First and E streets during the past several months are at last completed, and the new building stands to-day not only as an ornament to our city's business portion, but also as a monument to the buainess enterprise of its proprietors, Messrs. Ed and Clarence Kramer.

The improvements have been varied and extensive, involving an outlay of $12,000, all of which, as far as practicable, was spent in our midst. The annex, which has just been completed, is but a continuation of the old building on First street. The hotel now fronts on E street instead of First street.

It is a three story frame building with a beautifully decorated front, the entrance of which is ornamented by double swinging plate glass doors which lead into a large and airy business office. To the right of the main entrance are the stairs which lead to the large and sunny rooms of the upper stories for the accommodation of the guests. The hotel now has 130 rooms and is capable of holding 200 people. There is a fine large newly furnished cafe under the management of W. G Schroeder, which is a sufficient guarantee of the cuisine department.

The old rooms adjacent to the bar, including the dining-rooms and the barroom, are fitted up as sample rooms for the use of the many commercial travelers who patronize the hotel. Part of this space is used as a billiard, pool and card room. The hotel throughout is lighted by electric incandescent bulbs, and the woodwork is finished in most places with native pine, an unusual thing in this railroad section.

The halls are heavily carpeted and are wide and airy, always full of sunshine and kept in a most orderly manner.

One of the attractive features of the sleeping rooms is the artistic taste displayed in the harmony of coloring, there being no marked contrast in the covering of the walls and the floors, the papering and carpeting according in perfect taste with the surroundings.

The hotel's general appearance, both on the interior and exterior, stamps it as a modern, first-class hotel in every particular. The proprietors have imitated the San Francisco style of hotel building by tiling both the entrance to the office and the eating cafe, and also by adding fire escapes at several points for the safety of the guests in case of fire.

The proprietors of the new Revere House may be justly proud of the work which they have accomplished. The Messrs. Ed and Clarence Kramer are well known in this city, and, in fact, all over the State as the most royal entertainers of the traveling public throughout northern California. They received the business from their father, George Kramer, the veteran hotel man of Eureka, about six years ago, when he decided to retire. Since that time they have from time to time improved their heritage, until it now stands as a hotel without a peer in this part of the State.

GRIZZLY BLUFF CREAMERY.

This creamery was established in 1890, but was destroyed by fire in 1896. Having profited by their experience with the former creamery, a new one was built with all the latest and improved machinery with labor-saving devices, having three Alpha separators with a capacity of 2,500 pounds of milk each, making a total of 7,500 pounds of milk per hour. The creamery receives as high as 3,000 pounds of milk during the busy season. This creamery has forty-seven patrons, who supply the milk, of which twenty-six show a butter test above 4 per cent, showing that in this part of the valley the cows are improving very much over former years.

In connection with the creamery, they also make a very fine grade of cheese; in fact, about the finest shipped to the San Francisco market, bringing the highest prices. This cheese is made from morning's milk only, using during the busy season an average of 5,000 pounds daily. To work the creamery they have one of the finest 1,500 horse-power engines and a 20 horse-power boiler. Like all other creameries, they conduct a large hog ranch, which is supplied with the skim milk, the waste water being pumped a mile and a half away to the Eel river.

The views on another page, showing the interior working of a creamery, are taken from the Grizzly Bluff, but are similar to those of all other creameries, showing how hand labor is dispensed with, it all being done by gravitation. The milk is hauled by machinery from the wagon where it is emptied in a larger can on scales giving the weight; from there to the separators, whence the cream flows to the cream vat, thence to the churns, the waste milk flowing off to the tanks. The officers and directors of the Grizzly Bluff, all men who thoroughly understand the dairy and creamery business, are: George Sweet, President; J. Davenport, Vice-President; G. C. Barber, manager and Secretary; C. Boynton, Treasurer, and James Lawson.

EXCELSIOR CREAMERY.

This creamery was built in 1893 by an association, but not composed of all dairymen. In 1895 it was bought out by the dairymen of the district and formed into a corporation, and now makes about the largest amount of butter made by any creamery in the county. During the month of May, 1899, they received 1,054,619 pounds of milk, that being the largest receipts for any month, the product of that amount of milk being 44,505 pounds of butter.

The first six months of this year the receipts of milk were 3,475, 503 pounds, making 149 358 pounds of butter, the average amount of milk received daily being about fourteen tons. On June 5, 1899, the largest number of squares of butter was made, being 984. The creamery runs the whole year round and has a 15 horse-power engine with a 20 horse-power boiler and four Alpha separators, each having a capacity of 2,500 pounds of milk per hour. Under the able management of Mr. J. Nisson the returns are giving great satisfaction to its stockholders.

FERNDALE CREAMERY.

This well-known creamery was established in 1890 by a corporation known as the Ferndale Creamery Company, and was one of the first to adopt the new and modern machinery now in use by all the creameries. They handle on an average about 22,000 pounds of milk daily. Mr. P. J. Peterson is president and manager and M. L. Erickson is secretary.

EEL RIVER CREAMERY.

This creamery is incorporated with Charles Ragli as president and C. De Carli secretary and manager, and was established in 1892, being the third creamery built in this district. It has all the modern and latest improvements, with an engine having twelve horse power, and a boiler of sixteen. It requires three separators with a capacity of over 6,000 pounds of milk per hour to attend to the supply of milk received here. This creamery has received as high as 40,000 pounds of milk in one day during the busy season, the average being about 24,000 pounds and making about 1,000 pounds of butter. The Eel River Creamery was awarded first prize in 1896 in competition with the creameries all over the State, and the butter is kept up to that standard all the time.

THE EEL RIVER & EUREKA RAILROAD.

The Eel River and Eureka Railroad is the principal and most valuable railroad line in Humboldt County. The Eel River and Eureka Railroad Company was incorporated in the year 1882, and the road completed and opened for traffic in August of 1884. It was built entirely with local capital, is of standard guage on a first-class roadbed, and is well eqipped with the most modern of rolling stock. Its land or present southern terminus is at the entrance of the Van Duzen Valley, constituting the key to this rich and beautiful valley, which contains one of the finest and most extensive bodies of redwood on the Pacific Coast. Its present northern terminus is at tide water on Humboldt Bay, within the corporate limits of the city of Eureka, where the company owns a valuable depot site of sufficient size to accommodate its fast growing business for years to come, and the finest wharf on Humboldt Bay with a frontage of 600 feet, where ocean steamers conveniently load.

The road runs from Eureka, the county seat, a prosperous and growing city of 1,500 people, in a southerly direction, with about thirty miles of track to Burnell's, its land terminus at the gateway of the Van Duzen Valley. It traverses Eel River Valley, a rich agricultural and dairying district, the most fertile in Northern California, for nearly two-thirds the entire distance, and is carrying on the largest local business for a road of its length on the Pacific Coast. The road has a profitable and growing lumber trade, and its agricultural freights are large, besides having a splendid local traffic.

The Eel River and Eureka road is joined at Alton by the Pacific Lumber Company's road, which adds twelve miles to it and contributes to the manufactures of Scotia, where is located one of the finest redwood lumber plants in California, and a shingle mill with a daily capacity of 350,000 shingles. This road commands the entrance of upper Eel River Valley, with its wealth of timber and its wonderful possibilities for agriculture and fruit growing, up which it can be extended for some sixty miles further at a reasonable cost. Near the town of Fortuna the Eel River and Eureka road is joined by the road of the Eel River Valley Lumber Company, which contributes the product of a large lumbering mill to the traffic, and penetrates a fine body of redwood timber which will take years to exhaust. A few miles north of Fortuna the Eel River Company is constructing a branch line up Palmer Creek, which taps another extensive body of fine timber. Passing through its tunnel under Table Bluff, which is over 1,900 feet in length, the Eel River and Eureka road is joined by the branch line from the Milford Land and Lumber Company's lumber mill, which commands the entrance to over a hundred million feet of redwood timber on the upper waters of Salmon Creek. Next, it is joined by the Bucksport and Elk River Railroad, which runs through the rich farming and dairying lands of Lower Elk River, and penetrates the fine redwood forest on the upper waters of that stream, where is located another lumber mill.

(Continued on page 27.)

Residence of Mrs. Isabella Shaw, Ferndale

Diamond Springs Creamery

Red Roll Creamery

Salmon Creek Station

Crown Creamery

Herrick Station

Port Kenyon Station

C. A. Eastman, Secretary

Warehouse, Residence, Office and Creamery at Lolet

Fred D. Smith, President

Humboldt Creamery, the Pioneer on the Pacific Coast

Group of Stations and Creameries comprising

COLD BROOK CREAMERIES

Having the largest output of Dairy Product of the Pacific Coast.

C. E. WHITNEY & CO., San Francisco Agents

CONSTRUCTING THE JETTIES AT EUREKA.

Exports and Imports.

There are a variety of other manufacturing interests carried on in Humboldt, some of them in their infancy, but all in a flourishing condition. Lumber has already been dealt with at length, the same applying to creamery products, and to canning. The following list of Humboldt county exports for the year ending December 31, 1898, compiled from the tables prepared by the Humboldt Chamber of Commerce will give a idea of the manufactures now established together with the output of each individual industry.

Annual Report of the Board of Harbor Commissioners of the Exports and Imports to and from Port of Eureka for the year ending Dec. 31, 1898, as compiled by the Secretary.

EXPORTS.

DOMESTIC PORTS. — LUMBER ALL KINDS. — FOREIGN PORTS.

To What Port Shipped.	Lumber, Ft.	Shingles, M	Shakes, M	Feet	Value	To What Port	Lumber, M	Shingles, M	Feet	Value	Total Ft. Foreign	Total Ft. F. & D.	Total Val. F. & D.
San Diego	4,765,801	10,984½	778¼	6,114,585	$73,374 23	Hawaiian Islands	5,791,496	3,362	6,127,696	$71,328 17			
Redondo	1,585,763	5,796¾	300	2,265,438	27,119 57	Australia	3,677,031	882½	3,765,281	60,503 79			
Newport	3 307,451	96,899	635	13,209,018	158,090 18	Panama	178,370		178,370	7,302 86			
Santa Barbara	150,960	189½	28	179,243	2,150 90	Mexico	232,576		232,576	2,939 76			
Ventura	81,7489	809	82¾	925,955	11,114 60	China	440,168		440,168	2,544 20	10,744,091	123,006,025	$1,373,511 06
Moss Landing			333¾	111,222	2,331 00								
San Pedro	15,802,979	46,151¾	2.461	21,238,487	254,632 87								
San Francisco	48,307,643	163,780	7,942¾	67,333,198	686,998 61								
Pt. Blakeley, Wash	28,500			28,500	427 00								
Tacoma, Wash	178,399			178,399	2,674 98								
Portland, Ore	432,098	2,458		677,889	10,068 34								
	75,377,083	327,068½	12.561½	112,261,934	$1,228,982 28		10,319,641	4,244½	10,744,091	$144,618 78			

IMPORTS.

From Domestic Ports, Principally San Francisco and Portland, Ore.

General Merchandise	Coal	Totals
Tons Meas. 36,338¾	1,256	37,594¾
Value $1,616.943	$8,792	$1,625,725

PASSENGERS.

Incoming Number	6,159
Outgoing Number	6,087
Total	12,246
Gain	72

Estimated Freight and Passenger Earnings.

Lumber, Domestic	$448.445 48
Lumber, Foreign	82,930 12
Other Products	103,628 00
	$625,003 60
Passengers	81,645 00
Total Earnings	$706,648 60

EXPENDITURES.

Commissioners	$964 65	Total	...Humboldt County
Harbor Master	930 00	1,894 65	.....City of Eureka

SUMMARY.

Exports 123,006,025 feet Lumber, valued at	$1,373,511 06
14,224 tons measurement, other products	1,396,452 00
Total Exports	$2,769,963 06
Imports 37,594¾ tons Merchandise and Coal	1,625,735 00
Excess of Exports over Imports	$1,144,228 06

EXPORTS.

Section	Articles.	Weight Lbs.	Value $
Animal Products	Butter, Cheese, Condensed Milk, and Condensed Cream	4,171,650	933,270
	Meats, Lard and Tallow	470,190	27,920
	Poultry and Eggs	4,770	495
	Wool	510,950	70,900
	Hides, Pelts, Furs, Tails and Bones	304,380	11,585
Animals	Live Stock	4,331,970	174,665
Fish	Fresh	819,300	20,500
	Canned and Salted	30,015	1,200
Fruit	Green	2,295,650	29,405
	Canned and Dried	120,725	7,100
Grain	Oats	1,288,500	16,000
	All other	387,600	3,000
Vegetables	Potatoes	4,516,070	45,000
	Peas	706,750	10,500
	All other	32,475	1,590
Mdse., &c.	Household Goods	323,750	17,500
	Merchandise	2,209,150	25,670
Manufactures	Leather	255,900	51,700
	All other	316,800	12,775
Miscellaneous	Junk	303,000	2,400
	Miscellany	1,877,000	16,100
	Total, except Lumber	25,275,995	1,482,185
Lumber	Feet, 128,291,255	305,997,300	1,802,330
	Grand Totals	421,273,295	3,284,515

In the foregoing Lumber Exports are included the following Foreign Lumber Exports.

No. of Cargoes	Net Tonnage	Country or Seaport.	Feet	Weight Lbs.	Value
20	5,474	Hawaiian Islands	6,421,746	20,068,000	$75,285 38
8	4,128	Australia	3,768,223	13,188,780	60,507 76
1	218	Mazatlan, Mexico	232,576	755,875	2,939 37
1	560	Shanghai, China	440,168	1,430,550	7,322 36
1	183	Panama, U. S. of Col	178,370	579,600	2,544 20
31	10,563		11,041,083	36,022,805	$148,599 10

The Wool Clip for season of 1899 will be about 750,000.

The Duke of Bedford is credited with having the largest net income of the nineteen great landlords of London. Much of the Westminster estate—including Belgrave Square, Eaton Square and the adjacent streets—is still on lease, but Lord Belgrave ought to eventually have an enormous revenue. A result of the monopoly that exists in the world's genteel capital is that not a dozen Peers, and probably not as many Commoners occupy their own freehold houses. For this reason, as wealthy men naturally do not care to build palaces on leased land, London lacks the magnificentmansions which it would otherwise have. Even the occupants of Stafford and Montagu Houses are not the freeholders. The former was built by a Royal duke on Crown land, and the late Duke of Buccleuch only built Montagu House after obtaining such a long lease that he felt justified in erecting so palatial a structure.

Patent leather has fallen into disgrace. Footgear of any kind nowadays has to be varnished.

H. D. BENDIXSEN'S SHIP YARD.

Panorama of Ferndale *Cripper Photo*

Methodist Church and Parsonage

Ferndale School

Main Street and Pythian Castle

Catholic Church and Presbetery

Congregational Church *Photo by Ralph Bugber*

VIEWS OF FERNDALE, HUMBOLDT COUNTY.

Kuss, Early & Williams' Establishment

G. Brice's Livery Stable

Ferndale Bank

H. H. Hatch's Establishment

Milwaukee Saloon

American Hotel

Ferndale Hotel

PROMINENT BUSINESS HOUSES OF FERNDALE.

Fortuna Merchandising Co.

Greig's Stables

Residence of Mr. Newel

Residence of Mr. Swortlze

Star Hotel

Swortzel's Mill

FORTUNA BUSINESS HOUSES AND RESIDENCES

RIVERS OF HUMBOLDT COUNTY.

THE principal river in the county is Eel River, which enters the southeastern part from adjoining counties in the form of two branches, which, after flowing northwesterly about thirty miles in nearly parallel directions, unite to form the main river, which continues forty miles further and empties into the ocean, seven miles south of Humboldt Bay. This river and its affluents constitute a magnificent river basin, in which are found much of the finest timber, the most productive agricultural land, the most fruitful orchards and the broadest ranges in northern California. It has numerous branches, the principal of which is the Van Duzen River, which also enters from an adjoining county, and flows westerly forty miles before joining Eel River. South of Eel River are Bear River and Mattole River, both having the same northwesterly course aud draining rich farming and grazing lands. Bear River reaches the ocean a short distance north of Cape Mendocino, and Mattole River a few miles south of the cape. The latter river is a considerable stream, and has an extensive basin and a valley unsurpassed for productiveness. Mad River is next in importance. It enters the county near to, and parallel with the Van Duzen, and flowing northwesterly fifty miles, reaches the ocean ten miles north of the entrance to Humboldt Bay. The valley of this stream penetrates a valuable timber belt, and the delta of Mad River is one of the richest agricultural sections of the Coast. North of this is Redwood Creek, a considerable stream flowing through a dense body of redwood and other timber. In the extreme north is the great Klamath that makes a sharp bend down into Humboldt County, receiving the Trinity from the south. The basins are heavily wooded, and there is a rich gold mining district along the streams. The only navigable stream is Eel River, which may be entered by vessels of ten to fourteen feet draft. It has a tidal affluent, called Salt River, at its delta, which is also navigable, and steamships ply between this river and San Francisco, transporting the rich products of Eel River valley.

The land area of Humboldt County is 2,244,358 acres, of which 789,476 acres are government land. The amount of land assessed is 1,293,685 acres; timber land, 900,000 acres; agricultural land, 450,000 acres; grazing land, 600,000 acres; marsh land. 35,000 acres; mineral land, 125,000 acres; desert land, zero; coast line, 140 miles.

Long distance telephone conversations, or rather a series of conversations, recently occurred between parties in New York and St. Louis. The total cost of them was said to be about $3,000; most of the talking was done at night, and the bill for one continuous conversation amounted to $716. This figure indicates that the talk must have lasted into the high-priced day hours, for anyone can converse from 8 o'clock in the evening to 6 o'clock in the morning for $600, the rate being $1 per minute. Special care was taken to avoid interruption by operators cutting into the line.

New Public School

Christian Church

Public School

Residence of Archy Campbell

Mudgett's Residence

SCHOOL HOUSES AND RESIDENCES OF FORTUNA.

Prominent Business Houses of Humboldt County.

HUMBOLDT MILLING COMPANY'S MILL, FORTUNA, was incorporated February 24, 1888, but within a year passed into the ownership of Swortzel & Williams and has continued under their management until recently, when Mr. R. R. Smith bought Mr. Williams' interest. They employ from sixty to ninety hands and manufacture in large quantities shakes, shingles, sash, doors and general house findings; they also conduct the Fortuna Electric Light Works in connection with their mill. About 1894 Messrs. Swortzel & Williams put in an electric light plant costing about $4,000 for the purpose of lighting their mill, but being naturally progressive they increased their plant, and are now supplying electricity at a lower price than anywhere else in California. Their circuit numbers about 800 incandescent lights.

FORTUNA MERCHANDISING COMPANY'S STORE. The business to which this corporation succeeded was established in 1880 by W. J. Swortzel, George W. Williams later acquiring an interest, and continuing under the name of Swortzel & Williams until August, 1895, when it was incorporated under the name of Fortuna Merchandising Company, the present officers being C. Elsmere, President; E. C. Edson, Vice-President and manager, E. M. Haight, Secretary and Treasurer. The business of this house is large and steadily increasing, the firm having been compelled to build a large warehouse to carry their immense stock.

JACOB RASMUSSEN of Ferndale, one of the incorporators of the Ferndale Creamery, was born in Denmark in 1845, and came to the United States in 1868, remaining in Iowa for a couple of years, and coming to California in 1870, since which time he has been identified with the dairy and creamery interests, and has done much to build up that industry in the Ferndale district. Mr. Rasmussen is also a director of the Ferndale Bank.

H. H. HATCH, one of Ferndale's most prominent business men, is a native of Fall River, Mass., having been born in 1840, and arriving in California in 1859, coming direct to Humboldt County. Mr. Hatch has been engaged in the wagon, carriage and agricultural implement business in Ferndale for the past quarter of a century. He is one of the Town Trustees, and takes a great interest in the welfare of the town.

THE AMERICAN HOTEL of Ferndale is a modern, up-to-date hotel of forty rooms; has sanitary plumbing and is lighted throughout with electricity. The lessees, Messrs. Eskeson & Christie, are men thoroughly versed in the hotel business. They set a first-class table, and the rates are very reasonable.

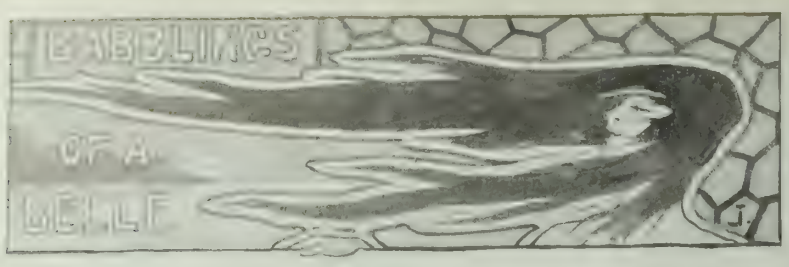
THE STAR HOTEL, owned and conducted by Henry Lane, who acquired possession in January, 1887, and has conducted it ever since. It is the only hotel in Fortuna, but that fact does not deter Mr. Lane from seeing that his guests are made as comfortable as though there was competition, his table being supplied with the best the season affords. His son George helps materially in looking out for the welfare of the guests.

THOMAS G. GREIG of Fortuna was born in Ontario, Canada, August 7, 1845, and came from that province to California in 1869 and engaged in farming for several years. In 1876 he built the livery stable which he has since conducted. Mr. Greig takes great interest in the welfare of Fortuna and the county in general, as was evidenced by his election to the important position of Public Administrator of the county, which office he now holds.

Residence of H. L. Ford, Eureka

Residence W. A. Scott, Fortuna

Residence of H. J. Ring, now in course of construction



It has been so warm this last week my dear Diary, that all I could really put my mind to with any comfort was the yacht race. I really pitied New York people, who were possibly suffering with excitement. It was too warm here for that. All I found energy to do was to ring up the evening papers to inquire the results. Arthur thinks it is shameful of me to want the *Shamrock* to win, but I do. Fancy the demonstration in England. We have had nothing but celebrations all this summer in America, and I just would like to show England how much fun it really is to win a yacht race. Hardly any of the present generation of sporting people remember their last victory, so I just want them to have another. Arthur has his "little all," as he calls it, on the *Columbia*. These days he is terribly chummy with Aunt Sybil, so I suppose he thinks that if he loses she may help him out.

Leila writes to say the excitement in New York in all the walks of life is intense. She was in Sterns' the other day on Twenty-third street. When late returns of the race were published in Madison Square, one of the shop-walkers said in a tone intense with earnestness to one of the girls, "the *Columbia* is ahead!" A hushed exclamation of joy issued from her lips, and before Leila could believe her ears the entire store was discussing the news with joy. The bellboys in the hotels and the maids, all are just as deeply interested as they were to see Dewey. It is popular now, you know, Leila says, to consider Dewey a muchly overrated man. I knew such would be the case after a while. Still he was popular long enough to have our Balboa boulevard called the Dewey instead of the Balboa as was first intended. We also have Dewey chewing gum, Dewey hats and shoes. As for dogs and cats, hardly any of the people I know have had a member of the canine tribe added to their family who has not been called "Dewey." Such is fame, however.

I went out to the links twice last week to play, and find I have contracted many very careless habits. It seems too bad that after one has been playing at golf for awhile, one becomes rather careless about details. Such has been the case with so many of the players, especially women. I become discouraged when I am told that I have fallen off in my pet stroke; still, as it is the usual thing to do so, I am foolish too feel badly about it. Oakland and San Rafael players are still increasing in their fine scores. They are so faithful, especially the men, even when they go home quite tired. If there be enough light, off they go to their links. In San Rafael it is the same way, but the enthusiasm there is shared by the girls. The McCallas, Mrs. Green, Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Crooks go in for it hot and heavy. Mrs. Kautz has been quite ill with rheumatism, so has not been able to play very much lately. I like to watch her, she is so serious about it all, and makes excellent scores most of the time.

I was delighted with the manner in which Alice Hoffman drives. It is simply a treat to see her. Therese Morgan has been spending the last ten days with Eleanor Morrow, and the two of them have been playing almost every day. Each of these girls plays quite a good game now. The Presidio links are fairly well patronized every day, and the scores made there are often very fair. I have heard that the Catalina Island links are really remarkable in every way. I think were there golf links at Golden Gate Park, Mr. McLaren, the superintendent, would contrive to have them the most perfect in the world. The recreation grounds, where they played polo last week, is really heavenly. There is a huge green meadow that suggests England. One does not expect to see so much green out of that country. I heard so many people say, "It seems a shame to let horses run over this nice grass." But run they did. Charlie Baldwin was in fine form, and made some rattling good shots. So did Tom Driscoll. I am getting a crush on him, he is such a nice fellow. The horses looked fine, especially Walter Hobart's. How he contrives to recover his strength sufficiently to play is a mystery to me. He does hit so well. That dear little Dunphy boy played splendidly I thought, too. I saw a few girls out there, but really was disappointed not seeing more, for polo is such a jolly game to watch, and there was nothing going on in town.

Peter Martin gave a dinner the night before in honor of the success his side anticipated attaining next day, at which they the men had an awfully jolly time. He is so amusing and managed to entertain the whole dinner-table. Mrs. Russel Wilson, Aunt Sybil says, had an awfully nice dinner last week. She has an excellent cook and a lovely dining room and being the sort of hostess who always brings the people together who are sure to be congenial, her dinners are most successful. Aunt Sybil intends giving a series this winter at which I shall have a chance of having my own particular crushes. I am so sorry May Kip is going to Manila with her sister Mrs. Edie; she is such a nice girl and dances well, so will be very much missed. I believe Bertha Foote is going on the same steamer with her grandmother and uncle Ben Taylor. They are to see the Orient thoroughly and will have a splendid time. Bertha is tremendously good fun and sings so well and Ben Taylor one of the sort of fellows who has the art of travel down to a very fine point. I'd like to go along too, though I have been trying to persuade papa of the necessity for my taking a trip, but he somehow does not seem to encourage it in me. Aunt Sybil was simply delighted with the meeting of the Colonial Dames at Mrs. Blakeman's this last week. It was so satisfactory she said. Mrs. Gibbon's death was very much regretted by all present, who were so fond of her. She was such an excellent secretary too. Leontine Blakeman, Charlotte Ellinwood and Ethel Keeney helped Mrs. Blakeman do the honors of receiving. The invitations for all the winter clubs are now out, so we are all full of the clothes we shall wear. Madame Baer has just returned from Europe with the latest creations and novelties. I believe we are all to wear lace gowns this winter for calling and evening, the texture of the lace being the chief difference in the gowns. I love to see the novelties and would like tremendously to order about ten imported gowns every year; unfortunately papa's finances do not permit such an extravagance in his younger daughter.

A very interesting engagenment will soon be mine to tell. She is one of the prettiest girls in town and a member of one of the oldest families. He is a dear fellow who has danced with me at every cotillion since I first came out. Now Diary, dear, try to guess who it is.

MISS CRICKET.

An engagement of considerable interest just announced is that of Miss Rose Livingston, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Livingston of Haight street, and Franklin James Hunt, an architect of San Francisco.

He Stooped to Conquer.

He stooped and picke l a handkerchief
Up from the floor near where she stood,
And bowing, said, 'Permit me," in
The bravest, courtliest way he could.

The maiden blushed and sweetly said:
"It is not mine"—he knew 'twas not!
The dainty thing he offered her
Was one that he himself had bought.

But there they stood and wondered who
Might be its owner, and before
They parted talked of much besides
What he had found upon the floor.

* * * * * *

They walk in pleasant ways to-day;
Of all mankind she loves him best;
The handkerchief is locked away,
One secret still is in his breast.

S. E. Kiser—*Chicago Times-Herald.*

Interiors of homes photographed; oil paintings copied; trade supplied with California, Chinatown and Mexican photographs; enlargements of same at resonable prices. Oscar Maurer, 220 Sutter street, San Francisco, care Passavant Printing Co. Telephone Black 1191.

EUROPEAN ART TREASURES.

Notable Salon Pictures on View in the Gump Gallery.

IF IT were not for the firm of S. and S. Gump Co., lovers of art in San Francisco would have few opportunities of seeing, much less purchasing, paintings by the great artists of Europe. Connoisseurs are well aware, though the general public is less familiar with the fact, that the Gumps are regarded by Parisian, Italian and German artists as among their most liberal and intelligent patrons. The firm has several agents who regularly make the rounds of the ateliers, and they have on several occasions been among the first to recognize and invest in the canvases of the coming man. That is a big distinction. The enterprise of this firm has made California and San Francisco familiar words in the art circles of Europe, and the remark is often made to their agents, "You must have many millionaires in San Francisco to sell so many fine and costly paintings."

There is no doubt that such enterprise as the Gumps display is an important educational factor, not only on students of painting, but upon their customers. A higher grade of paintings is continually sought in San Francisco. Five years ago the superb canvases that now hang in the art rooms at 113 Geary street would have been a bit beyond the aspiratious of the average purchaser. Now it often happens that the really fine paintings are picked up in a few days after they have been hung.

During the last few weeks there have been some notable additions to the Gump gallery. There are three new canvases by the coming man among military painters—Beauquesne. One of these, "Remnant of the Eighth Cuirassers at Morsbruvn," hung in the '99 salon, and is a superb composition, strong with the spirit and tragedy of battle. "Une Sortie" is another strenuous picture, presenting the vivid impression of a military movement with all the crowding and vigor of warlike enterprise. It is said Beauquesne's is one of the rising reputations, and that a few years hence his paintings will command double the price he now exacts. Another noble canvas in the same room as the Beauquesne is a fine study by Paul Lazerges, "Caravan Arriving at Biskra." This is a purely Oriental effect, camels and the white walls and palm trees of the city rising mysterious in the desert moonlight. Near it hangs a Julian Dupree from the last salon—a canvas with the master's familiar characteristics and an excellent example. A charming landscape by Debat Ponson hangs in this room.

The picture in this assemblage of canvases is undoubtedly the noble composition "Charles I After the Battle of Marston Moor," by Jean Guillaume Rosier. This superb canvas was awarded the gold medal of the first class at the Antwerp Exhibition of '94, and is one of the best examples of historic art ever brought to California. There is a tremendous power of delinition in the grouping of the figures, and the tragedy is expressed with the genius of the great master.

In the second gallery the intelligent visitor will be struck by a large and noble canvas by G. Maroniez—"Evening at Portel." A group of fishermen and maidens are leaning over the cliff looking at the sunset, which floods the sea with soft and lovely radiance. This picture obtained an honorable mention at the last salon, and considerably enhanced the reputation of the artist, whom at the private view the famous Jules Breton embraced with a truly French congratulation at his success. Among smaller canvases here is a lovely though modern Madonna and child—really a charming picture by Seifert; a delightful study of a young girl by A. Asti; a genre group by Schroder, "The Tale of a Wounded Cavalier"—truly a clever composition, full of feeling and delicacy.

These are but a few of the interesting and beautiful canvases in the Gump collection, which is really a liberal education in modern art.

New Books.

THE neglected natural history of California is treated in a charming manner in a pretty little book by Charles A. Keeler. "*A First Glance at the Berds*," (Elder & Shepard, publishers.) The author is plainly a lover of the feathered kind, and he goes farther than most naturalists trying to write a popular treatise, in putting his work in a setting of flexible and finished English. Even if one does not care to know the difference between the Eastern and Western robins the keen, poetic enjoyment of nature, and the feeling for outdoor life well repays the trouble of reading these fifty-odd pages. The author refutes one rooted old idea about California birds; he says that thay are singers, only we have not taken the trouble to listen for them, as have the poets and scientiste who have made the voices of New England birds famous. Then he takes us into the redwoods and the deep valleys, and proves his point. For nature books California is an unharvested field, and this little work, with its excellent printing and its pretty covers of sober gray, is the pioneer in a new line of endeavor.

"*Greater California and the Trade of the Orient*," by N. P. Chipman, is a pamphlet reprinted from the September *Overland*, and is circulated as an argument for increased attention to the development of trade between San Francisco and China. Mr. Chipman begins by stating that the term "Greater California" implies that California is great to begin with, and then devotes rather too much space to the extent of the resources of the Golden State, a thing of which every Californian is aware—or ought to be. But when he gets down to business and treats of the methods which California should employ to prevent the great bulk of the new Oriental trade from slipping past t, he becomes cogent, forceful and logical. He is emphatic on the question of American shipping. The trade, he says, must come to us in our own ships if we have to subsidize shipping to bring this about. He ends with a gentle "roast," aimed at the easy-going Californians. "If the citizens of Seattle," he says, "had the wealth of San Francisco, their alertness and intelligence would lead me to think that the battle was half lost."

A Fire-Proof Hotel.

The California Hotel is the only modern-built, absolutely fire-proof hotel in San Francisco. It is strictly first-class in every respect. Many of our best families make it their permanent home, while it is undoubtedly the favorite stopping place for tourists from all parts of the world and for our army and navy officers. General R. H. Warfield is the manager, and he has drawn about him an able corps of gentlemanly assistants, all of whom study the comfort of guests, and who are thoroughly acquainted with all the details attached to the managing of a large and first-class house. San Francisco may well feel proud of her only fire-proof hotel—the California Hotel.

It's Worse For a Woman

To suffer with skin disease than it is for a man, for a smooth skin and a clear complexion are essential elements of female beauty. When the taint of scrofula is in the blood it will be sure to show itself soon or late. Often its manifestations are as repulsive as they are painful. Many people have been cured of scrofula in its most malignant forms by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. This remedy is remarkable for its power to purify the blood. It absolutely eliminates the corrupting elements. It makes the blood clean and rich. It increases the action of the blood-making glands, and so increases the quantity of pure blood supplied to the body.

"I will forever thank you for advising me to take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery," writes Mrs. Jas. Murphy, of Fonda, Pocahontas Co., Iowa. "It has cured me of chronic scrofula, of twelve years' standing. I had doctored for the trouble until I was completely discouraged. I also had chronic diarrhea for twelve years. I am in good health now—better than I ever was in my life, owing to Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I took several bottles of the 'Discovery' before I stopped."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, a work for every woman, is sent free, on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps (to pay cost of mailing *only*), for paper edition. Cloth-bound, 31 stamps. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

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Both for the hair. FOAMO is finest Shampoo made, and QUINTONICA the great Hair Renewer.
—AT—
G. LEDERER'S,
123 Stockton Street.

THE ENTERPRISE OF SHORTY MILLER.

THE old newspaper man settled back comfortably, removed his unlighted cigar, and launched forth:

"There is no lie so hard to knock as a half-lie, and there's none so useful in the newspaper business. If you don't mind my telling you something under the seal of professional secrecy, I'll let you into the part Rupertsburg, Nebraska, that hustling little metropolis of the Middle West, took in the late war with Spain, and how the *Daily Cyclone* got the biggest scoop of its career. It was a matter of a half-lie, gentlemen, and that same half-lie made the greatest occasion in the history of the town, gave the mayor and city council a trip to Omaha, and enabled us to score one on our back-number contemporary, the *Daily Blizzard*.

"It is a scandalous fact that the town of Rupertsburg had never done anything for the war but pay for revenue stamps. We hadn't sent any company either West or East; we did'nt even have a celebration the time Cervera was knocked out. The *Daily Cyclone* had done all it could to awaken interest, but the town didn't enthuse a bit. Well, when the volunteers began to come back, and Pittsburg and San Francisco and Denver had their big celebrations, we began to wish that we had been a little more patriotic. So you can see how I felt when the news came over the wire from 'Frisco that Sergeant John Davis of the eighteenth artillery had just arrived back on sick leave and said that his home was in Rupertsburg. This same John Davis had swam the Pasig river under fire and rescued his captain and had all sorts of recommendations for bravery. I saw the story in it at once, and I put Shorty Miller on it. Gentlemen, you ought to know Shorty Miller. He is the kind of reporter that gets right down to the bottom of a story, rips its insides out, and shows up the facts to the full light of heaven. Shorty sails straight down to the mayor.

"Now the mayor of Rupertsburg was dying to take a jaunt at the expense of the commonwealth. These trips are a perquisite of the office down our way. But the graft was played out; we had the latest ideas for everything from street-sweeping to railroad franchises locked up in the hall of records, and the mayor had been hinting to us that if we had the interests of the party at heart, we'd find some way of giving him a run out of town.

"Shorty finds the mayor and shows him the scheme in all its beauty. 'It's a trip for you and the town council' says he 'and the biggest time the city ever had, and we'll carry it like a streak. All we want is a good strong interview from you on the subject and a scoop on the *Blizzard*. Now what do you think ought to be done in this case?'

"The the mayor, catching on at once, sat down and laid it out flat. He said that it was the greatest chance the town ever had to show its patriotism and to do honor to the distinguished citizen who had made the name of Rupertsburg known in the farthest wilds of the New Empire. He said that no expense should be spared in making this an ovation worthy of the coming metropolis of the Inland Empire. He laid it on thick and what he didn't say Shorty made him say when he wrote it up.

"'But who is this Davis?" says the mayor, when he was done.

"'Blamed if I know' says Shorty, 'but that makes no difference.'

'Then he went down to the office and we fixed up the great War Souvenir Edition. But we couldn't to save us, find which one of the Davis tribes the hero belonged to. In our diggings Davises are thicker than Smiths. We held the forms for two hours while the whole force chased every Davis in town, but not one of them could prove a claim or show up a photograph. We were all ready for that. We got out an old cut of somebody or other, tooled out the whiskers, put in a blouse instead of a boiled shirt, and ran it, with a border of American flags, in the middle of the front page. We had four columns double-leaded and scare heads from the job-room and sold out before nightfall. The *Blizzard* was nowhere, as usual.

"By noon, half the girls in town were in love with that picture. Next night the town council rushed through a motion to send the mayor and a committee of three with power to add to its numbers, to welcome Sergeant Davis at Omaha. It passed a-whooping, because every blame alderman knew that if he voted against it he lost his chance of being added. Then they made an appropriation to cover expenses and sent a telegram to San Francisco asking Sergeant Davis when he would reach Omaha. The answer came back next day. 'Friday,' was all it said.

"Gentlemen, the activity of the next three days was an example of what the lively little center of Rupertsburg, Nebraska, can do when it gets started. There hadn't been such decorations seen since the State Editorial Association had its convention there. Every Davis family in the burg was out hustling subscriptions and hoping to claim the star attraction for a strawberry-marked-long-lost relative. Three brass bands went into training. The girls of the town organized a ladies' drill corps and got uniforms ready in two days. The schools were promised a holiday. The boys' brigade and the Sons of Temperance got right into training. It was beautiful. And Tuesday night the committee got away. I sent Shorty Miller instead of going myself, knowing that he'd work the story for all there was in it:

"Well, sir, the overland pulled up at Omaha, and Sergeant Davis was raked out. He wasn't much to look at, but they didn't mind that.

"'Sergeant Davis, I believe?' says the mayor.

"The Sergeant said that it was, and dropped some choice cuss-words doing it, but the committee didn't mind that, either. They gave three cheers for Sergeant Davis, and then the mayor started on the speech of his life. It got along fine, with the committee cheering and the sergeant standing looking as misplaced as an *m* quad it the upper *C* case, until the mayor called him 'the hero of Rupertsburg, one of Nebraska's favorite and honored sons' and then the sergeant choked him off with a big cuss-word.

"'Nebraska—Hell,' says he. 'I come from Rupertsburg, Illinois. What's the matter with you?'

"You could have cut the silence with a knife. Then Shorty Miller laid back on the steps and laughed to think of the scoop he had. The mayor caught him just as he was heading for the telegraph office.

"'For heaven's sake, Miller, I have the biggest scandal going in the water-works department, and its all yours if you keep this dark.'

"'This is better than three scandals' says Shorty, who saw his chance.

"The mayor knew that Shorty had him, and he gave in all at once.

"'I'll give you all the facts about the leak in the treasury.'

"That was what we had been after for six months and couldn't even touch, and Shorty closed with him before he had time to take it back.

"'But, how about the *Daily Blizzard*?' says he 'They'll get this story and have us bad.'

"Now it was just like the *Blizzard* to misdirect its enterprise at that important moment. Their reporter was getting the conductor to write his impressions of Sergeant Davis and never knew what had happened.

"It was the quickest piece of work Shorty ever did. He got an alderman to lead the *Blizzard* man off to the other end of the depot, and he himself went for the sergeant, who was chewing tobacco and cussing the committee for fools. He told him what a blazing hot time we had fixed up, and asked him to keep his mouth shut and take the reception like a little man. But the sergeant said:

"'How in thunder can I keep it up? They'll get onto me.'

"Shorty was fixed for that.

"'No they won't. You take your celebration and let the girls feed you and Hobsonize you, and then you get away next morning because they want you in Washington on important business. See?'

"The sergeant didn't see. He wanted to know why the blazes—only he did'nt say blazes—they were going to run him out of his way for a one-night stand.

"'Take it or leave it' says Shorty, and then the mayor slid a part of the public appropriation into the sergeant's belt, and he was ours.

"Say, it was a triumphal procession from start to finish. There was never a hitch in the whole show. The hero of the occasion was ours for keeps after he saw the crowd. He grinned all over. Said he had gone to the Philippines hunting for excitement, but he never had a marker to that. He wanted to make a speech, but the mayor remembered the limitations of his vocabulary and cut off public scandal by announcing that Sergeant Davis had lost his voice in Luzon and couldn't speak above ordinary conversational tones.

"It was great. There was a public reception in the afternoon, and a barbecue and a night parade and fireworks. Oh, Rupertsburg is a corker when she gets to going! Shorty Miller staid with that hero like a brother, kept him still so that he wouldn't queer us by his language, slept with him that night to keep him sober and got him off on the morning train in good order. When the town woke up and the Davis families came hiking down to claim him, we had a bulletin out announcing that the heroic Sergeant Davis had been ordered to Washington by the War Department. Getting him away was the hardest job of all, but two cocktails and some more public appropriation did the trick. Just as we were getting him on the train, he turned back:

"'Wait a minute,' says he. 'This reception business is up to the limit. I'm going to telegraph to the Mayor of Rupertsburg, Illinois, that I'm coming on Tuesday. Maybe he'll have the sense to keep away from on top of me and let the girls Hobsonize me and not hang himself on my frame like that blankedly blank idiot.' He slung this at Shorty, which shows that people don't know whom they ought to be grateful to, and then he pulled out, and we nearly fainted for relief.

"Gentlemen, our write-up of the water-works scandal and our exposure of the methods of the city treasury were matters of common talk in the farthest boundaries of the inland empire, and the *Blizzard* was left so far in the rear that it suspended publication next month."

Seattle Business Directory

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E. W. HOUGHTON, architect 414-415-416-417 Collins Building

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JOHN NOGLEBERG, Artist. Established 1870. Pictures copied and enlarged, Frames made to order New stock Moulding. Studio and Fine Art Store. 1327 2d avenue

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LAMBUTH, 204-5 Pacific Block 157 Yesler Way.

AUCTIONEER.

BICKERTON & DEVITT, General Auctioneers, 1512 First ave

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DANCING CLASSES Monday and Friday evenings, Private lessons daily. Ranke Hall, 5th & Pike sts

DENTISTS.

S. R. WAGONER, 15 Haller Building.

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INFORMATION furnished regarding employes and others, capable operatives. Seattle Detective Agency. 311 Pioneer Block.

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PLUMBING, HOT WATER HEATING.

SPELLMAN, Plumbing, 215 Columbia street

PHOTOGRAPHS.

EGGAN, the Pioneer Photographer, est'd 1889, Photo Buttons, Stamp Photos, etc., 207 Pike st.

N. P. HALR, Specialty, Crayon Pictures. 1231½ Second [illegible]

PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS.

DR. FLEISCHER, Surgery, Gynecology and female diseases 201, 202, 216, 218 Washington blk

DR. G. V. CALHOUN, Starr-Boyd Building.

REAL ESTATE.

LELAND SPENCER & CO., Real Estate and Business opportunities, Basement P. I. Building

JACOB MILLER, Realty and Investment Securities Tel. 549 422 New York Block.

SLETTENGREN & ARNELL, Real Estate and Mining Brokers Room 28, Roxwell Bldg.

NELSON MACPHERSON & CO., Investment Brokers. 429 New York Block.

NICOLS & NUNN, Real Estate Investments, rooms 59 and 60, Haller Block.

S. J. TEACHNOR, Real Estate, Insurance, Loans and Rentals. Room 405 Bailey Block

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Rooms 1 and 2, 205 Cherry street.
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THE OIL INDUSTRY.

THERE has been an extravagant interest lately in Kreyenhagen stocks. This interest covers all the companies in the Kreyenhagen district. Two of the central figures of attraction are the St. Lawrence and Northfield Companies. These stocks have been in very active demand for the past ten days. The St. Lawrence Company has one of the finest rigs in the field, and is now down over 900 feet. Recently they met with a flow of water, but having an expert driller in their employ, this was easily and quickly cased off. The drill in this well at the present time is going through a hard shell, which expert oil operators will recognize as a favorable condition. The St. Lawrence people were among the first of those operating in the Kreyenhagen district to recognize that the best results in that field would be realized from deep wells and whilst they have passed through encouraging stratas of gas and oil, they have not stopped the drill on these smaller productive features, but are adhering strictly and steadily to their original idea of going down for the heavier productive oil sands. The results so far obtained have been very encouraging, and whilst naturally, there is a certain degree of secrecy and mystery about these conditions, there is found to be some leakage in the matter of information, and the knowing ones who are quick to take advantage of such information, have already begun to smell a mouse, and as a consequence all of the stocks of the contiguous properties have been eagerly sought after. There is good reason for the boom which is quietly on in this respect.

* *

There is very urgent need for a big, burly fool killer in San Francisco, whose special duty shall be the killing off of sundry and divers senseless individuals who are investing their money in fake oil companies. They are bound to come to grief, and with the loss of their dollars, will naturally decry the oil business in general as a dire, dismal deception. Some of these fake companies are spending hundreds of dollars in wild-eyed, blatant advertising, in which they assert in grandiloquent terms that they are the only people on earth who own oil territory in California. The most cursory investigation on the part of prospective investors would convince them that these claims are absolutely faithless, and demonstrate that the lands owned by these fake companies, if any, are not worth a dollar per section for oil development purposes. When these fake corporations sell stocks they sell ninety-five shares from their private holdings and five shares of actual treasury stock. All of these conditions demonstrate very clearly the absolute necessity of oil investors depending on the careful scrutinizing judgment of the Committee on Securities of the California Oil Exchange. This committee will not list any stock unless the company is a bona fide organization and owns land in well-defined oil territory. The oil investor who listens to the siren song of the fakir has only himself to blame if he wakes up some morning and discovers that his money has taken wings and flown away. In fact, the pretensions and published claims of some of these fake concerns are so extravagant and contrary to the corporation laws of the State that there is an opportunity for the State authorities to get in and call a halt on methods and procedures that can be very properly classified as highway robbery. Any one who will carefully read the prospectuses of these fake companies will comprehend the truth of these statements.

* *

The reports that keep coming in from the Kern river district show very clearly that the excitement among oil investors is steadily on the increase, as far as that section is concerned. A very large number of claims have been filed on the land lying to the northwest of the Elwood well. In fact, the country has been blanketed in that direction for miles. Of course, there are wise men at the bottom of this movement in real estate in that particular direction, and those who have listened to their astute advice may wake up some fine morning and find that they have paid too dear for their whistle. Mind you, there is no disposition on the part of the *Wave* to throw discredit on the Kern river field as an ultimate great oil producing territory, but we do discredit these wild, unrestrained rushes for particular real estate, that are the result of variegated pipe dreams on the part of would-be oil experts. Far be it from us to define the limits of any prospective oil territory, and realizing fully that oil indications may be found in many sections of what to-day is known broadly as the Kern river district, we realize also that oil, like silver in the language of Job, "runs in veins," and it is not to be expected that all of these would-be oil kings will realize their present roseate anticipations. We apprehend that the best territory in this district will be ultimately found to lie in the high hills north and south of the river. The Elwood well, located on the bank of the Kern river, has already had trouble from water, and the oil produced in the belt is very heavy in its nature, showing about 12° Beaume. A good marketable fuel oil should be as light as 22° Beaume. The well on section 33, to the north of the Elwood, in the first rise of the hills, is considerably lighter, and we make the prediction that the oil in the Kern river district will become lighter as you go into the higher hills. To those who are investing their money recklessly in the property running on northwest lines, we would say, in the language of the astute Teuton, "Look a leedle out," and be sure you are on the real oil belt, before you expend too much money.

* *

There seems to be no doubt of the future usefulness of Orange County as an oil producing section. During the past few months there have been many sales of valuable oil property in the northeastern portion of the county, and yet this would seem to be but the beginning of the oil development in this section. It has only been a few years since it was first discovered that oil existed in any quantity below the surface in this county, and then it was believed to be only in very small quantities, hardly enough to justify development. In good time, however, some capitalists had their attention attracted to this locality, and the reports of the oil experts were so flattering that several large tracts in the foothills which heretofore were only regarded as fit for pasture for sheep were bought up, and soon prospecting for oil became general in that section. Land values began to advance until the hitherto despised tracts became valuable property.

* *

Work on the Kings County group of wells is being pushed on at a rapid rate, and several of the different companies anticipate having a big find before long. The principal interest at present in this group seems to be centered in the St. Lawrence Oil and Mineral Company's property, where a well has been going down as rapidly as experienced drillers and one of the best drilling outfits in the state can put it down. Some trouble was experienced from water, but that was soon remedied and the hole is now perfectly dry and the boring going rapidly on. A reddish-brown sand, which the company feels convinced is the strata covering the oil-bearing sand, was struck last week. The well is now down deep, and if the oil is there it will soon put in an appearance. Much interest is being taken in this well, as it is the first full-depth well that has yet been put down in this group.

* *

The Kreyenhagen Land and Oil Company, which is composed mainly of Los Angeles capitalists, has great confidence in the future development of large quantities of oil on their property. They have at present a shallow well from which they are pumping a small quantity of oil. This oil, however, is a rich lubricant, and has a much higher commercial value than that of Oil City, which has an asphalt base. The company is boring a new well in the vicinity of the first, which is rapidly nearing completion, and a third will soon be started. On the Black Mountain property, which is a portion of the Kreyenhagen property, there is a derrick up and drilling will soon be in order.

The Eel River and Eureka Railroad.

Continued from page 19.

Here is a road commanding sixty miles of track, carrying the product of ten large mills, running through several fertile valleys, and tapping magnificent belts of the finest redwood timber, with the most favorable conditions for the construction of a least a hundred miles more of tributary road.

At the present time the Rel River and Eureka Railroad Company is extending a switch from its water terminal on Humboldt Bay, and it is to ultimately meet with the belt line, which is to connect San Francisco with Portland, Or.

Only the best of feeling is entertained by the various employees of the road for the company, as they have always been treated with consideration by the management, and a rule of the road which has been strictly adhered to that no reduction in wages or salaries of its employees would be adopted unless absolutely necessary has been of considerable benefit to them during the past few years of hard times when other businesses have been retrenching.

Humboldt County is an ideal spot for lovers of the rod and gnn, and the fine fishing of Yager Creek, Van Duzen and Eel River are all within a few minutes' walk from the railroad line. Lower Eel River is especially celebrated for its fishing, where are caught, with a line and fly, fish from from a fifty-pound salmon down to a speckled mountain trout. On upper Eel River and its various tributaries, among the beautiful redwood forests and mountain glades, within easy reach of the railroad stations, bear, deer, grouse, mountain quail and other wild game are plentiful.

The road traverses a country the scenery of which is ever changing, and is well worth the trip to view.

Its officers are John M. Vance, President; William Carson, Vice-President; T. R. Lever, Secretary, and C. L. Rose, Superintendent.

Repsold & Co. have achieved quite a victory at Sacramento at the State Fair, having been awarded Six First Premiums and one Honorable Diploma for their wines and cognacs.

There is only one Jesse Moore "AA" Whiskey in the world and that is old and pure.

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT—GOULD & CURRY SILVER MINING COMPANY.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Virginia City, Storey Co., Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 31st day of August, 1899, an assessment (No. 87) of fifteen (15) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room No. 69, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 4th day of October, 1899, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Wednesday the 25th day of October, 1899, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors. ALFRED K. DURBROW, Secretary.

Office, room No. 69 Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES in and for the Northern District of California

IN THE MATTER OF B. LANGENDORF, Bankrupt.

Take notice, that B. Langendorf, bankrupt, above named, has been duly adjudicated a bankrupt under the Act of Congress of July 1, 1898, and that the first meeting of the creditors has been called to meet at the office of the undersigned, at room 94, Chronicle Building, San Francisco, California, on Saturday the 21st day of October, 1899, at the hour of 11 o'clock a.m, for the purpose of proving their claims against the estate of said bankrupt; and that at the same time and place all creditors whose claims have been duly proven and allowed shall appoint one or three trustees of said estate.

Dated San Francisco, October 9, 1899.

MILTON J. GREEN,
Referee in Bankruptcy
In and for the City and County of San Francisco.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.—Bullion Mining Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, Cal. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 20th day of Sept., 1899, an assessment (No. 55) of Five (5) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 11, 331 Post street, San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 24th day of October, 1899, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday, the 14th day of November, 1899, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the cost of advertsing and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors. R. R. GRAYSON, Sec'y.

Office: Room 11, 331 Pine street, San Francisco, Cal.

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT—BEST & BELCHER MINING CO.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco California; location of works, Virginia District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the twenty-second (22d) day of September, 1899, an assessment (No. 68) of twenty (20) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 33 Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the twenty-seventh (27th) day of October, 1899 will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Friday the seventeenth (17th) day of November, 1899, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

M. JAFFE, Secretary.

Office: Room 33, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF MARY MCKENNA, DECEASED—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Jane Daly, Executrix of the last will of Mary McKenna, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Jane Daly, Executrix, at the offices of Gavin McNab, Esq., her attorney, rooms 46 and 47, Mills building, the same being her place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. JANE DALY,

Executrix of the Estate of Mary McKenna, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, Sept. 12th, 1899.

GAVIN MCNAB,
Atty for Executrix.

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT—ANDES SILVER MINING COMPANY.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia City, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors held on the 2nd day of October, 1899 an assessment (No. 49) of five (5) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary at the office of the Company, Rooms 20-22 Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 6th day of November, 1899, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before will be sold on MONDAY the 27th day of November, 1899, at 1 p. m. o'clock, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

JOHN W. TWIGGS, Secretary.

Office—Rooms 10-22 Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

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THE DRAMA.

WITH six new members and the three best turns as holdovers from last week, the Orpheum is running the strongest bill for months. Frank Cushman, the "progressive minstrel," and Forest and King, with their highly entertaining buffoonery, are followed by the Hawaiian Queens, who completely transplant one from the world of fact to the realm of fancy, and there the familiar faces end. All of the new numbers are good, Seymour in the role of a nimble Celestial, and the Le Page sisters in their spicy change sketches, deserving especial mention. Mr. and Mrs. Harold Haskins present a cosmopolitan comedy, "A Royal Visitor," in a clever manner. La Jolie Elsie, with a good voice and less than a half score of years to her credit, gave an excellent imitation of May Irwin and several other well-known actresses. Of the Florenz Troupe, society acrobats, "the man in red" went through some wonderful performances, in comparison with which the rest of the company fared rather badly. A minature circus concludes the program with a realistic rough riding hair-raiser worth going miles to see.

* *

If Nance O'Neil, when we next see her, has improved as much as Nance O'Neil of the present has improved over herself of last year, she will yet justify Rankin's prediction that she is the American Siddons. The play in which she chose to open on us this time was none to well chosen. "Peg Woffington" needs a lightness, a witchery, such as Julia Marlowe or Ellen Terry might give it. Lightness and witchery do not fit in with the amazonian make-up of the six-foot Nance O'Neil. The wonder is not that she does the lighter parts of the first two acts no better, but that she gets through them at all. Then comes the last act wherein Peg the wanton becomes Peg the heroine, and Miss O'Neil comes into her own, and shows how much her art has improved. It was never a questiou of force with her. From her first, raw presentations of "The Jewess" any critic could tell that she had the force for anything, but the question concerned her ability to subdue her acting when it needed to be subdued, to acquire artistic finish and bearing—frequently a difficult thing, sometimes, as witness Frederic Warde, an impossible thing, for an actor or actress of great natural force and power. That the true art feeling is coming to this young actress, she showed in the powerful scene which ends the play, in which she took the audience by storm. We will yet boast that we saw O'Neil make her start, just as old-time San Franciscans make the boast of Booth. Not but that seh has much to learn before she acquires the mind and the voice to fit her for the highest; she is still crude, but she is starting on the right way.

The support is surprisingly good. Let it be whispered that in past years the productions of this young artist have been more than a little marred by the sticks that have surrounded her. This season, it is different. None of the stars who have entertained or afflicted us this season—Blanche Bates, Clay Clement, Modjeska and the lesser lights—have brought a company nearly so intelligent or so finished in their work as that now supporting at the California. In one respect they have made an achievement worthy of record, by introducing to us two stage children who talk and act like children and not like phonographs and dolls.

* *

Of its kind, "Hotel Topsy Turvy" is good. I am not saying what I think about people who like that kind, mind you. It is a Frenchy little boulevard opera made over so as to replace the risque features by the sort of horse-play dear to the American low comedian, and it is presented by a company which acts well in the irresponsible way which the show calls for, and sings passably. Of course Eddie Foy is the life of the performance. His acting is comedy reduced to its elements. You go away unable to remember just what you laughed at, but laugh you did, just because Eddy Foy was funny. His method cannot be analyzed; he is funny, and that is all there is to be said about it. The thanks of all well-wishers of the theatre are due to the management or the adapters or whoever is responsible for the fact that the comedy does not depend as in so many plays of the sort, on situations bordering on the unmentionable. There was hardly a line, as presented Monday night, which would not have passed the censors of the Sunday-School circuit.

* *

Next week's Orpheum bill promises to be a strong one. The star is the spectacular dancer, Lotty, who was one of the features of the last New York vaudeville season. Other new people coming are Tom Brown, the black-face monologuist, and J. W. Winton, an Australian ventriloquist.

* *

"Hotel Topsy Turvy" has another week at the Columbia, and is to be followed by Hoyt's phenomenal success, "A Milk White Flag," which opens for a week's run on October 22. Special prices of $1, 75c, 50c and 25c will prevail during both these engagements.

* *

Next week, Nance O'Neil closes her engagement at the California, playing "School for Scandal" Friday night, "Oliver Twist" Saturday night, and "Madga" the rest of the week.

* *

Miss Lilian K. Slinkey, soprano, gives a vocal concert Monday evening, October 16, in Sherman & Clay Hall. She will be assisted by Miss Marion Bear, soprano, and by Mr. Hother Weisnar, Dr. Arthur Regensburger and Mr. Fred Maurer.

* *

"The Masked Ball," Clyde Fitch's clever adaptation from the French, will be seen next week at the Alcazar.

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THE LANGUAGE OF THE COUNTRY.—During the term of James G. Blaine as Secretary of State, the late Samuel Kimberly of Baltimore applied for an appointment to a consulate in Japan. After he had presented his credentials, Mr. Blaine said: "I should like to appoint you, Mr. Kimberly, but I have made it a rule to recommend no one who does not speak the language of the country to which he is sent. Do you speak Japanese?" "Cert-t-tainly, Mr. Blaine," stammered Mr. Kimberly, "A-a-ask me s-s-something in J-J-Japanese and I'll a-a-a-answer you."

THE AUDIENCE HE WANTED.—Professor Chas. S. D. Roberts, the poet, reads the modern languages very easily, but speaks them imperfectly. At a reception in New York recently he was introduced to a distinguished French artist who asked, with a proper Parisian accent, "Do you speak French?" "No," replied the poet. "Sorry I can't say I do, though I understand it when it is spoken to me." "Delighted to hear it," responded the Frenchman. "You are the audience I have long sought. I can say what I please to you and you cannot talk back."

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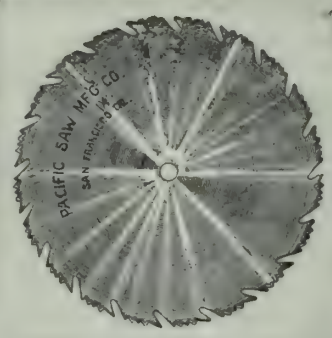

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THE WAVE

VOL. XX. No. 17 SAN FRANCISCO — OCTOBER 21, 1899 — SEATTLE PRICE 10 CENTS

EAST FORK FROM ROCKY POINT.

A SCENE ON THE YUKON AND WHITE PASS RAILROAD.—See page 9.

Photo by H. C. Barley

THE WAVE

Is published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal., and Colman Building, Seattle, Wash.

Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months, $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

The trade is supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 342 Geary street; east of the Rocky Mountains by the American News Company, New York.

The Wave is kept on file and is for sale at Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France; 31 Union Square, New York City; 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.; and 206 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

For advertising rates and on all other matters pertaining to city business, address The Wave, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

All business matters pertaining to the Northwest should be addressed to Trevor Corry, Colman Building, Seattle, Wash.

Eastern representative, D. M. Foltz, 34 Park Row, New York.

THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY
PROPRIETORS

SAN FRANCISCO—October 17, 1899—SEATTLE

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EVENTS CURRENT.

Progress of the Yaqui War.

The Yaqui Indian war, which the Mexicans were going to "crush by a decisive campaign," drags along in the half-hearted fashion of Mexican revolutions, and there seems no immediate prospect of its end. The fighting is all of the guerilla order, and is confined to the valleys, the upper strongholds, which the authorities of the Republic were going to penetrate immediately after the declaration of war, have not been molested. At this rate, Mexico will have another ten year's conflict with this dangerous people. About three weeks ago, General Torres proclaimed a pardon with restoration of tribal lands to all Yaquis who would lay down their arms within ten days. Only squaws and old men, a very few at that, responded to the offer. Neither side is giving quarter; the Mexicans shoot Indians on sight, while the insurgents are torturing their prisoners. President Diaz states that he is about to inaugurate a strong, offensive campaign. As he made the same statement at the inception of the war, nearly three months ago, this may be taken for what it is worth. General Torres charges that the Indians are receiving Mauser rifles and ammunition from San Francisco through the agency of a mining firm whose property the Yaquis have agreed to protect in return for this service.

The War in South Africa.

The war is on in South Africa. Kruger's ultimatum was followed by an immediate advance at the expiration of the forty-eight hours' notice he allowed Great Britain for an agreement to his terms. The answer of Secretary Chamberlain was delivered before the expiration of that time. It was a brief and curt refusal. Next day, Wednesday, Oct., the formal declaration was made by the Boers. That very day, the burghers of Orange Free State and Transvaal crossed into Natal and Cape Colony in five different divisions. At the same time, the first shot of the war was fired; a British armored train, patrolling the border, was bombarded and captured, the soldiers in charge being taken prisoners. Since that time, no authentic news of the operations at the front has reached Europe, for all telegraph wires are down and the country is in the hands of the Boers. The situation, so far as is known, is as follows: The Boer forces hold the border country in Natal and Cape Colony. They have occupied the town of Newcastle without resistance, the inferior British force withdrawing. Mafeking is held by about 2,000 British, under the command of Colonel Baden-Powell; it is surrounded by a Boer force estimated at from 5,000 to 10,000. Unofficial reports which have just arrived state that the first attack on this place was repulsed by the British in two sharp engagements. Granting that this is true, the situation of the beleagured English is yet desperate, for they are surrounded on all sides and out of reach of any immediate assistance. There is great anxiety over this condition of affairs, and a British force is already on the way to relieve Mafeking, but it can hardly arrive in time. Kimberly, the centre of the great diamond mines, is reported besieged. This town is strongly fortified, but here, too, the force is inferior. An immense treasure in diamonds is in this place, as is also the man of all men whom the Boers most hate—Cecil Rhodes. If they can capture Kimberly and its treasure, they will have the sinews of war to provide themselves for an unlimited time, as the diamonds stored there are worth not less than $50,000,000. The second day of the war, a British force, the one now on the road to relieve Mafeking, made a demonstration toward Laing's Nek, the strategic point on the border, in hopes to draw the Boers away from their intended advance against General White. In this, they failed. The Boers, wishing, perhaps, to get the British into their borders and pick them off as they did at Majuba Hill, made no resistance to the advance, and the Englishmen withdrew. There is talk of a rising of the Dutch farmers in the northern part of British South Africa; indeed, one object of the immediate Boer advance was probably to stir up just such a revolt. Of this, also, there can be no exact knowledge owing to the lack of telegraphic facilities. The Cape Volunteers, about 12,000 all told, have at last been called out by Cape Premier Schreiner, who delayed this move until popular clamor made it necessary. Although they profess full allegiance to the queen, the Afrikander leaders at the cape are suspected of complicity with their kinsmen of the Transvaal, and are so unpopular that they are mobbed whenever they appear on the streets. Eighteen thousand troops embarked at various English ports this week. The departure of Sir Redvers Buller, on his way to take command, was made the occasion of a tremendous popular ovation. Now that the Rubicon is crossed, the war feeling in England runs high. There has been some talk of international complications. Report had it, early in the week, that a strong continental alliance would be formed to force England from her position. The leaders of the conservative party have hinted that, in such an event, they would look to the United States for a counter-alliance.

Alaskan Boundary Temporarily Settled.

After all the fuss about the Alaskan boundary question, the misdirected enthusiasm of the Canadian statesmen has so far cooled that they have consented to an understanding on the question of a temporary line, and done it, moreover, on suggestions laid down by Secretary of State Hay. This has settled the matter for the time being. The line agreed upon passes over Chilkat Pass, and is deliminated by the mountain and the river. Both sides, in entering upon this convention, expressly stated that it was to be considered as merely a temporary arrangement, to have no permanent value. It is also stated that both sides are determined not to permit the temporary arrangement to stand one day longer than is absolutely necessary. While the American and Canadian statesmen may make this statement in all good faith, there is not much doubt that the agreement on a temporary boundary will result in delay. The question is not now so pressingly important as it was a year ago. Then, almost all the Alaskan gold lay in the disputed territory; now, Cape Nome and other valuable districts lying within our lines have turned public attention away from the debatable strip. The final settlement is still far away. Two courses are now open to the United States. The matter must be settled by a reference to the Joint High Commission or it must be left to arbitration. The commission has not been startlingly successful in dealing with the question, and even if the members should agree to a compromise boundary, the Senate would very probably reject the proposal, as it is placed on record that that body will have no compromises. In view of this feeling, the Senate, realizing that the arbitration over the Venezuelan boundary ended in a compromise, is not likely to favor arbitration. All this means that the *modus vivendi* just adopted may keep in force for many years, and may eventually be the permanent solution.

Chairman Jones Abandons Silver.

As was predicted in this column, when Chairman Jones returned from Europe, the manager of the Democratic National committee has entirely given up his wild idea of making free silver the main issue of the 1900 campaign. It is evident that the other committeemen, who have been on the ground and understand how affairs are running, have persuaded him, as they have already persuaded Bryan, that an attack on the record of the administration with anti-imperialism as a stalking-horse, or a concerted howl against the trusts, is superior to the dead bimettalic issue as a party policy. At any rate, he had not been in the country two weeks before he was stating publicly that "while the Democratic party will not abandon one plank of the platform of 1896," new events have brought about new evils, chief among which is the "trust octopus" and imperialism. It is very evident that these two issues, each receiving about an equal emphasis, will be depended upon next fall. It is also unlikely that free silver will be considered an issue, except in the West, where it will be used, especially in the Rocky Mountain region, to influence the expansionist feeling which is rapidly growing in that region and is likely to win several pronounced silver states, like Utah, Colorado and Montana, to the Republican ranks.

The Philippine War.

General Schwan moved on Malabon last week, driving the enemy before him, and inflicting severe losses on them. Most of the fighting was done in swampy country, where the army moved with extreme difficulty. The reports of this battle make an interesting commentary on the conduct of the American campaign. Malabon was taken this spring, less than two months after the revolt opened, and here we are taking it over again at the opening of the fall campaign. The fact speaks for itself. No other advance has been made. The War Department is waiting, and wisely, too, until the greater part of the ten new volunteer regiments reach Luzon. Just now, there are fewer American soldeirs on the island than at any time since the revolt opened, as all the old volunteer regiments have embarked for home and only two regiments of the Federal volunteers have arrived. All of the first quota is now on the way, and the ten regiments of the second are being hurried forward; the first of these is to arrive in San Francisco the coming week. Seven of these regiments depart *via* California; the others take the Suez Canal route. The war department deserves all credit for the rapid manner in which these troops have been raised, equipped and forwarded. The strength of the American army may be fairly judged by a statement which Secretary Root made at a late banquet of the Marquette club. "By Dec. 1" he said, "We will have 65,000 troops on the island, with more to follow if necessary." The American garrison in Manila has just unearthed a native plot for a revolt in the city. There is a rumor, possibly Otis-inspired, that the Tagalos and the uisayans have had a serious falling-out. It may be taken for what it is worth.

The Alaskan Earthquake.

Accounts of the recent Alaskan earthquakes come in slowly. Until government scientists make some systematic investigation of the subject, the extent of the damage cannot be stated, but enough is known to mark it as one of the most serious siesmic disturbances ev recorded—probably, with the exception of the great Sou Pacific earthquake of 1883, the most serious of the centur Had such a shaking up occurred further down the Paci Coast, in Seatfle or San Francisco, for example, the di turbance and the ensuing tidal wave would, without doub have wrecked the greater part of these owns; as it is, r loss of life is reported. The revenue cutter *McCulloch*, no in Alaskan waters, has sent in the only really reliab reports. The crew of the cutter were first made aware the earthquake by a mysterious storm which assailed the at sea. A heavy wind was blowing and the vessel was run ning before it, when they were caught and nearly swampe by a series of huge rollers which came from all direction and almost overwhelmed them. Arriving at Yakitat, the *M Culloch* found that the northern end of Yakitat Island ha been sunk thirty feet; the sea was rolling for miles wher dry land had stood at the cutter's last visit. A whole mi ing plant which had stood at this point was swept awa Low and simple as are the native huts, some were ove thrown and the sites of others shuffled around as on shuffles a pack of cards. The tidal wave which followe the shock overflowed the townsite, but the inhabitants g away in time and no loss of life ensued. The town is at th very foot of Mount St. Elias, and opposite the Hubbar Glacier. This great body of ice was moved bodily a mil seaward by the force of the shock. The famous Mui Glacier fared more badly; it is reported that this wel known landmark was almost totally destroyed, the ice c which it is formed being thrown into the sea and converte into icefloes, Further north, the sinking of small island and rocks is reported; it is also known that great chasm were opened by the tremblor in many places.

Columbia Wins the First Race.

The first decisive race of the interna tional yachting series resulted in rather easy victory for Columbia, th second ended in an unforeseen and ver unpleasant catastrophe, which gave the American yacht second victory, this time a hollow one. The boats ha made seven attempts at a race, all being failures for th lack of wind. The two weeks of waiting had taxed th patience of everyone concerned, and had reduced publi interest perceptibly. The eighth attempt resulted in a success ful race. A fair breeze, freshening toward the last, blew ove the Sandy Hook course. According to agreement, th route for the first race was fifteen miles to windward an return. The boats got away with an even start, the *Col umbia* having the advantage in position; in the run agains the wind, the American boat out-pointed her opponent and gradually drew away, rounding the stake-boat ove nine minutes in the lead. In running before the wind, o the return course, she was not so manifestly superior, bu she gained a little, and won by a margin of ten minute and twenty-seven seconds, a very easy victory. The Americat boat proved herself superior at every point of the game, i the moderate wind, which prevailed, and it is the opinio of experts that her skipper, Captain Barr, outgeneralle Captain Hogarth, his opponent. The following day, th boats came to the mark for the second race, which was to b sailed over a triangular course of thirty miles. The win was stronger than on the previous day, and the con ditions were, therefore more favorable to the chal lenge. About half-way down the first leg of the course a heavy club topsail, which *Shamrock* had spread to take advantage of the light wind, caused the topmast to break letting down the mainsail gaff and thus spoiling all he chances of winning. By a previous agreement between the owners, in event of an accident to the rigging the unin jured yacht was to continue on her way. *Columbia*, there fore, pressed on and sailed out the race, returning a nominal winner. Unsportsmanlike as the arrangement may look at first glance, it is nevertheless fair, because the race was to be a test of sail construction as well as of seamanship, and the owner of *Shamrock* took chances with just such an accident when they hoisted the extra large topsail in the hopes of winning what he must have felt, after the first race, to be an almost hopeless contest. It was a mistake in judgment, but it is to be regretted that the fluke occurred. At the time of writing, expert opinion, based on the first race, places the American boat as a sure winner. The only thing which can save the series for the English is a succession of heavy winds, in which the *Shamrock* may possibly prove the superior. It is said that the British aristoeracy look with disfavor upon Lipton's attempt at the cup, as they resent having a "parvenu" represent the English yacht clubs. Be this as it may, Lipton has proved more gentlemanly in every way than Lord Dunraven of unpleasant memory, who figured as challenger in the last international series. The whole conduct of the affair, on both sides, has been marked by good feeling and a spirit of fairness, and the loser has taken his defeat with good grace.

A Frenchman, who has been studying the effect of the divorce laws in France, says that men divorce their wives in order to contract another marriage; but that women, as a rule, resort to the law only in self-defence, either to protect their happiness or their income. The poor woman flies to divorce because she is beaten, the rich one because she is cruelly treated and neglected. As a rule the children are considered in neither case. The women seldom marry again, often returning to their former husbands. The French writer argues from this that women are really more constant than men, and rarely forget their first love, while change and variety amply satisfy the man. The impossibility of a woman's marrying the lover for whom she is divorced by her husband in France complicates matters in a way that is unknown in England, where love, or at least passion, is usually the groundwork of divorce. Another interesting observation made by the French writer is to the effect that, though divorced and re-married, women seem apparently able to forget the past, and to ignore the former husband who has ill treated them, the man of the lower classes remains jealous of the woman he once loved, and this jealousy frequently leads to attempts to murder. He kills the woman he loves as lover, husband, and even as a divorced man.

Frog-catching has grown to be a recognized industry in Minnesota, where the yearly output of frogs' legs is said to amount to over $100,000. The flavor of the batrachians found in the Northwest is excellent, far excelling that of those caught in the Chesapeake Bay region. As yet, there has been no attempt at systematic cultivation, as the wild frogs are numerous enough to satisfy the demand.

Editorial Comment.

The Duty of Republicans Who Have Heretofore Suppported Mayor Phelan.

MUNICIPAL Government is business, not politics." It is "business" in the sense that the citizen should refuse to cast his ballot for a dishonest or unworthy man simply because his name has crept on a party ticket. It is "business" in the sense that no honest man should vote for a public officer, whom he would be willing to trust implicitly in his private affairs. It is "business" in the sense that honesty, fitness and true worth should constitute the only test that guides the voter. For these reasons, for two terms, the *Wave* has consistently advocated the election of Mr. Phelan, for the position of chief magistrate of San Francisco. Politics could not and did not cut any figure in the last two municipal elections; national issues were not affected by these local controversies, and prevailing conditions justified our course which was identical with that of many other Republicans; but politics does and will cut a decided figure in the coming election. The municipal Republican party has broken away from bossism, and Mr. Davis represents in that party, as Mr. Phelan does in Democracy, an independent movement that makes for good government and decency in politics. Both candidates are honest men, both are well and thoroughly known in the community, and either one of them, from a purely business point of view, would represent that which is reputable in the municipality and give an administration free from scandal and roguery so far as either could control.

To choose between these gentleman, *as men*, is a difficult task. Twice already, Mayor Phelan has been honored by the people. That he was successful through two campaigns is due to the independent Republicans who supported him. If he is victorious again, to Republican votes the victory will again be due. The voter, however, is now face to face with a problem far different from that which has confronted him in the past. This is, beyond doubt the most important municipal election ever held in San Francisco. A new organic law goes into effect with the incoming administration. Under the new charter, the mayor is clothed with powers hitherto unknown to us. Politics had little if any place in former mayoralty contests, now it is omnipresent. The successful party will, under the provisions of this charter, have the appointment of hundreds, perhaps thousands of municipal employes, who will, under the civil service clause of the charter, hold office for life, during good behavior. It needs no prophet to predict that if Mayor Phelan is victorious, these offices will be filled by energetic Democratic party workers, who will, if not ungrateful, aid in future campaigns in behalf of that party. Their fitness will doubtless be made a test, but their allegiance to party and their ability and willingness to serve that party will enter largely into consideration when the mayor is making appointments. This is only natural, and from a purely party point of view is perfectly proper. The coming election, the first under the new charter, will be the last wherein it can be said "To the victor belongs the spoils." On the other hand, if Mr. Davis is chosen, he will naturally look to the Republican party for its appointments, except where the law calls for non-partisan boards, and he will be moved by the same considerations from a Republican standpoint that will guide Mr. Phelan. Will anyone have the temerity to declare that the wielding of this new and extraordinary power, the appointments of these hundreds of municipal employes will not affect election results in San Francisco during the coming national campaign. If anyone so asserts, he confesses an ignorance of politics that is painful. The party that emerges victorious from the coming municipal contest will have secured a political foothold that cannot be shaken off or dislodged in a quarter of a century. The influence of that victory will stretch far into succeeding campaigns and will make itself felt in national, State and municipal politics for a long while to come. In the nature of things it cannot be otherwise. With an army of energetic Democrats or Republicans in municipal positions *for life*, at good salaries, it would be stupid to imagine them indifferent to future party victories.

If the nominee of the Republican party were less of a man, if he were not thoroughly known as a sterling, upright citizen, into whose hands it is perfectly safe to entrust the welfare of the city, the republican voter who has in the past been responsible for Mayor Phelan, might well hesitate despite the harm that might come to his national party. But the question of personal integrity is not in this contest. The "business" of municipal government falling into the hands of an honest, capable and successful business man, such as Horace Davis, would not suffer. He would administer the trust with as great care, with as much honesty and ability as would Mayor Phelan. He would treat the charter with as much consideration, and as much affection—if the word is permissable—as would Mayor Phelan. He is a rich man, so is Mayor Phelan. He is an honest man, so is Mayor Phelan. He is a capable man, so is Mayor Phelan; he has the confidence of the people, so has Mayor Phelan. He will give the municipality an honest and capable administration, so will Mayor Phelan. As to fitness, ability, integrity, all else that goes to make up the ideal public officer, there is little if any choice between the two candidates. This being the case it follows that the Republican voters who have heretofore supported Mayor Phelan are not called upon to decide between men. The voter is justified in pausing to consider what effect the election of Mayor Phelan will have upon the Republican party. If good government will not suffer in the hands of Mr. Davis, then it would be a political wrong to assist toward securing his defeat. If you are an independent Republican voter you might very properly throw all political consideration to the wind, had your party again fallen into the hands of the bosses and nominated a mere figure head or a man less worthy than Mr. Phelan. We have repeatedly urged just such a course when justified. But the Independant Republican has no excuse for deserting his party today. The obligation to support it rests heavily upon him, if he has the lasting good of the party at heart. The voter is called on to decide whether or not he proposes to make San Francisco a stronghold for W. J. Bryan, free silver Democracy and Aguinaldo or whether he prefers to strengthen the power of Republicanism throughout the State by building up the party locally.

No Republican need be afraid of the kind of Republicanism that Mr. Davis will endorse, no Republican need fear that he will appoint unworthy or disreputable men to office. He will use the broad powers by the new charter invested in the mayor for the purpose of giving the municipality as good and as honest government as it is possible to secure. In doing so, he will and must select from the party men whose integrity and ability will insure these things. He will lay the foundation for a new and better Republicianism than San Francisco has known in its history. The influence of his administration will extend over a long period of years and will assist toward putting both parties—in municipal politics at least—upon a higher and more satisfactory plane, When the next national struggle comes on, and Bryanism is again threatening the land, much will hinge upon whether an antagonistic or a friendly power is in control of municipal affairs. Then the Republican who now stands by his party will realize that the influence of his vote of today extends over and beneficially affects that party in a national campaign.

Nothing is so discouraging to the thoughtful American as that sickly and dangerous sentiment known as party spirit. The intelligent voter first commits himself to principles and next attaches his allegiance to the party that formulates a creed in consonance therewith. Up to this point allegiance to party is akin to patriotism. The party-man must, if he be true to his convictions, support and comfort that party and suffer no inroads to be made upon its strength. He is not called upon to blindly vote for Tom, Dick and Harry for State or local judicial office regardless of their honesty and ability. Party spirit would indeed be a misfortune if it led the voter to support dishonest men. The party man in San Francisco has two equally honest and capable men from whom to make selection for the position of Mayor. The success of the Democrat will, through the operation of the new charter, strengthen Democracy in San Francisco beyond all computation. It will exert a potent and certain influence in following State and national elections in favor of Democracy and Bryanism. *Query*, would it be wise or prudent for the Republican, who stands for his party's principles, to imperil the success of party, to put California among the "doubtful states" under circumstances such as those prevailing now in San Francisco? The answer must be "No." An honest man leads an honest ticket and both the party and the candidates have the right to claim the strictest party allegiance. An emphatic and unmistakable "No!" It is the sacred and bounden duty of every Republican voter to stand faithfully by his party ticket in this election. It is his sacred duty to go out upon the highways and byways and bring back into the fold every Republican voter whose allegiance has strayed. It is his duty to warn all men of the grave dangers to national party that lie hidden in this seemingly most innocent contest. It is the duty of every sound-money Democrat to pause before voting his party ticket lest he contribute toward placing California among the Bryanistic ranks by solidifying local Democracy.

Detraction by Misrepresentation.

READERS of the *Examiner*, who have imbibed a healthy dislike for General Otis through the influence of that journal's columns, have had a rude shock recently. The Kansas troops were "interviewed" on the question of Otis, and, in a full page article, copiously illustrated, our morning contemporary "demonstrated" that Otis was worse than incompetent and declared that the officers and men of the Sunflower state, one and all, roundly and unreservedly condemned their superior officer. On the question of Otis, the article was conclusive. But it appears upon investigation that no such interview took place, that the published pictures of Kansas lieutenants etc., were not what they pretended to be.

Lieutenant Huddleston was made to say:

"If I was once more in private life, I could tell a story of Otis' incompetency that would make exceedingly interesting reading."

In the *Chronicle* the same gentleman says, "I was not interviewed at all."

In the *Examiner* Lieut. J. F. Hall was quoted as saying: "The conduct of the campaign has been rediculous. The boys are utterly discouraged and nine tenths of them quit in disgust."

Lieut. Hall tells the *Chronicle* reporter: "It's all a lie, I never saw a reporter of the *Examiner*."

In the *Examiner* there was a portrait of, and an interview with Lieut. Mitchell, in which he was made to give voice to a variety of unkind criticisms of General Otis, but Lieut Mitchell declares that he is the only Mitchell in the Kansas regiment and hotly denies that he was interviewed. He points out that even the picture in the *Examiner* is not his portrait and it certainly resembles him none.

Lieutenant Warner also declines to father the statements attributed to him, and he too declares that he was not interviewed.

Ascending from Lieutenants to Majors, the same misrepresentation is in evidence.

Major Martin is by the *Examiner* made to say "I think General Otis is incompetent" with various et ceteras. But the Major protests vigorously and says "I deny absolutely giving such an interview."

Going a step higher in the ranks Colonel Metcalf says:

"I never was so astonished in my life as I was when I read the *Examiner* interview that had been alloted to me. The alleged interview is garbled, made up, distorted—I might use a harsher term. There is only one grain of truth in the whole interview, and that is where I am quoted as saying 'Otis is a good soldier,' that is what I truly believe." . . . "But the worst thing of all" continued the gallant Colonel "is the cartoon where over my name are written the words 'the war will never end till Otis is removed,' that is directly contrary to my belief, for General Otis has done a wonderful amount of good work" etc. etc.

Even General Funston was not spared by the agile and inventive reporter. He was indignant at the manner in which he was misquoted, and declared with positiveness that he had passed no criticisms on General Otis either directly or by implication.

The *Wave* is not an admirer of General Otis, nor does it admire the tactics of the yellow journals, who, in an endeavor to discredit an honest and able man, are willing to to charge him with every moral and mental delinquency. General Otis might, without crippling the military branch of the service, be relieved of the military command, and continue his services in a purely civil connection. He has too much to do, and is too painstaking and concientious to yield to others duties with the performance of which he is charged. In our criticisms, the honesty of General Otis has never been impugned, nor his ability for that matter, for he is given a task quite beyond the abilities of any one man. Were Lawton or McArthur similarly situated—with a multiplicity of Civil cares crowding upon military matters—they would probably be the subjects of criticism quite as harsh, and perhaps more justifiable.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MONS. BERNARD'S UNIVERSITY PLANS.

In the last number of the *California Architect* appears an elaborate criticism of Mons. Bernard's first prize plan for the State University. It is written by Mr. B. J. S. Cahill, a local architect, who himself had sent in a design for the preliminary competition. So it can be taken for granted that he knows something about the matter he is writing of. For one or the other reason he makes strenuous efforts to consider M. Benard's scheme from a laudatory standpoint, and comes finally to the conclusion that "It is Monumental, Logical and Practical. What is even more, it is pliant, and this quality more than all guarantees its realization."

I fully agree with Mr. Cahill that "the first thing that an architect notices about this (Benard's) plan of grouped buildings is what appears to be a lack of homogeneous character." I called it incongruous and illogical and I believe the meaning is the same. Mr. Cahill also finds that some American competitors "aim at a single grand effect of architectural elements grouped symmetrically upon a single axis, and that one feels an element of the sublime in the mere attempt to accomplish such a grand effect. It shows an effort towards an ideal expression of perfect form in thorough accord with what we know of the laws of beauty. These (American) designs show symmetry to right and left of a median line and variety from top to bottom and just as in the human body—the head is the dominating member, so again in these conceptions furnished us from New York and Boston, the Central Building, whether Auditorium or Library is the crowning glory of the entire scheme. The man from Paris, on the other hand, has not striven to realize any such sublime dream of a grand architectural unit."

No doubt he dreamed the wrong way. His plan has neither head nor tail, as I expressed it in that clarity of language which is so essentially German, but to Mr. Cahill seems a peculiarly French virtue.

To continue from Mr. Cahill's criticism: "The buildings—in Benard's plan—are by reason of their outlying character and wide dispersion not strictly amenable to the laws of symmetry. In no way, very emphatic, other than on the plan, can their balancing parts be seen at once by the eye." But it is one of the essential features of the problem that they should be seen *a coup d' oeil* as a grand harmonious picture. The plans of American competitors show that justice can be done to this feature and to neglect it means a fundamental defect.

Mr. Cahill says further: "The impression prevails that a concensus of opinion will induce Mons. Benard on his arrival from Paris to set about rearranging his admirable plan." If ever this disgrace and insult should be inflicted upon American architectural art, then I hope M. Benard will at least change his plan in such a way that all become finally convinced of his original one being a failure.

MAX JUNGHAENDEL.

MR. B. S. CAHILL IN REPLY.

To the Editor of The Wave: Mr. Max Junghaendel, accuses me of writing "an elaborate criticism" of Mons. Benard's plan.

I disclaim having attempted any such ambitious feat. I merely wrote a general technical description to oblige the publisher of the journal in which it appeared, but not until I had personally begged him to give the matter into worthier hands.

I am not a critic, but as an architect I spent the best part of seven months in making designs for this scheme. Consequently I have all the more admiration for Mons. Benard, who has succeeded in what I well know to be a problem of extraordinary complexity. At first I favored plans No. 2 and 3, but after closer study I realized that No. 1 was *facile princeps*, exactly as Mr. Belcher had predicted.

The mutilated excerpts and fragments isolated from the context of my account, and the comments appended thereto by Mr. Max Junghaendal, do not merit any serious consideration on the part of

Yours very truly,
B. J. S. CAHILL.

ARRIVAL OF THE WASHINGTON REGIMENT IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Photo by Turner.

1.—THIRD ARTILLERY AS ESCORT. 2.—COLONEL JACOB RAWLES AND STAFF 6th CAVALRY. 3.—COLONEL WHEELLEY AND STAFF. 4.—MARCHING UP MARKET ST.
5.—THIRD ARTILLERY. 6.—AMBULANCES. 7.—REGIMENTAL COLORS. 8.—THE VANGUARD OF POLICE.

PRACTICE WARFARE.

TE MILITARY FASHIONS AS DEVELOPED AT THE GERMAN MANOEUVRES.

"VERDOMMT tinkering" was what a German cavalry officer of the old school called this year's army manoeuvers. He was referring to the rless experiments with the methods and modes of war re which were carried on at Elsass, where the "*Krieg iel*" took place this summer. Never before in the history of at great, complicated machine known as the German my, were so many new wheels, and guages and stop cks fitted on the separate parts. Pontoons, balloons, tomobiles, barrel rafts, rifles, ventilated shoes and a undred and one other improvements, real or alleged, ere tried on and proved valuable or valueless as the case ight be.

It was a most disagreeable occasion, all around. To be in with it rained—nay, it poured—during the three days nd nights of the manoeuvers. The infantry slashed hrough the mud and made wrecks of their new uniforms; avalry horses came in minus shoes and trappings lost on he roads; nightly, artillerymen worked and swore in the arkness to get out guns, stuck in the mud during the day, n time to put them into action next morning. The actual ork of playing at war was much hampered by this awful eather; some evolutions had to be given up altogether. But this mud was not the final calamity which befell the German army. No indeed. I am out of Germany now, nd beyond reach of a summons for *lese majestie*. Be it known, therefore, that William the Third, War Lord of the mpire, lost his temper! This calamity was a real one, for he took it out on his glittering staff, who, in turn, fell pon the line of officers. The latter passed it along to the ubalterns, who fell on the non-coms, who "went for" the rivates. And these, having no "dog to kick" took it out n one another. One hundred thousand men went hrough a dreary, drizzly three days, in the temper for a eal fight—and all because the War Lord was vexed. It was paternalism carried out to its absurd extreme and unny to everyone except the subjects.

This was the occasion of William's pet. The army splashed through the first day, when it rained only moderately, with credit to themselves and the Emperor, and things went very well with every division but one. That was an important corps of infantry on the extreme right Late in the day it got separated from the main body and very much tangled up in a thick wood through which its course lay. Gradually, this force was split up into three separate divisions; one of these managed to get itself completely lost. The general in command organized himself and two of his aides into a search party, which was a most unmilitary thing to do, but the distinguished officer was anxious and more than a little "rattled." He didn't find his last division, but he *did* succeed in losing himself most thoroughly and effectively. The next scene of the comedy occurred "in another part of the wood" as Shakespeare has it. Here, the lost division got in the way of the War Lord himself and spoiled a spectacular cavalry charge which the emperor was leading. The general came back late that night, to find his majesty straining the divine right of kings to swear *ad lib.*, and now there is another German general on the retired list.

Of the experiments tried during the three days, none was more interesting than the work with pontoon bridges undertaken by the cavalry. Pontooning is not a new thing, but it has been used, in past time, by infantry alone. The boats for the bridge-building were folding canvass affairs, packed into the supply-train at the rate of fifty to the wagon. The experiment was tried on the banks of the Rhine. It was a beautiful example of German military clock-work. The division rode up to the river at a hand-gallop. A squad ran to the wagons and began to unpack the boats; another produced from a convenient field, stakes and timber. In an incredibly short space of time, the bridge was growing, boat on boat. Meanwhile, the troopers had dismounted and stripped their horses to the halter. When the bridge was finished, easily inside of an hour, the men carried their own arms and the equipment of their horses, and forced the latter to swim across beside them. They had some trouble convincing their steeds that this last measure was advisable; a German cavalryman is no cowboy as regards equine management. One sergeant had to give it up completely and drive his fractious charger across in the rear of the footmen.

Then, a whole battery of artillery was made to swim the river! This was accomplished by a novel but very simple devise invented, they say, by an Alsation. In its completeness, the new invention consists only of three water-tight barrels. One of these is set on the pole of the gun; the other two are fastened to the axles. Thus equipped, the piece is rolled into the water and ferried across by a boat, while the horses are made to swim in the rear of the procession. At the trial of this device, the whole feat, from the arrival of the battery on one side to its setting-up on the other, took a little less than twenty minutes. The battery which was chosen for this work took part in the most spectacular display of the manoeuvers—the loading of an artillery train at Kehl. Five minutes before the division arrived, the train stood on the siding with a few mechanics and engineers lounging about it; the whole scene was as peaceful as that at a desert station in Arizona between train-time and train-time. Then, a bugle was heard away off in the woods; the mechanics straightened into the military pose, and battery after battery galloped up and swung into place, each by its car. The scene was one of orderly confusion. Some run to the horses and begin to unharness, others get out jacks and slings and take the guns to pieces; still others take the parts and reassemble them in the cars. There is no unnecessary noise or confusion; in all the hurry and bustle, no sound of human voice is heard, except the occasional sharp, quick order of an officer. By the time the guns are in place, the horses are in flat-cars at the front of the train with their harness hanging on pegs beside them. The men fall into their places, the military mechanics stand beside the train, at salute, and they are away. Human machinery, absolute, unfeeling, a splendid exempler of the German method of thinking and acting which made it possible to mobilize and operatd this huge force of 100,000 men without confusion, without unnecessary privation, without disturbing the ordinary occupations of the people in the district.

A ventilated shoe, which is equipped with an apparatus like a bellows between the insole and the sole proper was given its first trial and was voted a failure. The mud seemed to get in and clog the machinery, so that the ventilation did not work after the first day, German military men are sticklers on shoes, deeming good footgear only second in importance to good arms, and the failure of this experiment was taken hard. The automobile corps, from which much had been expected, could not operate at all owing to the wet, but the bicycle division proved the practicability of the wheel in war in spite of the horrible condition of the roads. A new system of field telegraphy made glad the hearts of the experts by its successful operation, and night telegraphy by flashlight was proved practicable.

Before getting too far away from the bicyle corps, let me tell what happened to them in 1897, the first year that Germany experimented with the wheel as a military factor. In the course of the manoeuvers, a certain commander was ordered to storm and take a small fortess some distance away. Being an enthusiast on the bicycle he sent two hundred men on wheels to surprise the fort. They were to ride up at night, scale the walls, bind the sentries, and capture the fort in Ticonderoga style. But the commander of the stronghold got wind of the movement, and prepared for it by distributing several boxes of broken glass along the last hundred yards of the road. The attacking party wheeled into this novel ambush, and were themselves surprised and captured.

ETIENNE MARCEL.

SUGGESTIVE THERAPEUTICS.

PRINCIPLES OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE UTILIZED IN LEGITIMATE PRACTICE.

"HALF the business is tact, one-half the other half is fraud, if you call lying to a good purpose fraud, and the rest is what you learn in the schools," said the doctor.

I was suffering and miserable from a summer attack of the grippe, and the doctor was trying to divert me by letting me in behind the scenes. He is an old doctor and was a famous one in his time, but his work is done; only now and then he takes a patient with a long bank-account or a long claim on early friendship. In which of these classes I am numbered, I leave you to judge.

"You would be surprised at the number of devices employed by the most honest and faithful physicians to influence the mental attitude of their patients, and help them toward curing themselves. You must certainly know of the old bread-pill trick? No? Well, it sometimes happens that when a particular remedy has been applied too persistently, the patient has to be given a rest for a week or so. In such cases, the doctor makes up a few pills out of brown bread or some other harmless substance—brown bread is the favorite, because the pills look impressive—and cautions the patient to use no other medicine while that powerful dose is working. It used to go, once; now, so many people understand the game, that it doesn't always work. There are a good many little dodges just like that, all depending on getting the patient to think he's getting his money's worth—which he is, only he doesn't believe it unless he's being dosed all the time. The attitude of the average unscientific citizen toward medicine is that of the old down-East doctor—'Now, all we want to do is to assist Nature. Here's a plaster for your chest and another for the small of your back. Take a tablespoonful of the green stuff every quarter of an hour, and a teaspoonful of the red stuff every hour. Then at midnight take four of these pills, and if Nature ain't assisted by that time, we'll take some more violent measures.' "

"Then there is something else we are using more and more in the practice of modern medicine, which isn't homeopathic nor allopathic nor electropathic—which holds to no pathy but takes the best of them all. This thing I am speaking of, we actually went to the Christian scientists for. Talk about learning from your enemies! Don't imagine that we have any Christian science ideas about disease being imaginary and all that; we haven't. But we have learned, some of us, that there is a pretty big class of patients with imaginary complaints, most of them; these have been ill for a long period with a really serious disease, which has left them gradually, so gradually that they have never gotten over the belief that they are still invalids. This state of things is most common in nervous diseases, because of the close and immediate connection between the nerves and the mind, but it occurs in diseases like rheumatism, paralysis, and dysyepsia—I have even suspected, once or twice, cases of lingering consumption on these grounds. It is a private theory of mine that the cases with which Christian scientists make their cures are of this sort precisely. I account for Lourdes and its prototypes on the very same basis. If you will notice, the cures of which they boast are long-standing chronic diseases. That is their strong hold, and to the uninformed public these cures are more wonderful than knocking out of a plain cold. They *can* cure many of these old disorders, because many of them are just 'heroes', as I have said, but all the Christian science in the world couldn't knock out that little colony of grippe baccilli which is multiplying inside of you just now.

"I have fought such cases in the last ten years of my practice by suggestion. Not hypnotism at all, but suggestion, a very different thing. It depends on the unconscious self. The longer I live, the more I am convinced of the existence of this subconscious personality, the Mr. Hyde to your Dr. Jekyll. I could sit here and spiel for a week on that subject, for I'm somewhat of a crank on it. Mob mind, dreams, certain manifestations of drunkenness—were you ever drunk?"

When the devil was sick, the devil a monk would be. I was forced to acknowledge that just once—or maybe twice—away back when I was wild—I was, well, very near——

"Exactly! Did you happen, then, to feel that there was somebody else doing things you weren't responsible for? It is a sort of impulsive, frankly immoral part of you, which performs acts you would never think of in your sober senses. I believe, firmly, that there is an undercurrent of subjective consciousness running along just underneath that consciousness of which we are aware. When you are drunk, it breaks things, or fights or, perhaps, steals. Well, sometimes, in unnatural conditions of the nerves, it lies. It tells the outer consciousness that the body is sick, and the outer consciousness believes it. Sometimes, as I told you, this all comes about as a hold-over from an old and real sickness, and sometimes it is pure hysteria. Now, the only way to fight these suggestions of the Mr. Hyde part of a patient is to make suggestions on your own account.

"Here are a few examples. There was a young girl, one of my 'family' patients, who had a nervous, high-strung temperament and had been troubled with hysteria. She had a persistent disposition to headache, and one night she took, against my orders, one of these patent 'headache powders.' In the morning her sister found her sleeping very soundly, and fearing the stupefying effects of the powder, awakened her, showing, as she did so, that she was frightened. The girl struggling out of her deep sleep, did not answer at first; then the sister screamed and said:

" 'What's the matter, Ethel—can't you speak?'

"That, and the fright of being awakened so roughly, produced the very effect her sister had suggested. Ethel became not only speechless, but paralyzed. She lay rigid, and seemed unable to move any part of her body except her eyes. They called me at once, and I formed my theories of the case in a hurry, as we have to do sometimes. It turned out that I guessed it right. I began treatment by assuring her that there was really nothing serious, that it was a thing likely to happen to anyone—I even made up a fictitious name for the complaint. And then I took a glass of common water, stained it with claret, and assured her that it was a sovereign remedy, that it would restore her gradually, the awakening passing from part to part. I was gaining her confidence as I sent in these counter-suggestions, you see. It worked beautifully. I mentioned part after part as being ready to come to life, and control was restored just as I named them over—first, I assured her that she could soon move her hands and arms, then her legs, then that she could control her facial muscles, and finally that she could speak. I went at it gradually, so as not to arouse her suspicions, and in an hour she was walking and speaking. I could have set myself up as a Schlatter on the strength of that case, had I employed regular Faith Healer methods, which would have worked just as well.

"Another case, which would have been a miracle at Lourdes, was that of a boy who had sprained his ankle and who did not regain its use as soon as he ought. A year after the accident, he was still on crutches, and could not be induced to put the foot to the ground. He had been forced to do it, but had cried out with pain and given every evidence that he was not shamming. The family thought that it was rheumatism. I made an examination, but found no external symptoms, so I went to work to try suggestion. My little claret-and-water prescription, a little manipulation, and the suggestion that this was a new and wonderful remedy for just such a disease, had that boy playing baseball in a week. Only a month ago, I took a little French Canadian girl of nine, another of your hysterical temperaments, and cured her by methods exactly similar. The physician in attendance believed that she had infantile paralysis. I saw, after an examination, that the fool country doctor who had been doping her had been looking for that very thing in the early stages of her sickness, and had conveyed the suggestion to her. I had that girl out of bed in twenty minutes, and her people called it a miracle. Now, if that had happened at Lourdes!

"If I didn't have a class waiting for me at the hospital, I could bore you all night with cases just like this. Now *you* —you have the grip and no suggestion can root it out of your system, my boy, but I might suggest to you that you aren't quite so miserable with it as you were an hour ago. Isn't that a fact?"

F. R. S.

Seattle is having some difficulty in securing the pipe for the new Cedar River water system. A Pittsburg firm has the contract for manufacturing the pipe, and was sending it along with great regularity until lately. Then the Steel Trust stepped in and directed the company to lay that order aside until it had completed a contract for similar work for another city, which called for a higher price. The city engineer of Seattle was notified and hurried to the scene. He made an emphatic demand that the contract be carried out without delay. After a week with the officers of the Trust he succeeded in having an agreement made that the pipe would be furnished as required. In the meantime, however, the firm had been working on its other order, so it will be some time before it gets back to work on the Seattle pipe.

Although the succulent sound oyster is popular in the Northwest and in the middle Western states, many people favor the Eastern bivalve. Several attempts have been made to transplant the bluepoint, the rockaway and other varieties that the people of the Atlantic Coast like so well, but all have failed. The seed of the Eastern oyster grows in the sound and in the bays of the Pacific Coast, but it simply won't reproduce itself. Experts have studied the matter year after year and have used every endeavor to make their experiments successful, but without avail. Only a short time ago they came to the conclusion that cold water was the cause of the trouble. Now everybody knows that the sound is fed by innumerable streams from the mountains, which surround it. These streams are produced by melting snow and before the sun has time to warm them they dash into the sound, and as a result the great inland sea is almost icy cold, even on the warmest days in summer. Everybody who has been on the Atlantic coast knows that the waters off the Great South bay and Chesapeake bay, where such fine oysters are raised, are almost tepid in the summer. In winter they are probably just as cold as the waters of the sound. This is evidently an indication that while the bivalve can stand a good deal of cold it also needs a little warmth. It has been found that this warmth cannot be given to it in the sound. Therefore experimenters have decided to try a new plan. The Scottish American Investment Company, which controls 1,500 acres of the best oyster lands on Hood canal and Puget sound, and the Puget Sound Oyster Bed Company have arranged to plant cold water oysters. They will bring the seed from the island of Yezo, which is in the Pacific just north of Japan. Yezo is in a latitude farther north than Puget Sound, and the waters about it are said to be always chilled. Its oysters are as large as those of the Altantic coast and have much the same flavor. It is believed that they will thrive in the sound waters and will open up a new industry and a source of profit to those engaged in the enterprise. The seed will be packed in barrels and brought to Seattle by fast Japanese steamers. It is believed that fully 90 per cent. will survive and in a short time the results of the experiment will be known.

Will A. Snow.

PEACE has its heroes no less than war. Only last week, Will Snow, a young reporter of San Francisco, went to an ocean grave while in the pursuit of his duty. A strange fatality surrounded the history of this unfortunate young journalist. He came to California as an instructor at Stanford University, and went to reporting on the *Chronicle* in order to fill in a summer vacation. The attractions of newspaper life proved stronger than those of an instructor's chair, and he gave up his position in the university, only returning for a short time last spring to fill a temporary vacancy. Although he had no intention of making newspaper work a permanent profession, he decided, this fall, in the face of several good offers from Eastern colleges, to stay with it one year more. He was young, he said, and wanted to have a taste of active life before settling down to the routine of teaching science. He was not assigned to meet the transport carrying the Kansas troops, in boarding which he met his death, but, being a Kansas man himself, he asked to be put on the detail. A reckless, dare-devil young fellow, he had done some of his best work as a reporter by taking desparate chances. On this occasion, he took chances once too often; in attempting to board the transport in the heavy sea then running, he was swept away on the ebb-tide before help could reach him. One hesitates to praise the dead, because the mass of mankind take only too literally the proverb "Nothing but good of the dead," but of Will Snow, dead or alive, little but good could be said. He was a cordial, brave, upright gentleman with a touch of chivalry and love of adventure in his make-up which rendered his character an usually attractive one, and he went to his death in the pursuit of duty. In looking over the circumstances which led him to stay with newspaper work and to go on his last detail, it seems almost as though some fate stronger than his own will had driven him on to his unmarked grave under the waters of the Pacific.

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The Shame of Seattle.

GAMBLING is the vice of new communities, where money is easy and men are reckless. The tin-horn follows gold-finds as a shark follows a corpse. This is the case with Seattle just now, where the glittering attraction of returning Klondike millionaires has drawn sharpers from all the Northern country. I have no wish to sermonize on the evils of gambling, but here are three cases which speak louder than any oration. The captain of a sound steamer was given $1,000 by the owners to make purchases for the vessel. He fell in with a gambler, and the money went over the table that night. The gambler sold out his house and departed, leaving his victim a ruined man. The same night, a returned Klondike miner lost the proceeds of a modest summer clean-up in two hours on a brace game. Saddest case of all, a Swede gardner, having parted with his savings and his property in a notorious "skin game" house, hanged himself last week. In this case, as in that of the indiscreet sailor, the shark who was responsible got out to avoid the results. Without any desire to be Puritanical, and without any great faith in legal repression as a remedy for gambling and kindred evils, I still believe that such occurrences injure the fair fame of the Queen City to a greater extent than the presence of the gambling element can possibly help her finances.

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The Cape Nome Formation.

THE mystery of the origin of the Cape Nome diggings is nearing solution. Recent investigations undertaken by expert miners and prospectors has pretty well established the theory that the rich sand was once the bed of a river, which accounts for the presence of the gold-dust, and that an upheaval similar to the one which raised the land near Yakitat in September changed the face of the country and let the ocean in. If the theory is correct, there must be a great amount of gold under the ocean near Nome. As report after report comes in, it becomes certaiu that the diggings are rich beyond even the first wild expectations. The whole district between the beach and the mountains, some of it still unclaimed, is proved to be pay dirt; this adds about forty square miles to the gold-bearing district. If the source of the original river is ever discovered, the district will be a true El Dorado. The ice is forming early and rapidly, and the hardy voyages of the *Alpha*, whose venture was described in The *Wave* last week, will hardly reach Nome this winter. The *Alpha* is provisioned for the season, so that there will be no great hardship, except the necessity of passing a winter in the ice.

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The Lake Washington Canal.

ELECTRICITY is not the only new thing to be seen in Seattle next year. The Lake Washington canal will be well under way, if not completely finished, by that time. This enterprise has had as many false starts as an international yacht race, but the winds are now favoring. The final obstacle, a hitch in the deeds of sale, was removed last week; nothing but providence or Congress can now interfere with its execution. The route is definitely determined. Beginning at a point on Lake Washington northeast of Seattle, the cut will proceed to Lake Union, and thence to Salmon bay—two miles of canal in all. The primary object is the cleansing of naval vessels, which can be relieved of all marine growths without the necessity of docking by remaining in the fresh lake water a few weeks, but the government will not object to permitting merchant vessels the same privilege. It will be a great, a very great thing for Seattle and for all ship-owners of the northwest coast, and the only people who are objecting are the owners of dry-docks.

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The Week's Football.

THE tie game last Saturday between University of California and Olympic Club in San Francisco, was interesting and even amusing, but it was not football. I suppose that even the Coast, which has had its quota of poor football, never before saw the ball change hands on fumbles four times in four successive downs in a game between reputable teams. Yet this is just what happened last Saturday. As for the fouls and off-side plays, they ran the fumbles a close second. The surprising thing about this feature was the fact that collegians were the offenders. The showing made by California in this contest was so much poorer than their performance in the first game, that it can only be put down as one of those unaccountable slumps which happen to any team once or twice in the course of a systematic fall training. Certainly, there is much more in the Berkeley team than they showed last Saturday. The college men played their substitute backs in the first half, which accounts, in a measure, for the showing, but where Hall, Smith and Karrsburg were called in to pull out the contest, they did not do much better than their understudies. Altogether, their work was so poor as to be discouraging to a Berkeley sympathizer—unless, as before suggested, the team was in a normal slump. I fancy that Cochran, like Butterworth, is showing much less interest in his second season than he did in his first.

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It is a pity that the Olympic team, with its really strong material, has no object in existing. In the old days, when

FRANK MCCOMAS. See Page 15

there were two good club aggregations of about equal srrength in the Bay region, Olympic and Reliance had something to play for. Then Reliance gave up the grid-iron, and Olympic absorbed their best players. The move strengthened the team of the latter club, while it killed its spirit. An Athletic team plays with vim only with opponents of its own class; college men care very little whether their team wins or loses against an athletic club. I venture that any good enthusiast from either university would prefer to have his team wiped out in every game with Olympic to seeing it beaten by the rival college, and the same spirit animates the club men. In the old days, Reliance trained to beat Olympic and Olympic trained to beat Reliance, holding the college games, as the collegians hold the club games, as mere training. This year, the club plainly does not care. The men, probably the best set of individual players ever gotten together in the West—I do not except even the old semi-professional Butte aggregation—hardly don a football suit from Saturday to Saturday, and make no pretense at training. At present the Olympic team's only excuse for existence is its usefulness as a tryout for the University seam. It is unforunate, but conditions are to blame. What the Olympic Club needs is a rival to keep it "hustling"—not only in football, but all branches of sport.

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The Triumpth of Marconi.

JOURNALISM has found much to grow excited about in the telegraphic reports of the yacht races. The *Examiner* and the *Call* have been airing their ill opinions of one another over the Marconi system of wireless telegraphy which the Spreckels organ, in connection with the N. Y. *Herald*, has utilized. Marconi suggested maccaroni to the Monarch, together with other gibes and flings which the *Call* resented with appropriate virulence. When it came to a veritable issue on Monday last, however, Marconi was justified and the *Call* scored heavily on its rivals. It announced the news of the *Columbia's* victory many minutes before either the *Chronicle* or the *Examiner*. Apropos the *Call* it is cutting a decided figure nowadays. Its ebullience has rather moderated, though there are occasional outbreaks. Its editorial department is generally very good and occasionally excellent. Mr. Spreckels is deeply interested in the success of the paper, and gives it a rest deal of his personal attention.

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San Francisco Journalism.

ON the staff of the S. F. *Chronicle* there are to be some important changes in the early future. To commence with, William Gifford Smith, who has officiated as editorial writer for several years past, retires to take charge of the *Commercial Advertiser* of Honolulu. He will be succeeded by Mr. Taliesin Evans, who has hitherto acted as Sunday editor. This latter place has been apportioned to Miss Mabel Craft, who has certainly earned promotion by her excellent reportorial service. Miss Croft has never had the advertising that has fallen to some other women correspondents in this field, but to a newspaper she is really worth the bunch of them put together. She asks no odds of anyone, has held her own against the best men in S. F., and is a tireless producer of available copy. The Sunday *Chronicle* offers her an opportunity. It is distinguished from its contemporaries by sanity and absence of freakish features. But the matter is awkwardly, even crudely, displayed, and loses thereby half its value. The Sunday N. Y. *Herald* would be an excellent model for the *Chronicle*. The departure of Mr. Smith is regrettable, for he is a strong and competent man of broad knowledge, possessed of a clear and even style of expression which served admirably its purpose.

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Washington for Tourists.

IT SEEMS to a casual observer as though the Washington hustler had overlooked one possibility of the state. I refer to the chance of making Washington a tourist resort. It is no disparagement to Colorado, California or the other natural beauty-spots of America to say that nowhere in the country is the scenery so varied and attractive as in Washington. No other state has such a happy combination of mountain and forest, sea and glaciers; no other has two large mountain ranges within its borders. If the tourist loves climbing, he has here the Alps of America, culminating in two beautiful peaks higher than Mont Blanc; if he is of an adventurous nature, he will find in the Olympic range the only considerable spot in the United States which has not yet been explored. In these upper fastnesses are the last refuge of the great game which once ranged the West, and the very last of the forest primeval lies here. Until lately, these natural beauties have not been exploited; only recently, as an indirect result of the Klondike travel, have the state's resources in this respect been known at all. The movement is started; it is now "up to" the people of Washington to push it along.

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Municipal Elections in San Francisco.

THE large registration in San Francisco may be deceptive. In average years it is required that every citizen register. For the forthcoming election only those who have changed residences since last November were compelled to record their names on the rolls. It may be that a number of men who participated in the Phelan-Patton contest have left town, though as things were then at their worst in San Francisco, this is improbable. The real estate men augur an increased population from the manner in which "to let" signs are disappearing from the residential districts. The city is certainly in better financial shape than it has been in many moons and the future outlook is brilliant.

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From this moment until election day mass meetings will be occurring all over San Francisco. Despite the charter decision which at writing has not been handed down by the Supreme Court, the campaign will go on apace. The Democracy has perfected its organization and systematized its fight and promises the most active kind of a campaign. The Republicans have established comfortable headquarters in the History Building on Market street and the greatest activity prevails. As I indicated last week, there will be a more distinct lining-up of parties in the forthcoming contest than in recent elections. Horace Davis certainly grows in strength as time goes on and other things being equal, will undoubtedly poll a full Republican vote. As to the other officers it is hard at writing to predict results, except in certain instances, until the campaign gets under way. For the most part the candidates are withholding their strength until the Supreme Court announces itself.

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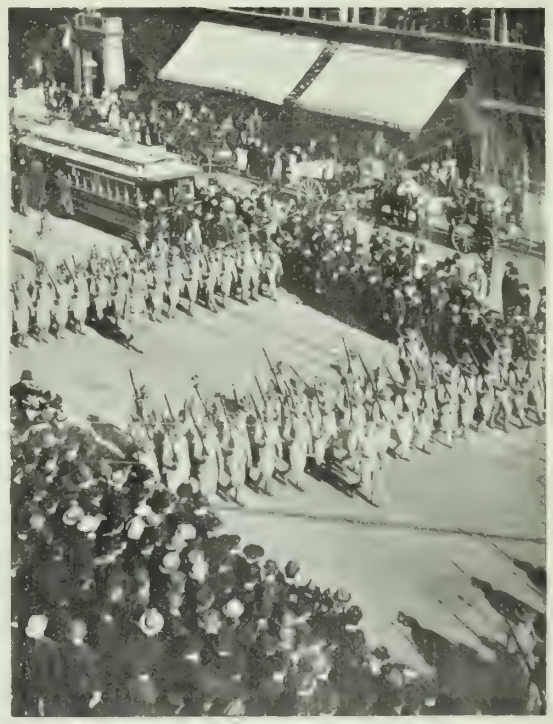
Electric Power for Seattle.

EXIT steam in Seattle, and enter electricity. The lightning stored up in Snoqualmia Falls has been chained, the wires are in, and it only remains for the manufacturers to make connections with the cheap, convenient and clean motive-power. It will not be long before every wheel in the city is turned by electricity.

BOSWELL, JR.

ON THE TARTAR. HATS OFF TO THE FLAG

THE KANSAS BATTLE FLAGS



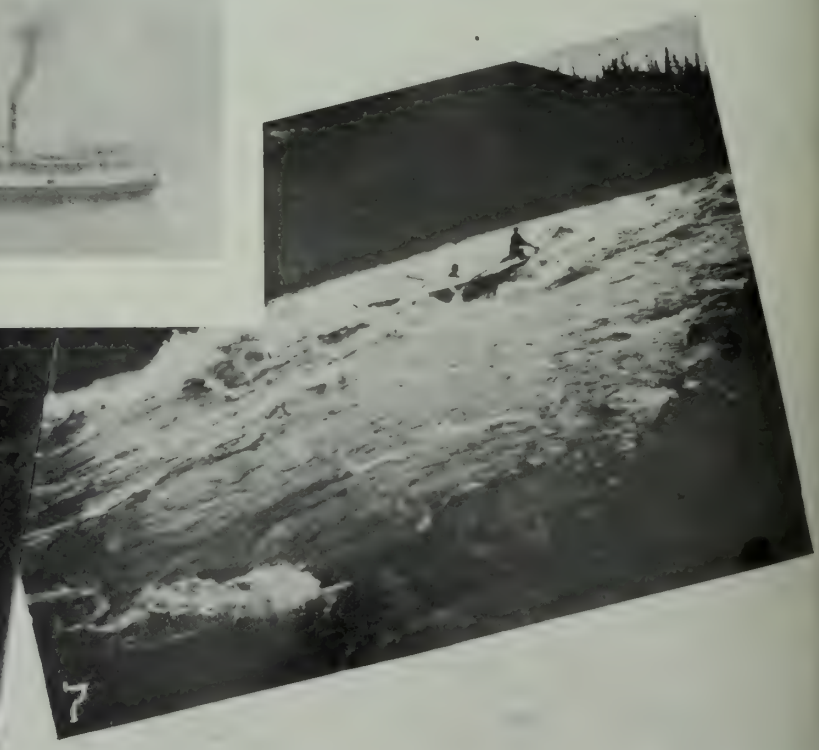
CHEERS FOR THE SUNFLOWERS

THE KANSAS BOYS MARCHING UP MARKET STREET

KANSAS CAMP AT THE PRESIDO

GENERAL FUNSTON GOVERNOR STANLEY, of Kansas. ON THE TARTAR COLONEL METCALF, *Photo by W. J. Street*

Arrival 7th Kansas Regiment in San Francisco.



Scenes on the Tramway Operated by the Miles Canyon and Lewis River Tramway Co. *Photo by H. C. Barle*

1 and 2—Steamers "Rosalie" and "Dirigo" operated by Alaska Steamship Co.

3—Miles Canyon
4—Miles Canyon Catgract

5—Landing at Miles Canyon
6—White Horse

7—White Horse Rapids

Skaguay, the Gateway to the Yukon, Klondike and Atlin.

A LITTLE over two years has elapsed since the first authentic news of the gold fields on the Klondike startled the world. When it became an established fact that the rich placers had been discovered in the far North, when the gold was brought from that country and found its way into the channels of trade, then, and not till then, were the stories of the rich finds given credence.

At once the mercantile world of the Pacific Coast, and in many instances, the mercantile energy and brains of the East, began casting about for a route by which the new El Dorado could be supplied with all things that were needful to sustain life in the then far-off country of the great Yukon valley. The old prospector and miner who had braved hardships and perils of the far North for many years had traced for himself a route into the valley of the Yukon by way of White Pass and the lakes. His inititial point of departure by land was Skagway. From that point for nearly six hundred miles northward he had travelled with comparative ease and rapidity. In the winter he had hauled his supplies by dog team and in the summer the great waterways of the upper Yukon had afforded him ready and rapid means of transportation. His preference of route was quickly noticed and discussed by the newer gold-hunter, and the tenderfoot decided that if the overland route was good for the pioneer it was good for him. Hence the man with snap and vigor, with blood and nerve, chose to follow in the steps of the early pathfinders.

Of the many passes that were tried none proved so easy of access, so easy of crossing and so easy of reaching from the centers of trade as the famous White Pass, at the foot of which is built the city of Skaguay. The feasibility of the White Pass route was at once established, and it was but a few months until none other was taken under consideration by the traveler to the Klondike. The city of Skaguay, from a few tents in the forest at tidewater, became a real, live city, with all the modern utilities—electric lights, graded and gravelled streets, a complete system of water works, fire apparatus for protection against fire, municipal government, a board ot trade, a national bank, and all that goes to open the channels of trade to the business man and the investor. For a town of scarcely two years' existence its progress at once strikes the new comer with wonder and admiration, and he mentally casts about to foretell its future. The sight of the White Pass and Yukon Railway, with its engines and trains, the thousands of workmen scattered from tide water along its length, all cause him to quickly conclude that here, at least, is not a mushroom city. There is too much money being invested and already invested, for the town of Skaguay to be otherwise than permanent as a trade center. It is the gateway to the Yukon, Klondike and Atlin.

Thus the great regions of the Yukon, Klondike and Atlin, practically illimitable in area, must draw for their supplies on the city of Skaguay, and that city with its vim and vigor is already in position to furnish those supplies. The business men of Skaguay have, from the first minute they cast their fortunes with the town, had an abiding faith in its stability and permanence as a commercial point. They built large and commodious stores, stocked them with the most superior articles of goods suitable for the trade of the golden North, and are selling them at exceedingly reasonable prices. They are doing business on a business basis and are satisfied with the legitimate commercial profit exacted in older cities within the borders of so-called civilization. It is an indisputed fact that miners, prospectors, railroad men, hotel men, and all other persons requiring goods and supplies of any description can purchase them in such quantity and at such rates as defy competition by British Columbian, Puget Sound or Californian cities.

While Skaguay is all that has been said about its real commercial merits and stability as a business center, it has not been advertised either by its business men or by its private citizens. The former are too busy in their respective lines to give the time to advertising a town they thought did not need advertising, and the latter, for the most part, considered themselves only wayfarers who were likely to move on with the next "rush." But within the last few months it has dawned upon the vision of many of these wayfarers that Skaguay is a good place to tarry, and so they have begun to build homes and to make a local habitation and a name. Families have rejoined the head of the house, and contrary to expectation, found Alaska a pleasant country to live in. Schools have been established until at present the Gateway City boasts of one public and several private schools, the Bishop McCabe college, and the happy, careless laughter of children may now be heard where but a few months since nothing broke the stillness of the Great Pass save the shrill shriek of the bluejay or the discordant cry of the sea gull in its daily pursuit of the dog salmon.

Nor has the spiritual welfare of mankind in this northern latitude been neglected. The various denominations have a union church where each hold services at stated times, and the sound of the church-going bell awakes the cold solitudes of the glacier informing sinner and saint alike that here he can be guided in the straight and narrow way as earnestly and as eloquently as in the more costly church edifices of older civilization.

Thus it has come that Skaguay has distanced all competitors as a business center, and has by the energy, vigor and vim of its inhabitants, added to its natural advantages marched far in advance of all other points in the Great Northwest. Its future is assured and its destiny forecast.

It is to the mineral deposits that Skaguay looks for its future importunce and wealth. This is an industry yet in the very infancy of development, still sufficient progress has been made in the line of investigation to show that all the precious metals, and especially gold, abound. Almost everywhere in the vicinity of Skaguay where the prospector has pushed his researches have there been found indications of the presence of pay-gold.

New finds are almost daily reported in the country adjacent to Skagway, and there is a large area not yet prospected, which will doubtless yield even more phenomenal returns. It is a country of illimitable possibilities and is only passing the early stages of development—a mere scratching of the surface. There is every indication of a yield of the precious metal that will soon astonish the world. The whole country tributary to Skaguay is being developed with amazing rapidlty. In the Porcupine district good prospects have been reported and it will this spring doubtless be the scene of active operations in prospecting and placer mining, when this great country will be more carefully explored. There is said to be much rich hydraulic ground also in that section. The quartz mines have not as yet been exploited, but the rich surface showing tends to prove that further research and development work will open up a promising field for the investment of capital.

Within a radius of thirty-five miles of Skaguay. several quartz ledges have been located that average five dollars and upward to the ton, and a few running $15 and $18. While the greater part of this ore is low grade, considerable of it must be classed as pay ore. A mining expert claims that "Ore that lies in large bodies and assays above three dollars to the ton is classed among the pay." The celebrated Treadwell mine, on Douglas island, averages something less than three dollars, but with modern methods the company employs to handle and work in the mine is considered among the best as a dividend producer. Southern Alaska is full of low grade propositions which, when developed, will grow into big, legitimate and paying mining enterprises.

Much interest is being taken by mining men in the quartz locations being made in the Skaguay river canyon, and location notices are being stuck up nearly the entire length of the river. From assays made in San Francisco and Helena, the rock runs rich in gold, and capital is being interested in the work of opening up the discoveries.

The construction of the railroad up White Pass is really as brilliant an exhibition of modern enterprise and ingenuity as the world has recently been afforded. Three years ago, when the wonderful riches of the Klondike were discovered, some 60,000 men hurried from all over the earth to try their fortunes in the new gold fields. The extraordinary difficulty of crossing the Chilcoot Pass suggested at once the construction of a railroad. American and English promoters sent engineers, many of them notable men, to Skaguay and Dyea to make preliminary surveys for a new line into the interior. Almost unanimously they vetoed the idea. The seheme was impossible, One exception there was, E. C. Hawkins, who reported in a different strain. A line could be built and he would build it. He is now chief engineer and manager of the Yukon and White Pass Railroad.

Senatorial Party Excursionists at the Summit of White Pass

The objective point is Fort Selkirk on the Yukon river. As an engineering feat, this road is practically without a rival. At the summit, it skirts the face of the steep side of the mountain, where in order to avoid heavy rock excavations it was necessary to support the track on a trestle stepped into the side of the cliff. This construction bas been compared to the building of the trans-Andean line in Peru, but engineers familiar with the conditions declare the White Pass road more interesting. The scenery along the line is simply magnificent. It winds amid rock defiles, and at every turn one has glimpses of massive peaks capped with snow, whose glaciered crowns seem almost to jostle the stars. Granite walls rise perpendicular from the valleys thousands of feet below.

What a difference the White Pass and Yukon Road has made in the trip to Dawson.

A magnificently appointed steamer receives one at Seattle, and the sight of horses, dogs and men massed in profusion upon the teeming decks is seen no more. Three or four days brings one to the tide flats of Skaguay, where the horses used to be thrown overboard, to sink or swim ashore, and where men and dogs were received in lighters and carried to a point on the flats where they could make their own way to the tent-strewn heights above. Now the steamers tie up to a securely-built dock a mile long; hotel 'bus drivers jostle one another in a noisy attempt to attract the passengers, who are finally rattled off to comodious hostelries to await the leaving of the first passenger train. Where was formerly piled in picturesque confusion shiploads of grub, clothing and stores, is now seen to be the well laid out city of Skaguay, streets all graveled and square with the world, rows upon rows of handsome stores in all the glory of new and pristine paint in its purity, hotels and offices on every hand—in fact, a Western civilization ahead of half the towns and cities of the coast. After refreshment, the 'bus carries one down to the depot, and tickets are secured for Bennett at a point not far from the spot where less than two years ago laden pack trains turned off into the muddy and endless trail.

A consolidation locomotive with six coaches pulls up and receives the crowd of passengers, and away they go up the gentle grade of the Skaguay river. Everybody crowds to the windows, for the scenery begins now to attain an attribute of terrible sublimity. The canyon narrows, and one's neck becomes painful from gazing at the mountains.

With a grade at times of nearly 4 per cent. the mammoth engines now begin to wind around and lift us into the air. In a very few miles we reach and pass over places where the sensation to the spectator is one as of hanging midway between heaven and earth. To the right of us tower bald granite mountains reaching up into the clouds and carrying snow on their majestic summits. Beneath us—directly underneath us it appears to the excited imagination of the passenger—one gets a direct view of the Skaguay river and its tributaries. Sheer precipice to the left down to bottomless depths, and just as sheer heights to the right into the impenetrable azure; and one instinctively casts a critical eye over the track which is bearing us heavenward, and experiences a sense of great relief and the first lessening of the tension of the strained nerves observing that it is all in first-class shape, ballasted superbly with gravel and the rails of 56-pound steel. For miles the telegraph wires are suspended on brackets over the train, as to place them the regulation fifty feet away from the track would on the one side put them a thousand feet below, while on the other side they would be an equal distance above. Many a time the spectator finds himself wondering vaguely how the drilling was ever done for those brackets or iron arms supporting the wires. In many places it was manifestly impossible to have suspended stagings from above, so the alternative must have been high stagings from the grade below. Here and there, beautiful cascades of water dash down through chasms in the mountain, the water being conducted safely under the track in rock-bound channels. The torrents are fed by the everlasting glaciers miles above, and summer cannot diminish their flow. The source in most cases cannot be seen, as the mountains are piled nearly straight up, height upon height, and no sooner does one reach a point where the top of the nearest mountain can be seen, than still vaster heights above are brought into view.

Up and up we go, and as we take a long bend to the right we see the track a thousand feet above us on the opposite side of the bottomless chasm. There, on the opposite hill, we see the dark line extending clear from the river below over the rounded top above, indicating the old summer trail over White Pass, where men and horses made their first great ascent and precipitated themselves into the bogs which fill in the intervals between the mountain peaks. What a feat that was, to be sure; and now, riding on the platform of a smooth-riding coach, and ascending every minute higher and higher into the blue ether, called Heaven by those little black specks of humanity which our glass shows to us on the river bank below, we cannot but admire the grit and perseverance of our species, even though engaged in an inglorious chase for gold. And when, after an hour's climbing, we have taken the great bend to the left and see a midget track, far down the precipitous mountain side, and realized that a while ago our own train was puffing contentedly along that very track, then our minds are filled with a sincere respect for the gallant and intrepid surveyors who scaled these heights without the assistance of trail or train, planted their stakes where in many places it seemed impossible for a cat to cling, and demonstrated to the world that the era of engineering feats did not pass out with either Eads or De Lesseps. On and on we go; one point of advantage is gained over another; hair-raising bridges are crossed; we dash through a tunnel, get a vast view of that tremendous hole in the earth, the Skaguay river, make a switchback turn and are at the summit of White Pass, having ascended into the air a height of 2,885 feet in a distance of but nineteen miles.

Here the scenery changes, and for many miles we find ourselves travelling on the cars where for the first time man has awakened the eternal solitudes of these mountain tops since the molten earth was first hurled into space by the hand of God an infinite time ago. Long declivities are filled with great stretches of water as clear as the clearest crystal—clear because there is absolutely no soil in sight to sully its purity. Summit lake is of a rigorous, chilly beauty; no fish, no birds, no flowers; nothing green in sight but that cold, splendid water, carrying ice on its surface until well into July of each year. But stop! In the sheltering recesses of some mossy nook we catch a glimpse of vegetable life in the form of trees, hoary and rugged with age and of the majestic height of from two to six feet. What a struggle for existence was that which even discouraged the hardy spruces and pines.

Now we have time to remark the strange roundness of all the tops of these monarchs of the Coast Range. As we begin to descend at a good sharp pace from Summit lake we are forced to the conclusion that one day a mighty ice cap, weighing billions of tons, must have slowly ground away the jagged corners of these upturned mountains until now they are as smooth and round as the benevolent, shiny pate of a first-row patron of the Gaiety. Gradually we run into more and more scraggy timber, and notice that we are constantly descending from one level piece of track to another, until we arrive at Lake Bennett, the present terminus of the road.

A Viennese woman of great wealth received a call from a well-dressed man, who obtained an interview on the pretence that he had been the friend of a dead brother. He opened the conversation by bringing a large flat bottle out of his pocket and telling the lady that unless she handed over a sum equivalent to $2,000 in small bank notes he would break the bottle in her presence, adding that the bottle contained the *bacilli* of various infectious diseases, which would certainly cause death to herself and all her household. The lady, with great presence of mind, temporised with the scoundrel, and left him in the room while she went into an adjoining apartment to get the money. She hurriedly scribbled a note, placed it in a vase and threw it out a window

The breaking vase attracted the attention of a policeman, who read the note. He called a second police officer to his aid, and entering the house by the servants' entrance, was quickly ushered in, with his companion, to the lady's presence, who was found in the act of counting out the notes to the avaricious gentleman with the fat bottle. The rascal was seized before he could do anything with the bottle, which subsequently was found to contain a variety of the deadliest germs in the way of Asiatic plagues. The blackmailer, it seems, was a medical student and had stolen the bacteria from the lecture room of his hospital.

SKA

EXPRESS TRAIN, WHITE PASS AND YUKON ROAD

F. B. Whiting, Chief Surgeon S. H. Graves, Pres.

TOTEM POLE AT WRANGEL

Hugh Foy, Supt. of Cons. M. J. Heney, Contractor. E. C. Hawkins, Gen'l Mg'r. John Hislop, Ass't. Gen. Eng.

OFFICIALS ON TOUR OF INSPECTION

OLD WAGON ROAD, SKAGUAY IN THE DISTANCE

CONSTRUCTION PARTY CUTTING A GRADE

A. D. CHARLTON AND

GENERAL VI

Scenes in Skaguay and alo

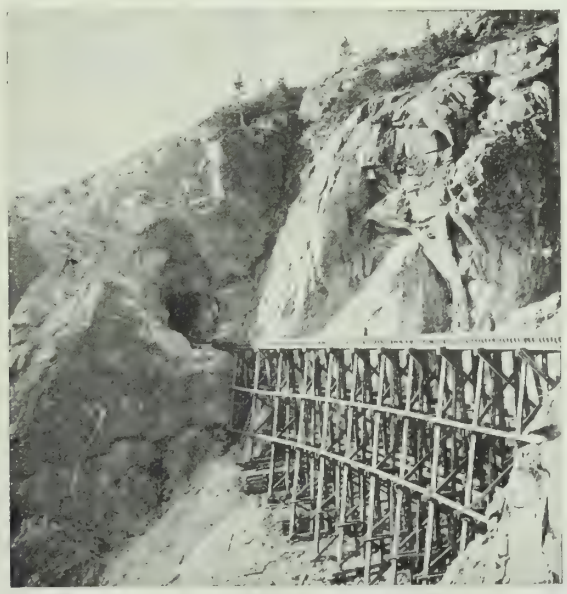
A[illegible]T IS TODAY

PANORAMIC VIEW OF SUNSET LAKE, WHITE PASS AND YUKON ROAD

[illegible] THE SUMMIT

S[illegible]GUAY

A WATERFALL ALONG THE WHITE PASS ROAD



ENTRANCE TO A TUNNEL

A CUT NEAR THE SUMMIT

TOTEM POLE AT WRANGEL

[illegible]ukon and White Pass Railway.

Photo by H. C. Barley.

THE KLONDIKE BY STEAM.

DAWSON SIX DAYS FROM VANCOUVER.

TO the argonaut of two years ago this statement would have sounded as chimerical as the telegraph and electric cars would have sounded to the Pilgrims of the Mayflower. And yet the comparison is not strained. The wonderful strides made in transportation facilities to Dawson in the past two years have been the wonder and admiration of the whole world. What formerly took months may now be accomplished in days.

From Vancouver, Victoria and the Puget Sounds Ports one has his choice of nearly a dozen different steamboat lines to Skaguay; from Skaguay to Bennett there is but one White Pass and Yukon Road as from Bennett to Dawson there is but one Canadian Development Company. What the White Pass and Yukon Road has done for the traveller and shipper from Skaguay to Bennett, the Canadian Development Company has done for him from Bennett to Dawson, a distance over twelve times as great.

Steamer Victorian starting for White Horse July 8,1899

The Canadian Development Company is controlled by a syndicate of Londen capitalists with Mr. H. Maitland Kersey as managing director. Mr. Kersey is a steamboat man of large experience and resigned the position as general agent of the White Star Line in New York to organize the Canadian Development Company. This concern has in operation on the Yukon the steamer *Columbian*, *Victorian*, *Canadian*, *Anglian*, *Zelandian* and *Tasmanian*; on Lake Bennett the palatial steamers *Australian and Indian*.

In Dawson the Company has the only floating warehouse 150 feet long, which is moved to the Company's piers covered by an iron shell 200 feet in length, and on which freight can be stored waiting for delivery. They also have warehouses at White Horse Rapids and at Bennett.

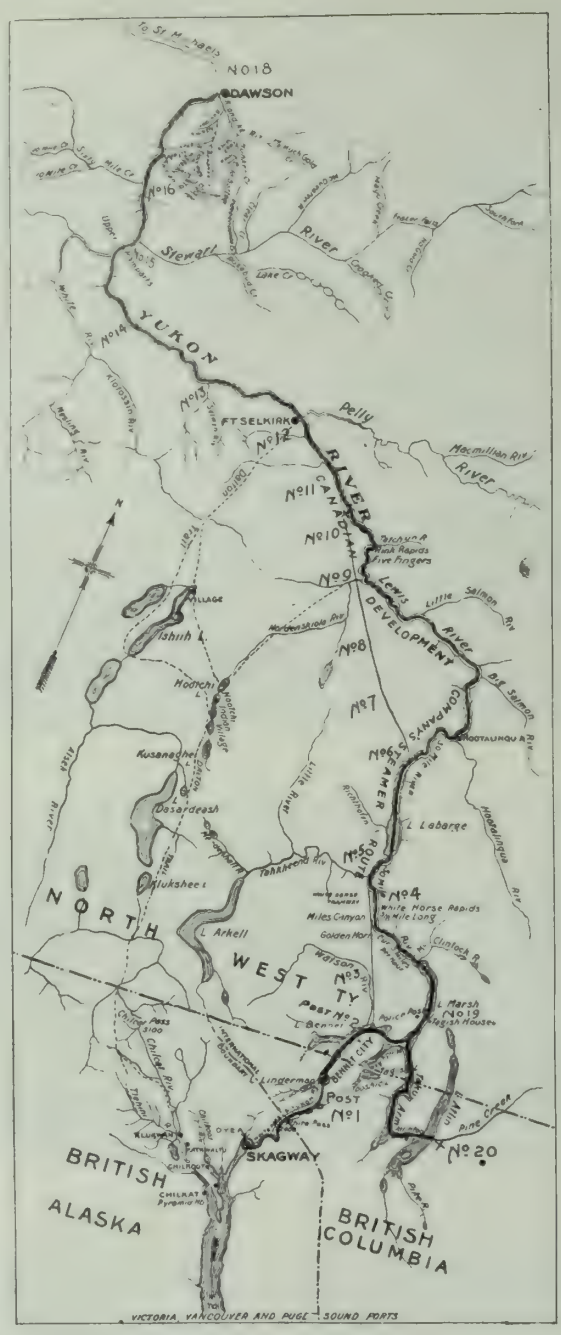
In addition to carrying a Canadian Master, the Company has two thoroughly experienced swift-water American pilots on each boat so that until the Fall of the year the boats are run night and day.

Passengers availing themselves of the Company's steamers can leave either Seattle or Vancouver by any of the ocean steamers for Skaguay; at Skaguay they will take the White Pass Railway to the head of Lake Bennett, where the Company's steamers "*Australian*" and "*Indian*" will be waiting for them. By these boats they will be conveyed to Miles Canyon, where there is a portage railway of four miles to White Horse Rapids. Over this railway baggage not exceeding 150 lbs. per each passenger will be conveyed by the Company free of charge.

The scenery along this four miles is magnificent. The whole body of water supplied by Lakes Bennett, Tagish, Marsh, Taku and Atlin rushes through a narrow gorge, passing out at the lower end over Squaw Rapids and other swift waters, finally tumbling through the famous White Horse Rapids into the lower part of Sixty-Mile River, A good path or trail follows the line of the river, enabling passengers to secure a view of this wonderful scenery.

At the Rapids the Company's other steamers are ready to convey passengers to Dawson. Stops will be made at any point along the river where passengers may desire to land, provided the boats can reach that particular point in safety.

150 lbs. of baggage is allowed to each individval passenger; excess baggage will be charged at current freight rates. For the conveyence of gold dust special arrangements have been made with underwriters and the banks for both its safe care and keeping on board and its safe conveyance to the lower coast points.



The through rates include meals and comfortable berths. Fresh meat, vegetables and fish are supplied, and every comfort offered to passengers.

From Vancouver or Seattle to Skaguay the distance is 900 miles. The whole of this distance is made over inland seas with only 30 miles of open water through magnificent Alaskan scenery, surpassing that of the Norwegian Fijords. The distance by rail over the White Pass is 45 miles to the head of Bennett, from the head of Bennett to Miles Canyon 109 miles, the portage railway four miles, and from White Horse Rapids to Dawson 460 miles, the whole of the river navigation being performed down stream.

In order to enable tourists to view not only the wonderful scenery of the Yukon, but also the wealth of its mining camps, special arrangements have been made with the Alaska Commercial Company whereby through tickets will be issued from San Francisco, Seattle, Vancouver or Victoria by the Canadian Development Company's boats to Dawson, thence by the fast new packet boats of the Alaska Commercial Co. to St. Michaels, and thence by their splendid ocean steamers to Victoria or San Francisco. The entire round trip can be made in under thirty days, whiie tourists will be enabled to remain as long as they please in Dawson to visit the mining district. This trip will enable passengers to see all the beautiful scenery above alluded to between the coast ports and Skaguay, all the wonders of the upper and lower Yukon Rivers, down which they will steam 2,250 miles, while on the return journey they will pass through Behring Sea between the Aleutian Islands, and home across the broad Pacific.

"Australian" at Canyon City—End of Tramway. *Photo by Pillsbury & Cleveland*

The Company has the contract for the Canadian andUnited States mail for four years. Summer and winter posts are now being established all along theroute. By adopting the new overland trail now being cut out by the Government and the Company, the distance between Bennett and Dawson is shortened over 120 miles, and the Company hopes to put the mails in to Dawson in seven days from Bennett. A cut-off from Cariboo Crossing to White Horse saves 40 miles, thence 50-Mile river and Lake LaBarge are followed to the westerly foot of the lake whence a direct route across country is taken to Mackay six miles below the Rink Rapids, horses being used throughout. Thence the river is followed to Dawson. Comfortable posts, with clean berths, blankets and good meals, either owned by the Company or under good management are provided and the winter trip made easy and speedy.

Canadian Development Company's Dock, Dawson. *Photo by Barley*

To maintain this service, four divisional superintendents, 18 couriers, 36 post keepers and cooks, 30 horses, 150 dogs, 60 sleighs, 60 tons provisions, 50 tons dog feed, 90 tons of horse feed, two steam launches for late and early navigation over lakes, and canoes at every river post are provided. For the coming season of 1900 the Company intends to construct five new light draft river steamers so that two boats a day will be leaving White Horse and Dawson, one passenger and one freight.

It is hinted that a first class ocean service of "White Star" style will be put on between Vancouver, Victoria and Skaguay.

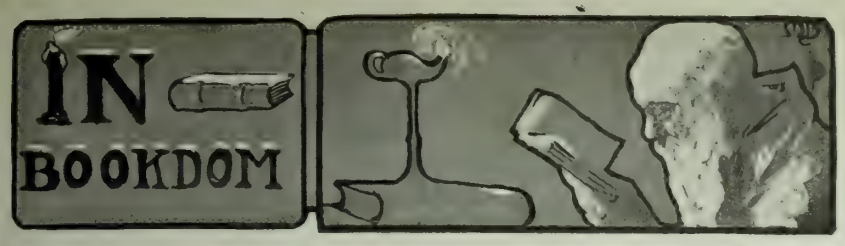
WINTER MAIL POSTS.

No, 1, station Bennett, post keeper C. D. Co., 0 miles; 2, Cariboo, C. D. Co., 28; 3, Lewgan, C. D. Co., 22; 4, White Horse, British America Co., 20; 5, Upper La Barge, C. D. Co., 25; 6, Lower La Barge, C. D. Co.,30; 7, Chico, C.D.Co., 23; 8, Montague, C. D. Co., 23; 9, Cormacks, C. D. Co., 24, 10, Mackay, Wilson, 24; 11, Minto, Fussel, 24; 12, Selkirk, British America Co., 24; 13, Selwyn, 30; 14, Tulare, 36; 15, Stewart River, 39; 16, 60-Mile, 23; 17, Indian River, 20; 18, Dawson, 28;—443. 19, Tagish from Bennett 50 miles; 20, Atlin, British America Co., from Bennett 110 miles.

Canadian Development Co's Steamer "Canadian" at Five Fingers
Photo by Cleveland and Pillsbury

It is said that when the colonel of the Nebraska troops proposed to General Otis that his men be sent home via Yokohama and the Inland sea, the commander-general enquired sarcastically: "You want to give your men a two week's vacation at the expense of the government, do you?" "Yes," said the colonel, "That is exactly what I do want, and I think my men have deserved it." The matter was appealed to Washington, and the colonel won. The reception given the returning troops at Yokohama was a wonderful thing, in its way. The American colony at that place consists of not more than forty families, yet this little collection of people have banqueted and entertained over 12,000 soldiers. The Americans, especially the ladies, have made this almost their sole vocation during the past summer. Each successive regiment has been feasted, treated to free baths, provided with headquarters well supplied with reading-matter and amusements, and entertained, so far as possible, in private houses. Moreover, many of the sick were taken ashore and nursed during their stay. Equally wonderful has been the manner in which the soldiers conducted themselves during their furlough. Anticipating trouble, the Japanese government had filled the city with extra police, but they were not needed. In spite of the vicious allurements of this treaty port, only one American has been arrested—that one a Washingtonian who accidentally rode a bicycle into a blind man—and he was released without fine. The American, like the traditional Englishman, growls at the government at home, and worships it when abroad.

Miss Helen Gould shared with Admiral Dewey the honors of the late celebration in New York. From the window of her Fifth avenue home she reviewed the procession and each successive division of soldiers and sailors stopped to cheer for her in recognition of her work with their sick and wounded. When the Tenth Pennsylvania passed, someone shouted: "Who was the man of the war?" "Dewey" came the answer. "Who was the woman of the war?" "Helen Gould!" shouted the Pennsylvanians.



IN *Blix* (Doubleday & McClure) Frank Norris has veritably written a novel of San Francisco life. So many writers have tried to embody the distinctive characteristics of the city of the Golden Gate in fiction and have failed, that *Blix* would be notable for this if for no other reason. Why it should be difficult to utilize successfully the picturesque values of Chinatown and Barbary Coast is hard to define, but since *The Wreckers* no one but Mr. Norris has reflected aught of their individuality. Indeed, Stevenson's has long stood as the sole discription of his burg the San Franciscan would admit to be either appreciative or accurate. Since then, a dozen ambitious pens have juggled with the nomenclature of both state and city in fiction, but its spirit and character have eluded them. Their flavorless generalties have meant nothing and were as applicable in Cincinnatti as in the Pacific metropolis.

Apart, then, from its virtues as fiction, *Blix* represents the successful embodiment of certain aspects of San Francisco. The scene is set there; there the *dramatis personæ*—there are really but two of them—get to know one another and, very unconventionally, go wandering over the city, into Chinatown and Spanishtown and the Presidio. They watch the sunset from Washington street hill, dine at *a la* Mexicano at Luna's restaurant, have picnic luncheons out on the cliffs beyond Baker's beach, and go fishing in the Spring Valley lakes. Indeed Condy's stories—the stories that make his reputation—are all written in the library of the Bohemian club. There is no denying the local flavor nor the absolute verity of the rendering. At last, then, San Francisco has found an appreciative interpreter.

It has been observed by the present writer that of all the younger men who are now before the public, Frank Norris alone has a distinguished style. Crane and Davis certainly write cleverly; Ella Darcy's narrative is an admirable instrument; Marriott-Watson's sentences have the vigorous flavor of a strong individuality, together with both elegance and spirit; Henry Harland infuses his style with a poetic charm which is in artistic keeping with his subjects. Norris, however, has a natural style, clear, unhesitating and singularly true. It is not the style of Stevenson nor of Kipling, but a brilliant and decisive note that rings with its own harmony, and has, besides, its own elegance and beauty. What this style is capable of in general discriptive impressions was made manifest by Mr. Norris' articles in the *Atlantic* and the *Century* on the Cuban campaign. What it can suggest with a more familiar theme the following extract denotes.

They looked swiftly around them, and the bustling, breezy water-front faded from their recollections. They were in a world of narrow streets, of galleries and overhanging balconies. Craziest structures, riddled and honeycombed with stairways and passages, shut out the sky, though here and there rose a building of extraordinary richness and most elaborate ornamentation. Color was everywhere. A thousand little notes of green and yellow, of vermilion and sky blue, assaulted the eye. Here it was a doorway, here a vivid glint of cloth or hanging, here a huge scarlet sign lettered with gold, and here a kaleidoscopic effect in the garments of a passer-by. Directly opposite, and two stories above their heads, a sort of huge "loggia," one blaze of gilding and crude vermilions, opened in the gray cement of a crumbling facade, like a sudden burst of flame. Gigantic pot-bellied lanterns of red and gold swung from its ceiling, while along its railing stood a row of pots—brass, ruddy bronze, and blue porcelain—from which were growing red, saffron, purple, pink, and golden tulips without number. The air was vibrant with unfamiliar noises. From one of the balconies near at hand, though unseen, a gong, a pipe, and some kind of stringed instrument wailed and thundered in unison. There was a vast shuffling of padded soles and a continuous interchange of singsong monosyllables, high-pitched and staccato, while from every hand rose the strange aromas of the East—sandalwood, punk, incense, oil, and the smell of mysterious cookery.

"Chinatown!" exclaimed Travis.

Though the importance of *Blix* is mainly because of its local color, the two characters, Condy Jones, the young newspaper editor and the young woman with whom he falls in love, Travis Bessemer, with whom the book is concerned, emerge as singularly life-like figures. They have no perototypes in current fiction, nor do I remember an analogous succession of incidents to those which are here brought off in fairly logical sequence. You may dub *Blix* trivial, and superficial, as undoubtedly it is, quite unworthy of the author of *McTeague*, but it is extraordinary individual, and for so slight a plot, told with irristible vim. It goes, from first to last. The supreme faculty of the story teller is shown in thus holding one's interest through a succession of arbitrary incidents unrelated to either character or story. *Blix* may not be important, but it is really clever and interesting and, as I have said, thoroughly San Franciscan. Who that has ever watched a sunset from the top of the Washington street hill will deny the accuracy of the following—the accuracy and the beauty too.

Below them the hill fell away so abruptly that the roofs of the nearest houses were almost at their feet; and beyond these the city tumbled raggedly down to meet the bay in a confused, vague mass of roofs, cornices, cupolas, and chimneys, blurred and indistinct in the twilight, but here and there pierced by a new-lit street lamp. Then came the bay. To the east they could see Goat Island, and the fleet of sailing-ships anchored off the water-front; while directly in their line of vision the island of Alcatraz, with its triple crown of forts, started from the surface of the water. Beyond was the Marin County shore, a vast streak of purple against the sky. The eye followed its sky-line westward till it climbed, climbed, climbed up a long slope that suddenly leaped heavenward with the crest of Tamalpais, purple and still, looking always to the sunset like a great watching sphinx. Then, farther on, the slope seemed to break like the breaking of an advancing billow, and go tumbling, crumbling downward to meet the Golden Gate—the narrow inlet of green tide-water with its flanking Presidio. But, farther than this, the eye was stayed. Farther than this there was nothing, nothing but a vast, illimitable plain of green—the open Pacific.

The Newest Books

Well After All by F. Frankfort Moore (Dodd, Mead & Co., publishers.

THE readers will find it hard to forgive the author for killing so promising a figure as Dick Westwood. The manner in which he conducts himself while the run on the Brackenshire Bank is afoot is worthy a frontier here. Such superb presence of mind might have won him the Victoria Cross if exhibited on the firing line. The run itself is vividly managed though one cannot but ask how Agnes Mowbray was so conveniently apprised of the dilemma when the calamity had happened almost without warning and she miles away from the center of events. Dick should have been spared for better purposes for the African explorer with his cool disregard of the woman who had waited so long for him, is a poor substitute. The mystification of the plot is rather confusing. The reader is led to imagine that the faithless Claude must be at least the father of the lovely Clare whereas he is not. However the finale elucidates identities and ends with orange blossoms all around.

An Eclipse of Memory by Dr. Morton Grinnell. The F. A. Stokes Pub. Co.

Had Clare Oswald been gifted with a trifle more common sense than her creator apportioned unto her we should have missed an interesting trip up the Nile under luxurious circumstances. The Oswald's were deeply in love with one another but the serpent entered their hearth in the guise of a former *chere amie* of Jacks', a Miss Kitty St. Clair, who resented his marriage and revenged herself by lying to his wife. It is unnecessary to detail the items here, but she made him out a pretty mean fellow. Clare believed it and there was the devil to pay. She flew out of the house and home to her mother. Miss St. Clair repents after a bit and confesses her sin but Mrs. Oswald only learns the truth as she sets out for a trip to Cuba. There is a shipwreck and she disappears from view to reappear under romantic conditions in Egypt. This is really a novel of travel and one obtains an agreeable impression of journeyings in Cairo and up the Nile.

Mr. Passingham, by Thomas Cobb, John Lane, publisher.

This brief episode is undoubtedly entertaining if it fails of importance. It is difficult to accept Mr. Passingham at the author's valuation. These brilliant Parliamentarian dandys at once statesmen and exquisites, are a bit out of our ken though the type, it is said, really does exist in older civilizations. This hero is ready at epigram and oratory, though Mr. Cobb submits no sample of either for inspection. His effort at diplomatic sharp practice in the case of young Lord Dewhurst and Miss Zelie Trenchard is brought to an extraordinary ending under conditions that escape tragedy and become happiness by a hair's breadth. The episode is so well handled that one is encouraged to look out for further appearances of Thomas Cobb.

He, She and They by Albert Lee (Harper & Brothers).

Most properly regulated persons have read these clever sketches before, presuming that well regulated persons all read their *Harper's Magazine*. So the reproaches and rapproachments of Arthur and Ethel must have for them the fatal fault of familiarity, and if one has ever followed the circumstances of the Benton's household they are not liable to forget them. It is crisp, humorous and natural dialogue that Albert Lee writes. One misses perhaps the lightness and wit of Anthony Hope's conversational interchange, but, of its type, this is almost as good and it is thoroughly American. No man will fail to sympathize with the point of view of author while the manner in which he handles his worthy spouse is surely a revelation of domestic diplomacy. No one I'm sure ever talked as they do in the *Dolly Dialogues* whereas the vicissitudes of the Bentons are reproduced in many an interesting family. After allowing this little volume its virtues of humor and smartness, its shining merit after all, lies in its its common sense. It is to be hoped Albert Lee may be persuaded to furt her elucidate the career of the Bentons.

A Mountain Europa by John Fox in (Harper & Brothers).

An interesting and idyllic tale written in English so agreeable that one is reminded of the exquisitiness of James Lane Allen. Indeed the episode is one which the author of *a Kentucky Cardinal* might easily have selected for the display of his craftsmanship. Though fair and brave and as athletic as a golf champion, Easter is no new woman but veritably a daughter of the Cumberland range, and with an individuality as tense and clear cut as a cameo. The girl and Sherd Raines, the circuit rider, are the figures that an out rather than that of Clayton, though he be the hero. Doubt as one may her reality Easter is bodied forth with a touch so graphic and skillful that she lives and loves in the memory a lovely figure beyond all cavil or doubt. Her surrender to Clayton is a touch of inspiration. Here is indeed a Christmas book worthy of sumptuous covers and the art of Castaigne or Howard Pyle.

Noble Tradesladies.

The Countess of Warwick's Venture in Lace and Millinery.

I HAVE seen lace that is lace today. Not the famous Brussels product nor the convent stuff, gauzy and delicate and strong, which they make in the interior of Ireland has been so potent to charm my feminine ardor for dainty edging as the lace on exhibition in Lady Warwick's London store. This statement ought to cause the uninformed reader to gasp in amazement—Lady Warwick's store—An earl's lady in business! But Her Ladyship conducts such an establishment, nevertheless, and it does at a profit, though not for herself. It is part of an original and well-advised charity. The daughter of one of the wealthiest commoners in England, she had played as a child with the daughters of the villagers on her father's estate in Essex. When she grew up and became a great lady of the land and had estates of her own in Essex, she did what she could for these girls and their rising generation of daughters. Every Englishwoman of wealth and birth is supposed to play the Lady Bountiful and dispense charity; it is to Lady Warwick's eternal credit that she did this wisely. Seeing the chance for the sale of really fine needlework, she established schools, imported teachers from Ireland and the Continent, and taught the peasant girls to use the needle and the bobbin in really artistic fashion. And when the supply was good enough to make a brave showing, she opened her shop in London and society came thither to buy.

The venture was not profitable at first. Lady Warwick insisted that all her needlewomen should be paid well enough so that they would have no temptation to leave the craft; she wished them to stay with it until they reached the highest skill, for she was trying to restore the long-lost arts of women to England. The deficit she made up out of her private income, and it is said to have taken all her pin money for two years. Then she put the matter into the hands of a business manager, and it is now more than self-supporting. The sensational journals, of which London has a few, have "written up" Lady Warwick as attending to the counter in her own store. This is pure sensationalism; one doesn't dare such things, in conservative Britain, outside the exaggerated stories of Benson. She visits the place twice a week however, and generally brings a few buyers with her, but the direct management is in the hands of a number of blue-blooded ladies in reduced circumstances—another benefit of this charity, for English ladies of that class have none too easy a time reconciling the struggle for the nimble shilling with their aristocratic prejudices.

The patroness of the establishment has been expanding it lately. After she got the lace-making on a paying basis, she added a millinery and dress-making establishment, and now all her dresses are made in her own concern—and she is nearly the smartest woman in London at that. So the latest statement showed such a balance on the profit side that she is able to devote a considerable sum to her working girls' home, a plan which Gilbert Parker advocated at the Woman's Congress, and which she has taken up with zeal.

Speaking of the struggles of reduced gentlewomen, I am reminded of the fact that the British confidence man favors this class for victims. As I have said, the range of employments consistent with their dignity is limited. They will make almost any financial sacrifice in order to keep out of trade. In the case of Lady Warwick's establishment, the noble "salesladies" accept the position because it is a worthy charity, and is considered in the same light as a charity bazaar. But all other openings for earning a purely commercial livelihood are barred against them. And all genteel avenues of employment are overcrowded, so that there is a scramble for situations as governess, companion, and all that sort of thing. The sharpers know this, and work accordingly. The approved plan is to set up a "cut-rate" employment agency doing business by mail, and to demand a small deposit before the location of the fictitious opening is revealed. The scheme is as old in England as the gold-brick game. It is strange, therefore, that it is continually worked with success, but such is the case. The last incident of the kind was closed last week by the departure of one Mary Hemphill, alias several other names, who had done business on an elaborate scale. She conducted offices in several parts of the Kingdom, and it is known that at one of these 517 fees, ranging from a guinea to twenty pounds, were paid in three months. Conan Doyle will find still more cause to "guy" Scotland Yard in the fact that London's crack detectives failed to run her to earth, and that the only reason for believing that she has left for parts unknown is the fact that her traffic has ceased. This adventuress showed the very genius of buncosteering in that, after her various headquarters had been located by the police, she invariably worked a "green-goods" game by selling out her disreputable business to some other person equally unprincipled but less shrewd.

A London weekly has been holding an amusing competition over the question of the smartest lady in London—not "smart" in the Yankee sense as regards her intellectual make-up, but in the matter of dress. The contest was carried on with more or less vigor for some months, and was a victory for Chicago, Miss Fannie Ward, actress and native of the Windy City, carrying off first prize, a diamond brooch. Two other Americans came "inside the money," Lady Randolph Churchill being third, and our own ox-eyed Maxine Eliot fourth. The Princess of Wales, I regret to say, ended in that part of the contest which the sporting element designate by the phrase "also ran."

KATRIONA.

THE RUSSIAN COLOR PRESS.—Whatever may be the drawbacks, artistically, to the much-heralded color-printing machine invented by Ivan Orloff, a Russian engineer, and now used by his government for turning out its paper money, it seems to admit—a long-felt desideratum—of the colors being all put on at one time. The blocks which take the different colors are fixed to a large cylinder, each block receiving the supply of colored ink intended for it, and, as the cylinder revolves, the ink on each block is transferred to a composition roller very similar to an ordinary inking roller. After the colors, each in its proper position, are transferred to the roller, an engraved block or form follows and receives a perfect impression from the composition roller, and, thus impressed, the form passes on and comes in contact with the paper on the impression cylinder, where it prints all the colors at one operation. It takes only one revolution of the cylinder to effect the whole of these various transfers, and the number of colors that can be used is limited only by the number of blocks and the size of the machine.

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THE OIL INDUSTRY

REPORT has just been received of the important strike made by the Confidence Oil Company in the Coalinga District. This demonstrates that the trend of the formation of the oil belt is from north-east to south-east, and this development practically serves to exploit the land owned by the Santa Clara Oil Company, which lies between the Confidence and the flowing wells at Oil City. The Confidence at 600 feet in depth, encountered the same formations from the surface down, as appeared in Section 20 in the drilling of the Blue Goose well. The Santa Clara has ordered the selection of the sight of their first well, also the construction of the derrick and necessary camp houses, and has likewise authorized the receiving of bids by specifications for tools, machinery and casing. Within ten days the ground will be broken and the work in motion. To show the rapidity with which this work can be done when the rig is constructed and the machinery in motion, the Confidence well has been drilled to the depth of 600 feet in thirty days from the time the first ground was broken. It will probably take sixty days to erect the works and get the machinery on the ground for the purpose of drilling. The directors of the Santa Clara Oil Company are: W. C. Andrews, president; C. S. Benedict, vice-president; A. K. Whitton, secretary and treasurer; H. D. Tuttle, J. F. Thompson, Wendell Easton and W. H. Haydock.

* *

The Confidence Oil Company having developed the oil in the first sand, are now continuing their drilling, expecting to make a landing for their casing and find the big reservoir of oil in the second and third sand at from 1100 to 1200 feet. The Blue Goose well has been flowing 900 barrels per day for the last year at a depth of 1240 feet. The presumption is that the Santa Clara should be in the first oil sand by January 1st, and within eighty days thereafter, should have a developed well at a depth which the oil engineer estimates will be at a about 1290 feet.

* *

The Santa Clara is assured a good supply of water from developments made on Section 14 which the original location in Section 30 entitled them to, but in addition to this, arrangements have been entered into with the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, which owns the adjacent section to the south, where a good supply of surface water will be obtained for domestic purposes.

* *

The Confidence Oil Company got oil at about 600 feet, which goes to show that the trend of the two oil belts at Oil city is to the southeast. The lands of the Royal Oil Company are on this line and their well is a center of absorbing interest to oil operators just now.

* *

The Barker Ranch Oil Company has filed its articles of incorporation, with a capital stock of $200,000. The directors of this company are all San Francisco men, namely, D. Samuels, J. Dalzell Brown, Frank Koenig, Thomas G. Crothers and Maurice V. Samuels. The company has secured a twenty-year lease of a thousand acres of land lying along the Fern river, a few miles northeast of Bakersfield, known as the Barker ranch. Under the articles as filed, power is given to develop the natural gas flow on this property, as well as to bore for petroleum. Comparative tests of the gas found in this locality, made by Watts, of the State Mining Bureau, show it to be of a higher fuel value than that of Stockton or Sacramento.

* *

The Kings County Oil Company is having trouble in consequence of a crooked hole. It was thought at one time that they had the matter remedied, but later developments prove that this is not the case. The property of this company is thought to be very valuable, as it is situated very near to land which is yielding a fine oil, albeit in small quantities. If the future development in this district comes up to what is expected of it, the Kings County Company is in a fair way to make a fortune.

* *

As an example of the prices paid for land in the Orange county oil section, the following transaction is quoted whereby the Olinda Oil Company, the Richfield Oil Company, the Olinda Ranch Company and W. S. Bailey transferred over 8,000 acres to the Consolidated Olinda Oil Company for the sum of $340,000. This latter company has secured control of the oil interests of the above companies, and extensive developments in this district may be looked for very soon.

* *

The active movement in St. Lawrence stock still continues. This company has one of the best rigs and one of the most experienced drillers in the State, having had large experience in both the Pennsylvania and California oil fields. The St. Lawrence is putting in a good well and while the drill has passed through several strata of gas and oil the company is still going deeper. They are after the big Oil City sand and want to open up a great well. They have fine prospects of realizing their anticipations. In the meantime the stock of the North Field Company, on adjoining territory is steadily in demand; an Eastern syndicate is making an active effort to secure most of the Kreyenhagen property, but the holders are not willing to part with the same. The stocks of companies in this section are holding very firm and a big well on the St. Lawrence will send them all skyward as to values.

* *

A well which does credit to the labor and enterprise of its projectors is being put down at Coalinga by G. M. Douglas and R. Morris, who have located it between their respective residences. It is a dug well, the implements used in its construction being shovels, a bucket and a windlass. The hole is 3x3 feet in size and is boarded with surfaced redwood. It is now down over a hundred feet and water is looked for in a few feet more.

* *

It is a curious fact that in the Newhall Canyon district as the wells approach the southeast, the oil flow becomes more abundant and the oil is of a better quality than that found in other portions of the same district. There is much demand for land in this locality at present, and the hills which but a short time ago were traversed by hunters and herdsmen are now peopled with anxious seekers after oil territory.

* *

At the last heard from the Consolidated Oil and Development Company they were fishing for a string of tools. The accident is particularly annoying, as at the time of its occurrence the prospects for a good oil development were particularly fine. As everything possible is being done to get things into good working order again, there is good reason to believe that the Consolidated will soon be well on its way to the oil strata.

* *

The Baby Kings Oil Company, a short time since, bonded half of its section of land for thirty days for $20,000. By request of the holder of the bond, the latter was renewed for another thirty days, ending October 23d. Ordinarily this would seem to be a big price for a half section of land, but the prospect for the production of large quantities of oil in this locality are such as to render it apparently justifiable.

* *

The developments in the Colusa county oil fields, which are being made by Mr. R. H. Herron, the veteran oil man of Pennsylvania and Los Angeles, are being followed with a good deal of interest. The well now drilling there is down about 600 feet, and the indications are very favorable for a good producing well of oil that will equal the famous lubricating oil of Franklin county, Pennsylvania.

* *

W. F. Sherwood, the Ventura capitalist, has sold his lease on the San Carlos Juanita ranch, in Santa Barbara county, to W. R. Stewart Jr. of New York and L. M. Martin of Des Moines, Iowa. Stewart is a well known operator in the eastern metropolis and Martin is general manager of the Iowa Central Railroad. They were induced to come to California by Dr. D. W. Stewart of Los Angeles, president of the Santa Barbara Oil Company, an uncle of W. R. Stewart. Frank A. Garbutt, president of the Loma Oil Company, is also associated in the enterprise and will have entire charge of the field operations. The consideration for the transfer was $25,000. Drilling will be immediately commenced. Although there are as yet no wells in the vicinity, experts who have been over the ground, believe the field will be productive.

* *

The California Oil Exchange is arranging an active educational campaign among the manufacturing interests to exploit the value of oil as a cheap fuel. The intelligent use of oil fuel means a saving of nearly 50 per cent. in cost as compared with coal.

* *

The Committee on Securities of the California Oil Exchange have their hands full these days passing on the different applications of companies anxious to list. All the big companies in the State will be listed on this exchange.

AN EXPERT

The Peerless Oil Company is one of the new companies now rapidly springing into prominence.

The management of this company has displayed business sagacity in purchasing a desirable piece of patented land—160 acres—already surrounded by wells, instead of taking chances on outlaying locations. The company's property is the S. E. ¼ of Sec. 31, Tp. 28 S., R. 28 E., in the heart of Kern River District. Oil has been found northwesterly (one well) easterly (three wells) and southeasterly (five wells.)

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Rheumatism by it is cured; Of this you are assured
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Weakness of all kinds. The woman will find
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WATER COLOR ART.

EXHIBITION OF FRANK McCOMAS'S LANDSCAPES.

WHEN Frank McComas, the young Australian water colorist, exhibited some of his work at Vickery, about seven months ago, he astonished by a boldness of composition and a brilliancy of coloring, which actually shocked the untrained eye of the peaceful citizen. Some shrugged their shoulders and said: "Well, I suppose that is the latest *fin-de-siècle* fad;" others praised wildly without liking or understanding; a few admired sincerely the fine qualities in the canvas, the strong individuality and technical skill, and anticipated the time when the artist would give us work of a less experimental character, that would show more of the quiet firmness which marked certain of his best things then. Well, they had not to wait long. McComas' pictures, some forty now on exhibition at Vickery, show such a stupendous progress, that it seems hard to realize that only a little more than half a year has elapsed since we made his acquaintance. Without the loss of any of the strong characteristics which distinguished his first pictures, without sacrificing his own peculiar style, he has found a simpler and more direct way of expressing himself, which makes him more intelligible to the majority. He is surer of himself, quieter, less erratic. And yet his colors have the same brilliancy that astonished us; there is the same deep blue of the mountains, the same emereld green of the meadows, but there prevails a greater harmony of tone, a greater coherence of values.

Surely, there is nothing *fin-de-siécle* about McComas. He is thoroughly sound, full of a strength and a virility that may remind one of Kipling. Strong, firm, uncompromising, and yet of a delicacy of feeling, which belongs only to the true artist. The soft, dreamy "Evening" (8) has been painted by the same man, who saw and felt and painted No. 30 (Spring in Monterey.) The greatest fascination for McComas have the Monterey cypress, and he indeed, has better than anybody before him, understood the sombre beauty and the mysterious charm of this bizarre tree, especially in "The Spirit of the Cypress" (6), a great mature, poetical work. In some of his largest and most ambitious pictures the artist has not mastered his problem (3, 13, 18.) They are broad conceptions, brilliant attempts, but drawing and perspective are all sarificed to color and tone. For him they may be most valuable, for us they are interesting, though we cannot enjoy them with the same ease and pleasure, as we do that wonderful April morning (33), which is a real masterpiece, such as the best artist can create only in his happiest moments.

It has been said, that color is everything for McComas. Some of his former pictures and some of his recent compositions might justify that judgment: No. 20 and 21, these ingenious color-*aperçus*, or 43, the red roofs of which seem to jump out of the picture, or 19 (moonlight). But I think that the present exhibition shows that he is exercising a beneficial self-control, that he bravely resists the temptation of obtaining a striking color effect, when it would injure the harmony, the "stimmung" of the whole. Perhaps better than any other picture 27 (The Robe of Tamalpais) shows the artist's merits and failings. We must love this picture, because we feel that he has put so much of his ability, his strength, his whole soul in it. That canvas is the whole McComas No. 2 (Monterey, Blue Bay) and 38 (El Carmelo) have almost an equal fascination for me, though they deal with lighter themes.

We may consider ourselves fortunate having the opportunity of seeing and enjoying and buying the pictures of this young Australian, whose name will soon be known wherever art is worshipped.

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EFFECT OF HOT WEATHER ON WATCHES.—The statement is made by many jewellers that it is their experience that they have many more mainsprings of watches to repair after a warm, humid day than at any other time. Others believe the breaking to be due to electric disturbances, stating that after an electrical storm they find that many of their customers bring their watches to them for repatr. The sudden cooling and consequent contraction of the tightly wound watchspring, or mainspring, caused by the removal of the watch from the body on a cool night following a warm day, is believed by some to account, in a measure, for the accidents in question. So far, however, no satisfactory explanation of the difficulty has been suggested even by the most expert workmen in this line.

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A Baseball Goldbrick

"TALKING about tricks of the sporting trade," observed the ex-magnate of the National Baseball League. "The national pastime as it was run in the days of yore, was a thing to keep a man looking cross-eyed all the time if he didn't want to figure heavily in the error column. In those days it was the great game for the league teams to fill up their days when they didn't have a regular date, playing with the small State League nines by way of picking up an honest dollar or two for the manager, and maybe a good player from the local nine.

"One of the most cold-hearted swipes I ever made was from a team down in Kentucky, when I was manager of the 'Yellows.' He was an out-fielder and a soaring bird, and when I passed a hundred-dollar bill under his nose for a persuader he quit an engagement with the Bedeville Mountain Eagles that wasn't a week old and played great ball for me for the rest of the year. Bill Carlin, who was running the Bedevilles, was naturally a little sore over the trick, but he didn't go gunning for me in the courts or anywhere else, and the family relations which had heretofore existed between us were still maintained as the statesmen say when two countries are just loading up for a scrap. Next year Carlin wrote to me as usual offering a respactable guarantee for the Yellows to come down on an off date an play.

"No malice borne there,' I said when I read the telegram, so I telegraped back that we'd be there. In those days training was as strict as it is now, and on a trip like that I let the boys loose a little just to limber up their spirits. Didn't paste any prohibitive excise stamps across their faces, you understand. Of course the fellows could have eaten up the Mountain Eagles, but that wasn't what we came there to do. Our game was just to beat 'em out respectably, and we depended mostly on the pitcher to do it. He was the only man on the team that was compelled to stick to the pledge, and he had to work for his living. In the Bedeville game we had in Soldier Kling, and very sore he was over it, for he was our crack pitcher and didn't like to be used in a one-horse game. It happened that we were pretty shy of material in the box just then, two of my twirlers being on the stiff list, and that's how I happened to put Kling in.

"Well, it was a grand day for Bedeville when we came; principal event of the season, and all the jayhawkers from fifty miles of mountain district had come in for the big game. When we got to the hotel, Bill Carlin came up very friendly, and he and I took all my boys down to the bar and cast a couple of drinks into them. All except Kling, I ordered Sarsaparilla for him. Somebody passed me over a local paper with a paragraph in it, kind of hinting that the Mountain Eagles had something up their sleeve to surprise us. I asked Carlin about it, and he said it was just guff, but the way he said it stirred me up where my suspicions live, and as soon as we got to the grounds I looked over the Mountain Eagles pretty closely.

"I didn't care to run up against any league battery with their whiskers shaved off to disguise 'em. That happened to me once, and the things that the baseball reporters at home wrote about it make up a warm page in my scrap book. But the Mountain Eagles were all right—all but one fellow, who had a uniform three sizes to small for him. He was about six foot four, and every time he moved his bones broke in two where you wouldn't have expected it and made him lop over like a wilted collar. But he had a hand like a soup tureen and a steady sort of an eye. I went up and asked him what position he played.

"'Me?' he says. 'I play substah, mistah.'

"'Subster?' says I. 'Lobster, I guess. What do you do: pitch, catch, carry the bats, or what?'

"'I reckon I pitch, mistah,' says he. 'I jus' natchully lay araoun' till th' othah fellah gets tiahed, and then I pitch.'

"In the course of some further conversation with him I learned that he hadn't played ball since he left the district school, but he had a reputation as a stone thrower.

"'So that's your little surprise, is it?' I said to Bill Carlin. 'You couldn't enter him in a beauty show, but I suppose he's a wonder with a ball.'

"'I don't know,' says Bill. 'He may do. I've signed him on the chance. You'll probably get a line on him later.'

"What, with my having done up Bill on the old deal, and his having a reputation for being a very fly one,anyway, I ought to have smelled a rat, but I guess I must have had a cold in my head. All the suspicion I had was that Bill had picked up a good one somewhere. That was just exactly what foxy bill wanted me to think. Just to be safe, I told Kling that it was a case of do his best, and the game began. For the first three innings it went just as I expected. The Yellows didn't exert themselves too much, but they punched six runs out of the local pitchers' meal ticket, and Soldier held the Mountain Eagles down to a couple of scratch hits. When we came in for the fourth, two little niggers toddled into our shelter stand, carrying a sort of a tin barrel full of a pale, pleasant-looking mixture with ice and mint and stuff floating in it. There was a spicy odor from it that smelled like cool woods and waterfalls and things on a hot day, and it caught the boys right where they lived, but before I let them tackle it, I tried it out and decided it wasn't anything dangerous. There's nothing like spicy green things to make a drink taste soft and innocent, but I did't think of that then. Still, I had enough sense to steer Kling off. It was a hot day and we were all pretty thirsty, so we hit it up quite a little. As we got three more runs in our half of the fourth, it looked like a sure thing, even if our fielding did show traces of being frayed, enabling the foe to pick up two scores. Nine to two looked pretty good, and Bill Carlin remarked that we were having it easy, when he wandered over to find out how we liked our drink that he'd sent us. Mountain cider punch he called it.

"'It ain't a temperance drink,' exactly, he said; 'but there ain't enough harm in it to damage a camp meeting.'

"Then he went over and called out his lop-boned squirrel killer to do the rest of the pitching. That wild and untamed child of the mountains took off his suspenders and tied them around his waist for a belt and started in to do business. Our first batter up in the fifth was the surest batter on the nine. Old Backwoods slammed the ball in so straight that the catcher didn't have to move a finger of his hands, and before the batter knew what had come his way, the umpire was through singing his little 'one out.' Next ball pitched Baxter struck at, but he didn't hit anything, and on third ball he was out. I began to think the pitcher wasn't as green as he looked. After our next man had done the same thing, I thought so, more than ever, and when number three hit a little piking fly that dropped into old Backwood's hands like a crab apple into a bushel basket, I was willing to bet on it. It struck me, too, that perhaps I was in the way of picking up another good thing from Bill Carlin.

"Well, for two innings the locals went out one after another because Soldier Kling was doing his prettiest and they couldn't locate the ball. Neither could our men. They either stood still and let the ball sail past them or they made scroll-saw designs in the air all around it, and that slab-faced mountaineer stood there in his box and piled 'em in, one after another. When the Mountain Eagles collared three scores on a couple of scratch hits and some rotten errors by the infield it began to look like trouble, and when my boys came in for their next turn I gave 'em a little talk.

"'These jays are going to warm you if you don't look out, I told 'em, 'and then how will you feel after you get home? Now, get in there and knock the skin off that ball.'

"'That's easy enough to say, boss,' said Fultz, the third baseman and a first-class hitter, 'but that pitcher has got a rise ball like a balloon.'

"'Rise nothing,' put in Sterry, the captain; 'he hasn't pitched anything but an out-drop to-day, and it's a wonder you people don't get onto it.'

"'I havn't seen you make any batting average off of it,' says Baxter. 'No wonder you struck out if you take that ball of his for an out-drop. It's a corkscrew curve.'

"'He must be a good one,' I says. 'Think he'd do in the League?'

"I thought the thing over with a couple of glasses of the 'mountain cider' to help my brain work, and concluded that the best thing for me to do was to get there and try it myself. So I called in the left fielder, who immediately went to sleep with his arms around the cider tub, by the way, and took his place. I was third man at the bat when we came in after the locals had pounded out two more runs, for which I was mainly responsible by my error. Our first man up popped a fly and was out. Then Fultz made his second strike out. I picked out a light bat and faced the music. Old Backwoods presented me with a cheerful grin and the next second the ball was in the catcher's mit and it was one strike.

"'He's got speed,' I said to myself.

"Before I had time to recover the catcher had returned the ball and strike number two had sailed by me.

"'And your judgment too,' thinks I. 'I guess he'll do.'

"But I was ready for him next time. He let the ball go and I hope to die like an umpire if there wasn't such a curve to it that I saw three separate balls. I bunted at the first, let the second pass and swiped at the third. There was one great howl from the crowd, and then the umpire said:

"'That's four strikes, but we'll call it three and out.'

"I dropped my bat and made straight for that pitcher. He hauled back his fist.

"'Hold on,' I says; 'it ain't fight. It's business.'

"'As soon as I pitch this hyah game out I'll talk to you, sah,' he says, and I ambled out to left field.

"Well, we beat 'em by one run, thanks to Soldier Kling, who did the whole thing. As soon as the last man was out, I got hold of old Backwoods and made him a proposition that almost made his eyes pop out. I suppose he'd never heard of $100 in a lump before. But there was a hindrance in the way of closing the deal.

"'I'd like fust rate to pitch ball foh youah team, Mistah,' says he, 'but I signed a papeh with Mistah Cahlin to play with this hyah nine foh this season.'

"'Oh, those things don't go,' I says. 'Nobody pays any attention to them. I'll look after that end of it.'

"That didn't go, however. My mountaineer had conscientious scruples, so I lifted the raise to $200, for I thought I had the baseball wonder of the world. He turned that down, too. I couldn't swipe him, and the only other thing to do was to go to Bill Carlin and make a deal of it. Bill said the man wasn't for sale. I laughed and asked him how much he wanted. Bill said one thousand cool dollars. Well, the longer the dicker went on the worse I needed that pitcher, and finally I had to come down with $750, for which sum Parry Abreling was duly signed over to me. His salary was to be $500 for the rest of the season. All the boys said I'd done a great stroke of business when they found I'd got the man.

"Our first game when we got back was with the tailenders of the league, and I hadn't thought it worth while to put in Abreling against them, for I was going to save him for a bigger game, but at the last moment there wasn't anybody else to go in so I put him on the slab. In all my baseball experience I never saw a one-inning picnic like that one. My $750 prize package tossed 'em over the plate as straight as a bullet and as big as balloons and the tailenders just swatted 'em out to the boundaries of the field. Twelve nice little tallies they rolled up in that first inning and I guess they'd be at bat yet if they hadn't got tired. I yanked Abreling off the slab and he sat on the bench and chewed gum and looked thoughtful for the rest of the game. Of course, we were swamped and lost third place on it, and if I wasn't mad I hope I never will be. After the agony was over I set sail for Abreling:

"'You're a fine fakir,' says I; 'to come here and pretend you can pitch ball. Are you laying down on us or what's the matter with you?"

"'Theh wa'nt nothin' the matteh with them balls I pitched, 'says he. 'They was all as straight ovah the base as any balls could make out to be.'

"'Straight? I should say they were,' I says. 'They were so straight that those fellows didn't need to do anything but hold out their bats. D'you think I brought you here to make target records on the other teams' bats? Where are those wonderful curves that you made so much bluff with at Bedesville?"

"'I nevah said I could pitch no curve, Mistah,' he says. 'I'll throw a ball at a mahk with any man in the State,' he says; 'an' bet $5 I can beat him, but I nevah threw no cuhve in my life.'

"'Either you're a liar or I'm crazy and my whole team too,' I says. 'Didn't you make monkeys out of our best batters up there at Bedesville? How did you do it if you can't pitch curves?"

"'Just nachally threw 'em in straight,' says Abreling. 'That's what Mistah Cahlin told me to do.'

"'Well, you git,' I told him. 'Go back to Bedesville on the first train.'

"'Lost my job?" says he.

"'That's what' says I, 'and I ought to have you arrested for swindling, at that.'

"He made a reach for his pocket and I thought he was going to pull a gun on me, but he only produced a crumpled bit of paper which he handed to me, saying:

"'Mistah Calhin tol' me to give this heah papeh to you when I come to quit the job. Good-bye, Mistah. I'm sorry them fellows on the othar team can bat so much bettah than ouah team.'

"With that he left me and I never set eyes on him again, but the note from Carlin cleared the whole thing up.

"'Dear Bill,' it said. 'What do you think of Abreling?" Isn't he a wonder? He can throw a ball straighter than any man living and if the batter hits it, that isn't his fault. The thing to do is to feed the other team up on mountain cider; then they won't hit anything except the drink. If you give 'em enough of it, any pitcher is a $10,000 winner. Much obliged for the $750. I gave Abreling $250 of it as per agreement with him. Any time you need any more players from up our way, just help yourself. Yours truly,

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Philadelphia.....Philadelphia National Bank
St. Louis.....Boatmen's Bank
Virginia City, Nev...Agency of the Bank of California
London.....Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons
Paris.....Messrs. De Rothschild Freres
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Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....$2,187,617 90
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash.....1,000,000 00
Deposits June 30, 1899.....27,606,513 03

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San Francisco Savings Union

532 CALIFORNIA ST.

Deposits July 1, 1899.....$24,920,395
Paid Up Capital.....1,000,000
Reserve Fund.....205,215
Contingent Fund.....442,763

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Below Kearny Mechanics' Institute Building

Guaranteed Capital, $1,000,000
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Paid Up Capital, $150,000

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✠ THIS SEASON'S ✠

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SAN FRANCISCO TO CHICAGO

The Most Comfortable Way Across the Continent.

Every day in the year Pullman Palace and Pullman Upholstered Tourist Cars leave Oakland Mole for Chicago and the East. Take Market-Street Ferry at 5:30 p.m.

Dining-Rooms are managed by Mr. Fred Harvey, and are perfect in every detail, serving meals at regular rates.

No other line offers so many inducements as the Santa Fe Route.

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628 Market Street. Telephone Main 1531

OAKLAND OFFICE, 1118 Broadway

SACRAMENTO OFFICE, 201 J Street

SAN JOSE OFFICE, 7 W. Santa Clara Street

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway wharf San Francisco.

For Alaskan ports, 10 a. m. Oct. 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, Nov. 2, change to company's steamers at Seattle.

For B. C. and Puget Sound ports 10 a.m. Oct. 3. 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, Nov. 2 and every fifth day thereafter.

For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, 2 p.m. Oct. 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, 31, Nov. 5, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Newport (Los Angeles) and Way Ports, 9 a. m. Oct. 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, 31, Nov. 4, and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 a.m. Oct. 1, 5, 9. 13, 17, 21, 25, 29, Nov. 2, and every fourth day thereafter.

For Mexican ports, 10 a. m. 7th of each month.

For further information, obtain folder.

The company reserves the right to change, without previous notice, steamers, sailing dates, and hours of sailing.

Ticket Office: 4 New Montgomery St (Palace Hotel)

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No. 10 Market Street, - San Francisco, Cal.

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The Finest and Fastest Train from California to the East
IS THE

Overland Limited

VIA

UNION PACIFIC

Leaves San Francisco DAILY at 6.00 p.m., running through to Chicago without change of cars.

EQUIPMENT—Pullman Double Drawing-Room Sleepers
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Upholstered Pullman Tourist Sleepers are also carried on the "Overland Limited," daily, San Francisco to Chicago, without change, thereby enabling passengers holding second class tickets to reach Chicago and all points at the same time as first class passengers. Steamship tickets to all points in Europe.

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S. S. Australia, for **Honolulu only**, Wednesday, October 18, at 2 p.m.

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Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Capetown, South Africa.

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America Maru ..... Saturday, October 14th
Hongkong Maru.....Wednesday, November 1st
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TO PORTLAND

From Spear-St. Wharf at 10 a.m.

FARE **$12 First Class** / **$8 Second Class** } Including Berth and Meals

State of California sails Sept. 15 25, Oct. 5, 15. 25.
Columbia sails Sept. 10. 20, 30, Oct. 10, 20, 30.

Short Line to Walla Walla, Spokane, Butte, Helena, and all points in the Northwest.
Through tickets to all points East.

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Chicago Union Pacific
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Every day in the year from San Francisco at 8 A. M. Buffet, Smoking and Library Cars, with barber, Double Drawing-room Sleeping Cars. Dining Cars—meals a la carte. Daily through tourist car to Chicago without change at 6:30 P. M.

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Makes the best fitting clothes at 25 per cent less than any other house on the Pacific Coast. See Prices:

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$3.50	$10.00
4.50	13.50
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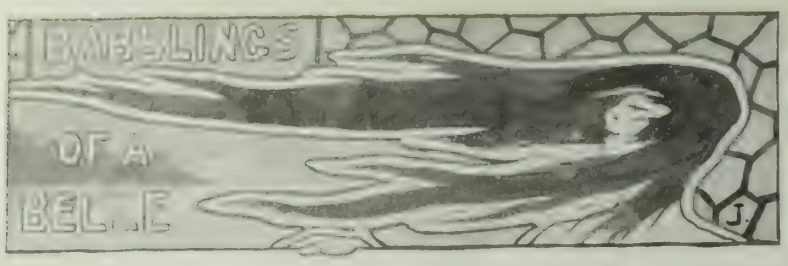

LIFE, my dear Diary, is at present a question of preparation. It is the sort of thing that does not keep me sufficiently on the *qui vive* to make me really happy. I gracefully spend an hour or so every day in my dressmaker's best parlor awaiting my turn. The first day I foolishly resented waiting; now I find it is a splendid way to see my friends. One gets so many ideas from them, that the dressmaker's parlors have really become a sort of reception room to me. One girl I know has her brother accompany her. He has such perfect taste, that I sometimes wonder why she does not dress better. Fancy having Arthur with me! I can imagine nothing more horrible; he would in the first place object to the price. Men cannot, until they have been married about ten years, understand why a woman's gown or bonnet costs so much. The fashion effects promise to be queer this winter; half of the girls patronizing the modistes who have not been in Paris will wear their gowns perfectly plain in the back of the skirt. Those whose purse-strings are of greater length, will wear theirs plaited. In other words, in Paris this year, skirts with tiny plaits in the back are alone worn.

But, Diary dear, you do not care about fashions so I shall try to give you an idea of how the girls propose to pass the winter. There are so many different clubs that I have already invested thirty dollars in tickets. I intend going to each dance once, for I like to see all the girls. You see Papa thinks I should now become a little more sedate and that is beginning to worry me, for who ever saw a winsome, wee thing like me quiet, or taking herself seriously. Oh, no, that would not do, so I have determined this year to rush things generally and next year work my winning way with Papa and get to Washington. I must go there. The Salisbury-Collier Club girls all have their partners engaged. I am sorry I can't go to the first, for Mrs. Henry Crocker's receptions are on Fridays too. They are to be brilliant affairs. The house will be canvassed from stem to stern, and in the afternoon a tea will take place. At half-past seven a huge dinner to about forty people and afterwards a dance. Does not that sound joyful? I have been asked to two of these dinners, and think myself lucky, most of the others only having had one invitation. Katherine Dillon, who is to be one of this year's debutantes, is to be at all of these affairs, possibly Mary Scott too, but none of the other debutantes are so fortunate. Mary Scott is going to wear cream and white a great deal. I like her best in pink, but of course that is not so "buddy" as white. I begged her the other day to get a yellow gown; I think it would bring out her best features. If yellow be becoming at all, it does that you know. Georgia Hopkins has, like myself, joined most of the clubs. She is to be just as great a favorite as her sisters. As Arthur says, those Hopkins girls always make a fellow feel so glad he is living, they have such nice ways about them. The Voorhies girls are not going madly into the rush, but intend having lots of quiet fun. Annie is the prettiest girl in the *La Jeunesse* Club I think. She is so Gibsonesque and wears a sailor hat like none other but a girl in a *Life* cartoon. I always said she'd cut out all the other girls when her turn came. Miss Apperson whose eyes are the loveliest in town with the exception of Marie Oge, is also a beauty. I don't know her so very well, for she has been away a lot, but she is so versatile it is as easy for her to talk to a man with brains as to a university boy. That is what travel does for a girl. I've told that to Papa too, time and time again, and all he says is "Cricket, you are so pretty you don't need to talk." Still one does need a little conversation, otherwise fellows want to hold your hands, and, as Aunt Sybil disapproves of that, of course I must learn to talk.

The "two-step" music is simply a vision of beauty this year; it just compels one to dance, no matter how tired one may be. I was down at the Salisbury's the other day and saw some of Katie's gowns and things. She is so sensible about everything and is such a nice engaged girl, only talks of Mr. Keyes when you speak of him. Most girls insist upon repeating the litany of their love's virtues over and over again. I could not fancy Kate being as frivolous as that though. Margaret is heart and soul wrapped up in the event, and seems to enjoy the idea of a wedding, but like most mothers Mrs. Salisbury feels sad at the separation from her oldest girl. My dear mother has not yet had the sad feeling of being separated from her dear Leila. Notwithstanding all her attention in San Francisco and the East, as yet no other man has discovered she is just the one to add harmony to his discords. So she is still faithful

I am glad; just think of being the only daughter. It would mean I'd have to call with Mama, with Aunt Sybil, and keep up my own end too. Aunt Sybil was at such a nice luncheon Thursday last, at Mrs. Moody's. All the ladies were bright and interesting and Aunt Sybil returned with interesting bits of news about things and people. It was during luncheon that Mrs. Korl heard of the accident that happened to her daughter. The doctor telephoned her, and her fortitude, shown in the following half hour, demonstrated to us all (this is what Aunt Sybil said,) her fine breeding. I am very fond of Mrs. Kohl; she has such a nice quiet manner and has always been one of my crushes. Miss Kohl was driving in town when some larger vehicle collided with her cab. She sustained a few scratches and a severe shock to her nerves, but she is much better now.

Belle Mhoon's wedding was really delightful. I did have such fun. The church was like a garden in autumn, and everyone wore their fall frocks. Belle has looked prettier, but no girl except Genevieve Goad was ever radiantly lovely on her wedding day. She wore her mother's veil and looked, so Judge Garber told Papa, very much like her mother on that same day. Fred Magee was so nice to look at. I quite envied Belle such a fine, honest, manly-looking husband at the end of the nineteenth century. He is one fellow of whom I have never heard a mean thing and that is remarkable in one who has always been so popular with the girls. They have a house quite near the Mark Requa's, overlooking the golf links in Oakland. Walter was there looking very happy. Amy McKee was so sweet to everyone; the bridesmaids made a charming effect, and afterwards everyone had a jolly time at Belle's home.

Luita Booth is to leave shortly for Manila. Mrs. Phelps, her sister, will take her to China, where Dr. Lee Sherman will meet them. All Luita's friends feel sad at losing her, but I believe Dr. Sherman will only remain there about a year. He was sent over by the United States Government to investigate Oriental drugs and therefore is not one of tho unfortunate soldiers, so Luita will really see the Orient in a most interesting manner.

The Doctor's Daughters are very busily engaged preparing for their doll show, which will take place on November 17 and 18 at the Maple Room in the Palace Hotel. A great many dressmakers in town are competing for the prize of $25 for best dressed dolls. I believe many mothers intend purchasing their Christmas dolls at this show, for they will all be for sale. Mrs. Sam Buckbee, Mrs. Fred Tallant and Miss Bowman have invited a lot of girls to help them to serve the refreshments, and with the fun of selling the dolls and the refreshments I think we shall contrive to have a pretty good time.

Mrs. McKittrick and General Shafter will have a jolly tea at Fort Mason on Saturday next. Army and navy will be well represented and all the fun I have shall be told to you next week. I shall also tell you about the Bosqui-Bonour wedding. They have such a charming place in San Rafael, I am sure the wedding will be a very pretty one.

I had almost forgotten to tell you my golf news. Notwithstanding the rain of last week there were a good many people on all the links. The San Francisco Golf club dinner to General Shafter was a great success. I am so glad they have a good cook now for dinners and luncheons there will be very popular this winter. Unfortunately General Shafter was ill, but those there had a pretty good time. There was an initial tournament on the links on Saturday at which all the men made only fair scores, owing to the course being reversed. Mr. S. L. Abbot made the lowest and Charles Page the second. The prizes were two silver mounted beer mugs.

Little teas are quite the fad now, One asks about twenty girls and serves the tea herself and gets such dear, nice, little bits of gossip. Julia Buckbee intends giving several, so does Katherine Dillon, Marie Wells, Charlotte Ellinwood, the Voorhies, Hopkins and Huntington girls, Mrs. Eleanor Martin was telling me. Friday she really wanted the girls to have a jolly time this winter and asked me would I help her out in luncheons and dinners. Think of the glee I shall have. She will have large dinners and University Club luncheons. They will gradually take in all the different girls, and she intends having old and young together. Alice Hager is really a stunning looking girl since she returned from Europe. She wears her clothes now with the grace Emily always did, and is so nice and interesting. Mrs. Downey Harvey has delightful confections and is a good deal thinner; she says, as a girl to have with one all the time Alice Hager has no equal, in fact, she has such nice things to say about her that were I a man I'd immediately offer myself to Alice. Mrs Harvey will entertain as she always does—that is by giving the most delicious dinners and having good music afterwards.

We had a fine time at the Sorosis on Monday afternoon. A man called Kellogg read a paper on the Peace Conference which was very instructive and made me sleepy. I just thought if all international affairs were settled by arbitration we should have no army or navy men. The question, then, "What to do with our boys" would become even more difficult Mrs. Caroline Von Bergen and Miss Maud Fay sang charmingly. Mrs. Von Bergen is so pretty and has the easiest manner while singing. Miss Fay is simply fascinating and has a fine voice which she uses quite as well as though she were trained abroad. Then we drank tea and I went out afterwards to see the tennis courts. Some of the girls want me to join. Helen and Edna Hopkins, Caro Crockett, Edith McBean and Carrie Taylor are taking it up this winter. None of them yet play much of a game, so perhaps I may venture. The courts out at the California Club are fine, the best I really believe in the State.

MISS CRICKET.

Mrs. Triest gave a big tea on Sunday afternoon, in honor of Mrs. and Miss Livingston, of New York, who are at present visiting her. The house was arrayed as a Japanese tea house with lanterns, bamboo, etc., and pretty Geisha girls danced from time to time. The gowning was magnificent. Miss Olga Triest looked charming in an exquisite costume of pale blue crepe de Chine with lace insertion and ruffles. Another very handsome dress was of black velvet with white insertion, worn by Mrs. Triest. During the afternoon refreshments were served by geisha girls in their national costume.

Mrs. Dr. J. R. Davidson started for the East on Sunday morning. She intends spending several weeks in Chicago where her sister resides and will then proceed to New York and visit with her mother for several months.

Kickers Getting Ready.

When the baseball season's waning
And the heroes of the bat
Are preparing for their exit,
While the rooters sadly chat,
It is then the football kickers,
Who from public view had slid,
Reappear and start their drilling
For the battles on the "grid."

Crops of hair they're cultivating
So that craniums won't break;
Combs and brushes are discared,
And the barber gets the shake.
Padded suits are resurrected
And the playing shoes and hose,
And there's trying on of ear-guards
And the ugly rubber nose.

Every town and cross-roads village
Gets excited o'er the game,
Each is forming an eleven
With the hope of winning fame.
There is searching for old players
Who are up to all the tricks,
And a grab for husky fellows
Who are handy in a mix.

They are practicing the passes,
Rushes, tackles and the punts,
And all other evolutions
That are known in football stunts,
Teams are working on new signals
They alone can understand,
And they're confident of winning
On the systems they have planned.

Yes; the football season's coming,
As is plainly now revealed,
And another class of heroes
Soon will pose upon the field.
Hospitals are getting ready
For the calls o'er telephones,
And the surgeons are preparing
To bind up the broken bones.

—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

It's easily and quickly done, without scratching or wearing the most delicate surface. The proof is in the trying; that costs nothing.

We supply the material for that simply for the asking. Box, postpaid, 15 cts. in stamps.

Grocers and druggists sell it.

The Electro Silicon Company,
30 Cliff Street, New York.

After Marriage

They are going to be together just as much as before; going to ride the wheel, take little pleasure jaunts, etc., enjoying everything together. Isn't that what many a young couple promise each other? And yet, how very soon the wife begins to say "No, I don't think I care to go. You go alone, dear." Young women don't reckon on the great physical changes which follow marriage. How can they when they are allowed to grow up in entire ignorance of vital physiological facts? They feel languid, weak and nervous. Sometimes there is headache and backache. The pulse no more leaps in answer to the thought of a spin on the wheel. Women who have used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, know how promptly the languor, headache, backache, nervousness and weakness are cured by this medicine. Many husbands write in gratitude to Dr. Pierce for the medicine which gives them back the wife's companionship, as it gives her back her health.

"All praise is due to you for your wonderful 'Favorite Prescription,'" writes Mr. John W. Coffman, of Ellisburg, Casey Co., Ky. "My wife suffered with female irregularity; was confined to bed every three weeks. After using two bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription she was cured; and has not suffered any derangement since. Your 'Favorite Prescription' is a boon to delicate women."

There is no alcohol in "Favorite Prescription," and it is entirely free from opium, cocaine and all other narcotics.

A Fire-Proof Hotel.

The California Hotel is the only modern-built, absolutely fire-proof hotel in San Francisco. It is strictly first-class in every respect. Many of our best families make it their permanent home, while it is undoubtedly the favorite stopping place for tourists from all parts of the world and for our army and navy officers. General R. H. Warfield is the manager, and he has drawn about him an able corps of gentlemanly assistants, all of whom study the comfort of guests, and who are thoroughly acquainted with all the details attached to the managing of a large and first-class house. San Francisco may well feel proud of her only fire-proof hotel—the California Hotel.

Interiors of homes photographed; oil paintings copied; trade supplied with California, Chinatown and Mexican photographs; enlargements of same at resonable prices. Oscar Maurer, 220 Sutter street, San Francisco, care Passavant Printing Co. Telephone Black 1191.

MEXICAN GOLD AND SILVER MINING COMPANY. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the ninth day of October, 1899, an assessment [No. 62] of fifteen [15] cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 79, Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the thirteenth day of November, 1899, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Monday, the fourth day of December, 1899, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

CHAS. E. ELLIOT, Secretary.

Office—Room 79, Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

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Matinees, Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday.

Reserved Seats 25c.; Balcony 10c.; Opera Chairs and Box Seats 50c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday.

Alcazar Theatre

FRED BELASCO, Lessee .·. MARK THALL, Manager

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WEEK OF OCT. 23

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THE THREE MUSKETEERS.

All Scenery New—Costumes Made Especially for this Production.

Matinee Saturday and Sunday

Prices all reserved—15c. 25c, 35c. 50c.

GREAT SPECIAL CAST

Columbia Theatre

Eight Nights and Saturday Matinee, beginning

SUNDAY OCT. 22

Chas. H. Hoyt's Big Spectacular Success

A MILK WHITE FLAG

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Monday Oct. 30th, Mathews & Bulger

California Theatre

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COMMENCING SUNDAY NIGHT, OCT. 22nd.

The Funniest of All. The Wittiest and Brightest. The Suecessful Farce Comedy.

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ONE WEEK ONLY

Reserved Seats, 25, 50 and 75 Cents.

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"BROWN'S COMING TO TOWN"

Racing! Racing! Racing!

CALIFORNIA JOCKEY CLUB.

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Racing Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday. Rain or shine.

Five or more races each day.

Races start at 2:15 P. M. sharp.

Ferry-boats leave San Francisco at 12 M. and 12:30, 1, 1:30, 2, 2:30 and 3 P. M., connecting with trains stopping at the entrance to the track. Buy your ferry tickets to Shell Mound.

Returning—Trains leave the track at 4:15 and 4:45 P. M., and immediately after the last race.

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123 Stockton Street.

THE THEATRES

IF the Alcazar keeps up the paceit set in this weeks performance of "The Masked Ball," the prompter had better be moved into the center stage where the audience can judge the play of his features as well as the tones of his expressive voice. The company is an admirable one for its work, and it is a pity, a very great pity, that the stage manager or whoever is responsible for the state of affairs, so neglected the preparation of the play that the actors did not know their lines or their entrances. The voice of the prompter, who was evidently "rattled," floated out into the audience some three or four times a minute, and twice Eugene Ormonde, who seemed just a little more shaky on his lines than the rest of the cast, by-the-way, had to "gag" for a minute or two, because some one or other had forgotten when his entrance came in. If the Alcazar Company were a common, low grade stock troupe, one would whitewash these deficiencies, putting them down as part of the deficiency of the performance, but this is by no means a poor troupe. As I said at the beginning of the season, it is an excellent company for the work, a combination of intelligent and pleasing actors who understand the business—a company without any specially weak members, and by all odds the best-balanced one we have had in recent years. This is all the more reason why they should not permit lack of preparation and carelessness to mar their acting.

I am fully aware of the exacting nature of stock company work. To go on, week after week, changing plays every seven days, learning, preparing and rehearsing a play each week while presenting another one, is hard labor. There is none harder. But other companies do this, and do it well; the company at the little O'Farrell street house has done it up to this time. While it is probably true that the extra work of preparing "The Three Musketeers," a difficult play to stage, has crowded the preparation of this week's performance, it is also true that it is undoubtedly bad policy to rob Peter to pay Paul in this fashion.

* *

Outside of this lack of preparation, the company handled Clyde Fitch's artificial comedy acceptably. Eugene Ormonde was natural and amusing as usual, and Gertrude Foster of the cuddly little voice was her own, charming self—if she *did* fail in the tipsy scene which made Maude Adams' fame. This is not to her discredit, for just about one actress in a thousand—or one actor in a thousand, for that matter—can render a "jag" without making it coarse or uninteresting. Miss Foster avoided coarseness, which is to the credit of her good taste, but she was not dazzlingly funny, to say the least. Marie Howe had a part well suited to her powers, and Frank Denithorne did a capital piece of acting as the jealous suitor with a poison scare. The best bit of character acting seen in the company this season was done by C. F. Montaine in the role of *Poulard*.

W. I.

* *

Hoyt's old favorite, "A Milk White Flag," with its amusing satire on the American militia, begins a week's run at the Columbia Monday night. The company is said to number several especially pretty girls, who will be seen and heard to advantage in some new dances, marches and ensemble choruses. Matthews and Bulger in "By the Sad Sea Waves" follow.

* *

At the California, Nance O'Neill concludes to-night a successful engagement with her old favorite, "Oliver Twist." Sunday evening, "A Breach of Promice," new farce comedy never before presented in San Franciaco, opens with a promising company. Next attraction, "Brown's in Town."

* *

The Alcazar Company is making elaborate preparation for presenting a new dramatic version of Dumas' "Three Musketeers," in which they will be seen next week.

* *

There will be six new numbers at the Orpheum next week. Wright Huntington, the Alcazar's old leading man, brings a new one-act comedy, "A Stolen Kiss," and Laura Burt, another recruit from the "legitimate," will be heard in monologue. The other new people are Sada, a girl violinist, Vinne de Witt, cornetist, Walton's Acrobatic Simians and Mlle. Erna's Musical Dogs.

* *

Miss Lilian Slinkey, fresh from her European training, made her American debut in Sherman & Clay Hall Monday night, and proved the truth of the good things which have been said about her voice. Although a little handicapped by nervousness, she sang with great feeling and expression. The playing of Miss Bear and of the orchestral trio were pleasing variations of the program.

* *

The New York *Musical Courier* has this to say of a San Francisco artiste: "A newcomer to New York's circle of accomplished pianists is Miss Aimee Helene Cellarius. She is a graduate of the Hugo Mansfeldt Conservatory, of San Francisco, and in the city of the Golden Gate achieved prominence and high honors as a piano soloist. Coming to New York a month or so ago, she was at once engaged by Charles L. Young for one of his combinations, and with it will shortly go on tour. Miss Cellarius made her debut in New York society on Sunday, October 1st, when she performed at the celebration of the crystal wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Sutro, 320 West 102 street."

The whiskey that touches the right spot veery time is Jesse Moore. To be found at all first-class bars and saloons.

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT—ANDES SILVER MINING COMPANY.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California Location of works, Virginia City, Storey County, Nevada

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors held on the 2nd day of October, 1899, an assessment (No. 49) of five (5) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary at the office of the Company, Rooms 20-22 Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 6th day of November, 1899, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on MONDAY the 27th day of November, 1899, at 1 p. m. o'clock, to pay the delinquent assessment together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors

JOHN W. TWIGGS, Secretary.

Office—Rooms 10-22 Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Calitornia.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES in and for the Northern District of California

IN THE MATTER OF B. LANGENDORF, Bankrupt.

Take notice, that B. Langendorf, bankrupt, above named, has been duly adjudicated a bankrupt under the Act of Congress of July 1, 1898, and that the first meeting of the creditors has been called to meet at the office of the undersigncd, at room 94, Chronicle Building, San Francisco, California, on Saturday the 21st day of October, 1899, at the hour of 11 o'clock am, for the purpose of proving their claims against the estate of said bankrupt; and that at the same time and place all creditors whose claims have been duly proven and allowed shall appoint one or three trustees of said estate.

Dated San Francisco, October 9, 1899.

MILTON J. GREEN,

Referee in Bankruptcy

In and for the City and County of San Francisco

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.—Bullion Mining Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, Cal. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 20th day of Sept., 1899, an assessment (No. 55) of Five (5) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 11, 331 Post street, San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 24th day of October 1899, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday, the 14th day of November, 1899, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the cost of advertsing and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors. R. R. GRAYSON, Sec'y.

Office: Room 11, 331 Pine street, San Francisco, Cal.

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT—BEST & BELCHER MINING CO.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Virginia District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the twenty-second (22d) day of September, 1899, an assessment (No. 68) of twenty (20) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 13, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the twenty-seventh (27th) day of October, 1899 will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Friday the seventeenth (17th) day of November, 1899, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

M. JAFFE, Secretary.

Office: Room 33, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF MARY MCKENNA, DECEASED—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Jane Daly, Executrix of the last will of Mary McKenna, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Jane Daly, Executrix, at the offices of Gavin McNab, Esq, her attorney, rooms 46 and 47, Mills building, the same being her place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. JANE DALY,

Executrix of the Estate of Mary McKenna, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, Sept. 12th, 1899.

GAVIN MCNAB,

Atty for Executrix.

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New Stories Re-Told.

x x x

THE CONFESSIONAL.—A High Church person in Cambridge, England, recently received a letter from his bishop, asking, in compliance with a recent ruling of the House of Lords, whether there were any confessional boxes in his church. He replied, "My dear Bishop, in reply to your inquiry, we have the pill without the box."

x

A BAD MAN TO FIGHT.—Allan Foreman, editor of the New York *Journalist*, once exposed the record of a crooked politician who threatened to shoot him. The editor did not fancy being killed and applied for advice to a friend who is the manager of a large clipping bureau. "What had I better do?" he asked after he had told the story. "Give him another dose of publicity" was the reply. "But I've given already all I've got." Then said the clippings editor "take these," handing him from a pigeon hole a packet of cuttings. "Here's all the stuff you will need." Foreman took the bundle gingerly. "Do you keep many records like this?" he asked. "Oh, a few" replied the clippings man grimly, as he reached up into the case and drew out a double handful of newspaper scraps tied with red tape and labelled "Foreman."

x

A SENATOR'S REPUTATION.—A certain eminent statesman rather noted for his friendly disposition to corporations was sought in Washington by an agriculturist of his state who had political business with him. He was told that Senator Blank had left but a few minutes before for the seaside, his intention being to take a certain train. The agriculturist, who happened to be a man of standing at home, managed to catch the same train, and asked the assistance of the conductor. "I'm looking for Senator Blank," he confided. "Won't you please find him for me? He's somewhere on the train." The conductor graciously consented to try, but returned in a few moments. "Senator Blank is not on the train," he announced. "I've been all through and there is no one on board travelling on a pass."

x

AN OUTSIDE BAT.—"A cricketer who was to go in sixth on his side, seeing that the preceding batsmen were making prolonged stands, betook himself to the refreshment tent, where he imbibed too freely of his favorite beverage. Suddenly wickets began to fall, and his captain, on hunting up the man to tell him to prepare to bat, found him in a state bordering on intoxication. 'I am afraid,' said the batsman, 'I can't do much good, for I am sure I shall see three balls.' 'Never mind,' said the captain, 'smack at the middle one!' The batsman survived one over, and was then bowled by a straight one. As he walked back to the pavilion the captain imperiously asked why his advice had not been taken. 'I did exactly what you told me,' replied the batsman. 'I struck at the middle ball, but in a moment of indiscretion I struck out with one of my outside bats!'"

x

A DUBIOUS COMPLIMENT.—An ambitious but awkward golfist was trying out the links at the Presidio and had made one round under the guidance of a youthful caddie. It was a round of unspeakable disasters. "You should join a club, sir," said the caddie, as the two turned homeward. "You'd have a fine chance for the prizes." "Do you think so?" asked the gentleman, brightening up at this word of encouragement. "Ay," said the caddie fervently—"you'd get the biggest handicap of them all!"

x

A SINGULAR RESCUE.—A well-known cleric was addressing a congregation of seamen at a water front mission. Thinking to be impressive he pictured a ship trying to enter a harbor against a head-wind. Unfortunately for the success of the metaphor, his ignorance of seamanship placed the ship in several singular positions. "What shall we do next?" he cried. "Come down off the bridge," cried an old tar in disgust, "an' lemme take command, or ye'll 'ave us all on the rocks in another arf a second!"

x

HAND-PAINTED HERSELF.—At the fancy goods counter of a large department store a handsomely dressed middle-aged woman with a Du Maurier profile and a hard mouth was scolding a girl behind the counter who had said a fan the dowager had been examining was hand-painted. "Why, you wretched, peroxided, impudent hussy, you!" said the customer, "how dare you stand there and tell me that fan is hand-painted, when any infant in arms can see that it is only stamped?" "Madam," returned the saleswoman, "it is now a matter of complete indifference to me whether you buy this fan or not or any other fan. All the same, I want to again assure you that it is hand-painted—every bit as much hand-painted as you are yourself."

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THE WAVE

VOL. XX. No. 18 SAN FRANCISCO — OCTOBER 28, 1899 — SEATTLE PRICE 10 CENTS

GLORY AND THE GRAVE.

The Burial at Battle Knoll Cemetery in Manila of three American Soldiers who had fallen in action. The Chaplains of the Kansas and Washington regiments are performing the last sad rites over the men from their States.

Courtesy of "*Campaigning in the Philippines.*"

THE WAVE

Is published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal., and Colman Building, Seattle, Wash.

Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months, $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

The trade is supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 342 Geary street; east of the Rocky Mountains by the American News Company, New York.

The Wave is kept on file and is for sale at Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France; 31 Union Square, New York City; 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.; and 206 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

For advertising rates and on all other matters pertaining to city business, address The Wave, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

All business matters pertaining to the Northwest should be addressed to Trevor Corry, Colman Building, Seattle, Wash.

THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY
PROPRIETORS

SAN FRANCISCO—October 24, 1899—SEATTLE

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A victory for the Democratic ticket at the coming municipal election will not mean that the voters of San Francisco believe in Bryan or endorse free silver; nor will it mean that they repudiate President McKinley. The "Wave" makes no such claim; but we do solemnly warn Republicans that the victory of Mayor Phelan will give him the appointment of thousands of municipal employes; that it will result in the upbuilding of a powerful and Democratic machine, rendering it difficult, if not impossible, to carry this city for McKinley and sound money one year hence.

EVENTS CURRENT.

British Win First Battles With Transvaal.

The British have put to shame all prophets by winning the first engagements in the Boer war, and winning them, if reports can be credited, against superior forces, Two bloody battles, resembling, for great losses in a short time, the fights at El Caney and San Jaun in our own late war, were fought this week on the Natal border. Both were British victories. Particulars are meager and not to be strictly relied upon, because the English commanders are permitting no war correspondents at the front, and all statements come through the War Office. Late last week, a British force under General Symonds, advancing to the relief of Mafeking, met and engaged forces of Kruger at Glencoe. The Boers had intended to strike Symonds unawares and were about to unite three divisions for the purpose. The British general learning of the plan, had advanced by forced marches to anticipate the junction. As his command approached, the Boers took a strong position on a hill. The British attacked at once, opening with with artillery. The Transvaal troops proved inferior in the use of this arm and after nearly five hours of firing the Boer guns were silenced. Thereupon, two regiments of infantry charged the hill against a hot fire and swept the enemy from their position. The Boers fled in disorder. Losses on both sides were heavy. The commander of the English, whose generalship won the day, was seriously wounded and his army lost about two hundred men in killed and wounded. The Boers are said to have lost twice that number. A notable feature was the great proportion of officers among the dead; it is thought that the Boers singled them out. The other two divisions came up directly after the engagement, and have kept up a desultory skirmish all along the front. Hardly was this engagement decided, when Generals White and French met and repulsed another Boer division at Elands Laagte, just north of Glencoe. In its details this fight was similar to the one at Glencoe, only the rout of the Boers was, if anything, more complete. The day was decided by a flank movement and a gallant charge of the famous Gordon Highlanders. Here, the British lost about one hundred and fifty and the Boers somewhere over double that number killed and wounded, besides many prisoners. Among the Transvaal dead are General Cronje and Piet Joubert, a nephew of General Joubert. Mafeking and Kimberly are still cut off from communication, although rumors are persistently arriving that the Boers have been driven back at the former place. So far as anything definite to the contrary is known, both places may have fallen a week ago. Boer prisoners taken in the last fight are reported to be very discouraged over the prospect. In spite of the fact that these victories prove England's task to be an easier one than anybody expected, preparations to ship a large army still continue, and the force originally planned for the South African service will not be reduced in the least. It is believed that this movement is intended as much for the over-aweing of the nations who would interfere with England's business as for its effect in the affairs at hand. In the improbable event of a general European war, the first move on the part of the anti-British league would be a Russian advance on Herat and Northern India. Now, the British army can reach India more quickly from Natal than from England. This, and the desire to be sure of having enough troops to meet any emergency which may arise in South Africa, has caused the dispatch of the huge army now under way.

New Light on the Dreyfus Case.

As the storm and stress of the Dreyfus trial begins to calm down, France and the Anglo-Saxon world begin to change their views a little on the celebrated case. In France, it is said that conviction of the prisoner's innocence is slowly growing; in England and America, there is arising an equally strong conviction that the reports we have had from our newspapers do not tell the true story of the court-martial. One practical demonstration of the renewal of good feeling in France is the coming rehabilitation of Colonel Picquart, who was dropped from the army roll because of his advocacy of Dreyfus. At the time of his degradation, it was charged that he had falsified reports when he was at the head of the General Information Bureau. Old Gallifet, the fearless Minister of War, investigated the charges and publicly declared them false. It is said that the Dreyfusard party predominates in all the manufacturing towns of France, and especially those of the South, like Lyons and Marseilles. On the other hand, public sentiment in the Anglo-Saxon nations is moderating. An English journalist who went to Rennes on a secret mission to the defense declares that every telegraphic line and every special correspondent sent, at times, reports utterly false and unfair. One point on which we have been deceived is the relative value to the defense of Danange and Labori. English-speaking people in general have believed that the junior counsel bore the brunt of the defense, and that Demange was a fogy and a drag. From impartial observers it appears that Demange really carried the burden of the case, and that Labori was not only unwise, but timid. Thus it is alleged that he was responsible for the failure of the defense to produce in Court Colonel Schwartzkoppen, who could have thrown such light on the case that the Court could not, in all conscience, have rendered a verdict of condemnation. The defense could have forced the judges and the government to recognize their claim, but Labori would not press the matter because he feared that in the tremendous public clamor the act would raise he would be accused of serving in the pay of the mythical syndicate. On his advice, the defense made no such demand and lost its case where it would have won had it dared to try the issue. The next attempt at unravelling the Dreyfus tangle comes about a month hence, when Zola's case comes up for trial.

America Retains the Cup.

Columbia wins the series and all the races. The close of the cup-series of 1899 was a gratifying ending to an unlucky set of races. First, there were seven calm days, when the yachts either remained tied to their moorings or sailed over the course in a capfull of wind and failed to finish inside the time-limit. Then, in a mild breeze which favored the American yacht rather than the British, *Columbia* won by an easy margin, showing that only by a prevalence of heavy winds could *Shamrock* hope for the cup. The heavy wind came on the next trial, but the race had an unfortunate ending, for *Shamrock* broke a spar soon after passing the mark and *Columbia*, keeping on according to previous agreement, crossed the line alone and won a victory without glory. At this stage most Americans felt disappointed. The first race had been won under conditions favoring the defender; in the second, the challenger had lost by mere accident. The hope was freely expressed that *Columbia* might break down in the next race, so as to even up the luck. Had the last contest of the series occurred in light winds, the British would have doubted the validity of the result and the Americans would have been discontented with the whole affair. But by good fortune, when the yachts came up for the final trial after another failure in light winds, a regular *Shamrock* breeze was blowing. In this, the Yankee boat won a decisive victory by a margin almost as great as the one she scored in light winds. The race on this occasion was fifteen miles to leeward and return. In the run down the wind, the strong point of the British yacht, the *Columbia* excelled only slightly; she had about a minute the advantage, however, when they turned and began to tack for home. In these tactics, the quickness of the American boat and the superior seamanship of her crew resulted in an easy lead, the American winning by six minutes, thirty-four seconds. Sir Thomas Lipton takes his defeat like the true sportsman he is, acknowledging that he met a better boat. This sentiment is echoed by the English papers. Lipton says that he intends to try it again two years hence.

Terms of the Alaskan Boundary.

On October 20, the British charge in Washington, Mr. Tower, handed to Secretary Hay his final acceptance of the *modus vivendi* proposed by the Americans. This now goes into operation until the two governments agree on a permanent boundary. The line is clearly defined. The divisional line on the west by the Dalton trail is placed twenty-two and a quarter miles above Pyramid Harbor, which is regarded under the treaty as tidewater mark, so the Canadians are not allowed to reach any point on the Lynn Canal. There is no permission given for a free port or even for the free transfer across American territory of Canadian goods, except of miners' belongings. The *modus vivendi* agrees upon a temporary boundary on the Stickine river in Alaska by an exchange of notes. On the Chilkat river the line is twenty-two and a quarter miles from the head of navigation on Chilkat Inlet of Lynn Canal and on the Klehini river twelve miles further inland, and the whole valley of the Porcupine is in the American lines. On White and Chilkoot Passes, the line is fixed at the summit or watershed.

Agricultural Possibilities of Alaska.

Among the numerous activities in which the United States Department of Agriculture is now engaged, there is none more important than the study of Alaska, upon which Secretary Wilson proposes to enter. That Alaska is regarded in the light of an agricultural possibility will be news to most people. In fact, most Alaskans are inclined to be skeptical on the subject, but Territorial Governor Brady, who has lived in the region all his life, thinks that the Northern country can be tilled profitably and is, in fact, an enthusiast on the subject. He believes that the interior lands, covered as they are with long and luxuriant grass, may be employed for stock-raising and that the intense cold of winter need not neceesarily hurt animals if proper shelter is provided. Hay cannot be cured because the summer is short and rainy, but the governor has proved that, put up in the form of ensilage, the cut grass can be kept in condition to feed stock all winter. The more hardy vegetables and cereals are raised with success by Governor Brady and one or two other old residents by a novel scheme of irrigation. As soon as the ground begins to thaw in the spring, they plant their seed. As the thawing process proceeds, just enough moisture is given out from the frozen ground below to water the roots of the plants as they go further and further into the ground. This method seems rediculous at first sight, but it is said to work well. The coast of Alaska is too wet during the summer to sustain much vegetable life, but the summer weather in the interior is dry and pleasant. Land of the same latitude as Sitka in Russia and Siberia is cultivated with a fair degree of success, and it may be that when the gold and timber of Alaska are exhausted, as they must be in time, and when the agricultural lands of America proper are over-crowded, Yankee ingenuity may be turned to account in the utilization of the great Alaskan lands for the raising of stock and cereals.

The British in China.

The Transvaal trouble and the apprehension felt in England over the possibility of a European alliance to force the British Government from its position, turns attention to the situation of England in China. It is felt that France and Russia, should they make common cause against England, would direct attack at two points—northern India and the English part of China. Sir Claude MacDonald, for four years British Minister to China, took an optimistic view of British conditions in the Celestial Empire in a recent speech, saying that the progress of his countrymen in opening up the interior of China is most encouraging. Among the late tangible results of British occupation are the opening of West River, the rectification of the Burma frontier; the opening of new treaty ports, the beginning of steam navigation on inland waters, and the granting of railway and mining concessions to British subjects. There has always been a disposition on the part of the Chinese authorities to "shave away" such concessions and so render them inoperative. Sir Claude believes that this tendency is much less apparent than formerly, and that it is being overcome by a general disposition to accept Western methods. He believes that the awakening of China is close at hand.

The Divorce Controversy.

Probably no popular controversy held in recent years has evoked so much discussion among women, and particularly women high in the social circles of the East, as that recently stirred up by Bishop Potter's diatribe against divorce. It will be remembered that the illustrious prelate, the virtual head of the Episcopal Church in this country, advocated at a recent church council the refusal of marriage to divorced persons and of the sacraments to any who remarry after divorce, and the absolute prohibition of divorce by law. In the ensuing controversy, the society leaders of New York and other Eastern cities accepted very generally the Bishop's side of the question. Then the "public women" of the country, suffrage advocates, professional women, and the like, come into the discussion, and were as unanimous as the society ladies, but on the non-orthodox side of the question. Those supporting the Bishop's contentions base their opinions on the Bible and the usage of the church, while their opponents argue solely from the effect of divorce on individual happiness and the constitution of society. It will be seen, therefore, that the grounds of contention are hardly common. Indeed, the discussion, like most controversies of the sort, has been characterized by rabid expression of individual opinions, and not by valid arguments. About the most sensible statement of the heterodox view came from the prominent suffrage advocate, Elizabeth Cady Stanton. She said in part: "The laws on divorce are even more unequal than those on marriage. The advantage is all on one side; the penalties are on the other. I see no evidence in this recent agitation that the ecclesiastics mentioned have thought sufficiently on the subject to prepare a well-digested code or a comprehensive amendment to the constitution. Let us bear in mind that the easiest divorce laws could not make divorce obligatory on any one, while a restricted law would compel many, married, perhaps, under more liberal laws, to remain in uncongenial relations. * * * If the relation brings out the worst in both parties, is not the very *raison d'etre* of the union wanting and the marriage practically annulled? It is to the best interests of the State to see all such perniciou unions legally dissolved. The question of divorce, like that of marriage, should be settled by the parties themselves, neither Church nor State having any right to meddle therein. If divorce were made respectable and recognized by society as a duty as well as a right, reasonable men and women could arrange all the preliminaries, including the division of property and the guardianship of children, quite as satisfactorily as can the courts."

Chicago Experimenting With Public School Pupils.

In Chicago, where, by-the-way, scientific municipal improvement is advancing faster than in any other city in the country, the School Board has begun extensive experiments to determine the relation between physical condition and mental capacity in school children. The Chicago educators believe that many of the bad results following what is known as the "cramming" system are due, not to an excess of school over what the normal child can endure, but to the placing of the work required for pupils of ordinary strength upon mental and physical weaklings and to unwise grading. They have therefore chosen several of the more representative schools as the field for an elaborate system of measurements and strength-tests. These experiments are to continue over a number of years, so that the development of size and strength may be carefully noted. The points for most careful consideration are: 1. The relative development of physical endurance in boys and girls. 2. The relation between brain power and bodily strength. 3. The establishment of a standard of size, strength and health of the average American child. If the results of four or five years of study confirm the discoveries already made, the school authorities will make sweeping changes in their system of education. For example, they have found that after the age of nine the physical endurance—aside from strength—of the average boy increases out of all proportion to the increase in the average girl. This means that girls from nine to seventeen years old cannot stand the same amount of school work as boys of the same age; if the discovery is confirmed, coeducation will be abolished, at least above the primary grades.

Editorial Comment.

e Sound Money Democrats' Interest in San Francisco's Municipal Campaign.

HE Sound Money Democrat as well as the Independent Republican, *must* before casting his vote at the coming municipal election, pause and consider well the consequences that are likely to result from a Phelan ory. We have no quarrel or feeling of hostility toward gentleman. Twice before this, he has had our heartiest port at times when his success could have no possible uence upon national parties, and when his election meant ply the success of "good government." But no such dition now prevails. The coming election *will* have er a good or a bad effect on the national Republican ty, and besides this "good government" is no longer in pardy, for in the hands of Horace Davis it will suffer e. The coming election is decidedly *not* an ordinary ir. A moments consideration will demonstrate its im- tance.

Under the new charter, the Mayor will, directly and indirectly, control the appointment of between three and five usand municipal employes. Under civil service these tlemen will serve for life, without any examination or t as to ability or character. Contemplate for a moment t great army of party workers; of course, if Mr. Phelan be cted, they will be Democrats. Will any sensible man iously contend that this immense body of politically ined employes, taken from one party, will not in future ctions constitute the actual working force of Democracy. ill the existence of this formidable and dangerous demotic machine *weaken* national democracy? The most bborn supporter of Phelan will not dare make such claim. it will not weaken, will it not strengthen it? Three usand well paid party-men, placed in secure political ices, because of their activity and usefulness would constitute a most perfect, most effective and most dangerous achine in the manipulation of future politics. They cerinly would not conspire against their own party; they cerinly would not suspend all political interests; they cerinly would not sit supinely by in listless inactivity during national campaign. In the name of reason what *would* ey do. The answer comes spontaneously before the ques- n is half framed. They would dominate municipal conntions, they would wield a powerful influence in State nventions, they would with all the energy, all the shrewdess, and all the strength that comes from compact organition, work in season and out of season for the success of emocracy. They would be false to every sense of political nor if they failed to do so, false to their own interests, unateful to their party and traitorous to their fellow party orkers. If you are an Independent Republican or a Sound oney Democrat, you must admit this would be the actual sult of a Phelan victory. Examine for a moment the path ong which this course might lead.

The great body of the Democratic party to-day stands as nequivocally and as conclusively committed to Bryanism nd the doctrine of free silver as it did during the campaign f '96. That this is true is regretable but it is, notwithanding, true. When the sun sets on the closing day of the ext Democratic National Convention, to the mast that ears aloft the banner of Democracy will be nailed that lse-boding flag, bearing the glittering and delusive incription of "*16 to 1*." Beneath that banner will be gathered he same threatening hungry-eyed, reckless rabble that rought defeat and disgrace on Democracy three years ago, nd again the hoarse slogan of "Free Silver" will go up rom countless throats, and again will their standard bearer e William Jennings Bryan—with the wretched Aguinaldo s the "Washington of the Philippines" for a side issue.

Ask yourself the question, sir, and answer it in all fairness. Will the victory of Mayor Phelan injure or benefit that Democratic National party? What will the three thousand emocratic workers do? It does not profit a man to deceive imself. Be frank and concede the danger to be there. So ong as Democracy stands for the dangerous and destructive octrines that dominated its last national platform, just so ong will it be hazardous and foolhardy, in a doubtful state ike California, to give into the hands of the local followers f that party the material with which to construct a powerul and threatening political machine.

The complaisant Republican who with a sense of self ecurity believes in "giving Phelan one more chance" must hut his eyes to every dangerous consequence that looms up vith certain definiteness in the horizon. His argument uns to this effect that "He, himself, certainly will not be nfluenced by the result." He is inclined to ridicule and loubt the prophecies of those having some wisdom in such natters. He argues that these things are said at every nunicipal election, and is likely, in his superior wisdom, to ttribute the "fear" to party zeal. Such a Republican evenly poised perhaps, secure in his own faith, must not measre all mankind by his own bushel; he must not be guided n his judgment by similar sentiments among similarly constituted friends. He must bear in mind that the moral effect f a Phelan victory besides influencing weaker men in muncipalities, would stretch to the nether-most ends of the tate. Its influence would be felt in the village, the hamlet, at the cross roads where country folk would discuss it in their homes and on the highways. He must remember that California was a "doubtful state" last election time. The shrewdest politician in the world is not able to foretell just what influence moved this or that body of men to vote for or against his ticket. Trifles move some men, while the wisest of arguments would not budge others. The Independent Republican and Sound Money Democrat must bear in mind that to-day Democracy means Free Silver and it means nothing else, except the surrender of the Philippines. Bryanism will take heart not only in this state but elsewhere if Democracy again carries San Francisco in the most important municipal election ever held within its boundaries, but more than all, it will solidify that party in this city, and give it a power that will prove a constant menace hereafter.

We all can recall the prodigious, the untiring efforts that were made to carry this city for McKinley—the afternoon parade which took thousands of busy manufacturers and merchants from their desks to tramp over uninviting basalt blocks. We all remember the anxious hours, the dread and fear of Bryan's victory; we remember the almost hysterical contest that was waged to preserve the nations' financial standard. Looking back upon those dark, unrestful days of uncertainty, let us ask the men who made that fight and won that victory—Republicans and gold Democrats alike—if they believe the next contest, now close upon us, which is to be fought out on exactly the same lines, will be easier or more difficult to win with a local Democracy strongly intrenched in the largest city of the commonwealth. You cannot, in candor, deny that it will will give Bryanism a great advantage. It argues nothing that Mr. Phelan or any other individual nominees are gold Democrats. They will not openly oppose their party. Will the *Examiner*, the organ of Phelan and the organ of Bryan fail to crack the party whip over the backs of the three thousand Democratic appointees? Will it withstay its hand and say that "in honor we cannot force these municipal employees to do battle for Bryan, because national politics was not an issue in the municipal campaign?" It is absurd. No such strange sentiment of honor will govern its conduct. They will take every advantage of the situation and will hurl against sound money a solid body of fighting Democratic municipal employees equal in numbers to three military regiments.

Let our gold Democrat and Independent Republican friends summon the dread and fear he felt in '96; let him place ahead of him the same threatening and gloomy days of that campaign; let him set the date of their recurrence in the fall of 1900, and with memory so refreshed and mind forewarned, let him with positiveness refuse to contribute toward the erection of a dangerous obstruction to the cause he would advance. You may contribute *now* toward strengthening your intrenchments and preparing for a contest that is inevitable.

If you believe in the doctrine of Expansion, remember that Democracy stands pledged against it, remember that to carry out the policy of the President we need a majority in the lower house of Congress. That house is Republican now by an exceeding small number. A short while hence, we will re-elect our Congressmen, and if we solidify and strengthen local Democracy we are risking the loss of at least the two members from the San Francisco Districts. The Republicans have about twelve majority now in the House; the loss of two local Congressmen reduces that majority to eight. The loss of five more throughout the country would obstruct the administration and give the enemy a strength that could be used to defeat every administration plan regarding the Philippines and Hawaii.

The Democratic press employ too much vigor in denying that national politics cut a figure in this election. They do protest too much. It is not true. With all the force and emphasis that can be imported into cold types we declare that national politics *does* enter into this coming municipal contest. With all gravity and earnestness we declare that the contrary claim of the Democratic press is as false as hell. We are imperiling too much by a false sense of independence. Every Republican, every sound money Democrat, every man interested in the administration and its clearly defined policies that mean so much to this city and State, should march up to the polling booth and cast his vote for the Republican ticket, or in the future he will be visited by regrets that will neither cure nor mend the wrong he has contributed to create.

A vote for Phelan for mayor is a vote to give Democracy the appointment of three thousand municipal employes. It is a vote to build a Democratic machine three thousand strong, to assist Bryanism and Free Silver in 1900.

Does national politics enter into the coming municipal campaign?

Answer the following question and you will have answered the first.

Will the three thousand municipal appointments made by Mayor Phelan form a Democratic machine and be used for the purpose of booming Bryan and Democracy, or will it assist McKinley and sound money?

Question. How many appointments will the newly elected mayor control under the new charter?

Answer. Estimated at over three thousand, directly and indirectly.

Question. If Mayor Phelan is elected whom will he appoint?

Answer. Democrats, of course.

Question. What character of Democrats?

Answer. Men who have shown themselves active and able in politics. Good party workers.

Question. At the coming national election which party will those "good party workers" help?

Answer. The Democratic party, of course.

Question. What does Democracy stand for to-day?

Answer. Free Silver, Bryanism and Aguinaldo.

Question. Will the coming election have any influence on the next national contest?

Answer. Decidedly it will. If Phelan is elected it will result in the upbuilding of a powerful Democratic machine that will attempt to dominate the politics of San Francisco in the interest of Democracy.

Judges in Machine Politics.

TWELVE justices of the Supreme Court appeared before the Mazet investigating committee a few days ago to testify as to the amounts contributed to the campaigns in which they were elected to the bench. With one exception these dignified gentlemen freely admitted they had contributed sums, the smallest of which must strike the ordinary citizen as extraordinarily large. The following are the names of the judges and the amount contributed by each: Judge McAdam, $15,000; Judge Bischoff, $10,000; Judge Dugro, $10,000; Judge Scott, $9,000; Justice Geigerich, $5,000; Justice Gildersleeve, $5,000; Justice Fitzgerald, $5,000; Judge Beach, $5,000; Justice Beekman, $5,000; Judge Patterson, several thousands.

The list is formibable enough and the amounts large enough, heaven knows. There was no attempt at concealment on the part of the judges; the inquiry was brought about at the request of the Bar Association, the Chamber of Commerce and the City Club, and the judges appeared voluntarily, without a subpœna.

The query arises, did these large sums of money go toward actual campaign expenses or was a portion of it understood to be a payment for the nomination? We all know that in every state convention there are local bosses with a following of from five to a hundred or more purchaseable votes. We know that by paying to these creatures a given price per head these votes may be secured for certain nominations. In a Democratic state convention in New York, Tammany unquestionably controls the votes of more delegates than any one power. By trades and bargaining and selling with the local bosses of Albany and other interior cities, the rulers of Tammany are in a position where it is perfectly safe for the candidate to deal with them upon the assumption that they can "deliver the goods," and so it has come about that it is only necessary to deal with the Tammany trust to secure a Democratic nomination. It is interesting to know the New York "tariff" on judgeships, but it would be doubly interesting to know whether the amount of the contribution was fixed and determined *before* nominations were made.

It would be a matter of additional interest to know whether the judges had actually and knowingly bought and paid for their nominations, or contributed only to election expenses. There certainly is nothing wrong in a judge contributing a proper amount toward defraying the expenses of a political campaign, and no one should find fault with him for so doing; but the purchase of a nomination is quite a different matter; it smacks of fraud, it winks at bribery and does not dovetail with strict honor. Delegates to state conventions in California are bought to vote for judicial candidates; but we have never heard of a judge himself as the actual purchaser. Such shopping tours are usually entrusted elsewhere.

A member of the San Francisco bar, who figures in prominent cases, has been heard to boast that he himself bought a given delegation to vote for the nomination of a judicial friend. He seemed proud of the fact that he had paid the money out of his individual pocket. His friend the judge was elected, and doubtless the thrifty attorney has been long ago reimbursed for his outlay, for he has repeatedly told the story in quarters where it was likely to do the most good. A rich litigant hearing the tale is likely to argue within himself that the relations existing between the judge and attorney must be of a highly confidential and perhaps questionable character, and he is prone, as the lawyer is willing he should be, to take advantage of these relations by hiring the attorney to exert that "influence" with the judges. If the New York judges do pay these contributions out of their own salaries it is infinitely better and more likely to result in an honest judiciary than the performance we have just cited as happening in California.

Judge Patterson of the Appelate division of New York's Supreme Court, declared on the stand that he believed "the paying of a large assessment tended to release a candidate from any obligation to a political organization." "Obligations to political organizations" are not to be feared among the judiciary one half so much as obligations to individuals. Purely political issues seldom come before the courts, but when they do party affiliations will, if there is a shadow of doubt in the mind of the judge, resolve that doubt along purely political lines, and this whether there has been paid a large assessment or no assessment at all.

A supreme court appointed by the governor would, in the judgment of the writer, give better satisfaction than an elective judiciary. Let a supreme judge drop out every four years. Each newly elected governor would then have one appointment. As we have seven judges, when this plan came into full operation each judge would hold office for twenty-eight years. In case of death or resignation, the governor should fill such vacancies for the unexpired term only. We have had some severe things to say of Governor Gage, yet we doubt if any governor has ever appointed two abler or better men to office than Ex-Attorney General Fitzgerald and Ex-Supreme Justice Rhodes. Governor Gage probably made some enemies in making these selections, but he is entitled to the thanks of the people for his action.

Of course, even with an opposition judiciary trickery and wrong will creep in, but the humiliating spectacle of a supreme judge canvassing among the political slums for a nomination will not be one of the sights of political life.

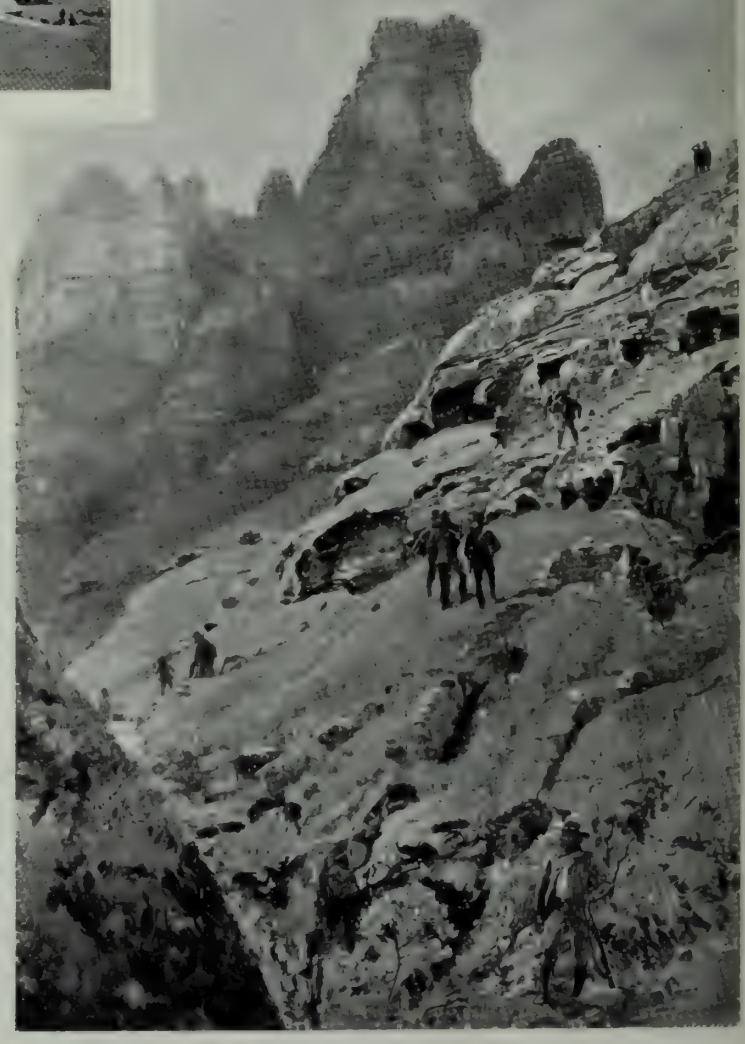
LADYSMITH CAMP, NATAL.

ARTILLERY CROSSING THE KILP RIVER

MEMORIAL ON MAJUBA HILL

NATAL MANOEUVERS AT LADYSMITH

VIEW ON BONTEBOK FLATS, CATHCART DISTRICT, WITH GIAKA'S KOP IN THE DISTANCE



DRAKENSBERG, ON THE TRANSVAAL BORDER, WHERE THE BOERS ARE IN LAAGER

WAR IN THE TRANSVAAL.

Reproduced from *Black and White* and *Illustrated London News.*

BRITON AND BOER.

STRATEGIC CONDITIONS OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR.

THERE is more actual romance in the present fight in Transvaal than in any other armed movement of the century since the Nopoleonic wars. Here is a world-power defied by a small, energetic nation, a giant confronted by a pigmy; here is the last remnant of the old Calvanistic smiters, who put their feet upon the necks of Kings, facing the supreme embodiment of the modern world, the seventeenth century striving with the twentieth. The setting of the struggle contributes to the effect. A barren land, much like Scotland of the old days, with a forgotten history of the contests of mighty savage races, a land of mystery and of hidden wealth in gold and gems; a treasure greater than a nation's ransom to be fought over as a side-issue, and guarding this treasure, like a bulldog standing guard over his master's wealth, the one man who is responsible for the whole struggle, the evil genius of South Africa or the scout of the Anglo-Saxon race, in whichever light you care to view him, at bay surrounded by his merciless enemies. Add to this, the danger of a native uprising which may sweep away both sides in a common defeat, and you have the situation in Transvaal in this closing year of the nineteenth century.

Much as has been said and written in advance of this war, it is doubtful if the average American understands completely the situation on both sides. Reference is continually made to the Boer war of 1880–81 as a basis of comparison. Matters have changed materially in several respects since that time. In the first place, the combined armies of the Boers, including both republics, numbered in 1880 not over 5,000 men. Against them there were about double that number of British. Today, the effective Dutch force, counting both Transvaal and Orange Free State, is eight times that number, or 40,000 all told, and again the British forces now at hand or on the way come to about twice the size of the Boer army. If one were to calculate on the basis of numbers alone, that "one Boer licked two Britons" in that struggle, the chances would appear to be about the same for both sides. This is, of course, a false basis of calculation, as actual superiority in numbers counts less as warfare advances. Still, it may be stated that the situation in this respect is identical to that encountered in the previous war; each side has been multiplied by eight, that is all.

Taking up the Boer side of the question first, they have improved their strategic situation. They have now organized their army as it was never organized in 1880. Then, their bushwhacking tactics were unexcelled, but they would have made a poorer showing in an open and pitched battle. Now, they are so disciplined that they can perform both functions. This is most certainly an advantage, because, with the tremendous increase of the attacking force, bushwhacking has grown less effective. Such tactics are most available when the forces are small on both sides. Sooner or later, the Dutch will have to come out into the open ground; when they do, they can make at least a showing of skilled warfare. A second advantage the Boers enjoy is an immense improvement in their equipment. They fought the previous war without artillery and without fortifications. Now, they have porportionately more guns than the British forces now on the way, and their two large towns are fortified as well as any inland cities in the world. Another great advantage has accrued to them from the recent tactical changes in the mode of handling infantry. That is, this arm of the service now operates in "open" formation, a man's distance between two men, while in 1880 the old rule of close ranks still prevailed. This change makes a battle between two forces of foot-soldiers a series of duels between individuals, in which quick and accurate shooting is the deciding factor. No one needs to emphasise the fact that the Boers are the best shots in the world. It has been said in England, lately, that the shooting of the Transvaal burghers has degenerated since 1880. If this is true, the degeneration had occured since 1894, the date of the Jameson raid. At that time, Kruger told 400 of his bushmen to stop the advancing force of 2000 British. They posted themselves behind rocks and rises in the ground and absolutely defied the maxim Machine-guns with which the British tried to dislodge them. They were so scattered and kept themselves so well protected that the ineffective Maxims were finally withdrawn. Then, the British brought into action a twelve-pounder. The Boers, thereupon, killed the gun's crew at the first fire, and subsequently killed every Englishman who tried to approach it. When the fight was over and the Jameson leaders were prisoners to his inferior force, it was found that the dead were "plugged" in the center of the belt, the spot at which a Boer always aims. This shooting was done at a range of from 400 to 1000 yards. It is the only chance afforded in late years to determine the quality of the markmanship of the Transvaal people, and it all goes to prove that their miraculous skill is as great as it ever was.

Finally, in the matter of resources, there is no comparison between Transvaal of 1880 and Transvaal of 1899. Then, they were a poor race af agriculturists, conducting a border war in primitive fashion, each man furnishing his own arms and equipment and acting as his own paymaster and commissary; now, they are a rich nation, if a small one—for they have been making the Outlanders come down with the dust all these years, and have, moreover, a great opportunity of capturing more British treasure in Kimberly and the other points along the Natal border. The Cecil Rhodes diamonds in Kimberly alone would be enough to keep them going for many years. It cannot be said too often that modern war is only a matter of resource.

To balance this, the changed conditions since the fatal year 1880 favor England in one particular, that one so important that it may balance all the advantages accruing to the Boers. That one is the opening up of the Transvaal country. In 1880, the English were operating in an unknown land. They had to find roads for themselves, to pick their way through the wilderness. The country was so sparsely settled that the Boers had only one point, that their capital, which they had to defend. The rest of the country was so poor that nearly the whole Boer army could "bushwhack" at will without taking thought of leaving garrisons. Now, the English enter a land which their Outlander scouts know as well as the Boers themselves. The country is traversed with good military roads and with railroad lines. But above all this, there are about a dozen cities of such strategic importance that the Boers will be forced to look to their defence. Such conditions always favor the army best trained in the methods of strictly civilized warfare, and the British soldiery, though inferior to the Boers as individuals, are yet infinitely superior in their knowledge of conventional military tactics.

Additional advantage accrues to Great Britain from superior equipment and from an understanding of what they are going against. There is no doubt that in 1880 they understood their opponents, believing that their trained legions would have no trouble with raw farmers. All this has changed. The British Tommy Atkins knows what he has to face. He has a wholesome respect for an adversary who shoots for the belt and always hits and commanders who are supreme strategists in their own small way. If this feeling went further, it would amount to fear and would bring the English into danger of moral defeat. As it is, the sentiment is just strong enough to render the British careful about running into ambushes and unknown country. This lack of caution in 1880 was the cause of that series of slaughters which ended at Majuba Hill. In equipment the British could not be better provided for the work in hand. Lyddite shells, improved machine guns and small arms, military balloons, these and many other improvements are to be brought to bear. The handling of the artillery is another feature which should not be overlooked. The Boers have the guns, but they do not understand their use. It is only since 1894 that the Transvaal army has possessed artillery; since that time, there have been no maneouvers and very little target practice. The British are as superior in knowledge of cannon and their use as are the Boers in the use of small arms. Still another factor—and this one appeals most strongly of all to the military expert—is the fact that England has in Natal a friendly base of operations on the border of the hostile country, whereas in the former war she had to rely on Cape Colony, hundreds of miles away.

This comparison of conditions between 1880 and 1899 leaves the balance of advantage on the side of Great Britain, although the superiority is not a very strong one. But there is one external feature which renders an ultimate British victory almost certain—the fact that all England is now united in a determination to end the war. In 1880, a very large section of the British people and a whole party of British statesmen were for relinquishing the claim to

OOM PAUL KRUGER

Transvaal. Gladstone and his followers took advantage of the defeat at Majuba Hill and the depression following it to put an end to the war, with Transvaal in possession of the advantage. There can be no doubt that if the English had really cared to bring into play the resources of the Empire, as they are doing today, they could have annihilated Transvaal. As it is, the first shot fired by the Boers seemed to make "jingos" of the whole population of greater England. With the tremendous force in money and men which England can bring to bear, she can, and doubtless will, crush Oom Paul and his people.

The Prince of Naples has purchased the island of Monte Cristo for a summer residence. He intends to stock the land with game and to build a summer palace with extensive grounds. This rock in the Mediterranean owes its whole fame to the romance of Dumas. Before he made it the scene of Edmond Dantes' adventures, it had been mentioned in literature only three times—twice by the Florentine chronicles and once by a French historian. The Prince's admiration of Dumas and his romance, and the desire for seclusion during his vacations is said to have led to his choosing this spot for his summer palace. His wife, who was a Montenegran princess, is an admirable shot and even more deepty interested in hunting than the Prince.

This has been a remarkable year for wrecks on the Sound, no less than twenty steamers having gone aground. All of them were passenger vessels, and the extraordinary thing about the matter is that only four or five lives were lost. This is probably due to the formation of the inner channel, down which passenger-ships now run. While it is dangerous at points, it is as quiet and narrow as a canal, and boats wrecked on its waters can usually be beached in time to save the passengers.

Washington farmers are holding back a great part of this year's wheat crop for higher prices. The price is going up at present, and unless a large quantity is put on the market from some unexpected source the farmers will realize a handsome profit as they have the market practically cornered.

THE LATEST ABOUT APPENDICITIS.

It was only six or seven years ago that the first operations for appendicitis were performed. Nearly every newspaper reader can look back and remember the time when the successful application of this new process in surgery was spoken of with awe and admiration. To-day, it goes without saying, the operation is one of the commonest known to medicine. The disease itself is "new" in the sense that it is newly isolated and recognized. Formerly, cases of appendicitis were classed with inflammation of the bowels, and the dread in which that disease used to be held grew largely out of the constant recurrence of these peculiar, quick cases, in which the victim was carried off with an alarming swiftness. The discovery of fruit seeds or other obstruction in the appendix in cases diagnosed after death first gave surgeons the cue, and investigation was followed by the first venturesome operations.

Because these first cases were marked by the presence of grape seeds, etc., in the "death trap," it was supposed, in the beginning, that this was always the cause of the disease. But, as the doctors learned that the operation in itself was a comparatively safe and simple one, they applied it in an increasingly great number of cases, and made the discovery that fruit seeds or other obstructions of the sort caused a very small percentage of cases. Such obstructions are dangerous only when they stop the drainage of the appendix. Anything whatever which stops the drainage causes the disease. It may be an internal obstruction, an accumulation of waste matter, a strain, or an excessive growth of the muscles surrounding the tract. This last explains why so many athletes are stricken with the disease, and also why it afflicts so many more men than women. Again, about one-half the cases are now cured without operation, by stimulating nature to relieve the pressure of her own accord.

The judgment of the modern surgeon is taxed to its full extent in determining between the two courses. Shall he put off the operation and trust to medicine, or shall he take the chances with surgical shack and cut when cutting may not be necessary? The problem is further complicated by the fact that the decision must be made at once. Appendicitis is a disease that attacks suddenly and runs its course quickly. The time for experimenting in order to determine the course to be pursued is generally limited to twenty-four hours. Wise surgeons, who are sufficiently assured of their own skill to be able to perform the operation itself without any great risk, choose, as a rule, to take the chances with an ope ation rather than with the disease. Up-to-date surgical operations have been brought to such certainty and perfection that shock is the only danger. If the patient is strong and robust—and the disease attacks, by preference, just such persons—he can almost always be expected to survive. Therefore, it is rare for a really competent surgeon to hesitate to use the knife as soon as he is wholly certain of his diagnosis.

When the operation has been delayed too long through failure of the external symptoms to manifest themselves or through hesitation on the part of the attending physician, the pus which is in the appendix as the result of inflammation bursts the walls of the sac and flows into the intestines, causing peritonitis, or gangrene, formed in the same manner, eats through the wall and affects the surrounding tissues. It used to be thought that such cases were unavoidably fatal, but later developments have proved that this, too, is fallacy. In cases where the diseased matter has not worked too long, the appendix may be removed and the intestines may be cleansed and treated antiseptically in time to avoid fatal consequences. In fact, a very great proportion of appendicitis operations deal with just such a condition of affairs, and more than half of these lead to recovery. In the simple cases where the appendix is still intact, the operation is now a very safe one; a patient treated at this stage by a surgeon who understands the operation has an almost certain chance of recovery.

THE TRANSVAAL NATIONAL HYMN.

THE colors of the Transvaal float
Above our Fatherland
Who tears that banner from the mast
Cursed be his traitor hand!
Wave higher now in clearer air
O Freedom's mighty stay.
For scattered are your coward foes,
Now dawns a glorious day!

Beside your staff all undismayed
Through storm and tempest's roar
The warriors of our nation stood
And stand forever more!
Briton and Kaffir, beast and slave
Roll back before your might;
To mock their power we raise ye still
Up to the topmost height.

Four weary years the Briton mocked
Our prayer for liberty.
The time has come—we call on God,
His shall the judgment be!
Hated destroyers of our land
We wait and plead no more—
From peak to peak the signal flies,
To arms we call the Boer!

God be our helper as we break
The servile yoke of slaves,
O ransomed Fatherland look, look,
Once more our banner waves!
Though runs the land with hero blood,
Let hated England see
How God the Lord redeemed our host;
His shall the glory be!

Wave high above your rescued sons
Flag of our Fatherland!
Who tears that banner from the mast,
Cursed be his impious hand!
Wave higher, now, in clearer air,
O Freedom's mighty stay,
For scattered are your coward foes,
Now dawns a glorious day!

(*Translated from the Boer dialect of S. Du Troit.*)

POW WOW OF THE ORDER OF REDMEN AT SPOKANE, WASHINGTON.

1. BRAVES IN WAR PAINT. 2. POCAHONTAS AND ESCORT. 3. JAMES WALKER [Chief Long Lance.] 4. PALE FACE WARRIORS. 5. CHIEF "MAN WITH BOTH HANDS UP" [Bert Harris].
Photos by H. G. Brown, Spokane.

THINGS AND PEOPLE

San Francisco's Municipal Campaign.

THE municipal campaign in San Francisco is now on. The candidates were only waiting for the Supreme Court to decide the charter case, to go ahead. That crucial point being disposed of, they are ready for business. It will be the briefest campaign on record. The Democratic organization, it is true, commenced proceedings a week ago, but the candidates refrained from indulging in any but the most essential expenditures lest the Supreme Court should nullify all their efforts. Now, however, there is no need for further hesitation and battle will be joined with proper spirit. For Horace Davis a lively fight is being waged. The Republican party has awakened to the danger of permitting the Democrats to have control of the municipal offices and are rallying round their candidate's banner with great enthusiasm. The fact that a first rate citizen is opposing Mayor Phelan means a great deal more than the latter's partisans are willing to admit and it will certainly deprive him of thousands of Republican votes that have hitherto supported him. The opposition is being directed on purely political lines and no personal criticism of either candidate is being indulged in. Thus far this has the respect of a proper and intelligent campaign.

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At the Ratification Meeting in Metropolitan Hall, on Saturday night, an enthusiastic audience greeted Horace Davis and listened with great interest to an intelligent speech on the issues of the campaign. Mr. Davis has not the oratorical dash that Mayor Phelan has acquired, but he makes a fine, broad, comprehensive talk which carries conviction to those who hear. On the Democratic side the best campaigner is undoubtedly City and County Attorney Lane. Mr. Lane is making talks all over town and is a tremendous favorite. He is easy, entertaining and convincing and there is little doubt of his re-election. Lucius L. Solomons, on the Republican side, is also heard to advantage and should graduate this campaign as the brightest talker in the party, a distinction well worth winning.

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Two contests that promise a share of interest are, Supervisor Hyer vs. Dr. Dodge for assessor, and Supervisor Lackman vs Supervisor Deasy for sheriff at writing. The odds favor Dr. Dodge but there is little doubt that Hyer, if he bestirs himself, must get a big vote. He stands well among his own people and has an excellent municipal record. Dr. Dodge's fine services need no appreciation at this late date. The presumption that Lackman will easily wrest victory from Deasy must not be unconditionally accepted. The Democrat is immensely popular; his great vote in the last campaign will be remembered. He has a personal following and a big connection and I prophecy the Republican's majority, if he wins, will not be as large as people anticipate. In the Recorder fight I don't see anything but Godchaux, whose excellent record and agreeable personality will attract votes from both sides, The Geary-Deane fight for county clerk and the Scott-Doolan fight for recorder will both be close. The police judgeships are being earnestly striven for and some good men are in the contests. L. G. Carpenter seems to have made a clean record in the past and G. H. Cabaniss is also received with general favor. Judges Low and Joachimson have both commended themselves to public approval. In the supervisorial fight, with so many good men on both tickets it is hard to pick favorites. I commend Charles Wesley Reed and Joseph S. Tobin unreservedly, but there are many others whose civil and personal virtues are quite as shining.

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The Racing Reconciliation.

IT IS rather late to comment on the reconciliation between the two racing combinations, but they are to be congratulated on their good sense in adjusting differences and getting together. To persist in their antagonisms would have meant the destruction of racing in California. The Pacific Coast Jockey Club was quite as willing to fight as the California Club was to defy it, but the good sense of Messrs. Tom Williams and Henry Crocker bridged the difference—assisted of course by the plenipotentaries from the Eastern Association. Now, everyone is looking forward to a brisk season with lots of good running and a fair division of dates. Apropos of horses, I note with interest the breaking up of W. O. B. McDonough's stud. An arrangement has been entered into with J. B. Haggin whereby the fine horses which had carried the McDonough colors to the front in many a hard-fought field are installed at Rancho del Paso. With the others Ormonde goes too. It is not a purchase, I am told, but rather a lease with partnership attachment and both parties to it are to be congratulated.

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Matrimony and the School Teacher.

THE embargo on matrimony so long enforced in the School Department of San Francisco has at last been lifted. It has been the rule in the department that any instructress who legally linked her fate with a man thereby forfeited her position. The basis of the enactment was undoubtedly the feeling that the support of a wife devolves on the husband and that a woman having taken unto herself a bread-winner, should no longer depend on her own exertions for a living, rather giving way for someone less fortunate. Judge Seawell, in a recent decision, declared however, that the commission of marriage does not constitute a proper cause of dismissal from the municipal pedagogic service. Henceforth, then, any and all teachers are privileged to wed without the loss of place or emoluments. It will be interesting to note the effect of the ruling in the department. I presume it will precipitate a score of weddings in the early future.

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A Railroaded Measure.

SEATTLE has a city council with a mind of its own and a fine disregard of opposition. For some time it has been known that a proposition was on foot to purchase as a public park the Woodland tract, a patch of barren ground with no water front exposure and a mile from the nearest car line. It is doubtful if many citizens favored the project; most of them believed that if the city wanted parks it ought to buy them along the string of breathing-places now fringing Lake Washington. When it was discovered that the matter was about to come up, Seattle business men made a formal protest and put several hundred names to a petition on the subject. The sponsors of this paper were present at the council meeting, but debate was cut off before they could throw in more than a few words of protest, and the ordinance was rushed through. The park will cost just $100,000 and is to be purchased in yearly installments of $10,000, with three per cent. interest running on the remainder. Just to allay public suspicion, I would like to see an explanation from the city fathers concerning their reasons for purchasing this remote, useless tract in the face of a general public protest.

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A Recent Example of Corporate Greed.

A SOULLESS corporation has just done a very soulless thing in Washington. The Pacific Coast Steamship Company deals not only in steamers but in the coal to run them, owning half the coal-mines in Washington. These mines employ almost 1200 men in their mines. Recently, the supply at Newcastle has been running short and the company, in transferring the men to new fields made a generous proposition. It offered, entirely of its own motion, to advance the wages of all the miners from fifteen to twenty per cent. Moreover, contracts for one year at that price are offered all the old employees. In doing this, the company acts in a spirit of fairness and to its own larger interests. Really good coal miners are scarce in the West, and it is believed that this offer will attract the desirable laborers in the Northern field. Unusual activity in Pennsylvania and the East generally has cut off the supply, and immigration from Cornwall has also ceased. Yet even at this rate, the wages offered ought to attract men from the whole country. Ordinary miners will receive

from $90 to $115 a month for twenty-six working days, while foremen and others in responsible positions will get even more—some of them as much as $150.

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Captain Coghlan Moves.

THE joke is on Captain Coghlan. When he was placed in charge of the Port Orchard navy yard, he developed a huge discontent with the station, and troubled Heaven with his bootless cries to be transferred to a livelier spot. He got his transfer awhile ago, but instead of a berth in a city, where he could have life, society and chance to find listeners for "Hoch der Kaiser," his new charge turned out to be the North Pacific district with headquarters at Sitka, Alaska, where the only dances are the sun-dances of the Aborigines, and the after-dinner speaker gets inspiration on blubber and vodka. It may be whispered that the international complications arising from "Hoch der Kaiser" had to do with this assignment of the gallant old sea-dog.

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The Week's Football.

THE venerable tie game, without which Coast football would be changed beyond our recognition, occurred again last Saturday in the second match between Stanford and Olympic. Four games have been played this fall in the three-cornered series; all but one have resulted in this unsatisfactory manner. I have commented before on the nerveless game played in California; no better proof of this can be afforded than the high percentage of contests in which each side quits happy "because the other fellow didn't beat us." The dashing, winning, do-or-die spirt of Eastern ball never found its way to the Coast. Sometimes a team develops it in spots; for example, Hall of California occasionally put it into his eleven. But in the main the game here is careless and slovenly. I do not like to prophecy ill of my own land, yet I am sure that if the negotiations now pending with the Eastern colleges result in the appearance of one of the Big Four for a Christmas contest in San Francisco, we shall learn by dearly-bought experience the value of "snap" and "heart" in football. I sincerely hope that the Easterners make the trip, for the lesson of their visit and of the sure defeat of the California teams they encounter will be one which will mean a very great deal to athletics on this Coast.

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Saturday's game was played in a sea of mud. Under these conditions, the heavy Olympics ought to have won. That they did not, was due to their own spiritless play and the snappy defense of the college team. When Stanford had the ball, she failed to make much advance and had to rely upon the punting of the indispensable Murphy for ground-gaining, but the defense of their young, light, inexperienced line was very plucky. It is evident that Chamberlain is putting the right spirit into his Palo Alto colts. Unskilled men of very mediocre make-up phisically they held their own by sheer grit, bracing beautifully under the shadow of their own goal. The spirit of the team is proved by the fact that, on that horribly muddy day, they committed only one fumble. Chamberlain has been wise in teaching his beginners their defensive game thus early in the season; this is usually the hardest department for beginners to learn. And he has made a strong defensive line, of the kind which bends but does not break and cannot be drawn in. The Olympic men played their accustomed loose, fumbling game. As in the last contest with Berkeley, Dinsmore shone as their ground-gainer. He is a fast and plucky young player with the knack of following interference. Among the collegians, McFadden's fierce blocking and tackling at end was a feature.

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Today, the infant classes of the rival colleges will have it out in San Francisco. Freshman games are uncertain things, and the downfall of prophets. As a rule, one side begins with a rush, scaring the other to death, and then walks over it for a big score. In the present case, the material seems very evenly matched, Stanford having a shade the better of it on the size and appearance of the men, although U. C. has appeared to the best advantage on comparative scores. Neither team has received much coaching. The only prophecy I will venture is that the score will be large and one-sided.

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The Fate of the Weekly.

A TOPIC of interested speculation among journalists is the fate of the weekly paper. In many quarters it is contended that the preeminence of the "Sunday Sup" has deprived the weekly of its especial field and that the half-tone effects which the dailies are now getting put the hebdomadal press clean out of the running. It is admitted, of course, if the dailies are determined to extinguish the weeklies the latter must go to the wall, for there is no comparison in the matter of resources, but I see no signs of deadly enmity. A more potent cause, in my opinion, than the upgrowth of the supplement is the decrease in price of the monthly magazine. Compare, for instance, the generous amount of well selected reading matter contained in *McClure's*, *Ainslees*, the *Cosmopolitan* or any of Munsey's publications with the best of the weeklies. They are outnumbered ten to one. The truth seems to be that the weeklies have not taken advantage of their opportunities or responded to the competition of their rivals. They have not advanced or developed new characteristics as both the month, lies and the dailies have done. And they all exact ten cents. I am interested in watching the venture of the *Saturday Evening Post* of Philadelphia, one of the very best publications in the country, edited and directed with excellent taste and good intelligence, which is sold at five cents. At this end of the world it has not achieved the circulation its merits entitle it to. The fact is, however, that a publication must be exploited on about the same lines as a soup or a tea and a great success need not be expected without persistent pushing. Sooner or later, I believe, all weeklies, save the elaborately illustrated ones, must come down to five cents, and they must make up in quality their rivals' advantage of quantity.

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Chief Joseph at Spokane.

HOW are the mighty fallen! Chief Joseph, who led the Nez Perces in their fierce uprising of 1877, Chief Joseph, the dreaded enemy of the white man and the noblest Indian of them all, was led out, last week, to deck a Spokane triumph. A dignified, if pathetic, survival of the West that is passing away, he appeared among the imitation Red Men of the great Order in their pow-wow at the Fair and was even persuaded to occupy a seat on the platform and to make a speech. It is recorded that he did not smile during the entire proceeding, but sat with the traditional Indian stolidity and watched the white man imitate, with more or less success, the festivals of his people. How much he smiled inside his stolid exterior, no one knows. The speech, delivered in his own language and interpreted to the crowd, was touching, more because of what his words suggested than because of anything he actually said. He thanked the Red Men for the honor, he said, and was sorry if he had failed to recognize any acquaintances, because his eyesight was failing and he could not be sure. He was glad that the Red Men were trying to imitate the virtues of his people, and gave greeting to all the old friends he met at the time of his outbreak. Yet this grave, peaceful, old man, thanking his old enemies for giving him the privilege of addressing them, was once the militant terror of the Northwest, the man who, with three hundred braves at his back, held off General Miles and his superior force for a whole season. Miles is now general-in-chief of the United States army, and his fierce opponent, a greater warrior in his own way than Miles is his, is dragging out his age in a reservation hut, forgotten until the managers of a Spokane show raked him out of obscurity. Who says that men are masters of their fates?

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The Siwash Sun-Dance.

A BIT of the old, the very old, West as it was in the centuries when Washington was a wilderness, displayed itself near Seattle a few Sundays ago. The occasion was a grand aboriginal sun dance as a sort of thanksgiving for the plentiful hop yield of this year, by which the Indian pickers are heavy winners. It was a bit of a love feast, also, because little sections of all the northern tribes were in the ceremonies. The Fort Rupert Indians, who led the revel, fraternized with the Siwashes, with whom they once fought most bitterly for long generations, and with half a dozen other tribes formerly their enemies. The dance began early in the morning and was finished by torchlight. As the day wore on, the veneered savages seemed to drop back into their primitive manners to such a degree that nervous white spectators got out of the way. There was no outbreak, however, but most of the Indians laid off from work the next day to get over the effects.

SNAP SHOTS AT THE BARBECUE OF MISSION IMPROVEMENT CLUB AT GLEN PARK.

1. ASSESSOR DODGE. 2. JUDGE JOACHIMSON. 3. THE BALOON ASCENT. 4 BLISS. 5. TABLE SPREAD. 6. MAYOR PHELAN. 7. AT THE BARBECUE.

ODRER OF EASTERN STAR.

THE FEMALE COMPLEMENT OF MASONRY IN CALIFORNIA.

MONDAY afternoon, of last week a reception to visiting delegates opened the twenty-seventh annual convocation of the Grand Chapter of California and Nevada, Order of Eastern Star, the female complement of

MRS. FANNIE T. MCCOWEN, Grand Matron

Masonry. This year is a notable one in the history of the California Chapter, since it marks the completion of the order's third decade in California. The first Pacific Coast Chapter was instituted in San Francisco May 10, 1869, by a handful of ladies who indeed rank among the pioneers of the organization which in its present form was instituted less than a year before. Since then the State has proved to be a stronghold of the order, for out of a membership of 175,000 in the whole country, over 11,000 are numbered in the Grand Chapter of California and Nevada. In other words, although the population of the two states is equal to about one-fortieth of that of the entire United States, one-sixteenth of the total membership in the United States is registered from California and Nevada. The Order of Eastern Star embodies the principles of Masonry and if, as good Masons claim, the intelligence of a community is measured by the percentage of its Masonic population, high proportionate membership is a great compliment to the Pacific Slope, the more so since the order, like Masonry in all its branches, does not make it a policy to solicit membership.

Although the true beginnings of the Order of Eastern Star and its connection with Masonry are known to Masons alone, the outside world is permitted to learn some of the external facts connected with the history and principles of this important society. It is, as has been said, the female complement of Masonry, and receives into membership only the blood relatives of Masons.

The first beginning occurred in 1850, when Robert Morris wrote a ritual for the Adoptive Rite of Eastern Star, as it was then termed. For several years, the degree was communicated to Masons and their wives, but it was generally unsatisfactory until Robert McCoy, in 1868, supplemented Morris' work by arranging the chapter plan now in vogue.

The immediate occasion of the founding of the first chapter was a great Masonic Fair, held in New York in 1866. At this, the ladies of masonic families had assisted with great success Most of them had already received the degree of Eastern Star, but the Masons concerned, being anxious to render the union of interests permanent, proposed the organization of a separate chapter. Members of Enterprise Lodge No. 228, A. F & A. M., called the first meeting of the order then termed Sisters of the Eastern Star. Later Robert McCoy wrote the revised ritual. On Oct 9, 1868, he exemplified the work before a gathering of Masons and Sisters of the Eastern Star and Alpha Chapter, the first of the order, was founded that night. From this beginning, the order has grown until there are now in the United States thirty grand chapters, with a total membership of 175,000. The new order reached California in 1869, and in 1873 the Grand Chapter o California and Nevada was founded. This district includes 148 local chapters.

The order has ever been active in the educational and charitable work of Masonry. Even in the early days when the degree alone was conferred, when there were no chapters and no meeting-places, the members were working in Masonic homes and orphan asylums. In the language of the annual report, submitted last week at the convocation, "the whole of the Eastern Star structure is not only built upon a foundation laid by Master Masons, but the order itself can not exist without the Masonic fraternity. Although the sisters owe a debt of gratitude which they can never cancel and stand alone, it is still their privilege to show that they are in earnest when they ask to labor at the same shrine." The closing day of the Convention, Friday, Oct. 20, occurred the election and appointment of grand officers for the coming year. The following were chosen: Worthy grand patron, George L. Darling of San Francisco; grand matron, Mrs. Fannie T. McCowen of Ukiah; grand associate patron, Dr. Charles C. Corbiere of Redding; grand associate matron, Mrs. Lulu Lucas of Santa Maria; After the file had been cleared the grand matron-elect announced the following appointments; Grand Adah, Carrie R. Hoff of Pasadena; Grand Ruth, Mary Correll of Woodbridge; Grand Esther, Anna Klemmer of Willows; Grand Martha, Ella Boller of Porterville; Grand Electa, Agnes Conart of San Jose; grand conductress, Anna M. Johnson, matron of Harmony Chapter of San Francisco; assistant conductress, Minnie Hallett of Oakland; grand marshal, Hetty Foree of Lakepost; grand chaplain, Carrie M. Davereaux of Santa Rosa; grand warder, Josephine Beemer of Wadsworth, Nev.; grand sentinel, Minnie D. Brown of Los Angeles.

Real Fighting.

I suppose every one who has not had actual experience of fighting in a war, thinks when he reads in the newspapers of our troops charging that the men with fixed bayonets pointed savagely to the front, as laid down in the tactics, dash over the ground, up on top of trenches and slay the waiting Filipinos therein; that the officers wave their swords frantically in the air as in the pictures published in some of the big Eastern weeklies and monthlies. Not so. I have never seen a live officer with a sword when fighting was being done. One seldom sees a sword in the field. There are exceptions of course. General MacArthur carries a sword all the time. He wears cuffs and collars and with gauntlet gloves and folded arms advances in state up the railroad track, permitting no one within twenty feet of his rear, save his Adjutant, young Major Strong of New York, who promptly hands him his field glasses, when so requested. Major Strong always appears in English cut riding trousers with polished riding boots equal to his master's. General Lawton wears a light, plain Khaki suit, and but for the two stars on his shoulders one might take him for a fine, stalwart, genial-looking private. General Wheaton wears also a simple uniform of Khaki, with blue cuffs on the coat-sleeves in addition to the shoulder straps. He invariably carries a long, slender cane and has a powerful voice, with which he can rouse his men to action under the most unfavorable circumstances. With but twenty dismounted cavalrymen, under Lieutenant Boyd, (formerly stationed at the Presidio) as an escort, General Wheaton left his quarters at Malalos shortly after midnight, and went down the railroad track several miles to personally direct the work of a lone Minnesota company, which was repulsing another of the insurgents. When Wheaton arrived, our outpost had been driven in, and our boys were retreating under a terrific rain of bullets in the dark. The insurgents knew our location, but it was impossible to say exactly where they were. Wheaton paced the track, while his men used the grading as a trench, pouring volley after volley wherever the general directed. All was activity and one heard Wheaton's voice above the cracking of the firing. The outpost was sent back. The men rushed hither and thither, dominated by that strong personality, and of course the Filipinos were beaten back. The next day the General returned, and complimented the Western boys for their heroic work. With a force of less than 75 men, over 300 insurgents had been successfully repulsed. Wheaton admits that this was the finest piece of work he has witnessed so far. I think the General is a little proud of this. He is certainly justified. A.F.C

Manila Aug. 5

Cariboo is to be the next town of importance in British North America. The railroad is to be pushed on to that point, where it will transfer to the Yukon steamers. Therefore, Cariboo will occupy the position which Bennet, formerly held. There has been a big boom in town lots and several new wharves and buildings are going up.

LORD ROSEBERY'S ADDRESSES.

NEWSPAPERS AND NOT ORATORS OWN REPORTED SPEECHES

WHILE Kipling is suing the Putnams to determine the rights of publishers to make up "editions" of popular authors, the London *Times* has been similarly endeavoring to establish whether publishers have the right to make up books from the columns of newspapers. The book over which this contest is being waged is Lord Rosebery's "*Appreciations and Addresses*" (John Lane). Be it remarked that the author is no party whatever in the case. The plaintiff acknowldged that had Lord Rosebery even edited the addresses herein contained the action would not have been brought. The point that the newspaper desires to have settled is whether after it has utilized reporters, telegrams and editors to present such speeches verbatim to its readers, another publisher may profit by their collective issue in a volume. In this contention they have been sustained by the court, consequently the sale of the book is at present prohibited in England.

As suggested, the volume is made up of the newspaper reports of about twenty speeches delivered by the late Prime Minister of England between October 30, 1894, and May 9, 1899. Anything more various than its contents cannot well be imagined. Eulogies of Burke and London, of Burns and Gladstone, stand side by side with appreciations of horse-racing aind public libraries, golf, and "The English-Speaking Brotherhood." The range of topics gives one an idea of the extraordinary demand made on the time and energy of the Englishman in public life. As Lord Rosebery himself describes him:

"Alert, bustling, visible, deriving even a certain popularity from the fact of being known by sight; speaking to his engagements, whether he has anything to say, or whether he has not; appearing on his platform whether he be brisk or well, or sick and sorry, like an actor, only that he has to find his own words."

Taken in connection with the fact that many of the addresses here recorded seem to have been delivered impromptu, the knowledge of literature and history which his Lordship betrays is something startling. In such a life as his has been, where did he get the time to read? Apropos of this question his address on "Bookishness and Statesmanship," which is a luminous appreciation of Gladstone, will be read with great interest. It is doubtful, however, whether the demands on Gladstone were ever equal to those on his successor in office. Indeed, what Lord Rosebery says of the "Grand Old Man" might aptly enough be applied to himself. "Mr. Gladstone, he says, "was a great deal more than a remarkable man; he was a number of remarkable men."

Incidentally this expression leads to another comment on the present volume. Lord Rosebery is gifted in a singular degree with that most important quality for a public speaker, "felicity of expression." As for example, when speaking of William Wallace:

"He was one of those men who appear with a single stamp of their foot to leave their impress upon history as the footprint which startled Crusoe remains eternal on the world of romance."

He is full of well-placed quips, whether on "Grub street" or the modern mania for the erection of memorials. It would perhaps be unfair in ordinary cases to criticise a man's style from the records of a newspaper stenographer, but Lord Rosebery needs no allowance on this score. The most notable thing about the volume as a whole is its distinct readableness. His thought is always well informed, his diction bright but dignified, enriched with anecdotal facts and side lights on the varied topics of which he treats. Add to this his apparent ability in analyzing men and books, and it scarcely remains to be said that the fate which made Lord Rosebery a public man deprived the world of a man of letters who would have won himself a permanent renown. J.F.T.

RETIRING OFFICERS, ORDER OF EASTERN STAR.

Mrs. Rose Kahn, Grand Organist; Mrs. Freeman, Grand Ruth; Mrs. M. F. Smith, Grand Chaplain; Mrs. Willots, Grand Sec.; Mrs. Lilian Warner, Grand Marshal; Mrs. Swisler, Grand Adah; Mrs. Carrie Anderson, Grand Conductress; Mrs. Robinson, Grand Warder

Mrs. M. L. Coffin, Associate Grand Matron; Mrs. Maria Akers Pierce, Grand Matron; Dr. J. M. Lawrence, Grand Patron; G. L. Darling, Associate Grand Patron

COLONEL LOPER

GOVERN R SHAW OF IOWA

LIEUT. COL. J. M. MARSHALL

MARCHING UP MARKET STREET

GOVERNOR SHAW AND GENERAL SHAFTER REVIEWING REGIMENT

A SNAP SHOT ON MARKET STREET

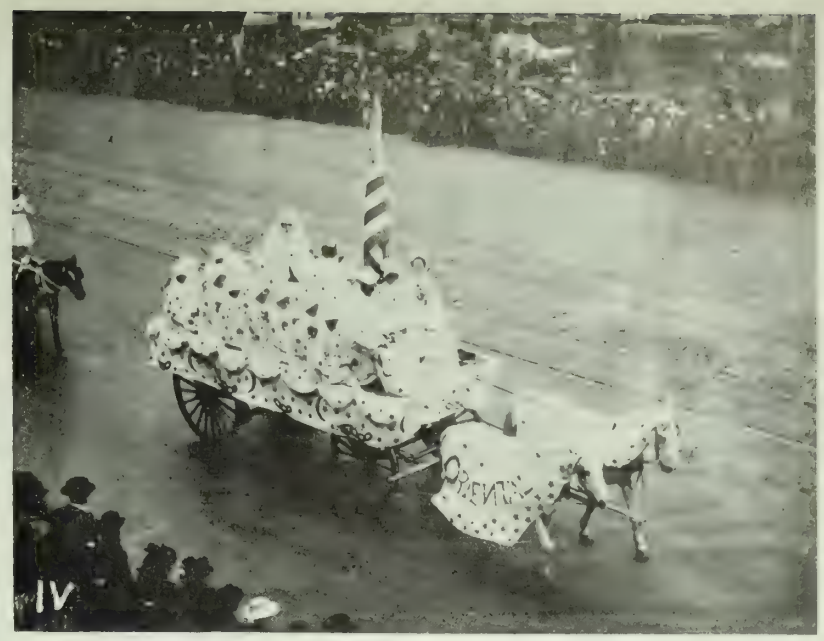
IOWA COLORS

RETURN OF THE IOWA VOLUNTEERS FROM THE PHILIPPINES.

GRAND MARSHALL

1. SAN FRANCISCO'S WELCOME. 2. DISTRICT NO. 1 FLOAT. 3. REBEKAH AT THE WELL. 4. THE ORIENTAL PLOT. 5. CHIEF OF STAFF J. H. SCOTT. 6. STOCKTON LADIES' D
12. WHILE THE RAIN FELL. 13. MARSHALL THOMPSON AND HIS STAFF. 14 COUNTERMARCHING ON MARKET STREET. [*Taber*] 15. GRAND MARSHALL

GREAT JUBILEE PARADE OF THE ODD



RPS. 7. THE TEMPLAR REBEKAHS'. 8. GARDEN CITY REBEKAHS'. 9. WAITING TO MARCH. 10. MILITANT REBEKAHS'. 11. CORTEGE OF EQUESTRIAN REBEKAHS'. [*Taber*]
D HIS CHIEF OF STAFF J. H. SCOTT IN CONSULTATION. 16. FARNSWORTH LADIES' AUTOMOBILE.
Photos by Tarner and Taber.

LOWS IN SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 18, '99.

The Odd Fellows' Jubilee

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ORDER IN AMERICA AND ITS INSTALLATION IN CALIFORNIA.

ALTHOUGH the Independent Order of Odd Fellows did not have its origin in the United States, the order has so grown since its foundation in the early days of the Republic that its very stronghold is in America. The society is of English origin and was first definitely founded on this side of the Atlantic by the institution of Washington Lodge No. 1 at Baltimore. Before that time, however, there had been colonial Odd Fellows, and some attempts had been made at the establishment of lodges—the first crude beginnings which, although failures, yet contributed to the ultimate planting of Oddfellowship in the soil of the new world.

The first small beginning occurred in 1806. In that year, Solomon Chambers and John C. Chambers, English members of the order, met several other Odd Fellows in New York and set up a self-constituted lodge. Gradually, others who had been initiated in England came into this, and it flourished for several years under the name of Shakespeare Lodge No. 1, the title coming from the tavern where they met. In 1809, there were thirty-six members; then occurred the second war with the mother country and so disorganized the English residents of New York that the lodge was dissolved in 1813. After the war, in 1816, there was another attempt, known as Prince Regent's Lodge. This soon passed out of existence, how or when it is not known. Then, in 1818, the year that saw the permanent foundation in Baltimore, Shakespeare Lodge was revived. The members of this lodge claimed to have received a charter from the English branch of the order, but its validity was never accepted by the American Grand Lodge as later instituted. One more detached attempt was made in Boston that year when Massachusetts Lodge No. 1, chartered later by the Baltimore authorities, was founded by five English residents.

Then came the attempt which bore fruit. In 1818, two Odd Fellows, Thomas Wildey and John Welsh, met by accident in Baltimore and began to advertise and search for others. By April of the next year, three Englishmen who had been initiated in their native land, met the two original movers and founded the parent lodge, Washington No. 1. It is a little strange that this effort should have succeeded when others failed, but so it happened, for February 1, 1820, the Duke of York's Lodge in England granted a dispensation making this the Grand Lodge for the United States and giving it power to spread the order in this country. By another year, a second lodge, Franklin No. 2, was flourishing in Baltimore and by 1823 the order was large enough to warrant the founding of a Grand Lodge of the United States. From this small beginning, the order has spread over all the world, for while England was the motherland, the American establishment has always been the growing branch. A few dry statistics will show what this means. The Odd Fellows have over sixteen thousand altars in the circumference of the world, and since 1830, when accurate records were begun, up to 1898, they have initiated 2,197,296 members. The funds invested for benevolent purposes aggregate over $26,000,000. In the year 1897, the revenues came to nearly $9,000,000.

There came a period of depression in the early years of the order, consequent upon the foolish crusade against secret societies which was then being carried on in this country. But the strength of the principles taught by the Odd Fellows and the character of the men who controlled the order were, in the end, triumphant. Then in 1845 James L. Ridgely amplified and improved the ritual into its present poetic solemnity, and the Odd Fellows took on a renewed life.

THE ORDER IN CALIFORNIA

Before California had become a State, there was a lodge on the Pacific Coast—California No. 1 of San Francisco, founded September 9, 1849. Here, as in the first beginnings in the East, there had been an attempt before the successful foundation. In 1847, a few members met in the famous old Portsmouth House and established a lodge, though without authority. This flourished for a year, admitting members previously initiated and undertaking the charitable work of the order. A lodge room was fitted up at Clark's Point and the organization bade fair to prosper, when the discovery of gold scattered the brothers far and wide. The last to leave burned the books and regalia to prevent their falling into profane hands. But with the founding of California Lodge this pioneer society of the West made a sure foundation, now recognized by the Golden Jubilee of 1899 as the birth of the order in the far West. The dispensation for this lodge was granted January 12, 1849, to six men then in the East, but about to depart to California. Their names are worthy of record—Samuel J. T. Torbet, Charles Justis, Frank M. Caldwell, George H. Weaver, John Willets and James Smiley, all of Philadelphia. By September 9, enough Odd Fellows had arrived to justify the first meeting. There was need for the order in those hard, turbulent, trying days, and it did its work nobly. How much was accomplished in that time only the Angel of the Books knows, for the mundane records of this time were destroyed by fire, but we learn from the testimony of thousands who were assisted in that trying period that the principles of Friendship, Love and Truth upon which the order rests were exemplified in the efforts of those Odd Fellows, who made the order in pioneer day. Looking back over the lists of the society, it is surprising to see how many who have made themselves famous among the builders of the State were numbered among the lodges which spread, in the next few years, over all the new State of California. In 1853, the seven lodges then active in the State sent delegates to organize the Grand Lodge.

In this hurried summary, we cannot pass over that important auxiliary to the order, the Daughters of Rebecca. That famous old American statesman, Schuyler Colfax, was directly responsible for the foundation of this branch. Believing in the value of women for the educational and charitable work of the order and in the extension of its principles for the elevation of women as well as men, he labored for many years for their recognition by the Odd Fellows. He had to encounter the greatest opposition at the outset, The old aversion to admitting women to any activity outside the home circle, the belief that she was not adaptable to the work in hand, and even distrust of her ability to keep a secret—all these and many other objections of seemingly equal force had to be met and refuted before the work could be accomplished, yet Colfax persisted and conquered in the end. The beautiful language of the ritual used in the Order of Rebekah is his, and, as a member of the United States he assisted in installing the first Rebekahs. The degree was authorized in 1851, but for some years it was purely honorary. Later, the members were organized into lodges, and the order grew and flourished along with the Odd Fellows, until it now numbers somewhere over 300,000 members.

June 30, 1870, California Rebekah Lodge No. 1, the first on this Coast, was instituted in San Francisco. The work was discouraging at first. California was not yet prepared for a movement so advanced, yet the order grew until now shows a total, in this State, of 147 lodges and 10,404 members. The greatest growth came after the State Convention of 1891, which put fresh life into the work. At the convention of the following year, the Rebekahs took up the work to which they point with pride as their chief part in the cause of Odd Fellowship. This was the establishment of an Odd Fellow's Home Fund, which grew and fattened under their care. In 1897, the movement had gone far enough to justify the beginning of building and the corner stone was laid that year at Gilroy, and the Home was put into operation before the close of the year.

The Pavilion decorated for the Odd Fellows' Jubilee.

The gathering of this year in San Francisco was that city's biggest fraternal convention, and, indeed, the biggest she is likely to see for many years to come. There are thirty thousand Odd Fellows and ten thousand Rebekahs in the State, and while all of these were not present at the jubilee celebration, those who *did* come brought their families and made a goodly showing. It was seen from the first that no building short of the biggest could house them, and so the big pavillion, splendid as it has never been before in all its decorative history, with thousands of yards of bunting, was the home of the pilgrims during a joyful three days' stay. From the very first, it became patent that even the pavillion was hardly adequate to the crush. On the first night, the visitors packed the great hall to its doors; they over-flowed the halls of the various local chapters, they filled the principal streets for nearly three hours in their imposing procession, which occurred next day. This pageant was the finest that San Francisco has seen for many a long day. One generally shrinks from the thought of these fraternal parades; one pictures in his mind an endless string of plain citizens in regalia, of marshals on horseback and of meaningless banners and bunting. Anyone who attended this parade in such a frame of mind was foredoomed to disappointment. For it was not only a long parade and a well-directed one, but it was really beautiful. There was not one of the eight divisions, but was well worth seeing. Moreover—and this is a long score to the credit of the order—the pageant was so managed that it started sharp on time, went through without a break or hitch, and got back on time. The parade was a splendid object lesson not only on the size and strength of the order, but on the ability of the men who compose it and of the women who, as Rebeccas, share in the benevolent work of the Odd Fellows.

They were not out for business, this time, but for social pleasure, and they most certainly had it. After the opening meeting and the parade, the drill corps of the Patriarch's militant and the Rebeccas came together in the big, resplendid pavilion and tried conclusions in a competitive drill. The next and last day, when the Order expected to go to El Campo to picnic and indulge in out-of-door sports, the rain which came near to stopping the procession, prevented any games except swimming-matches. Therefore, the Pavilion was cleared and the fat man's race, the small boy's race and all else that goes to make up an El Campo picnic came off as usual. A big and enjoyable ball that night ended a three day's celebration which will long be remembered in San Francisco.

THE NEW CHARTER DECISION.

The Supreme Court of California has upheld the validity of the elections held preliminary to the framing and adopting of the new charter for San Francisco. In opposition to the charter appellants urged that the election of freeholders and the election adopting the charter were illegal because held pursuant to an unconstitutional act. The case turned upon the constitutionality of an act of the Legislature, passed in 1897, which was entitled "An act in relation to elections h ld under the authority of Section 8 Article XI of the constitution to elect boards of free holders, or to vote upon proposed charters, or upon amendments to existing charters. It was under this act the preliminary charter elections were held.

The court held that the act of 1897 was a general act and constitutional. It said "A city cannot claim to be exempt from general laws relating to municipal affairs if there is no provision relating to such affairs in the charter under which it is acting." The decision then proceeds to point out that even hereafter, with the new charter in full swing, that the legislature may pass laws affecting a "municipal affair" if the charter is silent upon that special "affair." It was further held that the making of a charter is not a municipal affair. It says "The creation of a new charter is a matter not placed in the hands of the municipality, but in the hands of the inhabitants thereof, with the consent of the State. As the legislature alone has the power to approve a charter, it inherently, in the absence of constitutional prohibition, must have the power to prescribe the terms, conditions and mode upon which it will give its approval, and, if an election is made necessary by the constitution as a condition precedent to the validity of the charter, the legislature has the power to say what shall be the nature of that election and how it shall be conducted." The decisions of the court have met with wide approval.

MAX JUNGHAENDEL has been inspecting the plans for a city and county hospital, submitted to the Board of Supervisors of San Francisco, and his comments as reported to Mayor Phelan are pregnant with good sense. He says that not one of the plans fulfills the requirements, and most of them could not be erected within the limits of the appropriation—$500,000. The approved style for a modern hospital is a series of one-story pavilions, whereas several of the competitors present schemes calling for four or five stories. The experience of experts has taught that the infectious influences of "hospitalism" can only be prevented by the separation of diseases and by means of ample floor space and a sufficiency of pure air. This is best attained by the one-story pavilion system, each containing not more than thirty-two beds. These partitions may be round or square. Stone, brick or steel should be used in construction, as a hospital must be absolutely fireproof. Mr. Junghaendel concludes by pointing out that a modern hospital cannot be monumental in character. Extreme simplicity, which need not be inartistic, is essential, and projecting bays or cornices which may prevent the free access of air and sunshine are to be avoided.

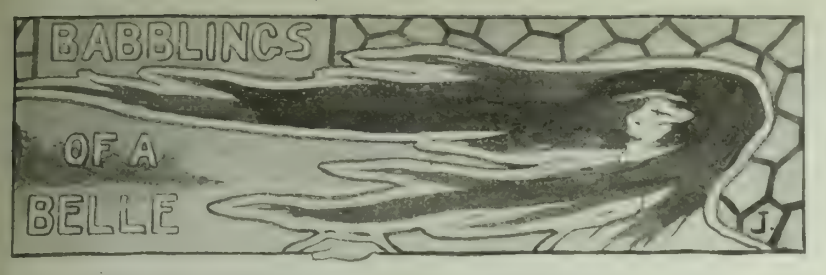
Paul Hendrick Kruger, a nephew of President Kruger, is a recent graduate of the University of Edinburgh, where he won the Syme surgical scholarship.

A CLEVER ARCHITECT

ONE of the prettiest residences at Stanford University is that of Professor G. M. Richardson. It is a clever combination of old English and Dutch styles and presents a most effective facade. The exterior is stained a rich hue and the interior is admirably arranged for comfort and beauty.

This graceful structure is another illustration of the talent of Curtis Tobey, Jr., Milis building, San Francisco, who designed and built it. Mr. Tobey was born in San Francisco, is a graduate of Coggswell College, and before setting to work traveled extensively throughout the Uni ed States. He opened his first office at Palo Alto in 1896 and has built there residences for Rev. J. W. Graybill, R. H. Schwartz-kopf, Miss Mary Garren, H. Hansen and the Simpkins' store. At Menlo he built a house for Mr. Curtis Tobey, Sr. and Mr. J. J. Murray. In San Mateo county he has to his credit the San Mateo Hospital and the Poor farm buildings. Mr. Tobey is also an engineer and has designed some important bridgework. A contract has just been let for a bridge at Woodbridge designed by him, while two others from his office—a sixty-foot span for Spanishtown and a third, a forty-foot span for San Mateo will be erected in the early spring. In San Francisco Mr. Tobey has just finished a series of flats for J. Moloney, at a cost of $10,000.

Residence of Professor Richardson, Stanford University



THE rain, my dear Diary, seemed to bring us just about what Ive needed—in fact what we all needed, a stimulus to entertain. The day after the first shower invitations just poured into me. I have a sort of an idea that a great number of my friends had cards in their desks and just sent them out realizing that winter had come. Of course my spirits are very low at present owing to Lipton's losing the race. It is so annoying, too, to think that Arthur has won all his bets and can now just patronize me and jingle his money in his pockets when I am near. Brothers can be so aggravating, but he very generously has paid all my club dues for this season, so I suppose I should glory in his astuteness. Mamma and Leila will return sometime next week. It will, of course, mean an end to my freedom and a good deal of my fun. It is somehow so impossible for a mother to understand the position of a younger daughter. She needs to be given a loose rein, for her path in life is so difficult. To be a second edition of an elder sister, when the elder sister exudes perfection, is the fond hope on which my mother subsists. The awakening in my case has been a tragedy. For Cricket is as full of a desire to live the life of her namesake of the meadow that chirps into the wee small hours of the morn, as Leila is to be the unerring joy of her conventional brother.

Still, it will be nice to hear the latest about New York and the Californians who were here. The real incense and myrrh to my spirits is the tale of the Westerner who goes East with social aspirations, and returns with them unfulfilled. So few who do that sort of thing find any humor in it, and that is one of the many things in my life I have failed to understand. Most people, especially women, have a truly keen sense of the ridiculous in their neighbors, and yet completely lack it when it comes home to them. I suppose age, though, will help me out on those difficult problems.

A fad that has hold of a good many people at present is taking lessons in the form of lectures or in the art of writing stories. One lecturer said the other day that it was marvelous the tremendous amount of latent talent that was lurking in the corners of the brains of half the inhabitants of the Golden West. Aunt Sybil heard it, unfortunately for this little cherub, and since then has spent all her time writing stories. So many of the girls tell me the older members of their families are also afflicted with this mania or curse. Mania for them and curse for the family. For my part I think the lecturers should be suppressed; they will injure the home and hearth family circle infinitely more than the man who substitutes beans for coffee, or he who doctors the milk. Yet the latter is guilty of all sorts of "fineable" offenses, and the former like the book-peddler, allowed to go on his way rejoicing in his success.

I had a jolly time at the Oakland Fortnightly last week. The boys were all much younger than me, the fellows that I used to patronize three years ago. They celebrate a different birthday every year and I still my twentieth, so, of course, I found them really most congenial. I did not select any special one for a steady crush, but I have my eye on those of them who I believe are to attend the dancing clubs here, so I shall tell you about them later. The girls I specially noticed who looked as fresh as ever and seemed to get all that was coming to them in the way of attention were Flora McDermott, Marietta Havens, Grace Sanborn, Martha Alexander, Carmen Moon and Ella Sterrit. Flora is charmingly pretty, dresses in excellent taste and has the most natural manners of any I have seen for a long time. Martha Alexander is distinctly interesting. She and Carmen Moon have been a great deal of the world and it is good fun to hear their impresions on people and things they enjoyed in foreign lands. Ella Sterrit's engagement has just been announced to Roy Craig of Piedmont. She is an intellectual girl, who has spent a great part of her life studying. Roy is a fine, handsome fellow, who is, I believe, studying some sort of engineering—I don't quite know whether it be mining or civil. The dance was most successful, the floor good, and altogether I felt distinctly repaid for my trip across the bay.

The Bosqui wedding, notwithstanding the threatening weather, took a number of people across the bay. Constance Borrowe was maid of honor and Coralie Selby, Martha Hutchinson, Olive Hamilton, Elizabeth Callender and Caroline Havens were bridesmaids. I liked Mr. Borrowe so much, and really found him very interesting on the Boer question. He has lived so long in South Africa that he realizes what a dreadful person the Boer is. It was a jolly wedding and the house was beautiful. The bride looked splendid and was as happy as any bride I have seen.

Saturday last I began my winter tea route. It was unfortunately one of those between-shower affairs, but it was fun. First of all I went to Bernie Downs. We discussed all the winter clubs and I was so much surprised to see that so few of the girls had partners for "La Jeunesse," which is to take place this week. You see, they say, there are always so many more men than girls that there is no occasion for a partner until one gets to the hall. I do not believe in this sort of thing myself at all. I feel when my partner has been found, I have nothing to worry about but my gown and appearance. With the extra worry of whether I should find the fellow I wanted awaiting my presence at the head of the stairs—half my fun would have vanished. Still, other girls do not feel this, so I suppose this winter it will be the fad to come to a dance partnerless. Ed. Greenway is to lead the first "La Jeunesse" alone, so it is sure to be a great success. For executive ability everyone knows Mr. Greenway is unparalleled. A great many of the older men and girls are invited to this first meeting, which will be an awfully fine affair I believe. After Bernie's tea, at which I think Linda Cadwalader looked prettier than any one else, a lot of us went over to Mrs. McKittrick's at Fort Mason. It was really beautiful there. I never before realized how fine a view one gets from Black Point. The bay was superb. In a way, I first hated to go into the house, I just wanted to sit and sentimentalize, but of course a crowd and crush was too much of a temptation. I just gave one parting sigh to the great, beautiful clouds and blue sky and wandered in. There was a great gathering, and I met everyone, army and navy, I had ever seen in my life. There were beautiful flowers and lovely autumn foliage everywhere, and the refreshments were fine. I had a nice little chat with General Shafter, who told me I had a clearer idea of military affairs than any girl he had seen before. It was a brilliant success, and I have quite decided to marry into the army.

Every day I become more and more interested in the Doll Show; some of the dolls that have been received are simply creations of beauty. When the prizes have been given I intend describing to you some of their gowns. I just want one of them myself. The managers feel it will be a great success and as it is a society charitable event it will be like being at a big tea. Aunt Sybil thinks that her needle-work exhibition will be an equally great success. That takes place on the sixth and seventh of next month. Aunt Sybil was surprised at the amount of really lovely lace and embroidery in San Francisco.

MISS CRICKET

THE VIRTUE OF APPLES.—The nutritive value of the apple is about fourteen per cent. Its value consists chiefly in the amount of carbohydrates and vegetable acids it contains. The apple contains also a large amount of phosphorus. Its acids are exceedingly useful through their stimulating influence upon the kidneys, whereby the poisonous products of life's processes are removed from the body and the blood and tissues purified. A ripe apple is digested in about an hour or an hour and a half, whereas a much longer time is required for the digestion of a green one.

BOTH OF ONE MIND.—A North-country laborer asked a shopkeeper for an ounce of tobacco "on credit." Having obtained a packet, the laborer turned to the tobacconist and observed, "Aa knaa what ye're thinking; ye're thinking Aa'll no pay at the end of the week." "Ye're reet; Aa wes thinking thet much." "Then, for yor impidence, Aa'll no pay. And noo we're byeth o' yen mind."

$100 Reward $100

The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

FRANK J. KLIMM, Sanitary Plumber and Gas Fitter. Tin roofing. Jobbing promptly attended to. 107-109 Sacramento St. Tel. Red 3531

Society and the Yachts.

Celebrities and Costuming at the International Contest.

THE social deadlock is broken. The dull, lifeless Newport season was ended a month ahead of time, and only the very youngest and most enthusiastic of the debutantes is sorry. It has been, on the whole, a dreary summer. What with the decadence of the older set, the growing unwillingness of the men to be entertained, the hard and fast lines the younger matrons have been drawing against possible newcomers, the departure of young Vanderbilt and his set, and the death of Cornelius Vanderbilt, the coming of the *Shamrock* was a great and blessed relief. It gave society an excuse for deserting Newport and coming back to town, where one can always be amused.

Never before was there half so much intelligent interest in the smart set over a yacht race. When *Mayflower* raced *Galatea* ten years ago, the sensational papers made much of Mrs. Henn, wife of Lieutenant Henn of England, because she was an expert yachtswoman and knew all the points of the game. The American belle then came out to see the races as she now goes to a football game, with an intense interest in the picturesque features of the sport and its social accompaniments, but no knowledge of sails, or tacks or blankets. All this has changed. The American bud of this season has sailed on a yacht since she was in pinafores and knows everything that is to be known about racing. There are girls in the smart set who could handle a cup-defender in a race. A New York belle who would fail to assume, at least, a knowledge of yachts, would be looked upon with dark suspicion.

Indeed, on our side of the pond it has been a ladies' battle. It is no secret among yachtsmen who know what is what, that Mrs. Iselin has been the silent spirit of the defense of the cup. She is a general, that woman. First she planned it so that the Morgan end of the Morgan-Iselin syndicate was frozen out. Mr. Morgan furnishes part of the money, now, and the Iselins do the sailing. Then she took things into her own slender hands, the same ones that christened *Columbia*, and ran the affair to suit herself. C. Oliver, like a wise and dutiful husband, drew into his shell and let her pick the crew and decide on Captain Barr as the sailing-master; it was she who decided a number of changes in the rig of the boat and the set of the hull. It is a petticoat game we are playing on this side; "she," used in connection with the international series, may refer equally well to the defender or to her fair sailing-mistress—for Mrs. Iselin is the whole show. And *on dit* that the others who believe that they ought to have a hand in the game are just a trifle—well, discontented; let us put it mildly.

The first unfortunate day, when the two yachts drifted for five hours or more in a vain attempt to catch the wind, the social leaders of America and Canada and not a few of London's gayest were on the water. The new interest in the technical side of yachting was not permitted to dull the edge of the social proclivities of the fashionable. On all the private yachts there were elaborate luncheons, not plain sea fare, if you please, but such repasts as one might have under gala conditions in the Waldorf-Astoria. The display of gowns has been gorgeous—not only yachting gowns, but theatre, dinner and ball dresses for the festivities on shore after the races. The English delegation, of which Miss Muriel Wilson is voted in New York the particular star, brought over expensive wardrobes from Paris and vied with the New York leaders in their display of gowns.

Miss Wilson is not only the most beautiful among the English visitors, but she is certainly the best-dressed. She has the art of it. She is to wear a different gown at each race, of course. The first sad day, she appeared in a close-fitting costume of smooth, black cloth, appliqued with designs of black silk braid. The coat was tight-fitting and single-breasted, and trimmed in military fashion, and displayed a wide, flaring collar. This, as well as the wide cuffs, was trimmed with a bright plaid, giving a high touch of color to the whole creation. The gown was lined with red silk. With this, Miss Wilson wore a black hat with a plaid scarf of crepe to match the trimmings of the collar. Another costume she wore later in the series, was of white, embroidered in gold—the colors of royal Ulster yacht club. Miss Wilson loves the water, and she looked her prettiest on the first day of the race, in her simple black gown, for she has a stalwart, Saxon sort of beauty which goes with simple costumes and out-of-doors scenes.

As Miss Wilson is the prettiest of the British visitors, so Lady Charles Beresford is the wittiest and the most sought after. She is guest of honor aboard Sir Thomas Lipton's steam pleasure-palace, the *Erin*, but she has passed little time on the water, for all good Americans have been struggling for the pleasure of her company to receptions and dinners. Last week, she dined in state with Governor and Mrs. Roosevelt, and her brilliant, ready conversation and quick repartee is said to have taken the Rough Rider by storm. She appeared at the race that was not a race in a rather plain dress of dark blue serge decked with gilt braid. The clinging skirt was trimmed down each side with a broad strip of gilt braid and finished at the flaring bottom with innumerable rows of machine stitching. Over all this, she wore a heavy, serviceable pilot-coat with big gilt buttons, with collar, revers and cuffs trimmed in blue and gold. Her dinner and ball gowns were more elaborate. Like the rest of her countrywomen, she wears much lace. We have heard over here that this is a lace year, but no one realized it fully until these fair pilgrims came in upon us in all the glory of yards and yards of fine, fluffy Irish stuff, expensive beyond the dreams of avarice.

Two other smart and titled visitors were Lady Bessie Cunard and Lady Minto, the former Californian by birth and English by marriage, the latter a Canadian, and both guests of Mrs. Astor during the racing season. The prettiest gown seen at the races was probably that worn by Lady Cunard. It was of dark green cloth and clung tightly to the figure. The skirt was trimmed around the bottom in wavy lines of gilt braid. The jacket was a short "mess" coat—so short that it did not reach to the waist line. It did not quite meet in front, where it was trimmed with gilt buttons connecting by fine gold chains. The coat, like the skirt, was bound with wavy, gilt braid and was worn over a green silk shirt waist. Lady Minto's "first day" costume was more striking. Her picturesque brunette beauty was set off by a gown of blue with red trimmings. The tight-fitting single-breasted coat had red silk revers with a sailor collar of the same color and cut. Underneath, there was a little vest of blue cloth striped with rows of red silk braid. She wore a blue naval cap and carried a golf cape of dark blue lined with red and white plaid.

RAYMOND RTSH.

New York, Oct. 15.

My Dog.

Beneath this turf, that formerly he pressed
With agile feet, a Dog is laid to rest.
The rabbit's patter or the pheasant's whirr:
The keeper's "Over!"—far, but well defined,
That speeds the startled partridge down the wind;
The whistled warning, as the winged ones rise
Large and more large upon out straining eyes,
Till with a swoop, while every nerve is tense,
The chattering covey hurtles o'er the fence;
The double crack of every lifted gun;
The dinting thud of birds whose course is done
These sounds, that to his listening ear were dear,
He heeds no longer, for he cannot hear.
None stauncher, till the drive was done, defied
Temptation, rooted to his master's side.
None swifter, when his master gave the word,
Leapt forth to track the wounded running bird.
And bore it back—ah, many a time and oft!—
His nose as faultless as his mouth was soft,
How consciously, how proudly, unconcerned
Straight to his master's side he then returned,
Wagged a glad tail and deemed himself repaid.
As in that master's hand the bird he laid,
If, while a word of praise was duly said,
The hand should stroke his smooth and honest head.
Through spring and summer, in the sportless days,
Cheerful he lived a life of simpler ways:
Chose, since official dogs at times unbend,
The household cat for confidante and friend;
With children, friendly but untaught to fawn,
Romped through the walks and rollicked on the lawn;
Rejoiced, if one the frequent ball should throw,
To fetch it, scampering gayly to and fro,
Content through every change of sportive mood
If one dear voice, one only, called him good.

Such was my Dog, who now without my aid
Hunts through the shadowland, himself a shade:—
Or, crouched intent before some ghostly gate.
Waits for my step, as here he used to wait.

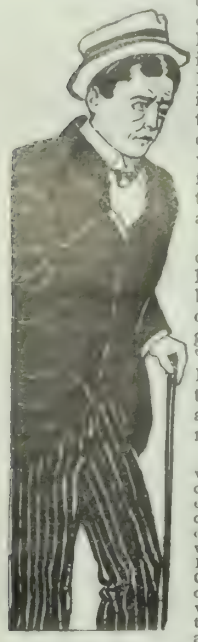
—*Punch.*

Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Hayes Larkin and Ninth. American or European plan. Ira R. and James H. Doolittle.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
ABSOLUTELY PURE
Makes the food more delicious and wholesome
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

A SORRY SIGHT

It is, to see a strong man shaken like a reed by a paroxysm of coughing, which leaves him gasping for breath. People have suffered with bronchial affections for years, with obstinate, stubborn cough, and growing weakness. They have tried doctors and medicines in vain. At last they have been induced to try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, with the general result experienced by all who put this wonderful medicine to the test—help at once, and a speedy cure.



For coughs, bronchial affections, weak lungs, spitting of blood, and other diseases of the organs of respiration, "Golden Medical Discovery" is practically a specific. It always helps; it almost always cures.

"I had been troubled with bronchitis and catarrh of the head for eight years; had severe cough, and at times great difficulty in breathing," writes J. W. Howerton, Esq., of Bigfall, Hancock Co., Tenn. "A portion of the time my appetite was poor and part of the time I was unable to do anything. I had been treated by our best country physicians for several years but with little benefit. I had been reading about your medicine for a long time but hadn't much faith in it. Last spring concluded I would try it, and before I had taken one-third of a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery I began to mend. I continued taking it until I had taken several bottles. Took Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets also. Now I feel like a new man, and can do as hard a day's work as any one."

Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser is sent *free* on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing *only*. Send 21 one-cent stamps for paper covered, or 31 stamps for cloth binding, to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N.Y

It's your own fault

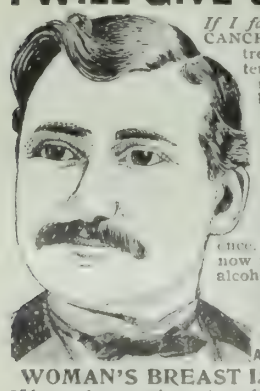
If you continue to suffer with CATARRH, ASTHMA or or any of their kindred diseases when

CONLINA AREATIC TREATMENT

is available. It is the simplest yet the most commndndable, and gives the most commendable and wonderlul results of any treatment every offered to the public. No douch sprays or atomizers. All these irritate—we succeed because our method is altogether milder. We soothe instead of irritating. We heal instead of deplecting. Our treatment consists of pure dry medicated air forced to the seat of the head, throat and lungs. Trial treatment free at office. Sold on ten days' trial. Call on or address

BURTON L. FORBES, Resident Agent
636 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

I WILL GIVE $1000



If I fail to cure any CANCER or *tumor* I treat before it scatters or affects the ribs or other bones.

No Knife
No Pain!
No Pay
Until Cured.

28 years' experience. 1000 cancers now in my offices in alcohol. Lady attendant. A *hard* tumor on the lip or anywhere is cancer.

Any lump in a
WOMAN'S BREAST IS CANCER
If large always poisons the glands in armpit, where cure is almost impossible.

BOOK SENT FREE
With symptoms, addresses and testimonials of thousands cured in California. *Write them.*
S. R. CHAMLEY, M. D., 25 Third St., S. F.
LITTLE PALACE SANITARIUM
SEND THIS to some one WITH CANCER.

Wolff & Zwicker Iron Works

IRON AND STEEL
SHIPBUILDERS

Manufacturers of Marine and Mining Machinery, Engines and Boilers

Steel Riveted Water Pipe
Tanks, Vaults, Bridge Work, Etc.

PORTLAND, OREGON

J. W. MONROE'S SPARKLING APPLE CIDER

Made in Humboldt Co., California
John Butler, Gen'l Agt., 506 Market St., S. F.

RECENT VERSE.

A Columbiad.

AH, there, Columbia!
By Boreas and Æolus,
Euroclydon and all
The winds that fan
The surface of the sea
And tickle Neptune
Till he smiles,
You've got there once,
And in a cup of
Lipton's tea
We drink your health.
Here's looking at you
To the fore;
And now you've got there,
Stay there,
And show the world
That though Britannia
Rules the wave
Her throne is on a back seat.
Your Uncle Samuel
Greets you with a roar
Reverberating 'round the earth,
And John Bull
Has a spasm,
Grown chronic in the years
His very best
Have followed in
The Yankee's wake.
By zucks, Columbia,
You do us proud,
And Shamrock has
Our sympathy.
She is no slouch,
But you,
Gewhillikins, Columbia,
You are a bird.
You and the American eagle
Roost together
In the hearts of the
People.
And yon've just got
To stay there
To the finish.
We're looking at you,
Columbia,
Eighty millions of us—
And you carry
The hope and the pride
Of the whole shooting match.
You've set the pegs in front
And if you
Slump on the rest of the job,
Goldern you.
But you won't,
Will you?
Columbia, the gem of the ocean;
From Puget Sound to Florida,
Erom Texas up to Maine,
From sea to sea, from lake to gulf,
From mountain, vale and plain,
The voices of your native land
Join in the glad refrain:
Columbia, the gem of the ocean,
Keep up your lick
And show to all our English kin
That, while we love them, we
Will swat
Their yacht
And make it hot
For England on the sea.

WILLIAM J. LAMPTON
in Post Intelligencer.

A Golf Romance.

IT was upon the "teeing green,"
A couple met at play,
Each had the other never seen
Until that fatal day.

Now beauty in her face was caught,
And he was strong and tall,
Yet neither one had eyes for aught,
Except a tiny ball.

He swung, she swung—both missed a mile,
'Mid silence most profane—
Each smiled a frozen, fiendish smile,
And madly swung again.

The sun went down out in the west,
The caddies went to sleep.
But still the golfers tried their best,
To land a knock-out sweep.

At last, worn out, down to the ground
They sank with weary sigh,
And for the first time looked around
And met each other's eye.

He looked, then both his arms held out.
"We are," he slowly said,
"Affinities, without a doubt!"
That very night they wed.

Kansas City Independent.

Arawak you will observe, Is a tonic for the nerves.
Rheumatism by it is cured; Of this you are assured
Arawak makes an appetite; Also puts the liver rig t
Weakness of all kinds. The woman will find
Arawak is truly the best. They'll not buy the rest
Kidneys that are wrong. This will make strong.
For Sale at
1484 Market Street, San Francisco

A Fire-Proof Hotel.

The California Hotel is the only modern-built, absolutely fire-proof hotel in San Francisco. It is strictly first-class in every respect. Many of our best families make it their permanent home, while it is undoubtedly the favorite stopping place for tourists from all parts of the world and for our army and navy officers. General R. H. Warfield is the manager, and he has drawn about him an able corps of gentlemanly assistants, all of whom study the comfort of guests, and who are thoroughly acquainted with all the details attached to the managing of a large and first-class house. San Francisco may well feel proud of her only fire-proof hotel—the California Hotel.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c

THE FLORENCE OIL DEVELOPMENT COMPANY

INCORPORATED

Members Producers' Oil Exchange

Capital Stock $150,000 - - 150,000 Shares $1 each

ABSOLUTELY NON-ASSESSABLE

THE FLORENCE OIL DEVELOPMENT AND EXPLOITING CO. was incorporated August 25, 1899, under the laws of Arizona, making the stock of this Company absolutely non-ass ssable.

Five thousand shares are being sold for preliminary development purposes at the par value of $1 per share; these shares are now offered and are being readily taken up, but the Company reserves the right to withdraw this offer of issuing stock at par value as soon as it commands a premium in the market, which it cannot fail soon to do.

Boring has already begun on Section 14, F. de Miranda, the famous oil expert, locating the well. Mr. de Miranda is of world-wide reputation, and has the record of being the most accurate oil expert in United States.

But a short distance from the lands of the Florence are the oil lands of such capitalists as Rudolph Spreckels, Balfour Guthrie & Co, Robinson and Rawlins, and other wealthy operators.

We append an extract from a report received from the famous expert Mr. F. de Miranda:

Report on the Property of the Florence Oil Development and Exploiting Company.

At your engineer's request I inspected your property, composed of the N. W. ¼ of Section 15, in Township 22 S, Range 17 E, M. D. B. & M.

All this land is covered by the S. E. fold of the anticline. The bituminous sand is clearly traceable in the N. W. ¼ of Section 15.

These bituminous sands in a well defined stratification show their outcropping in the locality above mentioned.

These sands are invariably accompanied with a stratum of decomposed fossiliferous limestone which runs parallel to them at a distance varying from 150 to 80 feet. These strata dip about 35 degrees West of South, at an angle something less than 30 degrees.

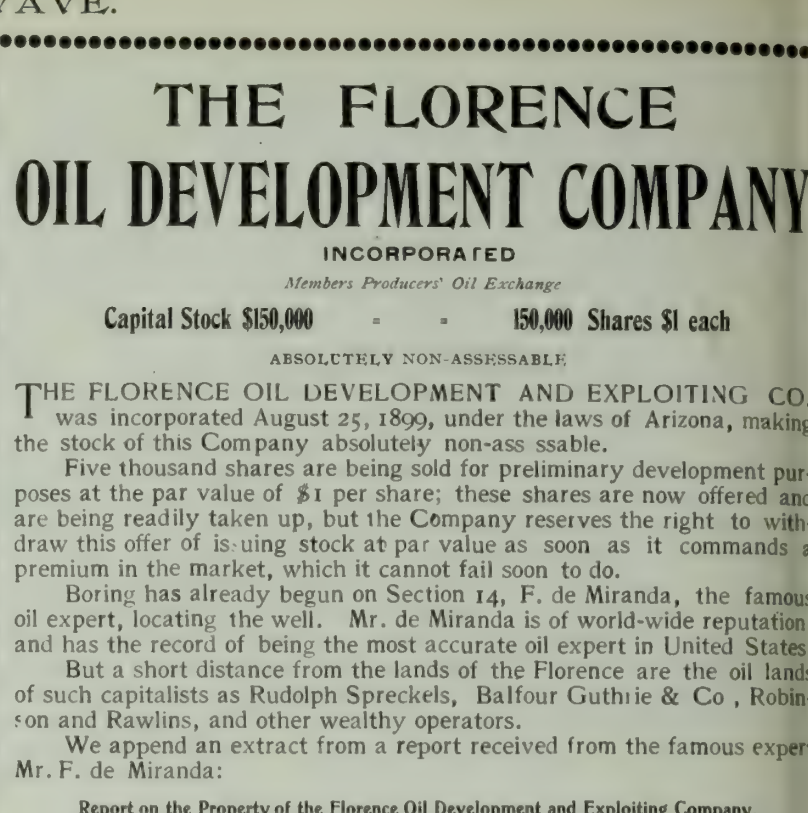
The general trend of the oil is pretty well known to pass through your land, and the outcroppings of bituminous sand thereon corroborate that fact. I esteem your land of undoubted value as an oil-bearing property. Respectively yours,

F. de MIRANDA, M. M. A., Expert.

One acre of producing oil land would make this Company's stock advance to hundreds of dollars per share.

Stock in oil Companies of California has already sold for as much as $4,000 per share. Others have paid dividends of $200 per share. Why not the Florence.

An investment in this Company's stock cannot fail to bring you a very large and constantly increasing profit.



CUT THIS OUT

APPLICATION FOR SHARES
—IN—
The Florence Oil Development and Exploiting Company
Incorporated
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

I hereby make application for ..... Shares of the Capital Stock of this Company at One Dollar per Share and hand you herewith ten per cent. of the purchase price. Upon issuance of the Certificate I will pay the balance.

To the SECRETARY
Room 600 60[illegible]
California Safe Deposit & Trust Bldg.

[Name].....
[Address].....

Fill out for number of shares desired and mail to Company's office.

Oil Lands

In Merced, in Colusa, in San Mateo, in Santa Clara, in Contra Costa. Oil Wells, Pipe lines, Refineries.
Thirty days to make up your mind after you buy.

$5 per share, NOW

Send for free "Illustrated Prospectus" and manufacturers and producers' report on our Contra Costa land.

AMERICAN OIL AND REFINERY CO.

322–323 PAR OTT BLDG S. F.

BIDS WANTED.

The Florence Oil Development & Exploiting Company is prepared to receive bids for the Erection of Derrick on their property. Contractors will please figure on the calculation of 2000 feet. Address

F. MACPHERSON, Secy.,
600-601 Safe Deposit and Trust Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal.

Peerless Oil Company

KERN RIVER DISTRICT

160 Acres Patented 'and

OIL HAS BEEN FOUND ALREADY IN 10 WELLS

On lands surrounding the property of this Company

ALL WITHIN A DISTANCE OF 2½ MILES

A few shares of the Treasury Stock now offered at One Dollar per share

CALL AND INVESTIGATE

Office: Room 47, 8th Floor, Mills Building

IF YOU WANT THE

BEST COAL OIL.

BUY

For Supervisor.....

GEO. T. SHAW

Regular Republican and Citizens' Rep. Nominee.

Fair Faces Made Fairer

BY CREME DE LIS

It corrects the little mistakes of nature and imparts a delicate transparent beauty.

Thuringia Insurance Co.

OF ERFURT, GERMANY

Capital, $2,250,000 Assets, $10,984,248

PACIFIC COAST DEPARTMENT

204-208 Sansome Street, San Francisco

VOSS, CONRAD & CO., General Managers

The Oil Industry.

The purchasing of thirty-five shares of the Home Oil Company by Mrs. Phœbe A. Hearst makes her the largest owner in that corporation. The price paid was $4,000 per share, at which the property stands valued at $400,000. There are four wells on the property which comprises one-fourth of the famous "section 20" in the Coalinga district. Of these wells the "Blue Goose" is gushing 800 barrels a day; "No. 4" 1,000 barrels a day, and "No. 1" 400 barrels a day. "No. 2" is shut down because of a recent fire. The Home Oil Company's net income has been estimated lately at about $60,000 a month. For some time it has been paying $150 a month dividends on shares that cost originally $100, but at the beginning of October the dividend was increased to $175. The Home Oil Company is not the owner of the property in question, but has a lease of seven years. Ownership is vested in the Homestake Company which Mrs. Hearst controls.

* *

There are a great many anomalies about the oil fields of California that would puzzle a Pennsylvania man looking for oil territory, if he had no knowledge of the phenomena to be met with in the Golden State. It is a well-known fact that before the development at Oil City made by Canfield & Chanslor, several experts who did not make allowance for these California conditions unequivocally condemned that field. Messrs. Canfield & Chanslor had sufficient grit and experience to go in there and prove that these experts were wrong from start to finish.

* *

There is a strong movement on foot for the establishment of an extensive refining plant on the bay. This will increase the market for crude oil and it will not be long until a pipe line is in course of construction from the oil fields to tide water.

* *

The Pacific Coast Oil Company suffered considerable damage from a fire in the Newhall Canyon lately, in which seven rigs and derricks were totally destroyed. The loss amounted to about $7,000, and was occasioned by forest fires which broke out in that locality and could not be controlled for several days.

* *

There are millions of San Francisco capital waiting for investment in oil securities, and Pine street will soon be as strong with investors as in the palmy days of the Comstock excitement.

The maps of the different oil districts which are being prepared for the use of the members of the California Oil Exchange are very elaborate in character and will give a birdseye view of each field of operations, so that the members can closely follow the development.

* *

The Florence Oil Co. is about to begin drilling. In another column will be found an advertisement calling for bids. The reports of the experts in regard to this property are most favorable and all around its holdings, drilling is going ahead. The Esparanza Co., which adjoins the Florence has its well down a considerable depth and the Avenal Oil Land Co. is vigorously at work.

* *

Milton McWhorter of Bakersfield is a very active man just now. He is putting up a great many derricks on his property in the Kern River and McKittrick districts, and is booked to be a millionaire in the not distant future.

* *

The Royal and Oil City Petroleum Companies, having completed their rigs and secured a good permanent supply of water, are now sending their drills down into the earth at a lively pace in search of the big oil sand.

* *

E. E. Bush, of the Caribou Oil Company of Coalinga and the Consolidated Oil Company of Kreyenhagen, is an indefatigable worker. He considers both of these properties as ultimate big dividend payers.

* *

Huron is threatened with a boom as a result of the oil industry on the West Side. This town is closer than any other to the Kings County group of wells, and also to the property being developed in the Kettleman hills, about which there is just now considerable excitement and interest.

* *

The Eagle Oil Co., owned by several San Francisco millionaires, is a new company in the field. It has secured a section south of the Kern river, almost due south from the Elwood well, and, having plenty of money in the treasury, will go right ahead drilling.

* *

The Mendota Oil Company in the Panoche district has perfected its organization, and the company is made up of well-known San Francisco business men. They are now making arrangements to erect a rig, and will at once go ahead with drilling operations.

MOLER'S BARBER COLLEGE.

THE MOLER SYSTEM OF BARBER AND HAIRDRESSING COLLEGES was originated by Mr. A. B. Moler of Chicago, and is the best organized and only National institution of the kind in the world. Since the founding of its college in 1893 the method of instruction has been steadily improved; and the branches in New York, St. Louis, Minneapolis, Chicago and San Francisco are among the most perfect barbering and hairdressing colleges in America. The best expert and artistic instructors are employed and the student perfected, examined, and graduated in eight weeks. The hairdressing course requires about four weeks additional time. Every part of the trade is carefully taught and the pupils trained in the care and selection of tools, honing and strapping, neat and careful shaving, artistic hair-cutting, fashionable beard trimming, and ladies' hairdressing. The pupil at the end of six weeks is taken to the finishing room—which is a handsomely appointed barber shop, and perfected in the trade. The San Francisco College is located at 633-635 Clay St., in a splendid building specially fitted and lighted for the purpose. The classes are under the personal charge of Mr. J. C. Van Norden, one of the most artistic and successful barbering professors in the business, and to whom the Minneapolis College owes its great success and popularity. The office, class room and finishing rooms are visited by thousands of people daily and the pupils are thus afforded practice in varied and actual work. The reasons for everything and the theory of barbaring are thoroughly taught from *Moler's Barber Manual*—the standard work on the subject. And former pupils—now successful barbers—are enthusiastic in their praise of the college and its expert instructors.

INVESTIGATE FIRST . . . .

BUY OIL STOCK AFTERWARDS

Is the manner in which any prudent investor would proceed for it obiates all necessity for rectifying mistakes if the opposite course were pursued. Among others, their investigations will cover the points of whether or not a company is operating **on oil land**—if there are any wells near, what the **net** return from a flowing well would be, and also, if the amount of capitalization would permit of the small shareholder ever receiving a **dividend of any size.**

We answer **YES** to all these probable questions. Let us **prove it** to you.
Until further notice stock will be sold at $1 per share.
We have a land valuation in excess of our capitalization. Listed on the California Oil Exchange.

Pamphlets and Maps for the Asking.

SAN JOAQUIN OIL AND DEVELOPMENT COMPANY.

Open evenings from 7 to 8. 38 Crocker Building, San Francisco.

The Electric Laundry Co.,

SAN FRANCISCO HAVE CREATED A SENSATION IN local laundry circles by taking a ten years lease of the premises 835 to 845 Folsom street. The building which is a new two story and basement brick, nearly 100x200 will give them oceans of room, besides leaving ample yard room for machine shop, wagon repair shop, stable for their 25 horses and wagons, and soap factory, all of which are to be built in the near future. Think of a workroom covering 20,000 square feet, where the manager from his office, can oversee almost all of his 125 employees at a glance. The Electric Laundry Co. for the last ten years has been occupying an old tumble-down rookery entirely inadequate to the wants of its growing business, and a move was imperative. A new brick building, two stories and basement, at 835 Folsom street was secured, and on Saturday, July 2nd, at 6 o'clock, the laundry shut down, and the employees, about 125, told to report at the new building at 7 a. m. Much to their surprise they found everything in running order. What mechanics and machinists had estimated would require 30 days was done in 3. Laundrymen will appreciate it, when told that the move included 4 large mangles, 12 washers, 3 dryrooms and shirt machines galore. Hurrah for the Electric! Long may it continue to electrify the community.

GERMEA

The Ideal Breakfast Dish

MEXICAN GOLD AND SILVER MINING COMPANY. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the ninth day of October, 1899, an assessment [No. 62] of fifteen [15] cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 79, Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the thirteenth day of November, 1899, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Monday, the fourth day of December, 1899, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

CHAS. E. ELLIOT, Secretary.

Office—Room 79, Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

Her Intuitions.

MISS Van Wike was clever. Everyone conceded the fact. She knew it. The consciousness did not come to her like the peacock's complacency, when he spreads his royal robes and calls his court to admire. A woman knows when she is beautiful . . . . her mirror confirms the verdict; why not when she is clever?

She was all things to all men. The timid man was never terrorized by airs of superiority; she was far too wise to allow the stupid man to realize he was stupid; she reduced her intellect to his mental calculations and they got on famously.

When she met a man of her own calibre . . . then she shone. She gave an inward sigh. Polite society does not permit these signs of perturbation to become external.

The sigh was elicited to-night from the fact that she knew all the men present and she longed for new worlds to conquer. Slowly her gaze wandered from one guest to another ranged round Mrs. Crum's drawing room awaiting the announcement of dinner. Yes, they were all there, the old set, she knew them well; this was her third season out.

One knew exactly what each would say; she wondered who would take her in. If it were little Wilkins, she could hear him seeking information concerning the last German he had the misfortune to miss; and so on down the line of social events. Mr. Ford would throw out an occasional remark in answer to her bright sallies, and then devote himself to the consumption of the host's delicacies.

Oh, why did people invite well-fitting dress suits to adorn a dinner table.

The hostess seemed disturbed; the hour appointed had passed, evidently they were awaiting some belated guest.

Miss Van Wike turned to speak to a girl on her left, when her attention was suddenly arrested by a man standing in the doorway, whom she had not noticed before. He was tall and straight limbed, smooth-shaven, with clear cut features and a firm jaw. He must have a strong will, she thought. There was a certain aloofness about him, a dignified reserve, and yet he possessed the indefinable something only to be acquired by those moving among the best.

Now Miss Van Wike was not vain, but being human she had her little conceits like the rest of us. What she prided herself most on, was her intuition. It was true, she seldom failed; hence she always did the right thing in the right place.

The fair observer now decided that the unconscious victim of her meditations was nice.

She secretly hoped he would be her neighbor. How deferential he was as he turned to speak to Mrs. Crum; it would be well for the modern youth to emulate his well-bred repose.

He disappeared when the whispered conference was ended, and shortly after, the signal was given to adjourn.

"Where could he be?" Another man took her in; she did not lose hope as a vacant place was left next her at table. So he intended coming later.

Dinner was well advanced, still he did not appear; the problem was getting beyond her, and she chaffed under the disappointment, for the other man was horribly dull. She took part in an animated discussion with a pair across the table, but her mind wandered. She never remembered having been so taken by a strange face before, and chided herself, for the belief that she was a well seasoned veteran, was another foible of hers.

She was gazing pensively at her plate, when, raising her eyes, she encountered those of the man about whom she had been reflecting. He looked at her in an impersonal way, then slowly advanced. When he reached her chair, she drew her skirts aside with a bright little smile of welcome. He did not seem to notice the hospitality nor the offered seat; he paused and went to the buffet facing her. Then he turned, and her eyes dilated with horror, for he held a quart bottle of champagne in his hands. No one seemed to notice the indiscretion but herself. But when he scientifically proceeded to release the cork from the bottle's embrace, the whole horrible truth slowly dawned. The vacant seat was for another. "He was," she gave a little gasp . . . "the waiter." The stately Miss Van Wike sank limply back in her chair.

The glasses had been emptied and refilled several times by the object of her admiration, before she recovered from her mental panic. "Well," she said to herself thankfully, "there is no one to turn queen's evidence."

Intuitions are not always a safe compass.

Her dinner companion wondered why she was called so "terribly clever."

JOHN ROBERTS.

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Read over the Nickel Plate (N. Y. C. & St. L. R. R.), the popular low-rate short line. Quick time, unexcelled accommodations, and no extra fares charged. Jay W. Adams, Pacific Coast Passenger Agent, 37 Crocker Building, San Francisco, Cal.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES

TEARS.—The source of tears is the lachrymal gland, which nestles under the overhanging bone of the forehead. This organ secretes the fluid which flows over the eyeball to the inner corner, and there it disappears through a little orifice, whence it is in turn conducted to the nostril. How do the tears find their way to the nose? Examine your eye in the mirror, and you will find a small elevation up on the lower eyelid, near the nose. Place your finger upon the lower eyelid just below this small elevation so aa to turn it outward. There you will see a small hole, like a pin prick, and there you have found the little passage which conducts the tears into the nostrils. This little orifice, for various causes, frequently becomes obstructed, in which case you are bound to weep incessantly until relief is afforded you by the removal of the obstruction. The overflow of tears which follows some great grief is created by the lachry mal gland under pressure of mental emotion. Why are tears salt? Literally, our tears are distilled from the very springs of our inmost vitality, for they are separated by marvelous machinery and chemistry from the arterial blood freshly circulated from the heart; and as this contains about six or seven parts in one thousand of saline constituents, so tears contain one-third per cent. of chloride of sodium, besides a very small proportion of other salts, ninety-eight per cent. being water. The office of this alkaline fluid is to clear, clean and moisten the corner which, having no blood-vessels, would, of course, wither and dry up without this moisture, and we should become blind.

THE MAUSER PISTOL.—Dr. J. D. Griffith, of Kansas City, has just completed for the Government an official test of the Mauser pistol in use by the German cavalry, and it is under consideration for adoption by the United States. The test was made with targets and human bodies, and the results were most satisfactory. At ranges from 50 to 500 yards the Mauser pistol is the most effective and deadly weapon of its kind ever invented, and up to the maximum range tried it is practically as good in the hands of a marksman as a Krag-Jorgenson, a Lee or a Mauser rifle. If nothing but flesh resists the passage of the bullet, it makes a round incision where it enters and a knife-like cut where it departs. Should a bone be in the way, it is often shattered into fragments. The pistol shoots very accurately and will kill at a range of 500 yards. The bullets pass through a human body at that range. If the bullet should enter a vital organ, it would undoubtedly kill a man instantly, and would incapacitate a soldier if it struck a bone. The pistol fires ten shots without reloading, and can be emptied in less than three minutes. The bullets weigh 85 grains and have a lead core surrounded by a nickel-plated copper jacket

DESERT RECLAMATION.—Two vast schemes, combining the geographical and commercial on a magnificent engineering scale, are now being discussed. One of these is the reconversion of the great Sahara desert, which was once an inland sea, to its former state; that is, it is argued, a canal sixty miles long, connecting with the Atlantic the immense depression which runs close up to the coast nearly midway between the twentieth and thirtieth parallels of latitude, would solve the problem. The water would not, of course, cover the entire surface of the desert, here and there portions remaining above sea level, these becoming the islands of the new Sahara ocean. Another proposed enterprise in this line is that which has in contemplation the submersion of the Yuma desert in Southern California, and this plan, if carried out, will involve a tract of absolutely uninhabitable territory comprising nearly thirteen thousand square miles, and the greater portion of which lies between five hundred and one thousand feet below sea level. Prodigious as are these plans, modern engineering science views their realization as among the possibilities of the future.

NEWSPAPER PULP.—In the manufacture of newspaper wood pulp, according to present methods, a cord of spruce wood is estimated to equal 615 feet of board measure, and this quantity of raw material will make half a ton of sulphite pulp, or one ton of ground wood pulp. Newspaper stock is made up with 20 per cent. of the sulphite pulp and 80 per cent. of the ground wood pulp. Now, as figured by experts, the best of spruce lands, virgin growth, possesses a stand of about 7,060 feet to the acre; on twenty-two acres, therefore, of this best spruce land there will stand 154,000 feet of timber, which an average company of loggers will cut in about eight days; but this entire quantity of wood, turned in at any one of the large mills, will in a single day be converted into about 250 tons of such pulp as goes to make up newspaper stock, and this amount of pulp will make about an equal weight of paper.

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NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT—ANDES SILVER MINING COMPANY.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California Location of works, Virginia City, Storey County, Nevada

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors held on the 2nd day of October, 1899, an assessment (No. 49) of five (5) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary at the office of the Company, Rooms 20-22 Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street. San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 6th day of November, 1899, will be delinquent. and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on MONDAY the 27th day of November, 1899, at 1 p. m. o'clock, to pay the delinquent assessment together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors
JOHN W. TWIGGS, Secretary.

Office—Rooms 10-22 Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.—Bullion Mining Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, Cal. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 20th day of Sept., 1899, an assessment (No. 55) of Five (5) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 11, 331 Post street, San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 24th day of October. 1899, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday, the 14th day of November, 1899, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the cost of advertisng and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors. R. R. GRAYSON, Sec'y.

Office: Room 11, 331 Pine street, San Francisco, Cal.

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT — BEST & BELCHER MINING CO.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco California; location of works, Virginia District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the twenty-second (22d) day of September, 1899, an assessment (No. 68) of twenty (20) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 33 Nevada Block No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco. California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the twenty-seventh (27th) day of October, 1899 will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Friday the seventeenth (17th) day of November. 1899, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

M. JAFFE, Secretary.

Office: Room 33, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF MARY MCKENNA, DECEASED—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Jane Daly, Executrix of the last will of Mary McKenna, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Jane Daly, Executrix, at the offices of Gavin McNab, Esq., her attorney, rooms 46 and 47, Mills building, the same being her place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. JANE DALY,

Executrix of the Estate of Mary McKenna, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, Sept. 12th, 1899.

GAVIN MCNAB,
Atty for Executrix.

JOE W. YOUNG
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620 First ave. Phone 675
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Steamers leave Broadway wharf San Francisco.

For Alaskan ports, 10 a. m. Oct. 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, Nov. 2, change to company's steamers at Seattle.

For B. C. and Puget Sound ports 10 a.m. Oct. 3. 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, Nov. 2 and every fifth day thereafter.

For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, 2 p.m. Oct. 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, 31, Nov. 5, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Newport (Los Angeles) and Way Ports, 9 a. m. Oct. 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, 31, Nov. 4, and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 a.m. Oct. 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29, Nov. 2, and every fourth day thereafter.

For Mexican ports, 10 a. m. 7th of each month.

For further information, obtain folder.

The company reserves the right to change, without previous notice, steamers, sailing dates, and hours of sailing.

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S. S. Australia, for **Honolulu only,** Wednesday, November 15, at 2 p.m.

Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Capetown, South Africa.

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Hongkong Maru.....Wednesday, November 1st
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Round-trip tickets at reduced rates. For freight and passage apply at company's office, 421 Market street corner First. W. H. AVERY, General Agent,

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$3.50	$10.00
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BOOT AND SHOE MAKING IN SAN FRANCISCO.

VIEWS IN THE SIEBE SHOE FACTORY.

LADIES' SHOES.

THE PROCESS WHEREBY KID SKIN IS CONVERTED INTO FOOT-GEAR.

I WONDER if my fine lady has any idea of how many machines and how many pairs of human hands are concerned in the making of her dainty shoes before they are ready for her foot? If she has never investigated, I should recommend her to visit the establishment of the Siebe Shoe Company at 23 Jessie street, San Francisco, where the finest shoes now sold on the Coast are manufactured by California hands. Here she would find that between the huge bolts of cloth and bundles of kid, the boxes of eyelets and the overgrown spools of stout thread, which make up the raw material, sixty pairs of hands, each trained to deftness in a different process, take their separate turns at the making of her footwear. Of course, there are many more processes than this involved in the evolution of a kid-skin into a shoe, because the leather is tanned, scraped and finished before it comes into the hands of the makers, since the Siebe Shoe Company does not concern itself with anything further than the building of shoes.

Once off the ground floor of the spacious four-story building, where the factory is housed, the visitor is in a scene of orderly confusion. Strange, complicated machines are making an inharmonious symphony in every key from the shrill, high soprano of the vicious little runners by which girls put in the seams, to the sledge-hammer bass of the great machines which set and nail the heels. One visits first the cutters, cutting the kid and cloth of the uppers. This is one of the few processes in the making of a modern shoe which machinery cannot manage. Skins are liable to flaws and are so shaped that they must be cut with a view to economy, and all this cannot be done except by hand. The rough uppers then go through some eight or ten processes before they are sewed together and the buttonholes or eyelets inserted. Most of this work is done on the second floor by women; when they are through, the product goes up one story for adding heels and soles.

When the mysterious scraps of cloth and leather are ready for their soles, they resemble anything but a shoe. The first step of the soling process comes in the insertion of lasts, which show, for the first time, the dainty shape the upper is to assume. From this time until the shoes are inspected and ready to be boxed, the leather and the last are inseparable. They go in company to the workman who trims the sole to the upper, to the one who sews them together, to the one who applies the nails by means of a wonderful appliance that manufactures nails out of wire and inserts them at one and the same time, to the machine and workman that together nail and finish the heels, and to the half dozen skilled artisans who successfully finish the shapely sole.

At this stage, one would suppose the shoe to be finished, or nearly so. Not a bit of it. There are ten or a dozen processes yet to come. The various parts must be polished, the shoes must be inspected for flaws, for it is the boast of the Siebe company that no shoe with even the smallest defect has ever left their store room.

The factory is equipped with the latest appliances in the way of electric motors. It is now employing about 160 operations, and is turning out its full capacity of over five hundred pairs of shoes a day. The Siebe company makes ladies' shoes only, believing that no concern can keep to the highest notch and manufacture shoes for both men and women. The product is only of the highest grade, such stock as retails at from $3 50 to $6.00 the pair, and an inspection of the company's salesroom ought to convince anyone that these California-made shoes are equal to the best made in this country—which means the best in the world.

So, fair ladies, when you want a perfect fit, ask your dealer for a Siebe shoe, as they are handled by every shoe merchant on the Pacific Coast. This company is under the management of Fred J. McWilliams, president; Fred C. Siebe, treasurer; John F. La Borde, Secretary.

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Virginia City, Nev...Agency of the Bank of California
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Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....$2,187,617 90
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash.....1,000,000 00
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San Francisco Savings Union

532 CALIFORNIA ST.

Deposits July 1, 1899.....$24,920,395
Paid Up Capital.....1,000,000
Reserve Fund.....205,215
Contingent Fund.....442,763

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LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.
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THE THREE MUSKETEERS.

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Matinee Saturday and Sunday

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Dillon and Ryley present Mathews and Bulger in est revision of their big Vaudiville Operetta

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Everything new but the Tit e.

Farce Comedy Season, Prices $1, 75c, 50c, 25c.

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galaxy of fun makers—Mark Swan. Jessie Hall, James Cassidy, J. Weber, Maud Knowlton, Monica Lee, E. Ebner, Mannie Ward and others

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Racing! Racing! Racing!

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or more races each day,

es start at 2:15 P. M. sharp.

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Accounts of banks, corporations and individuals ited.

THE THEATRES

The bill at the Orpheum this week is a good one throughout. There are two very clever instrumental soloists on the card, Vinie De-Witt, whose good looks add to the attractiveness of her performance and whose over-affectation of manner somewhat detract from it, and Sada who, though not quite the virtuso she is billed, is a brilliant and sympathetic performer who produces good music.

Of course Wright Huntington and his company in their one-act farce are well appreciated. "A Stolen Kiss" is a bright little play of its kind and Miss Adele Francis as the Countess de Montagtoni is irresistible. Mr. Huntington as Lieutenant Jack Poynter, U. S. N. and Mr. George H. Farren as the belligerent Count de Montagtioni recall somewhat vividly the parts of "Billings" and the irate Frenchman in "Too Much Johnson." Laura Burt, who left the "legitimate" to do variety skits shows in every turn of her delightful repertoire what her early training has done for her. She gives a ridiculous impersonation of a woman's rights speaker, wherein she startles the audience by eating the apples and roses that adorn her hat. Tom Brown, the clever mulatto, is still doing his monologue turns. His impersonation of a Chinaman is admirable.

* *

Comment on the organization which is executing "A Milk White Flag" at the Columbia Theatre this week is neutralized by the fact that in the United States to-day, it is hard to get enough good attractions to go round. We must not expect to have admirable shows all the time, even though we are the Pacific Coast Metropolis and an Oriental entrepot. Undeniably true though this be, really Messrs. Dunne and Riley might have gathered a more interesting troupe. There are no beauties in the chorus and no stars in the *dramatis persona*. The occasional laughs were tributes to the greatness of Hoyt rather than to the cleverness of his interpreters. At best, the alleged widow aught to be clever and this time she is not. Little Chip deserved such honors as one might be disposed to serve out, though a word is due Miss Hite's dancing. Misguided maid, she insisted on singing, like the pretty Miss Josie De Witt of the previous company, who plays quite cleverly on the violin and vocalizes abominably.

* *

A "Breach of Promise" is not the funniest farce that has ever happened at the California, nor are its components the belles you might imagine from reading its advertisements. However, one laughs—why, is difficult to say—but that is a reasonable excuse for existence and is doubtless why "A Breach of Promise" is still in circulation.

* *

The Alcazar is ambitious this week with "The Three Musketeers." In it Ormonde is D'Artagnan, and Messrs. Bryant, Montaine and De Lisle play the immortal Guardsman's comrades. Gertrude Foster is Lady de Winter and Helen Henry, Constance. All do creditably.

* *

At the California, next week, "Brown's in Town." It is said to be really funny. Maud Knowlton, the leading lady, is a San Franciscan and Jessie Mae Hall is a clever soubrette. For the week of Nov. 5th, Nance O'Neil.

* *

At the Columbia Theatre, next week, Mathews and Bulger's production of "By the Sad Sea Waves" has the boards. They bring some clever people along, together with a good chorus.

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New Stories Re-Told.

x x x

A KINDLY LANDLADY.—At a performance of the stock company in Oldham, England, the leading man had just announced to the leading lady in accents of deep feeling: "I have nothing to offer you, not even the hope of better days to come," when a voice from the dense crush broke the silence. It was the voice of the star's landlady, who, moved by the pathos of her lodger's tone, cried: "Never heed, lad! Thee hath gotten a real good sooper waiting at home; thee bring t' wench wi' thee."

x

HE GOT THE ORDER.—While "Drink" was at the height of its big run at the Princess's Theatre, London, a boy who was on in a scene with Coupeau, the hero, came to the manager one morning and asked for an order for the evening. The manager shook his head depreciatingly. "What do you want an order for?" he asked. "For mother, sir. I do want her to see me and Charley Warner play our big scene." The boy got the order.

x

A SERIOUS ARTIST.—George C. Haite, the clever artist and wit, was discussing with Joseph Pennell a question of color values in the midst of a group of artists. Haite, who is a volatile spirit and holds decided opinions, had made a statement. "But," interrupted a brother artist, "Pennell holds differently." "Bless you, my boy," rang out Haite's voice, "no one takes Pennell seriously—except his company."

x

A NEW ARCHITECTURAL STYLE.—Among the illustrations of expensive craziness in architecture is the mansion of Albert Beit, in Park Lane, London. Mr. Beit is one of the men who made millions in the Transvaal. The style of the mansion was being discussed by a group of tourist people, among them Mrs. Oswald Crawford. Some suggested it was Renaissance; some, Italian. "Not at all," said Mrs. Crawford, "It is early South African."

x

HIS ONE EXCEPTION.—When Lord Kitchener visited Queen Victoria at Windsor she seriously rallied him on his alleged aversion to feminine society. "I hear, Lord Kitchener," she said, "that you do not care for any women." Kitchener blushed and at length stammered: "I assure Your Majesty that you have been misinformed. There is one woman I care greatly for." The match-making light came into the Queen's eyes and she eagerly asked him if he would mind telling her whom the one exception was. "With pleasure," answered the General; "the one exception is Your Majesty."

x

PLAY BALL.—In the night attack at El Caney Captain Clark first got wind of the danger and rushed among his men, who were sleeping heavily. He yelled "To arms! Get up. They are coming at us." A few men jumped up but the others slept on. Again Clark made the rounds, "We are attacked. Rally at the trenches" he shouted. A few more men roused, but still the others drowsed on. "For God's sake wake up men" cried the Captain. Then with sudden inspiration he shouted "Company F, play ball." The men awoke instantly, rushed to the trenches and poured a volley into the enemy.

x

OOM PAUL'S STRATEGY.—Half a dozen up-country Boers came to visit Pretoria and of course visited President Oom Paul. In the afternoon he took them over the government buildings. In one of the rooms an incandescent electric light burned. Kruger, with his hand on the switch, suggested that they try and blow it out from where they stood. Each drew a deep breath and blew. The light burned undiminished. It was then Oom Paul's turn. He puffed out his cheeks and blew, simultaneously twisting the switch. The Boers were deeply impressed, but one of them more observant than the rest remarked: "The President must have a wonderfully strong breath, for, did you notice, the light was entirely enclosed in glass."

x

THE FAKIR'S ERROR.—A Yankee fakir attended a cracker horse fair in Georgia determined to do business. He was playing the soap game, in which a cake of soap is wrapped in a twenty dollar bill and apparently dropped into a basket with a number of other cakes, from which any one may draw at five dollars a cake. "Now gentlemen" quote the fakir as he carefully wrapped his cake of soap in the twenty dollar bill—"here's your soap and your twenty dollar bill, see me drop this valuable cake into the box with the other cakes. Take your choice of cakes, gents, at five dollars a draw." Not a solitary cracker bit at the game. After a wearisome wait, a sport who was following the races came up to the fakir and said. "Well, you are a jay of jays. Say, don't you know a cracker has no use for soap? Put up a plug of tobacco and try 'em with that." For the rest of the day the fakir did a rushing business.

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VOL. XX. No. 19 SAN FRANCISCO — NOVEMBER 4, 1899 SEATTLE PRICE 10 CENTS

HORACE DAVIS.

REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR MAYOR OF SAN FRANCISCO.

Photo by Arnold Genthe.

THE WAVE

Published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal., and Colman Building, Seattle, Wash.

Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months, $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

The trade is supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 342 Geary street; east of the Rocky Mountains by the American News Company, New York.

The Wave is kept on file and is for sale at Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France; 31 Union Square, New York City; 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.; and 206 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

For advertising rates and on all other matters pertaining to city business, address The Wave, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

All business matters pertaining to the Northwest should be addressed to Trevor Corry, Colman Building, Seattle, Wash.

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SAN FRANCISCO—November 4, 1899—SEATTLE

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A victory for the Democratic ticket at the coming municipal election will not mean that the voters of San Francisco believe in Bryan or endorse free silver; nor will it mean that they repudiate McKinley. The "Wave" makes no such claim; but we do solemnly warn Republicans that the victory of Mayor Phelan will give him the appointment of thousands of municipal employes; that it will result in the upbuilding of a powerful and Democratic machine, rendering it difficult, if not impossible, to carry this city for McKinley and sound money one year hence.

EVENTS CURRENT.

The Philippine Tangle.

There is little news and none of importance from the Philippines. No advances have been made, and Aguinaldo's army has been strangely quiet. The fighting has been confined to a few skirmishes. Two theories are advanced for the inactivity of the insurgents. Some believe that the rebels are gathering strength for a concerted move when the weather makes extensive campaigning possible; others, and especially those closest to Otis, think that the insurrection is falling to pieces. Rumor has it that the friends of Luna, the general assassinated by Aguinaldo early this summer, are raising a counter-rebellion. Either of these contingencies favor the Americans. If the native forces will come into the open and fight, the superior discipline and valor of the Americans will prevail; if there is dissension in the native ranks, the rebellion will probably fall to pieces. The state of things most to be feared is the continuance of a desultory, guerilla war, the hardest kind of warfare for civilized troops to meet. There has been some activity around Bacolor, where Colonel Bell and his regiment have been engaging the Filipinos almost daily in slight skirmishes. The usual results ensue in these engagements—the natives are repulsed with loss, and come back next day to do it all over again. There are suspicions of an uprising at Iloilo. Major-General Otis is showing that he has learned a little through experience by refusing to treat with several alleged peace commissions, which have lately applied for recognition. A Spanish commission has attempted to negotiate with the natives for the release of the 2,500 Spanish prisoners held in their lines. The natives refused to treat with the commissioners. It is believed that Aguinaldo is holding these prisoners in hopes of obtaining recognition from Spain.

More Trouble with Naval Armor.

The last report of Rear-Admiral Charles O'Neill, Chief of Ordinance for the Navy Department, shows that the United States has encountered an unexpected obstacle in the construction of the new war-ships now under way. The trouble comes in the securing of proper armor. In the bill authorizing these vessels, Congress voted an appropriation for armor "not to exceed $400 a ton in price." When the time came to call for bids, the naval experts decided that they would use what is known as Krupp armor instead of armor made on the old American face-hardened process, which is now considered out of date. When bids were called for, it was found that few firms were willing to take the contract for the $24,000 tons needed by the navy in the near future. Only one firm submitted a proposal, and that one exceeded the limit by asking $450 a ton. American manufacturers are not only unwilling to take the contract at the price, but it is said that they are unable to produce the genuine Krupp article, although it is believed that if the limit were raised to a basis of profit, firms would be willing to install plants for the production of such armor. In accordance with this, Congress will be asked at the next session to increase the price. The matter must be attended to quickly, or the work on the three new battle-ships of the Maine class, now nearing completion, is certain to be retarded. Admiral O'Neill states that Jan. 1, 1900, is the latest date at which action may be taken; if it is delayed beyond that time, the navy must either fall back on the old-fashioned style of armor or will have to hold back the work on the three strongest vessels in the new navy.

Local Elections and National Forecasts.

Senator Burrows has stirred up a great deal of controversy, most of it adverse, by a declaration in the *Forum* to the effect that the State campaigns of this year are to measure the success or failure of the administration in the next campaign. He adds that "the conditions are in many particulars, like those of 1862"—the year in which the State elections were held to test the policy of President Lincoln. The opponents of the Senator have now pointed out a difference between the elections of 1899 and those of 1862 which takes away the basis for this theory. Whereas, in the year when the Lincoln Government was under test, every important State then in the Union held elections for Governor and Congressmen, this year there is no contest in any really important State. New York is, of course, the great determining factor in every national election; it has a municipal but no State election this year. Neither have the other two States—Connecticut and New Jersey—which are grouped with New York in national forecasts. The condition is the same in Indiana and Illinois, both "doubtful States" and in the others in the region. So, also, the far Western States, which will be looked upon to support the expansionist policy, vote only on local issues. Not a single State which is not definitely committed to one party or the other holds an election this year. In view of this, it appears that the only line to be obtained on the possible outcome in 1900 will be a comparison of majorities obtained in the declared Republican and Democratic States with those obtained before the new issues changed the constituency of the two parties.

The World's Output in Gold.

The Treasury Department has just issued its annual statement regarding the world's production of the precious metals. This shows that the United States leads the world in the output of gold and silver taken together, although we are only third in the value output of gold and second in that of silver. Transvaal leads in gold with Australia second, just a few points in advance of the United States. Mexico, which forged to the head of silver producing countries in 1897, still keeps the lead, although the United States is close up. In exact figures, the amount of gold produced in 1898 is as follows: Transvaal, $79,213,953; Australia, $64,860,800; United States, $64,463,000. Mexican silver production for the year amounted to $56,738,000, while the United States produced $54,438,000. In output of gold and silver taken together, this country leads South Africa, the nearest competitor, by over $16,000,000. It will be noticed that the two greatest gold countries are both British colonies or will be after the present war is finished. This is of immense significance to that financial system by means of which England controls the world's commerce. The prospects for increased gold output are very bright. Alaska has hardly begun to develop her possibilities in that respect, and it is generally believed that Transvaal has greater possibilities than have ever been exploited. Colorado, which led the country last year, is continually opening new fields.

Working of the New Bankruptcy Law.

The Department of Justice has been watching with interest the results of the new bankruptcy law which went into operation last year. This measure met with a great deal of criticism at the time of its passage, as many deemed that it would permit dishonest debtors to dodge their obligations, since it gave employees and small creditors of all sorts an opportunity of escaping obligation by resorting to bankruptcy proceedings. From observations made during the past six months, E. C. Brandenburg, the expert of the Department of Justice, announces that it has worked good to both debtors and creditors. In past time unfortunates of the laboring or clerical class were frequently so hounded and harassed by their creditors that they were unable either to pay their debts or gain a livelihood. In many cases the creditors used to resort to garnishing the pay of their debtors of the employee class. Employers have an aversion to such proceedings and garnishment generally ended in the discharge of the employee, who was thus driven from place to place, earning money neither for his own living nor for the payment of his debts. The relief afforded to this class is felt already in New England and the South, where small debtors are most numerous. Moreover, observations go to confirm the opinion that such people will generally feel a moral obligation to pay their just dues, even when the law does not compel. The clause in the act abolishing the preferred creditor is another feature that is generally commended; it prevents much fraud which accrued to the old system. The next Congress will be asked to make certain slight changes in order to abolish possibilities of fraudulent evasion.

Great Britain's Colonial Troops.

In case the Transvaal campaign proves harder than the British government anticipates or in event of a general European war making a demand on the resources of the empire, the colonies, Canada and Australia in particular, will be called upon for support. All have voluntarily offered to assist the crown with forces, and a limited number of men have been accepted from each of them. Canada, for example, was asked to send 1,250 troops, and they are now being organized and equipped. Forces from New South Wales and Queensland are already on the way to the front. The military organization of Canada is divided into three branches. First, there is the permanent militia, very like our own regular army in that they are constantly under service and are regularly enlisted and paid. Around this nucleus, numbering not over 900 men in peace times, are the active militia, 35,000 strong, who are drilled at stated intervals and called out for training once a year. The reserve militia including, theoretically, the entire adult male population, may be commanded for service whenever the empire is judged to be in danger. The force now being raised is recruited from the active militia, and the enlistment is to be wholly voluntary. In Australia, the organization varies slightly in the different colonies, but is very like that of Canada. The provisional colonial government has forestalled the results of federation by summoning a meeting of governors of the various colonies to arrange a plan for supporting England in case of need. Australasia can be depended on in an emergency for 50,000 men. These are likely to be the most valuable irregulars available for the British Army, as they are rough riders and plainsmen much like our own cowboys. The call on the colonies at the present juncture is made not so much because of actual need for men as for a test to determine to what degree they can be depended upon in case of exreme necessity.

British Parliament Supports the Government.

The meeting of the English Parliament, called at the very time when the first engagements were occurring on the Natal border, proved definitely that all the statesmen of Great Britain with the exception of the Irish Nationalists will stand together for the common cause. The main propositions debated were the army supply bill, providing funds to carry on the war, and the calling out of the militia reserves. Both were carried in the commons after a stormy debate, the supply bill going through by a vote of 227 to 32. The Irish party fought both measures, calling the war "unjust, tyrannical and mercenary, etc." Mr. Redmond, an Irish member, grew so abusive in his denunciations that he had to be called to order. An uproar such as rarely occurs in the staid British Parliament was the result; it was terminated by the removal of the offending Redmond. On the summoning of the militia reserves, Geo. Wyndeham, Parliamentary Under Secretary for War, made an able speech, which should explain why Great Britain chose to alarm the nations by calling out her militia. He demonstrated that the concentration in Africa of an army large enough to end the war and to defend the colony, if necessary, against the native tribes, would leave the country undefended. Not only that, it would check the work the nation has always carried on of educating at home young officers—commissioned and non-commissioned—until they have enough experience in tactics to be trusted at the front. "The steps I have described," he concluded, "will not be made to assist in the war against the two republics, but to put the army in the same position as it was in before the war." The motion of John Dillon, Irish Nationalist, that the mobilization of the militia be declared unnecessary was lost by a vote of 299 to 36.

Bloody Work in Transvaal.

Accurate and reliable accounts of the situation in Transvaal are hard to obtain at the present time of writing. Last week, when the English, according to their War Office reports, had routed the enemy in two engagements, there was a feeling of elation throughout the British empire, the English generally believing that the Boers had been over-rated. This was followed by the junction of the forces of Transvaal and Orange Free State and by the retirement of the English on Ladysmith, their base of operations on the Natal border. The Boers followed this retreat and engaged the British in several sharp skirmishes, culminating in a heavy artillery duel on Monday of this week, wherein the British checked the advance long enough to secure their safe retirement into the town. The Boers followed, just out of striking distance, and the two armies are now facing each other for a battle which Kruger will force as soon as possible if he is wise. The English public took this retirement with bad grace, considering it as a defeat, but it need not be discouraging. General White's orders are to avoid fighting as much as possible until the arrival of General Sir Redvers Buller with the reinforcements, when the real advance is to be made. In retiring on his base of supplies after his failure to prevent the junction of Joubert's army with the Orange Free State forces, he is only obeying instructions. Joubert's army now facing Ladysmith is superior in numbers to that of General White; the best policy for him to pursue is to attack in force and try to defeat and capture this comparatively small British force before the reinforcements arrive. Doubtless he is aware of this, and a big battle may be expected in the course of a few days, for already fighting has commenced and already the British have sustained a serious loss in the capture by Joubert of two good regiments; the Royal Irish Fusiliers and the Devonshire Foot, with seven guns. These troops had been sent to clear the enemy from a hill on their right flank; their mules stampeded; and they were surrounded in the consequent confusion and forced to surrender. While this may not prevent White from holding the position, it renders his task especially hard. It was a plain case of superior generalship, according to the confession of the British commander himself, and shows that Joubert and the European officers leading his divisions understand the handling of men. A surprise which the Vaal people have sprung on the British is their handiness with artillery. It was expected that this people, rough riders and riflemen by preference, would fail in the use of this arm, but so far their handling of the guns has compared very favorably with that of the British. Their shooting, which was derided at the time of the first engagements, has improved with each succeeding skirmish. If proof of this is needed, the fact that the mortality among British officers has been four times as great as that among enlisted men ought to convince, for it proves that the Boers, who make it a policy to pick off officers, are hitting where they aim. In this week of skirmishes preparatory to the real engagements, the English have lost almost as many as we lost in the entire Santiago campaign. The percentage of mortality is greater than in any British campaign since the Crimea. In the battle of the Alma, supposed to be one of the bloodiest in English hsstory, the loss reached only 6 per cent., while the losses in the two battles of Glencoe and Elandslaagte greatly exceeded that figure. No accurate estimate can be made of the Boer loss, but it must have been greater than that of the British, judging from the number of dead found on the field and the execution known to have been done by the new lyddite shells. It is a bloody war, and the end of the slaughter is not yet in sight. Mafeking and Kimberly, where the commanders are under the same orders as General White's, seem to be holding their own against the besiegers.

Some interesting figures relating to the estimated cost of making underground railways in London have been published. The North-West London Railway—not yet built—is to cost $2,425,000 per mile; Baker Street and Waterloo Railway—in course of construction—$2,775,000 per mile; Central London Railway—under construction—$2,925,000 per mile; Great Northern and City Railway—under construction—$3,165,000 per mile.

Editorial Comment.

s the Charter a "Democratic Charter," a "Phelan Charter" or the "People's Charter."

Don't you think we have had about enough of this nonense that claims for Mayor Phelan a monopoly of all the irtues, and the sole ownership of all of the knowledge and onesty requisite to equip the first mayor under the new harter? Is Mayor Phelan the only human being who is t? Is his honesty finer in texture or broader, or longer in neasure or better in quality than that of Horace Davis? Is his ability greater? Is technical knowledge of any sort necessary to set this charter in motion? If not, then what nder the heavens is there to be found in or out of the harter to render Mr. Phelan the superior and Mr. Davis he inferior?

What is there about the new charter of San Francisco hat requires any special knowledge or particular qualificaion that makes James D. Phelan better adapted to administer it than Horace Davis?

Mr. Phelan would have us believe that to himself and no one else on earth belongs all the stored up knowledge and executive capacity essential to serve as first mayor under the charter.

Has Mr. Phelan or the Democratic party any sort of a copyright on the new municipal law? It is written in the English language, and is easy to understand. If it is so framed that no one but Phelan can understand or administer it, then this municipality is in a devilish bad way, and the instrument is wholly inadequate. If we are to take Democratic argument of this sort seriously, the city would indeed be in a deplorable condition if Mr. Phelan, the only man who understands the charter, should happen to die.

If Mr. Phelan should be elected, and at the end of his term fail to secure the United States senatorship, why can he not then claim re-election upon identically the same ground? The same old argument would apply, with probably more force than now. Following this argument to its logical conclusion, Mr. Phelan should be elected and re-elected mayor forever. It is nonsensical, but it is in effect about the only argument being employed to strengthen Mr. Phelan's position.

If there were to the charter anything peculiar or intricate of which Mr. Phelan had some special knowledge, we could understand and appreciate this altogether astonishing and somewhat audacious claim. Mr. Phelan was not even a member of the board of fifteen free holders that adopted the final draft of the charter. He assumes a good deal in saying: "This is my charter and you can't be mayor under it," as though he had somehow inherited a proprietorship under it. Where is this sort of thing to stop? When does it become the turn of *some one else* to serve as mayor?

We *do* know that Mayor Phelan was specially and particularly anxious to have the new charter prescribe that the mayor should have large appointive powers. He was very emphatic in favoring this innovation. We agreed with him, and still maintain that to a city government there should be a responsible head. We advocated such a provision for the sake of the principle involved and believed then that Mr. Phelan was moved by the same impulse, viz., the advancing of the cause of good government without any selfish or personal hope behind it. The writer did not expect to be the first mayor under the new charter, nor did he then believe that Mr. Phelan was advocating the measure because he expected to be a candidate for mayor himself and so secure to himself this vast patronage. But appearances are deceitful. Mr. Phelan *did* advocate the lodging of vast powers in the mayor, the provision *was* incorporated in the charter and *now* he claims, in a vague but nevertheless insistent way, that he has acquired some peculiar right to make these appointments in very much the same way that a child "chooses" some attractive object in a show window because he discovered it before his companions.

We have heretofore demonstrated that if Mayor Phelan is elected he will have, directly and indirectly, the appointment of upwards of three thousand municipal employes. This ought to place in the hands of a shrewd mayor a powerful political machine. But is Mayor Phelan shrewd? Was he shrewd in using his influence as mayor to endow the mayor with wide and extraordinary powers? Was he shrewd in laying his plans to secure these powers unto himself? He certainly has demonstrated that he possesses the faculty of securing his ends by indirection, so much admired by politicians. He has demonstrated that he can advocate a holy cause, in the name of the people and good government, while hidden behind the movement are large personal political gains. Whoever dreamed when the new charter was being drawn that Mr. Phelan was indelicately figuring on securing all of these appointments for himself? Whoever dreamed that when he made appeals for a mayor with the powers of a czar, that he meant to secure those powers for himself? We never suspected such a thing. If he was shrewd and cunning in this connection we are certainly justified in enquiring what his ultimate object may be. Who is there now who can foretell just what he proposes to accomplish with these three thousand appointments? He certainly has some well-defined plan, of which the present election is one of the incidents and concerning which the public is ignorant. Perhaps it is a part of this gentleman's plan to name his own successor when he is through with the place. He could easily do such a thing with the great Democratic machine that would be at his disposal. Perhaps he proposes to make the next legislature Democratic and so secure the United States senatorship. He is too good a politician not to have some purpose.

Think of three thousand municipal employes, carefully selected from "good party workers," with one general object in view! We have all witnessed the arrival and departure of the several regiments to and from Manila. One regiment constitutes a large and impressive body of men. Multiply that by three and you will have the number of Democrats Mayor Phelan would appoint and who would serve under his direction and control in future campaigns. In marching order they would stretch from the ferries to Montgomery street. What a magnificent political machine they would constitute! The scope of the scheme commands our political admiration, but it likewise awakens a fear and a dread of the next national campaign.

The Charter is not a "Democratic charter;" it is not a "Phelan charter." It is the "People's charter." Any respectable mayor would have taken an interest in such a document, drafted and adopted during his administration. If it is a bad or a dangerous thing to entrust the mayorality to a respectable Republican now, it will be an equally dangerous thing to do so at any succeeding election. If you are a Republican you would not care to believe this.

The great hue and cry raised by Democracy to elect Phelan "this time" is based solely upon the immense patronage he, as a Democratic mayor, would have to deal out. They are striving to lay the foundation for a party machine that will make San Francisco Democratic for years to come. and they are concealing this greedy desire behind the pretension that this election is Non-Partisan, that, as Mr. Phelan fathered the charter, he should set it in motion, and that we ought to give Mr. Phelan another chance. No sensible voter should be misled by such cheap clap trap, —no sensible voter will be misled by it.

Mayor Phelan has had for an opponent in this contest a manly, honest, upright gentleman. Mr. Davis has conducted his fight honorably—honorably in every particular. It is regrettable that Mr. Phelan has been led or has chosen to stoop to political trickery far beneath his dignity. In former campaigns,when Mr. Phelan felt certain of election, he conducted himself and his campaigns on pretty broad and generous lines; now, however, that he has a formidable rival who promises to defeat him, a side of his character not heretofore in evidence has been strongly brought out, exhibiting him as another and different man from what the public had learned to believe him.

If you are a Republican, vote for Horace Davis.

If you are a sound money Democrat, vote for Horace Davis, for to put a Democratic mayor in power would render doubtful the victory of the Republican ticket in this city and state at the coming national election.

The "Young Man" Cry in the Campaign.

A GENTLEMAN discussing with the writer the coming municipal campaign, stated that he believed that as a rule the "young men" would vote for Mr. Phelan. Asked "why?" he declared that the chief reason seemed to be that Mr. Phelan was a "young man."

The "young man" who votes for Mr. Phelan or any other "young man" upon such a basis, is sadly lacking in intelligence. The "young men" of San Francisco are not, in the judgment of the writer, made of such poor stuff as to be moved, in a matter so important, by motives so trivial. By the same process of reasoning all red-headed men should vote for the candidate with the auburn hair; all cross-eyed men adhere to the candidate with a cast in his eye. Men with whiskers would not vote for smooth-faced men and vice versa. It is nonsense.

All things being equal it would seem natural that a young man should encourage the nomination and election of young men; but bless your soul, all things are not equal in this contest. The "young man" who has any idea of remaining in San Francisco does not want the surrender of the Philippines. He does not regard the miserable little Aguinaldo as a modern Washington. He does not, if he has the right sort of sense, believe in free silver and the dozens of populistic notions that have taken hold of Democracy. The young man—at least the young man for whose judgment or friendship we care a rap—has long ago recognized that Republican national rule means national prosperity. He recognizes that we have now entered upon such an era, and that for the first time in years we will pass through a winter without being compelled to provide charity work for the unemployed. The young man who has a well-shaped head fixed on his shoulders due north and south, is not going to be guided in this election by any such miserable and unworthy sentiment as "I am going to vote for Mr. Phelan because he is a young man." The coming municipal election is fraught with importance national as well as municipal; and the young man who fritters away his ballot because Mr. Phelan is a "Native Son" or because he is a "young man" closes his eyes to the future and shuts out the threatening possibilities of the coming national campaign.

Friendships and fraternal association should cut no figure in this campaign. It was well enough to vote for Mr. Phelan last year and the campaign before that. "The Wave" supported Mr. Phelan through both of those campaigns. The young man has done pretty well by Mr. Phelan; he has reaped a rich political harvest because he is a "young man." But he should not pose as the "only young man" in the city. There is an unwritten law in American politics against electing a man for a third term. Washington declined it as being subversive to American institutions, and as great a man as General Grant was defeated for venturing to transgress that rule. The great danger in electing Mr. Phelan this time is not that he will give the city a bad administration; it is not because he is not honest; not because he will not serve the city well, but because he is a Democrat and will have the appointment of thousands of municipal employes—between three and five thousand, we believe—who will all work for the defeat of the Republican National ticket at the election to be held next year. This is one of the times when the young man who believes in a National Republican party should stick by that party; it is the time when the young man who believes in maintaining the American flag in the Philippines should stick by that flag. The party that Mr. Phelan represents, and the party that the thousands of Democrats he will appoint will represent, will, in 1900 be drawn up in battle against that young man, and friendship and fraternal organizations and "young-manism" will cut no figure in that contest. It will be a fight for blood. It will be a fight to perpetuate or destroy the results of Dewey's brilliant achievements. It will be a fight to make good the gallant work done by our First California regiment in the Phillipines, and if the "young man" who is going to vote for Mr. Phelan because he is a "young man" appeals to his Democratic friends or to Mr. Phelan's municipal employes for political support, they will tell him, just as he should tell them now "I cannot betray my national party, but intend to stick by it whenever and wherever it is in jeopardy."

A Rush to Siberia.

SO many reports are brought into Seattle of rich gold discoveries in Alaska that people have grown accustomed to them and nobody gets excited. A recent story has made rather more of an impression. It is said that the Russian Government proposes to throw open Siberia to American prospectors. Now the formation of Siberia is similar to that of western Alaska, more particularly to the Nome district. Miners believe that the Czar's country is just as rich in gold as Alaska and plans have already been made for a number of men to cross Behring Strait just as soon as the ice forms. They will prospect the country and if there is any mineral will find it. The reports indicate that at least five hundred men from Nome and St. Michaels will make the trip across the ice. The distance is less than one hundred and fifty miles from Nome and it ought to be easy travelling. Sledges, dogs and reindeer will be used. The route will be up the coast of Alaska to the Congregational Mission and thence west across the straits and the islands to East Cape in Siberia. Once on the Russian coast the men will separate and prospect the various rivers, for they hope to find placer ground. It is easier to work and when it does pay it pays tremendously. The only manner in which the miners can get at the truth of the report is by way of Washington. The government has already been asked for information, but when it is given out it will have to be sent to Skaguay, telegraphed from that point to Dawson and then carried down the Yukon to Nome. There are several ships at the latter place ready to sail for Seattle, but there are no more going in and it is doubtful if a vessel could reach the port this winter. The ice has already begun to form and there is no ship powerful enough to break through it. It is possible that a good many of the adventurous spirits in the North may make the trip without waiting for government advice, but the laws of Siberia are very rigid and it is probable they will find themselves in prison should the report of the opening of the country prove untrue. It may lead to all sorts of complications between the United States and the Great Bear. However, this is anticipating. Should gold be found in the Russian territory, it will mean a tremendous boom for Seattle and other coast cities. Every available inch of sailing space on the vessels that are to sail in the spring for Nome has been taken and hundreds of telegrams and letters are being received asking for accomodations. It is believed that the rush to Cape Nome will be greater than that to the Klondike two years ago. There will not be any long overland trip,for the passengers can be landed right at the beach and if the Siberian story proves to be true more people will go north next spring than ever before. Seattle hotel men are preparing for it. At present there is not an empty room in the town and the only way they will be able to accomodate the rush next year will be by building several new caravansaries, but they will not help very much. Private families will have to throw open their extra rooms or else the newcomers will have to camp in the street. This is not overdrawn. The spring will prove the truth of it.

A victory for the Democratic ticket at the coming municipal election will not mean that the voters of San Francisco believe in Bryan or endorse free silver; nor will it mean that they repudiate President McKinley. The "Wave" makes no such claim; but we do solemnly warn Republicans that the victory of Mayor Phelan will give him the appointment of thousands of municipal employes; that it will result in the upbuilding of a powerful and Democratic machine, rendering it difficult, if not impossible, to carry this city for McKinley and sound money one year hence.

INAUGURATION OF BENJAMIN IDE WHEELER AS PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA.

1. BENJAMIN IDE WHEELER. (*Taber*) 2. REGENT HALLADIE. 3. THE NEW PRESIDENT ACCEPTING CONGRATULATIONS. 4 A GROUP OF PROFESSORS. 5. A CORTEGE OF REGENTS AND PRESIDENTS 6. PRESIDENT GILMAN ADDRESSING THE MULTITUDE. 7. REGENTS AND PROFESSORS ON THE WAY TO THE CAMPUS. 8. DR. JORDAN IS HEARD.

THE INAUGURATION AT BERKELEY.

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF THE CEREMONY AND OF THE MEN WHO PARTICIPATED.

IT was a democratic ceremony, the installation of Benjamin Ide Wheeler as president of the University of California at Berkeley. A German band in citizen's costume sat under a noble campus oak and played selections from the classics during the proceedings; a disorganized procession of faculty and Regents and of more or less distinguished visitors in ordinary clothes escorted three university presidents in scholastic cap and gown across a field into the athletic grounds; and ten thousand students, friends and alumni of the university sat on the bleachers or stood on the in-field and howled with football vigor in approval of the speakers, in process of making Professor Benjamin Ide Wheeler of Cornell President Wheeler of California. It was so simple that you could hardly realize that this was the opening of a new era for the University of California. Oxford or one of her Germanic sisters would have made a more elaborate fuss over the installation of a single professor.

Not that I think any the less of California therefore. If the real thing is there, it shines through ceremony and affectation and all that can thereupon be imposed by overcivilization. Because we are still the crude West, the new West, the West that is even more ashamed than the rest of the American people to seem to be yielding reverence to anything, a Faculty and Fellows in plug hats—and some of them not even that—hand over the keys to their new executive to the accompaniment of a chorus of student cheering reminiscent of a football game. This is good and as it shou d be. It shows that the wheels are not clogged by cobwebby tradition; that in the West, the growing part of the country, we are going to do things for ourselves and learn by our own mistakes. The pomp and ceremony will come sometime when California has her new buildings and the ivy has found time to grow on them, and they will be ceremonies of her very own, a product of her soil, an outgrowth from her own history.

To me, the interest of the spectacle lay not in the picturesque crowd, for you can see such a crowd, smaller but more enthusiastic, at any intercollegiate games, nor in the ceremonies, for they were comprised, as I have said, in the wearing of cap and gown by the three university presidents and the transfer of a golden key of office, nor yet in the speeches, which expressed the sentiments the speakers have put on record long ago; but rather in the contrast between the incoming president of the University of California and the man who welcomed him on behalf of the sister university—Doctor Jordan of Stanford. For over a score of years, if they complete the allotted span, the educational control of the State is to be in their hands. These are to be momentous years for the California institutions. In this time they are to take shape, to settle into the form in which they are to grow during the generations. And on Wheeler and Jordan will depend the manner of their growth, for the modern university president, like the modern mayor, is something of a czar in his little domain. Jordan touched the keynote in his speech of welcome when he said, "The university is what the president makes it."

David Starr Jordan is a figure more or less familiar to all Californians. As he strode out into the speaker's stand with a scholastic gown, all too short for his great height, on his broad shoulders, he looked strangely out of place. It is perhaps the first time since he left his own college and the necessity of wearing what other people dictated, that he ever appeared in the livery of the old scholasticism that he believes we have outgrown, and he was wearing it now only out of courtesy. This is typical of the man. His great intellectual force and his small intellectual faults spring from the same trait—a hatred of the useless part of old systems, and impatience with anything he considers cant or affectation. It is a scientific mind; that it is a great one goes without saying, but it is also true that this very greatness in one line is balanced, as it has to be in some minds, by a lacking in other directions. Jordan is a smiter, a man of force, who could have been a big man in many other lines than science and education had he chosen them instead, but his best friend could not call him a polished man. The speech by which he welcomed Wheeler was fairly typical. Succinct, forceful, to the point, large in conception—and yet he told that critical University audience that something or other "cut no figure." It is the speech of strength, but hardly that of culture.

President Wheeler, square-jawed, resolute in appearance, confident of movement, steady of eye, represents a different type. He is as far as is Jordan from your old-time college professor of the bulging forehead, slim legs and absent, speculative mind. A young man, full of force and vigor, he is lacking, perhaps, in some of the daring originality of his friendly rival, but he has that true concern for culture which the other lacks. Greek, the university study at which the modern professor of sciences most cavils, is his teaching specialty. And I fancy that his mistakes, if he makes any, will run in the direction of regarding culture and polish and all that is therein involved of more account than preparation for immediate usefulness in life. While Jordan is writing science studies for the magazine, Wheeler is making a popular biography of Alexander the Great. But Wheeler is also a great athlete, a believer in physical development, and the determination and vigor of his character were exhibited in that preliminary struggle for control with the regents of U. C. Herein comes the paradox in this comparison. Jordan, the intellectual warrior, is, in practical affairs, the diplomat of the pair; it is Wheeler who gains his ends by demanding and staying by the demand.

These are the men who control the two greatest educational institutions in California. If they succeed in building the characters of the two universities in accordance with their own views on things, it is not hard to see where California and Stanford will be at the end of two more decades. Stanford, stamped with the character of the stalwart Jordan, will be an institution which stands for strength as Yale has stood East, the mother of active men of affairs, more than likely men of a philistine bent, but strong for all that; California, on the contrary, will fulfil Harvard's function as the center of culture, the conservator of the fine arts, the patron of learning in the abstract for the Western Empire. Neither of these functions are higher than the other, both are necessary, and since both rarely grow alongside one another in one single institution, Californians may consider themselves fortunate in having the cycle completed by this variant growth on the same soil of California and Stanford.

W. I.

"CHILDREN OF THE GHETTO."

HOW BLANCHE BATES' ACTING AND AN AMUSING CONTROVERSY ARE SAVING THE ZANGWILL PLAY.

ISRAEL Zangwill, the mighty, did not give New York a very good play in "Children of the Ghetto," but he contributed something to the gaiety of the Burg of Manhattan. It is the talk of the town just now, which is, I suspect, the result sought by Mr. Zangwill and his astute managers. They are of a race, be it observed, which is not noted for slipping up on financial opportunities, and they know as well as the next one that after a really good play there is nothing which pays so well as a play with a controversy attached. This, an ye hark to me, is back of a most amusing discussion between the author and the dramatic critics of the New York dailies.

The tale properly begins with the first appearance of the noted Hebrew in this country. From the time that he grappled with the interviewers at the gang plank of the steamer, he showed himself the most inflated of all the inflated foreigners who ever visited our shores. He demonstrated a fine contempt for newspaper people in general and interviewers in particular, but the few statements dragged from his reluctant lips were those of a man who regards himself as the Center of Things. Finally, someone got him to lecture on "The Drama" for some society or other; that speech finished him off in the estimation of New Yorkers. Others there have been who were so unwise or so discourteous as to come to our shores and patronize the land from which they expected to make money, but he went all comers one better. He took a fall out of both managers and critics by denouncing the former as members of the theatrical trust and the latter as "so tame that they eat out of the hands of the managers." This was not calculated to make the critics love him any *too* well. His next offense against good taste occurred when the advance notices of his drama began to appear on the billboards and in the New York papers. It was not called "Children of the Ghetto by Israel Zangwill," if you please, but "The Zangwill Play." This attitude of inflated conceit was maintained in the programs of the first night's performance, wherein "The Zangwill Play" and "By Israel Zangwill" were printed in huge, flaring type that outdid even the advertisements on the margin.

It might have been all right even then, if Zangwill hadn't made a speech. That was the straw that broke the camel's back. He lined up with manuscript notes in his hand and started in to do justice to that noble theme—himself. Those manuscript notes made half of the subsequent trouble. He says that they comprised a prologue which ought to have been spoken, but which the hard-hearted management cut out, and that he "may have jotted down a half-dozen notes or so on the back." At any rate, Clement Scott, who "does the dramatic" for the *Herald* and had heard Zangwill's speeches before and knew what was coming, went out and announced in his paper that "when he left, Zangwill was still talking."

This was too much for Israel. He might have endured Scott's aspersions on the play, on his ignorance of dramatic workmanship, on the dulness of the whole thing, but when our imported English critic dare to attack his personality—he, The Zangwill, who had come to make way for art—well, indignation is a mild term to apply to his state of mind. His managers, I think, saw the chance to prop a falling house and egged him on. So that next week every dramatic critic in the country received a bit of a letter from the hand of the author. This letter is a pearl. I would that I could reproduce the whole of its five closely-written folios as a contribution to American humor—of the unconscious kind. The supreme, unqualified gall—I can call it by no other name—of a man who would assume, as he does in this letter, that America has been waiting for him to unseal the fountain-head of the drama, that the whole land was holding its breath attendant on the Zangwill play, goes beyond human imagination and touches the sublime. It is well done, of its sort, though, and it must be said in justice that he gets Mr. Scott in a very touchy point when he refers to the opinions of that distinguished critic on some of the Frenchy plays which have held the New York boards this season, "Zaza" and "The Rounders" in special. Here is a sample:

"When I heard of your arrival, and the reasons that prompted you to shake off the dust of the English stage; how you were flying from the tainted atmosphere of degenerate and brainless plays into the land of artistic purity and freedom, I rejoiced. I said to myself, in this world which I have been warned is full of enemies—Providence is sending me a friend. Disappointed as Clement Scott will be to find "Zaza" and "The Rounders" in this home of purity, he will be consoled when he sees my play, in which there is no question but of noble love and spiritual sacrifice. * * * This, Sir, is what I fondly imagined until I saw your raptures over "Zaza" and "The Rounders." But my shock at finding that you were not shocked by "Zaza" and "The Rounders" is as nothing to my shock at finding that you were shocked by "Children of the Ghetto." And why were you shocked? Because of comic allusions to the Messiah, the Paschal Lamb, the Passover."

But the thing that rankles and will not down in the Zangwill bosom is the awful thought that Mr. Scott "at half past eleven left Zangwill still talking." He starts his letter with a refutation of that scandal and ends it with a bitter wail appealing to the American people to believe that he stopped at a quarter past.

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It is funny, and it has saved the financial end of the production which is now running past the "first cost" mark on the strength of public interest in the controversy and of the acting of Blanche Bates, for there are no two opinions about Blanche Bates. Zangwill even stops praising himself for a moment in order to commend her work, and those of the other side declare that it saved the play. This young actress excellent as she was at the time when she burst on New York in "The Great Ruby," has improved beyond measure. Usually, the poorer the play the better must the actor be. Not only this, but in a failure of this class, where the lack is in dramatic situation, the actor, not the playwright, has to create the character. Miss Bates had, moreover, to do something entirely new. She must express the Hebrew character subtly and delicately, for emotional purposes—a thing which has never before confronted an actress of Aryan blood. The least touch of overportrayal would have made it caricature, to be classed with the comic Hebrew familiar on the stage. When Miss Bates made her first hit at Daly's she proved herself an actress; now, we know that she is an artist. Her last scene in the play, where, having given up everything to faith, she abandons herself to tragic resignation, is one of those little bits from the masters of the stage which linger in the memory of an old play-goer.

Here are a few of the many things New York is saying about her acting of the role. The *World* says:

Last night, as the Jewish heroine, she gave an impersonation which for repose, simplicity, depth, variety and artistic fulness entitled her without question to a place on the topmost rung of theatrical celebrity.

This is from William Winter of the *Tribune*.

This is an actress of deep sensibility, of a sweet and fine temperament, of a beautiful personal appearance, and of uncommon capacity for expresssion. It was not difficult for her to represent a young woman of noble mind, high spirit, ardent affections, and sound moral principles. Those phrases sufficiently denote the character of Hannah Jacobs. She is not, intrinsically, a dramatic person, and she is not required to participate in any exigency of strong action that is essentially dramatic. For her, and for her lover and her father, the dramatist has framed and written one scene of passionate conflict, —the scene in which the Levitical ordinance against the marriage is declared, and in which the impetuous feelings of the betrothed lovers are evoked in opposition to the pious will of the Rabbi. In this the acting of Miss Bates, representative of a fervent yet conscientious spirit torn by varying impulses, was dignified and vitalized with splendid excitement, and alike in utterance and demeonor, was indicative of a most unusual command of the resources not alone of feeling but of that excellent art which, while it holds passion in perfect restraint, makes it seem absolutely spontaneous and gives to it the wings of the tempest and the reckless force of the storm.

And the others in the same strain, until the ears of all good Californians ought to burn.

DRAYTON.

New York Oct. 29.

THE BLACK DREAD.

BRITON AND BOER ALARMED AT THE POSSIBILITY OF A NATIVE UPRISING.

While the dogs in Aesop's fable fought for the bone of contention, the harmless, neccessary cat came in and removed it to a place of safety. More than once, while two nations have been rolling one over the other in the atmosphere of howls, hair and pure delight of the regular *combat de chien*, another people, which has sat on the fence and "sicced" them on before the fray, has sneaked in and helped itself to the disputed territory in the absence of its natural defenders.

Such a solution is not beyond the possibilities in the present South African war, and the existence of the third and undetermined factor is worrying British statesmen more than a little. For they can deal with the Boers and the threatened European Alliance in the fashion of civilized warfare, but there is no dealing with the "black dread." Plainly stated, all England fears an uprising of the native people on the Transvaal border, and the terror of consequences is not lessened by the fact that this insurrection, if it occurs, will be directed mainly against the Boers. The Savages of South Africa are as merciless as Indians. Should they sweep down on the defenseless farms of Transvaal—defenseless because their men are away fighting the British on their own borders—there would be such a massacre as would make the deeds of our frontier Indians look small by comparison. Justly or unjustly, the nations hostile to Great Britain would put on her the moral burden of this uprising. More than that, such a war, if it could find a leader, would be large enough to threaten not only the Dutch settlers but even the English colonies. It is not at all beyond the range of possibilities that this most romantic of all modern wars will end by both the white parties now fighting one another stopping to make common cause against the savage foe.

So much has the struggle between Boer and Briton absorbed our attention, that we are like to forget that South Africa is still a black man's land. South of Zambesi, there are 750,000 whites, and about 8,000,000 blacks—that is, the proportion is ten to one. From the Zambesi north, the ratio of whites to blacks is so small as to be unworthy of mention. The native hordes which extend from that river to the Soudan are so great as to be almost beyond estimation—millions on millions. They are trained warriors, every one of them, unacquainted, of course, with modern warfare, but mighty through their numbers and their undoubted courage. They could not win in a struggle against the whites any more than the Boers can now win against the British, but they could make South Africa a slaughter-ground until they were exterminated by force of superior arms.

The natives in the Transvaal are divided into two classes, the civilized blacks, servants and tillers of the soil, and the tribal or wild blacks. The former live in huts, profess Christianity and have a veneer of European ways; they are mostly employed as farm laborers, porters or miners. The latter, by all odds the more numerous, are in the state in which the white men found them. The strongest people in power and numbers are the Kaffirs, who are spread over all South Africa, but Natal and the Orange Free State in especial. They number about 6,000,000 souls, and include many subsidiary tribes. The tribe we know best is the Zulu, more properly the Amazulu, which is in reality a federation of smaller states rather than a tribe. It is generally supposed that the Zulus are braver and more formidable as warriors than the other Kaffirs. This is a mistake. They excel in war because of a marvelous organization, the work of a Napoleon of the Negro people. This great leader, Tshaka—the name is also spelled T'Chka Chaka and Thacka—is familiar to everyone acquainted with the novels of Haggard, who has a tremendous admiration for the savage emperor. The history of his work with the Zulus begins in the eighteenth century, when another savage of genius, Dingiswayo, an exiled chief, visited the English settlements at the cape. He saw there some

(Continued on Page 7)

The manufacture of water gas is to be discontinued in Boston within a few months, and coal gas will be substituted. There has been a steady increase in the city during the last six years in the number of deaths, accidental and suicidal, from the water gas, and it is believed by the health authorities that for each death caused by this means there are one hundred persons suffering more or less from the escape of the same gas from defective pipes and fixtures.

IN THE SECOND ACT—FRANK WORTHING AND BLANCHE BATES.

IN THE FIRST ACT

PORTRAIT OF THE BELOVED ONE.

BLANCHE BATES AS "HANNAH" IN "CHILDREN OF THE GHETTO."

The Municipal Campaign.

WHATEVER the immediate future may have in store, it cannot truly be urged that the campaign now on is lively. On the contrary, there is much less excitement than there was a year ago, though that was but for a twelve months' incumbency. Speech-making we are having in plenty—oratory is being aired all over town, but much less money is being spent in advertising or printing, and most canvasses are being made verbally. This is due largely to the Supreme's Court's delay in announcing its decision in the new charter case. Until it was certain that an election would take place, the candidates held their hands. The result is that no particular competition has been engendered, nothing comparable for instance to the fight for assessor between Dodge and Siebe in '98, or that between Bonnet and Martin for sheriff. A prominent printer told me the other day that he had used last fall, in preparing candidates' cards 80,000 sheets of cardboard, whereas up to date this time he had consumed but 6,000 sheets, and yet this time the prizes are infinitely better worth the winning and there is a great deal more to fight for. Most of the candidates are attending the district meetings. The two parties are holding gatherings every night throughout the city. Speakers address the audiences on the issue of the campaign and the nominees go round and make acquaintances. This method has its virtues, but though a great many voters are reached the silent vote is untouched.

Extraordinarily Good Tickets.

ON THE whole, it must be said that both tickets are extraodinarliy good. The candidates with but few exceptions, are first rate men. Never before has San Francisco had such supervisorial material to pick from. Take for instance such men as Milo S. Jeffers, or Captain Goodsell, Colonel Boxton, Colonel Duboce, Nathan Bibo, George R. Sanderson, I. N. Truman, and William Watson on the Republican side, and Dr. D'Ancona, Chas. Wesley Reed, Joseph Tobin, Richard Hotaling, Emil Pohli, A. Compte, Jr., W. N. McCarthy, James Booth, Osgood Putnam, H. U. Brandenstein, Thos. Jennings and M. J. Fontana on the Democratic side. From such a multiplicity of good material one must select on the basis of personal preference. At least the city is safe whatever happens. As to the other officers there are few bad men before the public. Some there are who ought to be elected, Dr. Dodge and Franklin K. Lane, Asa R. Wells and W. A. Deane and John Lackman, who have served the city honestly and well and deserve recognition and encouragement. The records of Mr. Lane and Dr. Dodge are so well known as to hardly need journalistic endorsement. Mr. Deane seems to have won the admiration of the Bar and the Bench by his conduct of the County Clerk's office. No one doubts that John Lackman will make as faithful and honest a sheriff as he proved as a supervisor. Among the new men the candidacy of Edmond Godchaux for Recorder is especially worthy. He has been tried and found worthy in many public capacities and is a most satisfactory nominee. Conspicuous instances thereof one finds in the case of Milo S. Jeffers, a dyed-in-the-wool Republican, whose family has been American for 250 years and whose grandfather assisted in the organization of the party and in that of Captain Goodsell, a pioneer steamboat man of considerable wealth and great public spirit, who has emerged from the seclusion of a well-spent life to aid the city and the party of his principles. These men, old, shrewd, careful business men, are admirable material for supervisors, and for the sake of San Francisco I trust they will be elected.

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The Democrats seem to have persuaded into running a number of wealthy young men—for instance, Richard Hotaling, a member of the big firm of Hotaling & Co., Joseph Tobin, of Tobin & Tobin, attorneys of the Hibernia Bank, W. N. McCarthy, the capitalist, A. Compte, Jr., and several others. M. J. Fontana is the superintendent of the big cannery combine. Dr. D'Ancona is a leading physician, H.U. Brandenstein, a scion of the large Brandenstein conneetion. This set makes fine political material, of a type rare in American politics. It is disinterested, well educated and of high moral tone.

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Newspapermen are not numerous on the ticket this election. There are, however, James Booth, who is a candidate for supervisor on the Democratic ticket, used to be city editor of the *Report*, is an ex-president of the Press Club and has a high standing in and out of the profession. G. L. Carpenter, for police judge on the Republican side, used to write "Out of the Groove" on the *Post*, is an all round newspaperman and is now president of the Press Club and prosecuting attorney in the Police Court.

The Totem Pole's Revenge.

AS THOUGH the tutelary deity guarding the Seattle totem-pole had lain a curse upon all who tore it away from the bones it was set to guard, the newest public monument of Seattle is proving a veritable apple of discord. It was cleaned, painted and set up on Pioneer Square; then the trouble commenced. Citizens with an eye for beauty declared it homely; citizens learned in antiquarian love decided that its place was a museum rather than a public park, citizens with inconvenient consciences declared that it ought to be restored to its original owners. The original owners have had their say, also. In days gone by, they would have swooped down in a war-canoe and scalped the pale-face who held captive their desecrated deity. But the Indian has changed; these degenerates made peaceable appeal to an attorney, who is charged with solving the mighty problem, "who swiped the totem-pole?" Meanwhile, the cause of the mess shines in new war-paint and sticks out his wooden tongue at the lodges of his captors. A citizen who passed the park very late the other night declares that he saw the totem looking out with a fiendish grin over the sleeping city which he has thrown into discord. Moreover, the narrator avers that the figure looked on him and winked one of his yellow eyes. As this citizen had been attending an opposition meeting to the W. C. T. U. Convention, his tale is given for what it is worth.

President Hadley and Yale Democracy.

YALE University has stood by her traditions of democracy rather than exclusiveness and strength rather than polish by putting at her head a man who is pledged to carry out these traditions to the end. Arthur Hadley, the new president, was installed this month with a pomp and ceremony in remarkable contrast to the simple observances by which Benjamin Ide Wheeler was made president of our own University of California. Indeed, this excess of ceremony was in seeming contradiction with a declaration which was the most notable passage of his address. This utterance was a denunciation of the spirit of aristocratic exclusiveness which, he says, is growing up in Yale, and a pledge to support the ancient Yale Democracy. It is a question whether any executive head can control a sentiment which comes by natural growth among the students, yet there is no doubt that Yale is following Harvard in working away from that democracy of intellect which marks the perfect university, and which ought, above all things, to characterize the American University. If Hadley can successfully combat this tendency from his seat above the students, he is a bigger man than I take him to be, and I give him all due credit at that. All the more honor to him if he succeeds.

FRANKLIN K. LANE, Dem. Candidate for City and County Attorney.

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The fact that the democratic spirit of Yale has lasted to the present time is due to one single student to whom it was virtually a life-work, for he died just after completing his college course. This young man was W. H. Vanderbilt, the "heir-apparent" of that famous family. When he entered Yale, something over a decade ago, the movement toward aristocracy in college—the same spirit which has since done much to spoil the atmosphere of Harvard—was just beginning to prevail. The scoins of the aristocratic families of New York and New England were drawing themselves apart from the others. Membership in upper-class societies and in other bodies by which distinction is supposed to be conferred was becoming conditional *not* on the abilities and popularity of the students, but on the wealth and social prestige of their families. And this small aristocracy was refusing to mingle with the other men in college. Young Vanderbilt went to Yale with the social position and the money to make him a supreme head among the men of this sort. As he came to be an upper classman and to have something to say in college affairs he refused to be exclusive. He associated with whomever he liked, rich or poor, high or low. If his friends among the rich and high refused to recognize his friends among the poor and low, the former were dropped from the list of his acquaintance. Single-handed, he broke this exclusive spirit, and the men of Yale have remembered it.

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The W. C. T. U. at Seattle.

THE Seattle convention of the W. C. T. U. was so successful that even the heavens became converted to the cold-water theory, and furnished a bountiful supply. The delegates were met at the station by a torrent of their favorite beverage, which continued its complimentary course during the whole session. Mount Rainier, ashamed at having given his name to a brand of beer, hid his diminished head. Only one afternoon was that hoary crown visible, and on that day the delegates, many of whom had come hundreds of miles, adjourned in short order to enjoy the sight. For the rest of the time, there was only work and a great deal of it. Considering that there ladies were visitors and expected to do some sight-seeing, the amount of labor they transacted in their three sessions a day was really surprising.

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A Case for the Courts.

A CAUSE for immediate government intervention is the overcrowding of passenger vessels on the Alaskan route, a condition which has gone so far as to be a disgrace to the Northwest. Three times in the past month toy steamers with an extreme carrying capacity of twenty or thirty men have brought into Seattle a cargo of two hundred miners each. The unlucky passengers were packed in between decks in an atmosphere which resembled that of the Black Hole of Calcutta; as if this were not bad enough, the voyagers, men already reduced in health by their Alaskan experience, were literally starved through the niggardly provision of the owners. The worst case, but like the others in all details, was that of the steamer *Hera*. When she hove in sight of Seattle, there was hardly an once of food on board, and the passengers were desperate with hunger. The first day out the supply of fruit, a necessity in northern climates, was exhausted; a day or two later, the meat gave out, and the rest of the voyage the men fared on reduced rations of water and flour. Two died of this treatment; the rest landed in Seattle dirty, thin, unkempt, and on the verge of insanity. Many of them had to be placed in hospital. As soon as they were strong enough, the passengers got together and resolved to take action against the owners. It is to be hoped that the judgment obtained will be heavy enough to serve as a warning to the other greedy steamship men who, eager to enrich themselves on the Klondike gold, trifle in this fashion with the lives put in their keeping.

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The Government and the Future of Seattle.

A PROOF that others recognize the possibilities of Seattle so long insisted on by the loyal residents of Queen city, comes from Washington in the action of the government authorities concerning the new post-office accomodations. When the volume of business grew too great for the old quarters, the matter of a new postoffice came up before Congress, which appropriated $300,000 for the purpose. When, however, Seattle began to call for immediate action, Assistant Post Master-General Perry S. Heath promptly vetoed the measure. His action was not inspired by any hostility to the Queen city; quite the reverse. The official held that in the erection of such a building, future as well as present needs should be taken into consideration; that, in his judgment, ten more years will see the city grown clear beyond a postoffice building like the one planned by Congress. To prove this contention, he cited the increase of local post-office business in the past two years. It is pleasant to feel that Seattle's faith in her future is confirmed by unprejudiced outsiders, and the citizens may curb their impatience over the present inadequate facilities by the thought that a recognition of the greatness of the Northwest and not a policy of false economy is the reason for this seemingly adverse decision.

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The Famous Buffalo Hump Mine.

ANOTHER chapter to the sensational history of the Buffalo Hump gold discovery just twelve months old, has been added by the report that the Big Buffalo mine has once more found a purchaser, this time for $350,000. Five hundred thousand dollars was the price offered by Messrs. Clarke and Sweeney for a ten-foot hole in the ground last fall. Twenty-six thousand was paid in cold cash, and in the neighborhood of $100,000 expended in development. Then the mine became involved in litigation with grub-stake claimants, and Messrs. Clarke and Sweeney backed down with $150,000 in the hole. The wealthy Delamar Company then made an identical offer for the property, the hole having assumed the proportions of a respectable mine. The owners, disliking the long periods over which the payments were to be spread, declined to sign any contract. Now comes Captain Wood, representing Governor Tanner of Illinois and the Gates Iron and Steel Company, offers the original owners $250,000 for their half interest, and the grub-stake claimants $100,000 to call their suit off, $125,000 to be paid by November 11th, as a guarantee of good faith. According to Frank McGrane, a prominent mine owner of Central Idaho, now in San Francisco, all parties have agreed to the terms of the latest contract. This removes the sole retarding element in the development of the boundless mineral resources of the Bitter Root region.

BOSWELL, JR.

Work has begun on the renovation of the facade of the Cathedral of Milan. An attempt will be made to remove some of the inconsistencies of style due to the fact that four centuries were taken in the completion of the cathedral. The plan adopted is that of Guiseppe Brentano, who won the prize over 120 competitors.

FOOD FOR POWDER.

SOMETHING OF THE OFFICERS WHO ARE FACING DEATH WITH BRITAIN'S SOUTH AFRICAN ARMY.

"For the large birds of prey, they will carry you away
And you'll never see your soldiers any more,
Hip hooroar!"

THESE words, sung to forty different tunes—for they have never yet been put to music—officially, are on the tongues of all London, high and low. When you come to think of it, *aren't* we Anglo-Saxons brutal? What other people could bring the necessities and eventualities of war right face to face with those who are going out to war in that bald, unvarnished fashion? "For the large birds of prey, they will carry you away!" Fancy going out to fight knowing that your pleasant fellow-countrymen are humming it behind you. Lovely, isn't it? Yet that song has spread from the educated minority who read literature and on down to the uneducated majority who don't read either literature or Kipling, but who know

. GENERAL SIR REDNERS BULLER.

what they like, until all London knows it and even Tommy Atkins himself, who we are never to see any more, has a way of humming it on the quiet.

That is the worst of it; we don't know yet whether we are going to see him any more—dear, stiff, ill-mannered, scrapping Tommy, whom I love as a nursery-maid. We are waiting to learn whether these, who became the thin red line of heroes when the drums began to roll—can you think or talk of military affairs without doing it in Kiplingese? I can't—are really going to fight, or are going down to South Africa to garrison the country until the statesmen settle the thing among themselves in the inconsequential way that statesmen have of doing things. We aren't minding that, though; we are going down just the same to see them go away, and cheering as loudly as though there were no Sunday peace demonstrations in Hyde Park. And how these British cheer! I saw some of the Cuban volunteers depart from New York when we *knew* that they were going to fight, and I now realize that Americans don't know how to cheer. We are half ashamed of ourselves when we do it; we show our enthusiasm by hanging out flags. But the Britisher, who would be more ashamed than the American to turn loose his emotion in public on any other occasion, lifts up his voice and yells when it is a question of war. It is his one exception; he loosens at this vent all the enthusiasm which he corks up at every other point.

The popular hero of the hour, the general the British people delight to honor, as, perhaps, the Americans honored their Rough Rider, is Buller, who will lead in person. It is typical of the two races that the American war hero is Roosevelt, the versatile, dashing, somewhat spectacular leader of wild cowboys, while the English fall down before Buller who, like Kitchener, is a man of iron, a fighter without personality, who never uses three words when two will answer, and was never known to yield a point, save on the command of his superior, in all the forty years of his service. He has an honor which the British populace delights in more than in any honorary title of the Bath or the Garter, the Victoria Cross, made to decorate the tunic of private or general alike if he has only won it by a deed of bravery. He gained the decoration twice in one day. It was in the Zulu campaign of 1879 that he came upon Captain D'Arcy, who was wounded and pursued on foot by Zulus. Buller took the captain on his horse and carried him through the lines of the savages, matching his pistol against their assegais. Later in the day, he risked his life in a similar manner for a common trooper whose horse had been killed under him. If you will turn to the files of the London weeklies of 1879, you will find them ringing with this exploit, which secured Buller's place in the hearts of the English. Those who know his private life say that there is another side to the man, that to his few friends he is a charming companion. It is also know to the few that he is an enthusiast over gardening. Fancy this first-class fighting man dallying with rose-slips!

In person, Buller is now a thick-set, strongly-built man of sixty. His is the physique so often seen in the British army officer, a man who has been lithe and active in his early boyhood, and who hardens into strength instead of degenerating into corpulency as age comes on. Even now, he rides first to hounds on his country estates. His face, of the bull-dog type, expresses self-reliance above every other characteristic. They say that this used to amount to something very near conceit in his youth, but time has changed it into the more desirable quality. Big men are not conceited; and a man of sufficient ability to be chosen by Lord Wolesley, who understands army men better than anyone else on earth, to supreme command of Briton's greatest expedition of the century, can be no small man. Of course his bravery goes without saying; that is expected in a British officer. And thereon hangs the fact that Buller believes himself to be going to his doom. He is a bit of a fatalist, and he thinks that this is to be his last campaign with no retired list on the end. It will be no surprise if this proves true, for the Boer riflemen, who do not miss, single out leaders especially and everyone remembers that the last British General who led a Boer campaign found his death in Transvaal.

In contrast to Buller the martinet, is another famous officer who goes out on his staff—Lieutenant-General Lord Methuen. Lord Methuen is something of a *beau sabreur* and is loved in society, for which he has a leaning. For all that, he is one of the most unaffected of men, and takes the distinctions of aristocratic birth not at all seriously. They tell of him a story which might almost have come from Lincoln. In the first Transvaal war, he commanded a body of irregulars containing two or three snobbish young aristocrats who "put on airs." One day, one of these was brought up before Methuen for some trivial offense and had a severe reprimand. "I don't think you know who I am," said he. "I am the Hon. Augustus ——!" "How interesting," answered the commander. "Permit me to introduce myself. I am Paul Sanford, Lord Methuen, and I have the honor of sentencing you to fourteen days C. B.!"

Twice has royal blood been spilled in England's struggles in South Africa. First, there was the young Prince Imperial of France, who went down in the Zula war; Prince Henry of Battenburg was killed on the Ashanti expedition. This war may well bury a third scion of royalty in the Dark Continent, for young Prince Christian Victor of Schlezwig-Holstein, son of Prince and Princess Christian, and great grandson, therefore, of the Queen, is on Sir Redvers Buller's staff, and will occupy, in view of the sort of warfare waged by the Boers, a position of great personal danger. He is only a little past thirty, an old Oxford blue for cricket and, it is said, a strong favorite with Her Majesty.

Indeed, there is another connection of the royal family on Buller's staff, Major Count Gleichen, the grandson of Victoria's half-sister. Those who believe that the stock of royalty is degenerate should see this fine young officer, who reminds me of nothing so much as some of the great, full-chested, broad-shouldered football guards I have seen in our own universities. A good shot, a yachting man as becomes his birth—for he is a grandson on his mother's side, of Admiral Seymour—he is also a writer of no mean ability, and we may expect some stirring accounts of the South African campaign from his pen.

AMOS SHELDON.

(Continued from Page 5)

British troops in action, and, admiring their methods of drill, determined to apply them to his own people. He returned to his tribe, regained the throne, and began to organize his warriors in "impis" or regiments. His lieutenant in this work was young Tshaka. Succeeding to the throne, some claim by the murder of his benefactor, this black Napoleon brough the impi to marvelous perfection and swept South Africa. Nothing could resist the rush of his trained legions; only the Swazis, hill-people, could hold out, and even they were reduced to quiescence. The work was done with all imaginable cruelty. No quarter was given, and whole millions of blacks were butchered in these wars. In his later years Tshaka, like many another conqueror, became insane with blood lust, and murdered his wives, his brothers, even his mother, for the fear of conspiracy. Finally, he himself was murdered by Dingaan, one of his surviving brothers, who carried on the work of blood until the Zulus, from an insignificant tribe, had grown to be the dictators of South Africa. This indiscriminate slaughter was to the interests of the whites in one way, for it cleared the country where the two Boer republics now stand. In the eighteenth century, the territory of Orange Free State and Transvaal held a teeming native population. By the time of the "great treck" it was barren and abandoned to wild animals; the very names of the people who held it are lost to history. Morover, the natives had no time to spare from their own dissensions to oppose the whites. The Boers had colonized the country before the Kaffirs knew it. When they had time to stop and face the whites, the black people were already scattered and riven by dissension, for with the passing of Tshaka, the black empire went to pieces. The fierce wars which the Boers sustained in the early years of their republics were waged on small and individual tribes. Even at that, Transvaal had to call on England in the seventies. The Zulu war, which gave the English, for a time, all they wanted to do, was fought with that small central section of the Amazulu people which was the original nucleus of the empire and not with the empire proper.

This, then, is the danger. A mighty commander of the type of Tshaka and Dignaan may arise at this juncture and weld together the Kaffirs. The black people hate the whites, though their enmity is directed toward the Boers, who have the faculty of making themselves hated by everyone with whom they have to do, and by the natives in especial because of the brutality of their punishments and their callousness and inhumanity in handling their Kaffir servants. The Zulu Napoleon collected an army of over a million ruthless savages. With such a force, this new Emperor of the Kaffirs, should he appear, could make it very, very warm for the whites of South Africa, and could again water with gore that dark and bloody ground of the Southern Hemisphere.

Recently, a packing-house in South Seattle was destroyed by fire and a number of choice hams were so damaged as to be unfit for market. The owners were making arrangements to have them removed to the city dump, when a stray Siwash happened along and saw the "snap." He sounded the slogan of his tribe, and in fifteen minutes the packing company was saved the expense of cartage.

It has been found that automobiles jolt more than carriages drawn by horses and are therefore less comfortable on rough roads, and this in spite of their heavy pneumatic tires. In the ordinary mode of conveyance, the horse takes a part of the shock caused by striking against stones or ruts.

HORACE DAVIS.

Distinguished Career of the Republican Candidate for Mayor.

NO CITIZEN of California has had a longer or more honorable record than Horace Davis. Twice representative of the State in Congress, President of the University of California, builder and manager of a great industrial house, controlling member, at one time and another, of the two largest commercial organizations in the State, he has lived in California continuously for over thirty years, and all that time without the slightest blemish on his name or his record. Add to all this a genial and kindly personality, broad culture and a spirit of genuine philanthrophy, and the sum total is a man who represents the highest type of American manhood. He has been before the people but little in the past few years; his business interests and his scholarly pursuits have occupied most of his attention, but the older residents of San Francisco cannot help remembering the fight he waged against the Chinese evil, and the other distinguished services which marked his career in Congress.

Horace Davis was born in Worcester, Mass., in 1831, the son of John Davis, who served the Bay State as Congressman, Senator and Governor for a continuous term of twenty-seven years. His mother was Eliza Bancroft, a sister of the great historian. The younger Davis was educated in the public schools of Massachusetts and graduated from Harvard at the age of eighteen. He then read for two years in the Harvard Law School, but, his health failing, he sailed for California in 1851, working his way on the vessel as store-keeper and painter's mate. In California he drifted about for two or three years, returning finally to the sea. He sailed as seaman on coasting vessels for a time, ending up as master of the steamer *Santa Cruz*. In 1860 he retired from the sea and began his successful business career by opening the Golden Gate Flour Mills.

The first appearance of Horace Davis in public life was in 1876, when he was elected to Congress from San Francisco, running 2,000 votes ahead of the Presidential ticket. It was in this position that he rendered his most valuable service to the State in his fight against the Chinese flood. The task was a difficult one. Congress was filled with men who had fought for the enfranchisement of the the negroes, and were prejudiced against what they termed "race discrimination." Mr. Davis had to oppose that prejudice, and he did it like a scholar by gathering data to prove that the Chinese were the subjects of special legislation wherever they had gone. This argument really won the fight against the Celestials. The credit due Mr. Davis for this fight is not lessened by the fact that the issue hurt his business interests. His firm had dealt largely with Chinese; they boycotted him for his stand, taking away a great amount of cash business.

The fight against the Chinese done, he returned to a life of more limited usefulness. He had already been for ten years president of the Produce Exchange and in 1883 he was elected president of the Chamber of Commerce, where he served for two years. Then, California gave him the highest educational honor in her power by making him president of the State University. In this capacity he acted for three years, resigning owing to the pressure of his private business in 1890. This did not end his educational activity, however, for he was placed at the head of the Lick School of Mechanical Arts at its foundation, and has remained in that position ever since. Besides this, he has been for ten years a trustee of the Public Library, a position for which he is fitted by his wide reading and his love of books for their own sake. On all this is to be added membership in the Charter Convention and continuous if quiet work for municipal reform.

The best of all this is that Horace Davis has done it for himself. He landed in San Francisco with only his brains, his education and the wages he earned on the passage. The business interests he controls, the offices of trust and honor he has held and the broad culture which marks his private character were all the work of his own abilities.

The Spokane Industrial Exposition.

THE event of the year in Spokane is the great Industrial Exposition, which opened October 3d, with appropriate ceremonies, closing in two weeks with proper regrets. This Exposition is the legitimate successor of the fruit fairs which have been held in the metropolis of the Inland Empire for the last five years, and the indefatigable Herbert Bolster was its organizer and manager. In the past, fairs meant no more than big pumpkins, rosy apples, jam, vegetables and effects in cereals. This autumn the mines were represented by the best collection of ores ever gathered north of San Francisco, the honors of which were done in admirable style by Superintendant John Featherstone.

It was a great Fair. The exhibits were spread forth in tents in the heart of Spokane, and nearly 80,000 people visited the show. Farmers and miners from all parts of the Inland Empire came to town for a vacation. They examined each other's displays of fruit, vegetables, and ores, compared notes, listened to the grand army band from Canton—President McKinley's favorite band—and had a superb time of it. The miners were delighted with this excellent representation of the great mineral wealth of the region. The display gave a vivid impression of the immense resources of the Inland Empire and brought home the prediction that Spokane would be a second Denver within a few brief years. The prizes in this department were medals of gold, silver, and bronze, which will be highly prized by the winners. An interesting feature of the mineral department was the show of miners' machinery in motion.

For next year's Industrial Exposition it will be proper and necessary that a permanent structure should be erected, for which canvas serves the turn. So important and interesting a display requires a better setting.

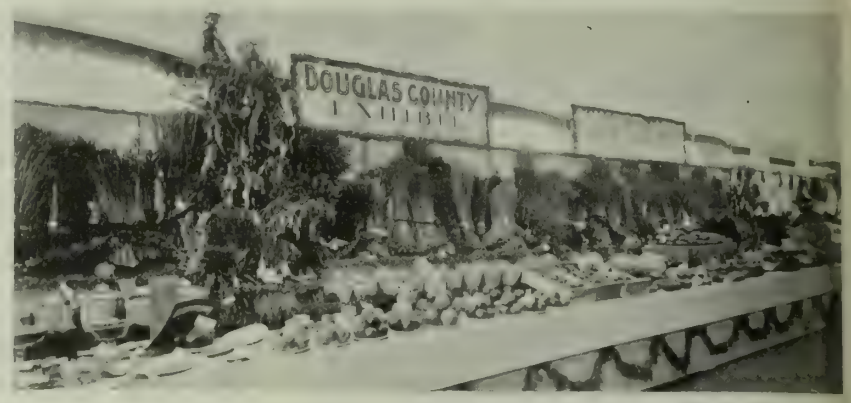
SECTION OF STOCK PARADE

STOCK PARADE ON RIVERSIDE AVE.

CORNER OF MINERAL HALL

NEZ PERCE COUNTY

AMONG THE MINERALS



DOUGLAS COUNTY

STEVENS COUNTY DISPLAY

RED CROSS BANQUET TO MINNESOTA VOLUNTEERS. *Photo by Wing*

MISS JEAN AMOS—GODDESS OF PLENTY

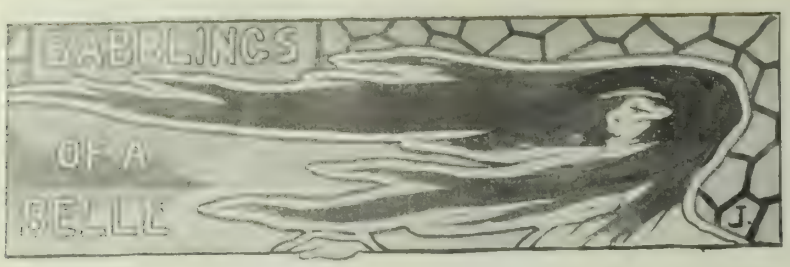
BIRDSEYE VIEW OF BUILDINGS AND GROUNDS

THE INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION AT SPOKANE. *Photos by Lorea*

"THE CONSPIRATORS," THE NEW OPERA AT THE GRAND.

Photo by Aliski, S. F.

1. WINFRED GOFF AND BESSIE FAIRBANKS AS THE KING AND QUEEN. 2. EDITH MASON SMILES 3. HATTIE BELLE LADD AS "ISABELLA CASSANOVA." 4. THE KNIGHTING OF "JUANITO."
5. GOFF, WOLFF AND WOOLEY AS THE CONSPIRATORS. 6. BESSIE FAIRBANKS AS THE QUEEN. 7. GEORGIE COOPER AS "CHONA MALARIN." 8. EDITH MASON AS "JUANITO."



THIS last week, my dear Diary, has been one of the most eventful in my life. We of course expected Mamma and Leila to return to us one day, but to think of their walking in unannounced was a fearful trial. There was this winsome wee thing alone in the drawing room arrayed in her most charming confection entertaining her best crush. Aunt Sybil was out, Papa at the club, I hope; Arthur calling on some fair charmer, and poor little me interrupted when things were all going so wonderfully smoothly.

My joy, of course, was emphatic, but it drove Crush No. 1 away and he has not even telephoned since. I think, perhaps, my aristocratically severe mother's manner sort of suggested the drama "Why Smith Left Home." All I can say is that Mamma has lost a charming son. I was absolutely getting serious, too. The clothes they brought back are really very much like what we see here, but just a little more elaborate, perhaps. It is the quantity of them that overawes this child, but I think Leila's are to serve for a special purpose. Innumerable photographs of one person fell out of Leila's trunk. She has now an invisible lock on her Trilby locket and always wears it. A letter arrives daily for her by the Eastern mail and she never leaves the house until the postman comes. Each one of these things is a dead give away to this little cherub and all that is now hanging in the balance is Papa's consent. He will not give it until he takes a trip East to see the sort of a fellow for whom Leila intends to sever her connection with this highly respectable family.

Of course, like all semi-detached people, Leila is most patronizing to little sister and wants to spend just as much time with her as possible. That is one reason we two were seen wandering around Berkeley together on Wednesday last. In all my experiences of Berkeley I have never seen it more beautiful. The bay was so blue and the sky so clear and the hills so radiantly lovely I spent all my time thinking how much like the Bay of Naples it did look. I could see in my mind's eye the clearly defined outlines of the island of Ischia, Sorrento in the distance, Capri standing out in bold relief. Then I thought, colored photographs are never like the real thing at all, so I wandered up to the University and saw everyone I knew as I listened to President Wheeler's eloquence. It was a fine, long speech, but everyone says it was very clever. Lots of other men spoke too, and I really passed a most agreeable afternoon. If I had a whole lot of money I'd give a building over there, but Crush No. 1 is not really rich enough for that. The girls looked lovely. I never saw so many who really looked so well at one time. Leila was simply rushed to death. I cannot see how it is that all the clever people like her so much. To me she is just a mass of affectation, and bores me to death now with her New York ways. However, it won't be so stupid having a sister in New York with whom one can always spend some time each year, and then I think I shall get a little more attention from Mamma. They brought me home a pale blue cloth reception gown trimmed with sable and lace, and a hat to match, a lace evening gown that I wanted to wear at "La Jeunesse" on Friday night, but Mama would not allow me, a lamb's wool jacket with a chinchilla collar and a hat made of the two combined, and a rose colored crepe de chine almost entirely appliqued in cream lace butterflies. That is entirely too elaborate for a dancing affair, so I shall wear it to Mrs. Crocker's dinner on Friday night.

Now for "La Jeunesse," it was simply great. Think of my bravery! I went without a partner. It worried me a little, but before I was in the hall five minutes my whole evening was mapped out in a truly artistic manner. I never saw such nice looking men, and so few that appalled me with their youth. The fellows looked their best. Aunt Sybil said, perhaps each had a new suit of evening clothes, but I have come to the conclusion that the San Francisco men are growing handsome. In the future it will take the girls all their time keeping up with them. Not being a debutante, I felt the first pangs of the girl of the third season. I did not sit in the first set. I really could hardly keep from weeping. I confided my grief to Hiram Bingham, one of the nicest and most sympathetic of fellows. He assured me he would weep with me only it might detract from the attention the debutantes should really receive. Most of the girls wore white, and they all looked exceedingly pretty. The handsomest on Friday night were Leila Voorhies and Katherine Dillon. They are both stunning looking girls and very popular. Bessie Palmer was the prettiest. She is a beauty, I think, but that is only an individual opinion, and not shared by all. The others who looked their best were Leah Shingleberger, Kate Herrin, Laura Van Wyck, Hazel King and Annie Voorhies. Still the girl I really admired most in the room was Miss Coller. She is the most charming, dignified and delightful looking girl in San Francisco. Bernie Drown received a great deal of admiration, as did Alma McClung, who is most amusing and awfully good company.

So far Elizabeth Huntington is the most popular of this season's buds. She is so thoughtful and sweet and has none of the airs and graces of so many of the girls. Ethel Hager wore a very stunning gown and is very jolly and bright. Charlotte Ellinwood was as bright and piquant as usual and had to divide all her dances to satisfy her friends. Carmen Moore wore a stunning gown of cherry satin and found herself quite as great a belle here as in Oakland, and seemed to be rushed by lots of men. Alice Brigham and Elizabeth Mills were the two little sisters at this dance and seemed to have their own share of attention. Alice Brigham, however, is an out-of-door girl and is her best on horseback, swimming or rowing. The Brighams go abroad, I believe, next March, when their brother will enter Harvard. It was awfully difficult to find out the most popular man. I of course always say Gerald Rathbone is the *chef d' oeuvre* of our younger set, but Hiram Brigham, Tom Bishop, Will McLaine, Willie Kelley, Jimmie Deane, Willard Drown and Percy King are those that seemed most "in it" on Friday night. Emory Winship, of course, is a hero and all the girls pay him a great deal of attention owing to that. The patronesses were simply ideals. They took more pains introducing the girls and fellows than any of those who had the dancing clubs last year. We had a jolly supper and I think "La Jeunesse" is to be a most popular club.

Miss Alice Miller's dancing club party took place the Saturday before. It is such a jolly club and every one seems to have a fine time. Miss Miller has so much intuition, she seems to know who likes who, and puts one with the fellow one thinks one cares most for. The girls I noticed specially were Kathleen DuVal, who is a real beauty—quite a Viennese type, and very bright and charming; Laura Farnsworth, a brilliant looking girl with superb coloring; Annie Stillman, a very unusual looking girl, and decidedly handsome. I could not quite make up my mind whether she or Miss Goodrich attracted me the most. Hewitt Davenport was my special crush there, he dances so well. All the fellows at this club really know how to dance.

I had a good deal of fun at Olive Holbrook's on Thursday. She had a few of us to luncheon, and as it was just before "La Jeunesse," we spent most of our time discussing it.

Mrs. Huntington will give a large tea in November, at which all the debutantes and I, are to receive. I also am to hold quite a responsible position at this needlework exhibition, which will take place next week. The work they have is really most beautiful. I am sure the affair will be a great success. Mrs. Donohoe was telling Aunt Sybil that they intend building a large house on the corner of Broadway and Fillmore streets, removing the houses that occupy the corner and next lot. They will have a fine view from there, and that is what we are all striving for now in San Francisco.

The wedding of Kate Salisbury and Mr. Keyes will also take place in November. It is to be a most elaborate affair, I believe. Josephine Loughborough, Azalia Keyes, Fannie Baldwin and Olive Holbrook are to be the bridesmaids. Margaret will be maid of honor. They have a charming house all in readiness and Kate has received some stunning presents.

Every one on earth went to see Stanford whip the U. C. boys. It was a great game and a lovely day and the boys did fine work. The chrysanthemum led this time, and I noticed, as I invariably do at ball games, that the winners were the popular boys when the game was over. The number of girls returning with chrysanthemums was infinitely greater than that which started. I just love football; it and polo are the only games I can become excited over while watching. Golf is still as popular as ever; at present the Links in San Rafael are wonderful. They are in perfect condition and nearly all the men I know go over there on Sunday to play. There are girls' and women competitions taking place in Oakland every week, and, as Alice Moffitt is East, there is a pretty good chance for some other girl to make a win.

Several of the girls go out daily to the Presidio to play and seem to be improving in their records. Sometimes I think I shall never do justice to myself, for I do not seem to improve half as much or so quickly as the others.

Last Tuesday evening the Olney-McLane wedding took place in Oakland. It was a most charming affair and unites two of the most intellectual young people in Oakland. They received some most beautiful pieces of mohogany for their house, most of which were sent from the East, where they have many friends.

Mrs. Gibbs' tea and the Crocker reception and dinner will be the two affairs at which I hope to have a particularly good time this week. I love to go into the Gibbs' house; it is so charmingly arranged and I have always thought the prettiest house in town. If all the people who promise to entertain do so, this lassie will have one of the finest times in her life and I look forward, Diary dear, to have a great deal every week of which to tell you.

Owing to the fact that I have started in on my third season I feel bound to give my fair sisters some advice. Do not, dear buds, wear yourselves out in the beginning of the winter. Do not choose any fellow for your special crush until you have been out at least a month. Ask all the fellows to call on you; entertain them at dinner and your success will be warranted. Above all, be as nice to the girls as you know how and do not forget that mothers like attention just as much as their daughters. By doing each of these things I can promise you will be as great a success as your little friend.

MISS CRICKET.

Mrs. F. W. Brooks, who goes to Japan to join her son, Mr. Franklin Brooks, left here on the steamer *Gaelic*. Mr. Brooks has been in Manila since the fall of that city. He established *The American*, the first American daily newspaper published in the Orient. He set out from San Francisco as correspondent for the Associated Press, and since the outbreak of hostilities with the Filipinos served as correspondent for the New York *Journal* and San Francisco *Examiner*.

CONSIDERING the number of people who are interested in books in San Francisco, it is curious that the uncommercial side of book dealing has been so little cultivated here. Though there must be a business end to every institution, under the right auspices a book store may also become a social resort for literary people, where one may chance in at any hour of the day, and besides looking over the latest in history, fiction, biography or travel, meet one's friends who are interested in the same subjects. There are such establishments in Boston, in New York and in Chicago, and we have now in San Francisco the house of Elder & Shepard, Post street, which seems destined to the same agreeable distinction. A more charming background for books and *objects d' art* it would be impossible to find than the interior of their shop. It resembles the library of an artist with its stained and carved book shelves, its heavy tables laden with volumes, its cabinets, pieces of brass and precious vases. Though established but a twelve month, this young firm has really become literary headquarters for San Francisco, and this fact was emphasized by the gathering of people at the "Uncommercial Evening" at which Messrs. Elder & Shepard celebrated the opening of a series of new rooms extending behind their main store.

Nothing more unconventional—less like a store—could be imagined than this new suite. They are comparatively narrow, but long rooms, and one ascends from the first to the last by low flights of steps. In one there are old editions; in a second children's books; a third is devoted to sets of authors; the fourth is an art room—really a beautiful and interesting apartment in which Mr. Shepard, whose specialty is in rare curios, pictures and *objects d' art* generally, has gathered treasures that would require more space than I have to indicate, much less to describe. This delightful apartment was pronounced "just right" by the guests of the firm, all of whom enjoyed a most agreeable evening under their auspices.

Dr. G. A. Danziger, Dentist, 22 Geary street.

Her Hobby.

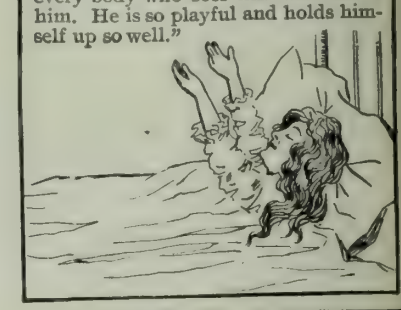
When first she learned to ride a wheel
Her father thought it shameful;
He talked and scolded night and day,
But still the maid would have her way.
The sight to him was painful.

He called to mind how, when a child,
She loved boys' recreation—
Of how she laid all rules aside—
Her brother's hobby she would ride
In spite of remonstration.

Now, as of old, she rules the house
With all a sovereign's zeal;
And still she rides, as years ago,
But now the times are changed, you know—
Her hobby is her wheel!

THE DREAM OF MOTHERHOOD COMES TRUE WHEN DR. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION IS USED.

Mrs. Axel Kjer, of Gordonville, Cape Girardeau Co., Mo., writes: "When I look at my little boy I feel it my duty to write you. Perhaps some one will see my testimony and be led to use your 'Favorite Prescription' and be blessed in the same way. I took nine bottles and to my surprise it carried me through and gave us as fine a little boy as ever was. Weighed ten and one-half pounds. He is now five months old, has never been sick a day, and is so strong that every body who sees him wonders at him. He is so playful and holds himself up so well."



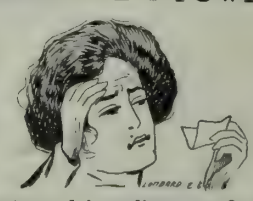
GERMEA

The Ideal Breakfast Dish

Keep your Youth if you are young;

If you are old why appear so. Keep young inwardly and we will look after the outward appearance. CREME DE LIS entirely eradicates and prevents wrinkles, removes any trace of sallowness and creates a perfect complexion.

WAKELEE'S
MASERANG
HEADACHE POWDERS



A positive and immediate cure for sick or nervous Headache, Neuralgia and Nervousness.

These Powders contain no Morphine, Opium, Antipyrine, Chloral, Antikamnia, Phenacatine, or other drugs deleterious to the system.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
ABSOLUTELY PURE
Makes the food more delicious and wholesome
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

The Oil Industry.

The excitement in the Bakersfield oil district continues to grow apace. At the present time there are about forty rigs going up in this field, and as there are the best of indications in the Northern portions of the Kern River district for big flowing wells there is no doubt but that Bakersfield will soon be enjoying a boom. The Southern Pacific Company is erecting large tanks at this place to take care of the oil production. The oil from the Doheney well on the river bank is of very heavy specific gravity, while that found in the well of the Imperial Oil Company, one mile to the Northward of the river, is of much lighter gravity; thus proving that the hill district is the real place for the development in this field.

* *

For the first time in many years there is a real community of interest between San Francisco and Los Angeles. This has been brought about mainly through the instrumentality of the California Oil Exchange. To-day a large amount of San Francisco capital is being invested in the Southern California oil fields and several of the large income producing plants in that section have been purchased with money from this city. The object of the California Oil Exchange is rapidly being accomplished in bringing together all of the oil producing interests of the State. The next big movement which the exchange will undertake will be along educational lines, and give to the manufacturing interests comprehensive information as to the relative values of fuel oil and coal. By using the proper burning appliances it is possible to make a saving of over 50 per cent. in fuel bills of San Francisco manufacturing concerns.

* *

The sessions of the Call Board of the California Oil Exchange are daily attended by a representative class of business men who are watching the fluctuations of the local oil stock market with great alertness, and are making their investments judiciously. The steady increase in the volume of transactions in the Call Board signifies that our people have taken hold of this new form of investment with an intelligent eagerness. The safeguards which have been thrown around the securities listed on the California Oil Exchange give an absolute guarantee of fair dealing, and the people who make investments with this exchange now know that no "wildcat" companies need apply.

* *

The oil movement has just started in California. Within the next six months there will be a great influx of Eastern oil operators in this State. Vice President Heron, of the California Exchange, who has just returned from the East, reports that the leading operators in the Western Pennsylvania field are greatly excited over the oil developments in California, and that the most prominent among them, realizing that the Pennsylvania field is almost exhausted, have signified their intention of coming out to California and taking part in the development here. This means the adding of many millions of capital to the bank balances of this State, and the addition of some very active and energetic citizens to our population.

* *

There are several wells in good territory in the Coalinga Oil District that are about ready to strike the sand, and an increase in the daily oil production of that district can be expected in the near future. Down in the Kreyenhagen district the group of companies operating there are getting ready to put up rigs and go ahead with development. The north field has about concluded arrangements to put up a rig. One of the new companies in this district that has just been organized and whose territory lies somewhat near to the Oil City field is the Crown Oil Company, which owns one section of good land. The territory is very desirable and its development will be one of the important links in the chain, which will connect this district with the Oil City district.

* *

A company termed the Newhall Oil and Development Company has been formed for the purpose of purchasing from the Newhall Land and Farming Company 5,000 acres of land near Newhall, Los Angeles county, for oil development purposes. The tract is now being surveyed, after which the purchasing company will be formally incorporated. Among subscribers to the stock are: Walter Newhall, Los Angeles; Geo. A. Newhall, H. G. Newhall, H. G. Crocker and P. Lilienthal, all of San Francisco. The recent increased demand for oil lands in Southern California has caused San Francisco capitalists to look with much favor upon this new deal as they believe that the lands involved in the transaction will, under development, largely add to the production of petroleum in Southern California. The Pacific Oil Company has been operating in that locality for the last twenty years at the east end of this Newhall tract and the Eureka Oil Company has been operating in the west end of it for the last seven years.

Walter Newhall, manager of the Newhall Land and Farming Company, when asked yesterday, in his office in the California Bank Building, in San Francisco, if the report concerning this matter was correct, answered, "Yes," and then he continued, saying: "It is for the Newhall Oil and Developement Company, as soon as the articles of incorporation have been filed, to lease and sell portions of it itself." The oil found in the Newhall district is a fuel oil similar to the Los Angeles oil. The property is on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railway and close to the Santa Barbara branch of that road.

* *

The Santa Fe company's oil well No. 15, in the Fullerton field, Friday, surprised everybody and nearly blew up the derrick with a fountain of petroleum. The drill had reached a depth of nearly 1200 feet yesterday afternoon, and while the workmen were engaged in driving down more casting the oil burst up through the pipe and deluged the derrick. The oil has since kept up a continuous flow, at the average rate of fourteen barrels an hour, with good prospects of maintaining its present outpour. The drillers of this well struck the thickest stratum of oil sand that has yet been found in that field, the stratum being six hundred feet thick. The drill was cased only 430 feet of its depth, and while more pipe was being put in the gushing commenced. The strike has caused much joy to the Santa Fe people, and it will serve greatly to stimulate development in the Fullerton field.

* *

The statement is made that Summerland's oil shipments this month will be larger than ever before in the history of the thriving city; October will show an output of about ninety carloads. Eighty cars have been about the maximum monthly shipments heretofore. The production has been steadily increasing, and now the monthly returns will equal or exceed $13,000.

* *

The latest information from the East is that some of the most prominent oil operators in Western Pennsylvania, including "Jack" Guffy and others equally noted, are coming to California to plunge into the petroleum development here. Many, if not most of the operators in the California fields are comparative novices, acquiring their knowledge along with the acquisition of their own wells. This experience in many instances has been quite expensive. The Pennsylvania operators have cut their eye teeth long ago, and they will engage in California oil fields in an experienced and cold-blooded manner. There is little sentiment about the average experienced oil operator from Western Pennsylvania and Northern Ohio.

* *

The San Francisco Syndicate that has started out to acquire many, if not all, the largest oil properties in the South, is making much headway. The understanding is that options have been obtained on a number of companies other than the ones already mentioned as having been purchased, the American and the Yukon and the others bargained for, and an effort is being made to corral a number of the little producers without whom the big trust could not feel quite sure of a monopoly. There is sufficient capital back of this scheme to carry it successfully through. The principal members of the syndicate are: H. J. Crocker, Prince Poniatowski, Charles F. Benedict, F. W. Sumner, John Merril of Holbrook, Merril & Stetson, Wendel Easton and others. That the syndicate proposes to foster, if not to establish, new manufactories in California to consume the oil productions, is stated on authority. The capitalists will undertake to demonstrate that the difficulties that hitherto have beset the efforts of California manufacturers in their effort to compete with the East will vanish with the cheap and convenient fuel afforded by the petroleum wells. As the high price of fuel has hitherto militated against the manufacturing interests in California, much may be hoped for by the introduction of crude oil at a price far below the expense of an equivalent in coal.

* *

In the advertising column of this paper The Florence Oil Development and Exploiting Company give notice that they advance the price of their treasury stock 25 cents per share, to take effect on the 10th inst. The selling price after that date will be $1.25 per share. Considerable activity is going on around their location in the Kettleman Hills, and the Florence are now erecting their derrick and boring will be vigorously pushed ahead.

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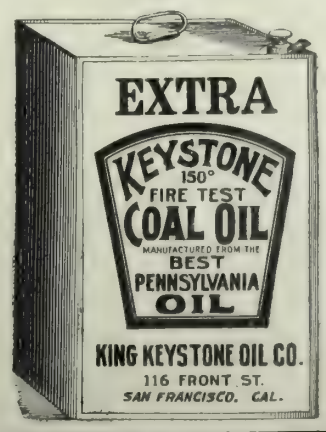

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The Ham and the Hobo.

"IT happened in Minonk, Illinois," said Ex. Tank No. 12, "late in the autumn of '89. It isn't germane to the main incident what I was doing in Minonk, Illinois, but I may state that I was—er—going from Chicago to St. Louis without money, on a wager—with myself—when I fell into Minonk. 'Fell' is about right in this connection. The brakeman demanded coin, and I had no coin. So I fell off the flat-car, and the place where I fell happened to be Minonk. It was then about 7 o'clock in the morning, and the fast freight went right through Minonk. I didn't even get scraped—landed in some bushes on the outskirts of town, and it was a soft spot. I got up and hoofed it to the station. An accommodation train had just got in and there were twelve sad people on the platform. They looked their part. They were 'hams.' They were dickering with the driver of a craft that looked like a Hank Monk stage-coach about the ride up to the hotel, likewise for the transportation of their gear to the op'ry house. There were three trunks in the bunch, which included costumes, street apparel, and the whole works for the presentation of 'Shakespearean repertoire.' I was standing rubbering at 'em, with my hands in my pockets, and filled with the earnest desire for coffee and hot biscuits that you've read about, when the main guy, who had on an olive green frock coat (not the original color) and a plug hat of an extreme vintage, piped me off. I neglected to state that, all in all, I had a pretty good front for a flat-car tourist. Before starting out from Chicago I'd got hold of $4, and I went 'down the bay' with it. Got a papier-maiche suit, shoes, hat, and a pink flannel shirt for $2.80, and as I'd only been out four days from Chicago the goods still held together and looked good enough.

"'Ha, me Cassio' says the boss ham of the bunch, stepping away from the 'bus and looking me over, 'methinks you resemble the castaway upon the shores of Time that we lost back in Fairbury yesterday.'

"'That so?' said I. 'He must ha' been a la-la. I'd like to meet up with a double that had the price. I could use him.'

"The poor guy looked hungry himself, but he had learned the lesson of cheerfulness under adversity. He beamed upon me just as if he was on the point of handing me money, and he said:

"'Canst act?'

"It was up to me to laugh, and I did.

"'I could put up the biggest bluff you ever saw at a banquet scene, right now, without any rehearsal,' I told him, 'but in other parts I don't think I'd ever be able to chase Booth and Barrett over the Mexican line.'

"'Say,' said the poor devil, dropping his voice confidentially and belaying his Shakespearian patter, 'you'll do. We're a man shy. He didn't show up when we left Fairbury, and he was seeing 'em anyhow during the performance last night. Er—owing to a little misfortune we were compelled to leave a few of our accessories back there, so that here, where we are billed for two nights, we'll have to give 'em Romeo and Juliet both times—only costumes we've got left, y'see. Now, here's a problem in doubling up for all hands that I'm afraid we're not equal to, and we just need one more man. D'ye think you could get the lines of Count Paris and walk through the part for us? Why, of course you could! Just get into the 'bus and we'll talk it over at breakfast.

"'Breakfast'!—that's the word that landed me. I got into the 'bus—that is, the boss ham linked arms with me and shanghaied me into the bus.

"'Our new attache,' said he, introducing me around to the rest of the bunch. 'Mr——er——I didn't catch your name?'

"I handed him my stage name—Reginald Montmorency, or some old thing like that.

"Ten minutes later I was sitting down at the breakfast table with the bunch, after a washup and a brushoff in the room assigned me and another chap, and there was I nailed for a mess of potage! The man probably knew from the cut of my jib that if I ate the breakfast I wouldn't renig on what he wanted of me, and he was right. Real coffee, yallerlegged chickens, hot biscuits and cornbread, pancakes and honey—say, I'd have gone on and sung Lohengrin without knowing a bar of it for that breakfast.

"Well, after breakfast the boss ham got out a prompt book and for an hour drilled Count Paris into me. I regarded the whole proposition out of the tail of my eye, but I had that breakfast in me, and I wasn't going to take to the cactus and leave the man who had provided it Count Parisless. After he got through with me, the whole bunch went over to the op'ry house, which was a kind of Hibernian Hall layout over a drug store, and rehearsed. Well, say, I was pretty bad—I'm not trying to dodge that—but it was a standoff and play the high card. It was a split between me and the rest of 'em. The only difference was that they knew their lines and I didn't. How they'd ever got as far away from Kansas City, where they'd organized, as Minonk, without being cabbaged and egged into the railroad hospitals along the line, had me guessing, and my finish began to loom up before me. I got the Count's lines by six o'clock that evening so I could say them backward and translate them into Plattdeutsch as I went along, and when I put on the uniform and stood in the wings waiting to go on, I felt fit to put up the scrap of my life. I thought I was trained to a hair. Well I tripped in going on, which was a kind of bad break seeing that I landed on the scene—which, by the way, looked as much like Verona as Pell street does—head foremost. I lay there waiting for 'em to count the ten seconds on me and carry me to my corner, when I got poked with a pole from behind, and then I got up and started in with my little spiel. Say, even the jays in front—there were about 300 of them—got up and hollered. It must have been funny for them, and that's a fact, but for me it was just the merry garote and nothing else in life. Their howls choked me off and made me forget all those carefully-memorized lines. The main guy stood in the wings, tearing out hunks of his pompadour Romeo wig and bawling my lines at me, and finally, amid the yowls of all the farmers in front, I got a harpoon into the lines and just ran away with 'em. I spat 'em all out like a phonograph that is working under a pressure of 2,000 amperes and some odd volts, add then I bolted. I was a frost, I felt that.

"Great, my boy!' said the boss ham, patting me on the shoulder. 'You're great! You're a wonder! You're engaged for forty-two weeks! Just one or two more rehersals, and you'll be a tower of strength and a steel stanchion! Just a few little craggy edges to be rubbed off at rehersal, and you'll—'

"I looked him over carefully to see whether he was insane or just guying me, but he averted de my suspicions by shaking my hand like a pump handle and then rushing on to do his own little stunt.

"When, in the patent insides Minonk paper I saw the next morning the following:

"The underfed, reluctant, tentative proposition in red cotton tights, a frayed green tunic of Visigoth architecture, and a Mexican slouch hat minus the rim-bells, who essayed the role of Count Paris, made the Bard look as if he had been hit on the wishboue by a steamboat when he was writing that part. It may be that in the ranks of Thespians there are male bipeds capable of assuming the role of the Count of Paris and of making that pin head look less like a zinc dime than he really is in the play, but we doubt it. Assumed, however, by a man with the physique of a hodcarrier and the grace and carriage of a cook-stove trying to climb a tree——'"

I naturally reflected that, after all, despite the boss ham's encouragement, I might not be altogether a spectacular success as an interpreter of the Bard, and I told Romeo that I was going to pass my job up—that no mortal coin could ever bribe me to tog out in the Count Paris rig again.

"'The man who wrote that criticism,' said the main guy, solemnly, 'has about as much of an idea of the inner, occult meaning of the Dray-ma as the mound-builders had of long-distance telephones. My boy, the house is sold out for to-night—350 pat—and if you desert us now we're ruined—absolutely ruined!

"Well, he was a pretty good con man, and he nailed me for that positively last and final appearance. We had eleven drinks of corn-liquor together, and when I got those beneath my belt I was ready for any old thing.

"So I went on again. The house was packed. The audience was deadly quiet until I went on, and then—well, you'd never suppose that one state could produce so many invalid eggs, *passe* turnips, and cabbages that had seen better days as sailed right in my direction when I popped out. I didn't get hit at all. I was foxy enough to be looking for something like that, and I bobbed back into the wings when I first saw a hayseed stand up in the orchestra and give the signal. The Pell street scene got the whole shower. I took a walk out in my Count Paris clothes to see how the evening was holding up, and I heard the rumbling of a freight in the distance. The freight slowed up in passing through Minonk and I made it stick all right.

"I left the freight at Peoria at 3 o'clock the next morning, and at dawn, while I was hovering on the outskirts of the town, I got a lift from a medicine fakir who was just driving by in his perambulating pharmacy. He told me afterward that it was his first idea, when he saw me ploughing along the road, to shoot me full of holes, but upon getting a good look at my make-up he had concluded that he could use me in his business. He did use me. I stood up beside him in his wagon togged out in that Count Paris rig, and served out medicine for a month. He wanted me to cover the whole State of Illinois with him when he had finished Peoria, but I passed and he paid me off.

"The trouble with me, when I was on the stage, was that I did'nt become wedded to my art."

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NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT—ANDES SILVER MINING COMPANY.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California Location of works, Virginia City, Storey County, Nevada

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors held on the 2nd day of October, 1899, an assessment (No. 49) of five (5) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary at the office of the Company, Rooms 20-22 Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 6th day of November, 1899 will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on MONDAY the 27th day of November, 1899, at 1 p. m. o'clock, to pay the delinquent assessment together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

JOHN W. TWIGGS, Secretary.

Office—Rooms 10-24 Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT—BEST & BELCHER MINING CO.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco California; location of works, Virginia District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the twenty-second (22d) day of September, 1899, an assessment (No. 68) of twenty (20) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 13 Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the twenty-seventh (27th) day of October, 1899 will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Friday the seventeenth (17th) day of November, 1899, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

M. JAFFE, Secretary.

Office: Room 33, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF MARY MCKENNA, DECEASED—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Jane Daly, Executrix of the last will of Mary McKenna, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Jane Daly, Executrix, at the offices of Gavin McNab, Esq., her attorney, rooms 46 and 47, Mills building, the same being her place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

JANE DALY,
Executrix of the Estate of Mary McKenna, Deceased

Dated at San Francisco, Sept. 12th, 1899.

GAVIN MCNAB,
Atty for Executrix.

MEXICAN GOLD AND SILVER MINING COMPANY. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the ninth day of October, 1899, an assessment [No. 62] of fifteen [15] cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 79, Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the thirteenth day of November, 1899, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Monday, the fourth day of December, 1899, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

CHAS. E. ELLIOT, Secretary.

Office—Room 79, Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

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ONE of the handsomest events of the London season was the "Rothschild wedding" by which Hon. Evelina Rothschild, only daughter of Lord and Lady Rothschild, became the wife of Mr. Clive Behrens, a lieutenant of Artillery. The ceremony was performed at the West-End Synagogue, St. Petersburg Place, Bayswater. Considering the wealth involved in this union, the affair might have been carried out on a vulgar scale of lavish display; that they chose elegant simplicity instead speaks well for the taste of the Rothschilds. The sacred building was beautifully decorated with flowers, mostly white crysanthemums and smilax. White and green was the scheme, and it was admirably carried out in the trailing ropes of flowers which fell over the crimson canopy; beneath this, the bride and bridegroom stood while they performed the symbolic acts of the orthodox ceremony. A pretty innovation was the presence of four little girls in the bridal train, the Misses Henrique, Montefiore, Behrens and Adeane. With them were Lady Sybil Primrose and Lady Muriel Bathurst as bridesmaids.

The bridal gown was of soft satin, shimmery white, battlemented all around the skirt and edged with soft bouillones of ivory chiffon. A shawl of Brussels lace formed a tablier entirely covering the front of the gown, the point caught up on the bodice, which was of Brussels net, tucked all over. The long court train hung from the shoulders in two box pleats. It was bordered with Brussels lace to match the shawl on the bodice and lined with spotted net. The veil, also, was of Brussels lace, and was held at the hair by a wreath of myrtle and by a diamond brooch—the only ornament. Two small pages, little Lord Apsley and Master Smith, carried the heavy train. They were dressed in white satin with three-cornered hats.

The bridesmaids, all of them handsome, were dressed in sky-blue satin, and the four little ones were gotten up in exact imitation of the elder attendants. The skirts were of shaped tucks, divided by open hemstitching. They fell from yokes of white chiffon and valenciennes lace insertion, the sleeves were tucked and dainty pockets of white satin fell from the yokes. The costumes were finished with bronze shoes and stockings and large Leghorn hats.

Lace still holds in favor with those who can afford it. From timid beginnings in the shape of narrow edgings, the fashion has grown in extent and costliness, until now whole polonaises for the latest ball-dresses are made of this filmy, gauzy stuff. Strangely enough, this lightest and least protective of material is often seen trimmed and edged with fur. Some stunning symphonies in dress-making are produced by this blending of fur and lace with cloth, silk or velvet. At a recent reception, I saw a princess dress in this style—fine, reddish pink cashmere. The foundation was perfectly plain and tight-fitting, finished at the bottom by a flouuce falling in voluminous folds about the feet. Over this was a polonaise of coarse, cream-colored guipire lace, the edges curving at the bottom and up the left side, where it opened with a three-inch edging of ermine. The opening was fastened by tiny strips of black cloth arranged in threes and held by paste buckles. The bodice opened diagonally from waist to shoulder over a chemisette of rose-colored chiffon, delicately shirred and finished with revers of fur-edged lace. The effect of this costume, naturally a striking one, had been toned down by the clever modiste by the avoidance of unnecessary elaboration. With it was worn a black hat, the plumes branching from a rose-pink rosette.

To digress on hats for a moment, never was the choice of such variety of head-wear possible to a woman of fashion. There is now no accepted type of hat; anything goes, so long as it is in the bounds of good taste. There has been an attempt to revive the three-cornered hat; this met with slight favor, however, for to endure the test of such a hat the face must be piquant in outline and rich in color. In her London debut of the season, little Elaine Terris, the actress, wore such a hat. It is of white felt with a smooth surface and built on a round crown. The three sides of the brim are not turned very sharply back, being rolled rather than folded. The trimming is simple; just two long heron's quills stuck in at the side, with another drooping feather which falls over the fur-edged brim into the hair. In her play for this season, Charles Frohman's presentation of "My Daughter in Law," this chic little actress wears a white cloth gown with a voluminous skirt tight-fitting at the hips and flaring at the bottom. The folds of cloth below the knees are banded with tiny strips of fur. The coat bodice, tight fitting and short, is finished in a rounded front, drooping below the waist line. Beneath it is a vest of white tulle topped at the throat with a big bow. A muff of ermine fur lined with pale blue and decorated at the front with purple violets gives a note of color. This dress is to go with the hat I have described above. I have put it this way advisedly, for the hat is the feature of this costume.

Later in the play, Miss Terris wears a dinner gown of thin white silk with a flaring skirt tucked in innumerable diagonal lines to fit the figure, and ended by a mass of tiny flounces embroidered in a "ladder" design. The bodice, of finely tucked silk, opens above fine lace spangled with crystal pailettes. Across the shoulders are epaulets of chiffon, continued by tight little folded sleeves reaching to the elbow, where they are met by long sleeves of spangled lace, slightly undulating like the arm of a loosely-drawn evening glove.

The principal situation in "My-Daughter-in Law" turns on a gown which a mother, still young enough to love smart dressing, has ordered from a smart modiste and which her hated daughter-in-law has had duplicated in order to spite her. The garment in question is, of course, a triumph of art. Miss Fanny Brough plays the mother-in-law and wears the costume, an evening dress of salmon-tinted satin, in the dinner scene. It is veiled on a plain foundation by orange-colored gauze spangled with gold and frilled with tiny ruchings. Long sash-ends fall from the waist down the back of the skirt. The gold-spangled bodice has a fichu of chiffon, and the wrinkled, glove-like sleeves, now the fashion for evening wear, are of spangled net, widening midway above the elbows to the fichu at the shoulders. Such a dress is worth a play.

In spite of much protestation from the æsthetic and the humanitarian, ear-rings are back in fashion again. The younger generation of girls, who were born when the custom was looked upon as barbarous, did not have their ears pierced as babies; consequently, they are submitting themselves to that not over-pleasant operation, which is now made less painful by cocaine. Some of the more conservative save the flesh by wearing little clips which cling to the lobe without piercing. The objection to this method is its discomfort and insecurity.

Soliloquy of the Totem Pole.

A totem pole has recently been erected in Seattle and is thus represented communing with itself by W. J. Lampton.

I AM the only
Civilized totem pole
On earth,
And civilization fits me
Like the paper on the wall.
There are other totem poles,
Perhaps,
But they are not in it
A little bit,
I am the most
Gorgeous and glittering
Object
In the megatherian metropolis
Of the multitudinous
And magnificent Northwest,
While all the others
Of my kind
Are slowly settling
On their stems
Among the salmon scented
Silences,
Sequestered from the sight of man,
Here in Seattle's surging scenes
I stand, incomparable,
And swipe the admiration
Of mankind
As Caesar swiped the world,
And for the first time
In a hundred years
I'm having fun.
Till now I did not know
What living was,
And now I'm loaded
To the muzzle with
The gorgeousness of life.
For centuries I hid my light
Beneath a bushel, now
It gleams and glistens
Where its rays will meet
A million eyes,
And all my glories shine
In iridescent hues
From earth to sky,
A monument in multichrome,
A pictured history
For all who run to read,
That's me today,
And I'm glad of it.
There's no moss on my back,
For I am in the push,
And I have come to stay.
Better fifty days of Seattle
Than a cycle of Siwash
Is my sentiments,
And I don't care
Who knows it.
So here's farwell to all my past
And welcome to the things that are;
With you henceforth my die is cast,
I've hitched my wagon to a star,
And by the Sacred Frog that hops,
And by the Bird that flies,
And by the Whale and by the Bear,
I'll sunder all the ties
That bound me to the ancient creed
Which holds my people flat,
And I will be a Totem Pole
That knows where it is at.

And in one respect Electro-Silicon excels; apply it to your **Silverware** and you can be sure of a shine and a lasting one too. Without Electro-Silicon your Silverware is "always in a cloud." Try our way once.

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The only place in this city where practical rapid short-hand is taught. Mr. Gallagher has been an official reporter for seventeen years, the last six years serving under Judge Wallace, and is regarded as one of the fastest short-hand writers in the United States. Call and investigate. Terms, $50 for full course, or $10 per month; evening class for beginners or for advanced pupils to acquire speed, $5 per month. Parrott (Emporium) Building, rooms 430-31-32. Telephone South 43.

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'Damiana" is a powerful aphrodisiac and special tonic for the sexual and urinary organs of both sexes and a great remedy for diseases of the kidneys and bladder. For weak nerves these bitters are invaluable, and leading physicians recommend them as the greatest invigorator known. Long-winded testimonials are not necessary. "Damiana" Bitters are known on their merits. Send for Circular

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409 MARKET STREET

Its clever dialogue, coherent plot and rapidly shifting complications make "Brown's in Town" something very unusual and diverting in the way of farces. And yet—there is always an 'and yet'—funny as it undoubtedly is it lacks a little in joyousness. Perhaps all it needs is a touch of whimsicality, a pinch of light-hearted irresponsibility. After all, these things are the salt of comedy. For one they are very infectious. They, sooner than any thing else, help the care-ridden or rather conscientious man—who makes the bulk of Anglo-Saxon audiences—lose his responsibilities and get fairly afloat in a sea of joy. Without them most farces give one a bit of a headache. "Brow's in Town" is far, far from doing this, but every merciful man, seeing it, must say to himself—"He might just as well have left out a few of these complicated kinks and not worked so hard, *we* never would have missed them." Toward the end you even get a little fagged from following its rapid convoluted changes just as one's eyes ache from gazing out the window of an express at the trees whizzing by. But when all is said and done the performance at the California is a great success. The cast is excellent. Fanny Midgeley and the winning little soubrette carrying off the honors among the women. Monica Lee as the German heiress makes the most of a small part and Charles Horn is capital as the father. Maud Knolton a very pretty young woman with an exquisite figure, does all that is required of her and in extremely attractive garments. Swan and Cullinson are both very pleasant representatives of the easy, go as you please school.

* *

If you have made an accurate size-up of the bill-boards you go to see Matthews and Bulger and "The Sad Sea Waves," primarily to be amused—and to look at pretty girls. In this, it fulfills its mission. There is nothing about it to give you a headache from excessive thinking, but that is not to be expected. Neither can the makers of this stock farce-comedy be reproached because some of their jokes date from the almanac of 1840. The main thing about a stage "gag" is personality. You may have heard it before, but if the actor "gets it off" well, you laugh for all that. Just three-quarters of the secret of popular stage success lies in personality, anyway.

A pair of stars with the art of joking, a bunch of pretty girls who sing rag-time with the rag swing and some new songs that are just fair, make up the company, which is larger than most farce-comedy outfits and fully equal to the play. Mlle. Le Saye, with a good figure on conservative lines and a melting smile, imitates Lotty's spectacular posing act, and makes a hit. The pretty Japanese scene, on which the curtain falls, is worthy of special commendation.

* *

Who is the Alcazar's stage manager, anyhow, and what is the matter with him? Two weeks ago, he let a good company spoil a good play by failing to hold them up to their work on lines. Last week and this week, he has shown his fine, classic hand in marring "The Three Guardsmen" by some exhibitions of bad taste which make Morosco's of the old days fade in comparison. There is no great need to particularize. The worst example will suffice. At the end of the play, as all who have seen the old Salvini production know, the king and queen, having become reconciled through the enterprise of the hero, are about to lead the court ball, the hero has been handed to the heroine, the villianess is foiled and everything ends happily. So far, so good. Well, the Alcazar genius makes the three musketeers, who up to that time are not supposed to be on the king's calling list, as they have no connection with him in the play, audaciously step center-stage and cross their swords in the air. Then, shouting their motto: "All for one and one for all!" they signal to the king, who accepts the compliment and leads the court in a cake-walk under this arch of swords. I do not know how this statement looks in print, but on the stage the whole thing is tasteless beyond belief. Again, some of the struggles with the pronunciation of proper names are vocal gymnastics without compare. "Richelieu" gets six different pronunciations, all incorrect. The favorite is "Richeloo." It is the business of the stage director to look out for these things; he alone is to be responsible for such violations of good taste.

* *

The acting is good. The Alcazar Company, dress-suit actors by preference, also take kindly to doublet and hose. It would be unfair to Mr. Osborne to place him in comparison with young Salvini, because that was the favorite part of that young actor, the one to which he was best fitted by temperament; his own. Osborne is an actor of remarkable versatility, and his rendition of *D'Artagnan* was worth seeing, even for one with the memory of poor Salvini fresh in his mind. So, also, Miss Foster, best suited to slight parts which call for charm rather than force, showed a new side as *Lady de Winter*. Frank Denithorne's eccentric enunciation shows to worst advantage when he has to let out a kink and attempt forcible acting. He had to do that in this week's production—hence, the least said—Helen Henry was sweet, if not especially animated in the part of *Constance*. The worst part of the individual "business" was the attempt at sword-play. All the men from Osborne down need a few fencing lessons before they try again a play of "love and blades."

* *

The management of the Grand Opera House ought to offer a prize to the person making the three best consecutive guesses at the plot of "The Conspirators." I give it up. It is beyond me. The indications are that writing tauk melodrama is poor schooling for writing libretto for comic opera. At any rate, Clay Greene goes at it like a novice. He has twisted his plot into complications a little too intricate even for comic opera. It is a pity, because he has caught a new idea in the adventures of the young man who has never been allowed to see a woman and who falls down before each and every one that comes in his way. If Greene will overhaul the thing, making this the main idea and clipping off the rest, he may produce something really good. As for the music, to my unmusical ear, the tunes seemed catchy enough to serve the turn.

* *

With the incomparable Jones to "make business" and manage the details, with the excellent chorus, with Wolff to roar out fun and Edith Mason to smile her golden smile and chirp in her silvery voice, the presentation is everything that could be expected, and more. And whether it be that the opera is new or that Californians did it or that there is some special merit in the piece, which I failed to catch, the fact remains that it has filled the big opera house these ten days of its run.

W. I.

Jessie Mae Hall is the lady in "Brown's in Town" who is making the hit.

DRAMATIC NOTES

Next week, "Nerves" a stock light comedy from the French, holds the boards at the Alcazar.

* *

Sunday evening, Nance O'Neil opens a return engagement of nine performances at the California.

* *

The London and New York success, "Why Smith Left Home" opens at the Columbia next week.

* *

Next week the Orpheum promises an exceptional. The new people are headed by Cornille, one of the most charming of French dancers.

* *

The first winter racing season of the new Western Turf Association opens at Tanforan Park, South San Francisco, to-day, and lasts during the week.

* *

There is a strong bill at the Orpheum, and promise of a stronger one next week. The new feature which caught the audience was pretty Louise Dresser and a pair of clever pickaninnies. The popular vaudeville house has not heard such applause for some time as that which they evoked by their clever singing and playing. Merritt & Murdock have an original turn which gives the man of the pair a chance to display his mimicry. Jack Norworth has also some good things, and Lottie, Mlle. Erna's dogs and Walton's monkeys.

The absolute purity and wholesomeness of the famous Jesse Moore Whiskey, commends it as the best for family and medicinal use. For sale by all first-class dealers.

Recent Verse.

x

From Savagery to Civilization.

Then rose the aged chieftain Neversweat,
And cast both eyes upon the assembled braves,
And spat into the council fire, and scratched
An idea, or something, in his head,
And placed a bronchial troche within his mouth
To stiffen up the timbre of his voice,
And thus he spake:
"My children, I am old!
The frosts of time relentlessly have chilled
The lubricating cups which oil my joints,
And soon I'll pass across the great white range
Which separates the hereness from the yon,
I've lived to see you step by step advance
From out the night of savagery and sin
Into the great, broad, sun-illumined day
Of civilization served up paleface style.
Ere yet the Christianizing hand had come
To break the bonds of Injun deviltry,
Ye thought but of the chase, the path of war,
The swiping paleface hair of many shades
From raven black to bright peroxide blonde,
Of deeds of savage warfare that would win
For you the smirks and smiles of smoke-tanned squaws;
Your war-whoops rang upon the mountain air
As ring the voicings of the Democrat
At mention of the name of candidate
Whose cash he puffs in for the party's good.
You danced the war-dance 'round the fagot fire
In wild gyrations, such as paleface man;
Now all is changed! The civilizing sun
Has risen and immersed you in its light.
You drink the juice of maize with paleface zest,
Bear paleface jags as expertly as he,
Wear striped shirtings and divided pants,
Where in the past ye wore no pants at all.
You smoke the cigaroot from monster trust,
Shoot craps and chase the old tin growler, and
Before mine ageing eyes I now can count
A quorum of the slickest, most expert
All this I've lived to see!—a wonder wrought
By civilization's great refining hand,
By Christianizing influences which
The pale-skinned people brought into our midst,
And now my work is done; my dimning eyes
I fain would button up for evermore.
My wearied spirit longs to pull its freight
Away from hence into the by and by,
And if you'll please excuse me now I think,
I'll jump the contract and go off and die!"

—*Denver Evening Post.*

The Situation.

FROM Krugersdorp to Lichtenberg
And back to Potchefstrum;
From Swaziland to Pietersburg
Is heard the burgher drum;
From Wakkerstrum to Ermelo,
From Hoopstad to Dundee,
They're marching down to Rusfenburg,
And up from Kimberley.
From Heidelberg and Lydenburg,
Johannesburg and all.
From Standerton and Barbeton
They answer to the call.
And Ermelo is all agog,
And Ventersdorp is wuss;
And latest news from Haetnertsburg
All indicates a fuss.

—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

DREYFUS.

Yes, send the victim to his living death;
For this, to glut your hate, the martyr dies.
The world has watched the farce with bated breath,
And baffled Justice hides her sightless eyes.

Are you the son of sires who scaled the height
Of Saint Bernard when tempests raved and reeled,
And bore your Eagles in the fiery fight,
When Desaix died upon Marengo's field?

Hushed is the echo of their battle-tramp;
Hang up your father's rusted sword and lance!
Sound not the Marseillaise in field and camp!
The Sun of Austerlitz has set for France.

LUCIUS HARWOOD FOOTE.
in *Boston Transcript.*

Quatrain.

In a dumb world, we mortals, deaf and blind,
Grope through the mystery in hope to find
An Immortality, and, scorning life,
Waste it to leave an empty name behind.

Albert Phelps—*October Atlantic.*

BY PRODUCTS OF FRUIT.—The by products of fruit stones are of considerable value. The pits of peaches, apricots, nectarines, plums and prunes which have heretofore been thrown away or used for fuel have a market value. This is especially true of the peach and apricot pits. There is now a strong demand for them at $8 to $10 a ton, delivered in San Francisco. The kernel is of course what is sought. From the kernel of the apricot Turkish "nut candy" is made which has almost displaced the almond. The same substance is used for the adulteration of cinnamon, allspics and nutmeg. Prussic acid, and essence and oil of almonds are made from the peach and prune pits and these flavors are used in many ways. The pits are cracked in San Francisco and the kernels are then sent East.

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Reserved Seats 25c.; Balcony 10c.; Opera Chairs and Box Seats 50c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday.

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Settings designed especially for this production
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Everything new but the Title.
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NANCE O'NEIL
Direction McKee Rankin
Sunday night - - OLIVER TWIST
Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday nights and Saturday Matinee - THE SHADOW
Thursday Matinee (special request) THE JEWESS
Thursday night, THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL
Friday night - - - - - MAGDA
Saturday night - - The New CAMILLE
Prices Evening 75c, 50c, 25c Matinee 50c, 25c
Next, Harry Corson Clarke in "What Happened to Jones."

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Main Office Parlor "A" Palace Hotel San Francisco

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Beautiful country scenery, sunshine and fresh air. A model race track, superb Grand Stand and unexcelled accomodations.

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(Third St. Station)

Local trains leave at 10:30 and 11:30 A. M. Special race trains at 12:40, 12:50 and 12:45 P. M., returning immediately after the last race and at 5 P. M.

San Jose and Way Stations. Arrive at Tanforan at 12:50 P. M. Trains leave Valencia street ten minutes later than from Third street. All trains stop directly at the entrance to Grand Stand. Last cars of all trains reserved for women and their escorts. No Smoking.

Rates.

From San Francisco to Tanforan and return, including admission to Grounds, $1.25. Single round trip tickets, 40 cents. Holders of Association Badges may secure a twenty-four ride coupon ticket, limited to 30 days, upon presentation of badges at Third or Valencia St. Stations for $3.50.

Register all complaints without delay with the Secretary and Manager of the Association.

Candidates for Municipal Offices

DEANE FOR COUNTY CLERK

THE candidacy of William A. Deane for County Clerk deserves to be successful. He has administered the office in a thoroughly business-like manner. Never before in the history of San Francisco has that department been so well and efficiently conducted, and with so small a force and at less cost to the city. That is the unanimous verdict of the bench and bar, who are united in support of Deane's re-election. We believe he will have the vote of every lawyer and law officer in San Francisco. As to the manner in which Mr. Deane has conducted the County Clerk's office, the report of the last Grand Jury filed Aug. 31st, is pretty good evidence. The report goes on to say: "We find the County

Clerk's office in first-class working order, with Mr. Deane at his post from 9 a. m. until 5 p. m., with increased business and reduced clerical force, with clerks and deputies courteous, obliging and efficient, and the office thoroughly and honestly conducted.

The voters of the municipality could not do better than re-elect Mr. Deane, who has certainly deserved well of it.

GODCHAUX FOR RECORDER.

EDMOND Godchaux, who appears on the Democratic ticket for the office of Recorder, has an enviable record as a public servant. As a member of the State Legislature, secretary of the Board of Health, and chief deputy of Assessor Dodge, he has discharged his duties so faithfully and conscientiously as to make friends of all with whom he has come in contact. When, in 1893, he made his run for the legislature, he was elected on the Democratic ticket from the strongest Republican district in the city, the Fortieth, being the only Democrat who can claim that honor. His work with the Board of Health is remembered by the successful fight he made for pure food and milk. As Dr. Dodge's assistant, he had much to do with the

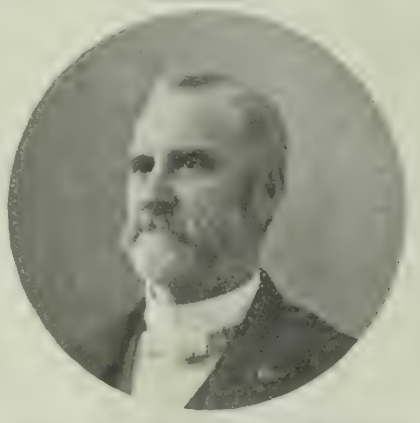
excellent work done in the Assessor's office in this term. Now he is on the same ticket as his old chief, and promises that, if he is elected, he will introduce into the Recorder's office the same strict business methods which have proved so successful in the administration of Dr. Dodge.

CHARLES H. JACKSON FOR CITY AND COUNTY ATTORNEY.

CHARLES H. JACKSON, the nominee of the Republican party for City Attorney, was admitted to the bar in 1883, since which time he has been actively engaged in the practice of his profession. He served for eight years as deputy attorney-general, having been appointed in 1890, and was also Assistant District Attorney of this city and county for one year. During his career in the Attorney-General's office he wrote 400 briefs for the Supreme Court and argued about half as many cases. He was associated in the prosecution of the Durrant case after that celebrated case was taken to the Supreme Court.

Mr. Jackson was born in 1858 and has lived practically all of his life in San Francisco. He is a graduate of the common school system of this city, and upon leaving the Boys' High School went to Harvard for the academic course, graduating with honors in 1881. He

entered the Law School of the University of California and graduated from there two years later. He has been prominently identified with the Republican party, and has delivered a number of speeches in support of various candidates. He is a leading member of the Elks and is also a member of the Masonic fraternity, California Commandery of Knights Templar and of the Odd Fellows. During his career in politics he has drawn up three different platforms of his party in the city and county elections.



M. S. JEFFERS FOR SUPERVISOR.

ONE of the best nominations of the campaign is that of Milo S. Jeffers for Supervisor on the Republican ticket. Mr. Jeffers is a staunch and stalwart Republican, by descent, as well as by principle. His father, Manlius Jeffers, helped to organize the Republican party in Saratoga county, New York, many years ago, and his son has never deviated from the creed of that party. Mr. Jeffers' nomination was a case of the office seeking the man. He was not a candidate and of course asked no support from any of the delegates to the convention, and he thinks that the proper way to make a canvas is to let his friends know he is a candidate, rather than soliciting votes, which he won't do.

Milo S. Jeffers come to San Francisco in 1862 and is to-day proprietor of one of the best appointed and arranged retail hardware stores on the Pacific Coast. It is the house of H. Rosekraus & Co., which was established in 1849. This institution is first-class in every way, and managed on strictly business principles.

Socially Mr. Jeffers is very well known. He is a man of property, a prominent Mason and Odd Fellow. His nephew was the youngest Past Noble Grand in the order of Odd Fellows. Personally he is a strong believer in the future of San Francisco and heart and soul in its growth. If elected he will do the best he can for the best interests of San Francisco. He is really a worthy and honorable citizen, who will, if returned to office, be a credit to his supporters.

COLONEL BOXTON FOR SUPERVISOR.

LIEUTENANT Colonel Charles Boxton, is a public favorite in San Francisco. He was urged to accept the nomination for supervisor because of his business ability and strict integrity. Dr. Boxton was among the first to respond to the call of his country when the war broke out. He left wife, position and practice to uphold the honor of his country's flag. Dr. Boxton is a graduate of the University of California Dental College and for ten years was instructor and lecturer in that college. He is also Dean of the dental department of the College of Physicians and Surgeons. He has a splendid military record and has been promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel, since his return from the war, for meritorious service. No officer in the California regiments is more popular than he.

NATHAN BIBO FOR SUPERVISOR.

NATHAN BIBO is a candidate who makes his first stand for public office in this election. He was born in Germany, but came to America when a child and was educated on this side of the water. For years he was a resident of New Mexico, where he held several federal offices and made a reputation for integrity and ability. He arrived in San Francisco in 1884, and founded the mercantile house of Bibo, Newman and Ikenberg. He showed his public spirit by engaging, soon after, in public affairs. He was the virtual founder of the Polk Street Improvement Club, serving as its president for several terms. To him above all others is due the improvement of that thoroughfare in paving, lighting and extension. When the subject of nomination for supervisor was broached to Mr. Bibo, he refused, deeming that his business claimed his first duty, but the appeals of his old friends and neighbors, who remembered his many services to their part of the city, finally prevailed. Mr. Bibo is a prominent member of the Merchant's Association and president of the Polk Street Progress Club. He is a first-rate candidate and really deserves support.

C. W. REED FOR SUPERVISOR.

CHARLES WESLEY REED, candidate for supervisor on the Democratic ticket, should be elected. A vigorous and successful young lawyer, he has grit, brains and force and will make a record no matter what happens to his colleagues. He is a son of the late Mr. Reed, of Yolo, one of the ablest ranchers and fruit growers of California. He is a graduate of the University of California, studied law, was prosecuting attorney of the Police Court from '92 to '94, then opened a law office and has now an excellent list of clients. Mr. Reed is thoroughly acquainted with the affairs of the city; he was a member of the Charter Convention; he wrote the provisions of the new charter respecting the Police Courts and contributed largely to the instrument by which San Francisco is so soon to be ruled. Much more might be urged in regard to Mr. Reed's candidacy, but the above states succinctly the facts. He ought to win.

CAPT. GOODSELL FOR SUPERVISOR.

D. C. M. Goodsell, one of the Republican supervisorial candidates is a first-rate man, a pioneer and a large property owner. He came to the Coast for the Pacific Mail S. S. Co. and commanded steamers on the Portland line. Subsequently he engaged in the ship-building trade under the firm name of Goodsell & Hudson—an institution well known here in the early days. Captain Goodsell was very successful in his many ventures and has, since 1863 devoted himself to looking after his private affairs.

Though Captain Goodsell has never held office; he is a man of fine business ability, an enthusiastic Republican and his personal integrity is above reproach. He is liberal in his religious views, has contributed generously to both Catholic, Episcopal and other charities, and strenuously adheres to the doctrine that every man shall be free to worship as he pleases. If elected, Captain Goodsell will prove a most valuable public servant

JOACHIMSEN FOR POLICE JUDGE.

AMONG the best candidates for the office of Police Judge is Henry L. Joachimsen. Judge Joachimsen is a New Yorker by birth and came to California in the early fifties, settled in Nevada county, was admitted to practice in the District Court of the county, located in Carson City and entered the law office of Governor J. Neely Johnson, being admitted to practice in the Supreme Court of Nevada Territory in 1861. Returning to California, he was admitted to practice in 1870, was elected Justice of the Peace in San Francisco in 1871, and was re-elected to that office seven times. When an additional Police Court was created for this city in 1889, Governor Waterman appointed him Judge of the new department, and he has since then been elected four times to that position by the votes of the people, generally running ahead of his ticket. Judge Joachimsen is a man of most agreeable personality and has ever been a friend to the poor and oppressed.

Joseph S. Tobin Candidate for Supervisor on the Democratic Ticket.

$100 Reward $100

The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

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FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 1886.

{SEAL} A. W. GLEASON,
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For Supervisor.....

GEO. T. SHAW

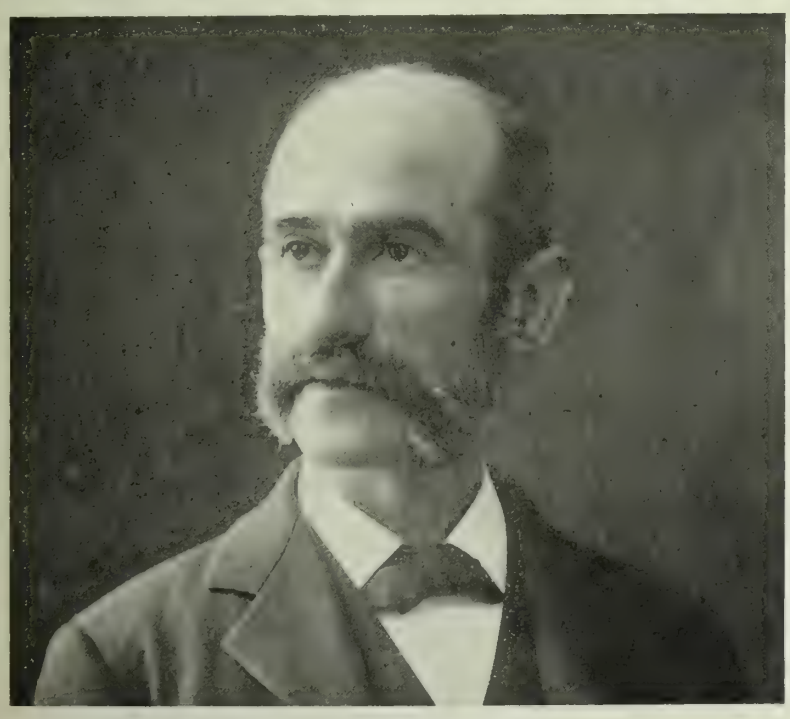
Regular Republican and Citizens' Rep. Nominee.

DR. WASHINGTON DODGE, DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR ASSESSOR.

THE subject of tax reform is one that has engaged the earnest thought of our political economists and legislators for years. The great injustice of our present system lies in the practical escape of all forms of personal property from taxation. This leaves real estate to bear the full burden. As most of the great fortunes of our country are invested in various forms of personal property, as stocks, bonds, solvent credits, etc., they necessarily are favored by existing conditions. A study of the tax returns of nearly all large cities shows that while the assessed valuation of real estate is steadily increasing, the value of personal property returned is steadily decreasing, until in many instances this class of property is practically exempt. In San Francisco this condition has prevailed for years. Realty has been over-assessed and personal property grossly under-assessed.

The present Assessor, Washington Dodge, appears to be the first official to attempt to correct these glaring abuses. His administration has been remarkable for the extent to which, in a few months, he has been able to correct abuses of long standing. Personal property to the value of $50,000,000 has been added to the roll, saving the mass of tax-payers over one-half million dollars in taxes this year. Real estate, which formerly paid 80 cents of every dollar in taxes collected, this year pays but 70 cents. Of the 72,000 tax-payers in San Francisco, over 70,000 have had their tax bills materially reduced.

It is a striking example of the worth of an honest and intelligent official to the community which he serves. In the face of such services, party lines are forgotten on election day as they properly should be, and unless we are very much mistaken, the majority Assessor Dodge will receive will be a matter of surprise to even his friends.



M. I. FONTANA, DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR SUPERVISOR.

M. J. FONTANA, who comes before the people for election as candidate for supervisor on the Democratic ticket, has a long record as a successful business man and a useful citizen. He is a native of Italy, but came to this country with his parents in early childhood and grew up in New York City. In 1868, at the age of eighteen, he set out for California in the search for gold. Disappointed at not finding the streets of San Francisco paved with yellow metal, he turned his hand to the best that he could find and went to work in a bath house on Washington street, where he earned, for a time, barely enough to keep him off the streets. Two years after his arrival, he began his career as a business man in a fruit commission house. He soon became a member of the firm, and a few years later set up a firm of his own. He traded extensively with the producers of Central America and Mexico, and also ran several country stores in the interior of California. Then came the beginnings of the fruit-canning industry. Mr. Fontana saw his chance and embarked in the business some sixteen years ago, forming the firm of Fontana & Co. This firm became, before long, one of the largest on the coast. In July last it was merged in the California Fruit Canners' Association, of which Mr. Fontana became general superintendent, having under his control twenty-two canneries and 15,000 employes. Mr. Fontana is a first-class man and is safe to give the municipality honest service.

LOUIS FEUSIER FOR TREASURER.

The friends of Louis Feusier, the Republican candidate for the office of Treasurer, are confident that the ballot of November 7th will place him in the office. Mr. Feusier began making friends in San Francisco as early as 1852. In the sixties he went to Virginia City, where he was prominently identified with the business interests of that city, returning to San Francisco in 1868. Immediately after his return, he founded the firm of Martin, Feusier & Co., wholesale commission merchants and for the past thirty years has been identified with the mercantile interests of San Francisco. His long experience in the business world will give to the office of Treasurer a systematic and business-like administration. Public offices conducted under business principles by gentlemen of integrity and standing will bring about the good results in municipal affairs which all good citizens have been striving so long to accomplish.

College Heights

D. L. FARNSWORTH TRACT

IS situated two blocks south of, and overlooking, Golden Gate Park and one block east of the new and handsome Affiliated Colleges. Parnassus Avenue, on which runs the newly completed main line of the Ellis St. Electric Cars, passes through the property direct to the colleges, which are now open and in active operation. For exact location of the Tract see accompanying map.

The material attractions and advantages of College Heights, are manifold. From the 200 lots selection may be made as to greater or less elevation, direction of slope, exposure to sun, size and cost of lot preferred.

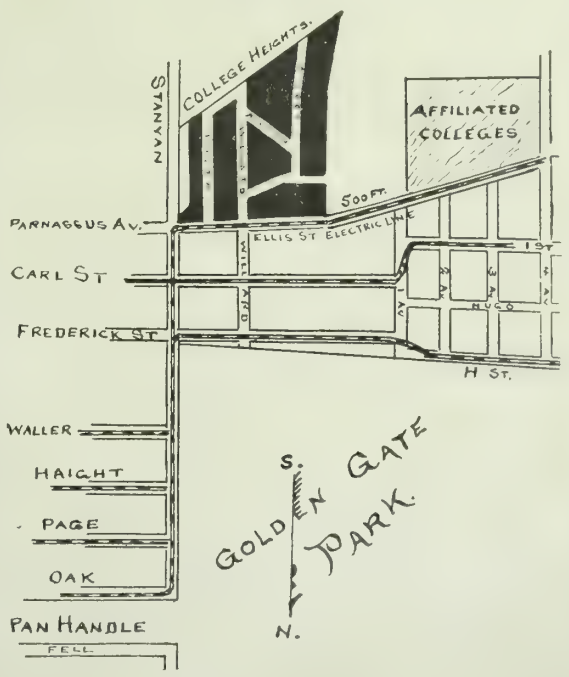
The streets are graded and macadamized; large sewers with man-holes and culverts in every street. Water and gas mains laid and in use. Electric wires and lights and hydrants on Parnassus Avenue. The water furnished is the best in the City, being pure, sparkling Artesian water supplied at regular City rates and in abundance. For grandeur, beauty and variety the views from the different points on the Tract are simply unrivalled. They include:

The affiliated Colleges, Golden Gate entrance to the Bay, the Pacific Ocean both north and south of the Park, Golden Gate Park for its entire length, San Francisco Bay, Lime Point, Tiburon, Mt. Tamalpais, Angel Island, Goat Island, Berkeley, The Bay north of Berkeley, The Bay south of Alameda, Richmond, Presidio, and Pacific Heights, Western Addition, Telegraph Hill, The Call Building and the entire City lying west and south of these points.

For a single fare College Heights is quickly and directly accessible by the street car systems from all parts of the City. The climate is far above the average for mildness and comfort. It is comparatively free from the distressing summer winds and fogs, being sheltered by the surrounding hills and groves of the Sutro properties.

Being on the only direct route to the Colleges, the daily passing travel is already large and constantly increasing. This is a long list of merits to be possessed by any single residence tract in this or any city. Intending buyers, whether for homes or for investment, will serve their interest by a personal inspection of this charming site.

To place this valuable property advantageously upon market the owner is erecting from attractive designs and plans, houses of substantial character which will be sold at close prices on very advantageous terms. The accompanying design shows one recently completed at a cost for Lot and House of $3,600. Sales will be made to persons of good character, who can furnish references at close figures. A moderate cash payment accepted, and the balance made payable in mouthly installments of moderate amount.



Present prices for lots from $800 to $2,000 each.

A summary of the attractions of COLLEGE HEIGHTS.

A beautiful location—fine climate—healthy situation—lovely and extensive views—pure, wholesome artesian water—graded and macadamized streets—a scientific sewer system—gas and electric lights—street car facilities to all points—low prices—easy terms.

Plans can be seen at the office of GEO. A. RAYMOND, 210 Sansome St., where full particulars may be had.

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New Stories Re-Told.

x x x

THE WRONG TRAIN.—As a train was moving out of a Scotch station a man in one of the compartments noticed that the porter, in whose charge he had given his luggage, had not put it into the van, and so shouted at him and said: "Hi! you old fool! What do you mean by not putting my luggage in the van?" To which the porter replied: "Eh, man! yer luggage is ne'er such a fool as yersel'! Yer i' the wrang train!"

x

A BROAD DISTINCTION.—Betty Haran, of Thrummon, was a very pious old Methodist. Father Dan often dropped into Betty's for a gossip. "Betty," said Father Dan, "I always find you stuck in your Bible. Now, tell me truly, do you understand it all?" "Of course I do," indignantly. "Well, well. I've been studying it all my life, and I don't understand it all yet." "An' if yer reverence is a blockhead, do ye think every wan else like yersel?"

x

A LOSS INDEED.—A well known Wall street broker who has suffered in the fall of stocks consequent on the death of Governor Flower was discussing his losses with a friend. "If I've lost a cent" he said, "I've lost more than three-hundred and fifty thousand dollars. "Not as much as that surely," commiserated the friend. "Certain" affirmed the disconsolate broker, "an' the worst of it is that fully a hundred and fifty thousand of it was my own."

x

DIAMONDS AND PASTE.—"Bob" Palmer, the comedian, had been originally a billsticker, a fact pretty generally known among his colleagues of the stage. One evening, when dressed for the character of Sir Brilliant Fashion, he strutted into the greenroom with buckles sparkling on his shoes and a fine diamond on his finger. A brother actor inquired if his gems were real. "To be sure they are; I wear nothing but diamonds," was the reply, whereupon Bannister remarked: "I congratulate you, Bob, for I remember the time when you wore nothing but paste."

x

THE POOR KING.—Two navvies, ill-clad, dirt-covered, rain-soaked, got possession of a heavenly nook between two high stone walls while an extra-heavy sleet shower prevailed. They had "hunkered" low and were watching the smoke-wreaths mount from their pipes. "I'm toul'," said one of them, breaking a reverie, "I'm toul', Jamie, that the King of Jarminy never smokes." Both regarded the wreaths again for a minute in silence. "Poor man! I wouldn't like to be him, Larry—would you?"

x

AN INEXHAUSTIBLE SUBJECT.—Dr. Lewis James, one of the leaders of the Greenacre Chatauqua in Maine, besides being a scholar is a good deal of a wit. Meeting a friend who was attending the recent summer session of the famous institution, he asked how he was enjoying himself. "Excellently, until yesterday," was the reply, "when I heard Professor X." "Didn't he lecture well?" asked the Doctor. "Not at all," answered his friend, "he simply told us what he don't know." "Ah!" queried the Doctor, "then he is still talking?"

x

THE CHOICE OF THE RED BEGGARMAN.—In times gone, in Ireland, the Protestant minister collected tithes in the Harvest, while the Catholic priest got in his stipends at Christmas. Father Edward and the Rev. Sandy Montgomery were one day riding together in their usual friendly way through Inver, and bantering each other about their callings. "Here's the *Bacach Ruadh*," said Father Edward; "let us have his opinion." The *Bacach Ruadh* (or Red Beggarman) was an arrant knave, too clever to work whilst he could live upon the fat of the land without. "Jamie," said Father Edward to him, "if you had a son would you sooner make a priest or a minister out of him?" "If I had a son, yer reverences, I should have him a minister in the Harvest an' a priest at Chrissmas."

x

CABINET PAPER.—Assistant Secty. of War, L. W. Cridler, in the discharge of his diplomatic duties, has found it necessary to travel constantly across the Atlantic. On a recent trip he made the acquaintance of a traveling salesman, who tried hard to learn what "line" Cridler was in. "Traveling on business like myself?" he queried. "Yes, in paper" was the answer. "What kind of paper—wall, news or wrapping?" "Paper for cabinets," explained the diplomatic secretary. "Ah" said the drummer, "that's a new one on me. I thought cabinet makers used only wood." "My employers find paper answers the purpose" added Cridler, who then adroitly changed the subject.

x

BOUND TO DEPART.—A youthful Stockton man rushed to catch a river boat for San Francisco but was about two minutes late. The steamer was six feet out as he reached the dock. He swung his grip aboard and jumping, caught a rope and a post and held fast. Every one imagined he had fallen in. The captain peering over the side saw his intrepid passenger. "Here you," he shouted, "by jiminy crickets, don't you ever do that again!" The passenger had hauled himself aboard by this time and, turning a look of scorn at the captain, said: "What do you think I'm going to do—jump back and try it over?"

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ON A SALMON TRAP RAISING NET BEFORE USING BROILER. *Photo by Dobbs*

THE WAVE

Is published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal., and Colman Building, Seattle, Wash.

Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months, $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

The trade is supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 342 Geary street; east of the Rocky Mountains by the American News Company, New York.

The Wave is kept on file and is for sale at Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France; 31 Union Square, New York City; 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.; and 206 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

For advertising rates and on all other matters pertaining to city business, address The Wave, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

All business matters pertaining to the Northwest should be addressed to Trevor Corry, Colman Building, Seattle, Wash.

THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY
PROPRIETORS

SAN FRANCISCO—November 11, 1899—SEATTLE

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EVENTS CURRENT.

Report of the Philippine Commissioners.

The Philippine Commissioners, J. G, Schurman George Dewey, Charles Denby and Dean C. Worcester, have submitted their preliminary report, a condensation of the extended report they will later present in full to the President and Congress, As was suggested in advance, the opinions expressed support the present government policy, declaring for the retention of the islands at least until order is established and the crushing of the rebellion. The report on conditions now prevailing in Manila is also more favorable than the American people have been led to believe from the newspaper accounts. The Commissioners open their report with a history of Spanish rule in the islands, particularizing especially on the rebellion of 1896-98. They declare that Spanish control, although just enough on the surface, was in reality tyrannical, this owing to the abuses of corrupt Spanish governors, and infer that the native uprising against Spain was justified. Then follows an account by Dewey of his relations with Aguinaldo, in which the Admiral admits that he sought the help of the insurgent leader, but without giving him any promises of alliance or independence. There succeeds a lengthy description of American operations at the front, ending with the positive statement that the native war was forced upon us, that the Americans were in no wise responsible for bringing it about, and that the only course to pursue, in the judgment of the commissioners, is a decisive and energetic campaign. The report procceds to treat of conditions in the islands as they were when the members left for home. The gist of this passage is about as follows: The rebellion is confined to six provinces about Manila, having a total population of about a million and a half. In this dictrict, however, there is a large body of people of wealth and power who do not favor it at all; in fact those friendly to the United States probably outnumber the malcontents, but the *amigos* are restrained from assisting us through fear of the marauding hands of insurgents. The government of the insurgents is very corrupt. Aguinaldo and his followers are in the habit of levying contributions by force on both friends and foes. At present, the insurrection is losing ground. Many of the inhabitants who were driven from their homes, fields, and factories by the Spanish soldiery are returning. All attempts to treat with Aguinaldo have failed, as he would concede nothing, but kept sending so-called "peace commissioners" in order to spy on the Americans and to check their advances. In the opinion of most white residents of the islands, the insurgent leaders are working not for liberty but for their own advancement. The natives in general are extremely intelligent, but are not yet educated up to self-government; the most that can be expected of them for some time is cooperation with the Americans under competent direction. Another condition which renders self-government an impossibility just now is the heterogenous composition of the island people. The Filipinos are not a nation, but a varigated assemblage of different tribes and peoples, and their loyalty is still of the tribal type. They vary in enlightenment from naked savagery to full civilization. Therefore, the only hope for a good Filipino commonwealth is through American occupation and guidance. In the concluding words of the report: "Should our power by any fatality be withdrawn, the Commission believes that the government of the Philippines would speedily lapse into anarchy, which would excuse, if not necessitate, the intervention of other powers and the eventual distribution of the islands among them. * * * The welfare of the Filipinos coincides with the dictates of national honor in forbidding our abandonment of the archipelago. We cannot from any point of view escape the responsibilities of government which our sovereignty entails, and the Commission is strongly persuaded that the performance of our national duty will prove the greatest blessing to the people of the Philippine Islands."

Progress of the Transvaal War.

This record closed last week with England in despair over the capture of two of her best regiments by the Boers. Since then, further details have shown that the disaster was not in any sense a disgrace, such as was feared at first. The regiments were forced to surrender, it is true, but held out until the last cartridge was fired, an event hastened by the loss of their ammunition through the stampede of their baggage-mules. Barring this, little has happened to assure the British public. The investment of Ladysmith is practically complete. General White is surrounded at that place, and his communications are cut off. The only news comes either through the Continent and from Boer sources or from dispatches smuggled through the Boer lines and delayed, therefore, for several days. Colenso, south of Ladysmith, and a position of some strategic value, is now in the hands of the Boers, who occupied it with little resistance. The last really reliable news is nearly a week old. This has it that on Thursday of last week the British were victorious in an artillery duel in front of Ladysmith, and that great losses were inflicted on the Boers in the engagement. Since then, there have been no tidings, but it is certain that White suffered no serious loss, because Dr. Leyds, Transvaal agent in Europe, who has all necessary means of communication, would have been only too quick to publish such an event to the world. This is a case where no news is good news. To summarize events to date, at the opening of hostilities Boer armies from both the South African Republics swarmed into Natal, besieging Mafeking and Kimberly, and checking the advance of General White who, with the bulk of the British South African army, was on the way to relieve Kimberly. General White abandoned the attempt and fell back toward his base, being ordered by General Buller, in command, to do no more than hold his own pending the arrival of reinforcements. In process of retreat, the British met and repulsed Boer columns of Dundee and Elandslaagte, and reached Ladysmith. Here they were joined by a force of bluejackets with dismounted guns from the battle-ship *Powerful*. It became apparent that the Boers were attempting to invest the town and lay siege to it. General White, therefore, conceived a plan to clear them away and open his communications. In the execution of this plan, he lost his two regiments as above stated; the Boers went on and invested the place, cutting telegraph lines and wrecking the railroad bridges. The only actions since that time have been indecisive. The advance guard of Sir Redvers Buller's command is at Cape Colony. It is believed that the main army corps will, in view of the changed circumstances, be landed at Durban, Natal, or possibly at Delgoa Bay. There is now small fear of European complications. Feeling is much less pro-Boer than at the beginning of the war; the German government is now openly friendly to England.

The Advance in Luzon Commences.

The advance of the American troops in Luzon is now definitely under way. The rains still hamper the forward movement, but results of some kind may be expected to follow the first spell of fair weather, which may or may not come this month. The plan of campaign presumably includes the "rounding up" of the insurgent armies in order to force them into making a stand. Wheaton's command, 2,500 strong, is advancing in one direction; on two other sides, General MacArthur, with a force about equal to Wheaton's and General O'Brien with a smaller corps composed largely of cavalry, are moving toward the center, driving the native skirmishers before them. The advance has been marked by a few small fights, with little loss on either side. Nov. 6, the autonomous government of Negros Island was put into operation by General Smith. The new officials, both American and native, were sworn in with appropriate ceremonies, the natives of the entire region being in attendance. A fete marked by all possible splendor and by the best of good feeling followed the official part of the ceremonies.

Russia and the Persian Gulf.

In the present unsettled condition of European politics consequent upon the Transvaal War and the disturbances in France, the members of the Concert of Powers are watching Russia with a jealous eye. Her late extension of control over China and her activity along the Indian frontier, are causing no little anxiety in all European chancellories, the English especially. Now comes a report which points to Russian aggression along a new line. She is said to be feeling toward the Persian Gulf. Lately it was reported that the Christian inhabitants of Basra, a Turkish province at the mouth of the Euphrates, were chafing under Persian rule and were contemplating an appeal to England, "failing which, they will ask the assistance of Russia." That the people of this region have just awakened to their wrongs after so many centuries looked suspicious at the time and Englishmen were not slow to trace the fine work of "the bear that looks like a man" in the matter. Now come further reports of riots between Christian and Moslem and of the plundering of property owned by Russian subjects. It is added that Count Muravieff is contemplating the dispatch of troops to guard Russian interests. The situation is like that which existed on the borders of Bulgaria in 1876, and which was followed, as everyone knows, by the attachment of large slices to the Russian empire. It is known that the Czar has long kept a jealous eye on the Persian Gulf. An outlet to that body of water would give him a second outlet to the sea, a position of great strategic importance in the event of a war with England over India, and of still greater commercial importance for the advancement of Russian trade.

Railroad Building in China.

The best proof that China is very near her awakening is furnished by the late concessions the government has made to new railway companies. It is a matter of history that the first attempts at railroad building proceeded with great difficulty and were wrecked by ignorant opposition. The battle has been fought for the past decade and has resulted in a victory for the progressive party. It goes without saying that a railroad in China, a thickly-settled country of traders, must prove a paying enterprise. The pioneer road of the empire, that from Tien Tsin to Shan Hai Kwan, is said to give a profit of 100 per cent. It was built with great difficulty. Li Hung Chang and others first obtained the imperial sanction in a diplomatic fight which lasted for years; after that, the road had to be pushed on gradually, mile by mile, in the face of much public opposition, until it accomplished its purpose, the connection of the commercial city Tien Tsin with the great Kaiping coal fields and with the sea. At present the owners, managers and all the employees except the superintendants and constructors are Chinese. The successful operation of this road led Li Hung Chang and the other liberal leaders to plan a road from Tien Tsin to Pekin. After the same popular opposition had been quelled, the projectors surveyed the route and bought the first materials. Then the reactionary party appealed to the Emperor, claiming that such a road, connecting the capital, the sea and the interior, would add to the danger of foreign invasion in case of war. This argument carried, and the promoters had to pay for their useless materials and surveys and abandon the project. The liberals *did* succeed, however, in getting permission for a line from Hankow to Pekin, a sort of interior grand trunk line through the most populous portion of the Empire. This is now nearing completion. It is the largest order of the kind ever tried on China, and its success will mean a great deal in the fight against popular prejudice. Meanwhile, in the progressive period which preceeded the late dominance of the queen dowager and the consequent reactionary spasm, the original request for a Pekin-Tien-Tsin road was granted and the line was, fortunately, gotten in before the reaction. This means that two long roads are in successful operation, and that another of the respectable length of 700 miles will be working, barring imperial intervention, by the end of 1900. Still a fourth road, that planned by the late Calvin Brice, is proceeding slowly, having been retarded by the death of Brice and the dominance of the empress dowager. This summary does not iuclude small local lines, but only the roads large enough to affect the commercial development of China.

American Products in the South African Market.

In the monthly reports of the Consular Service for June of the present year there is an exceptionally interesting paper by J. G. Stowe, United States Consul-General at Cape Town, treating of the part played by Americans and American machinery in South Africa. It was written, of course, when the Transvaal War was still only a dim possibility and describes things as they were under the old regime. Mr. Stowe found that at Kimberly and the gold-mining districts of Natal and Transvaal the mines were very generally in the hands of Americans. Hardly a general superintendent or expert engineer in either of the colonies is of any other nationality. Similarly, nearly all of the improved mining machinery used in this region is made in the United States. In cases where the original plant was made in England, the improvements are largely American. The ice plant, cold storage plant and dynamite works of the Kimberly company come from Chicago. The railway lines, although their rolling stock is imported from England, are laid with steel rails from Pittsburg on sleepers and ties of California redwood. So, also, the pipes of the water-works are from America. American tools and machinery are so much better in quality and cheaper in price than those sent to South Africa from other countries, that they are replacing the others in every line. "In fact," says Mr. Stowe's report, "during my whole trip I was continually putting my hand on something American." As an instance of our superiority in the line of all metal products, he quotes the experience of a Durban merchant who ordered several tons of hoop iron from England. Later, an American offered him the same goods at $10 a ton less. He ordered a quantity of this and wrote to the English firm requesting a cancellation of the order. They refused, stating at the same time that no one could make and guarantee a first-class article at that price and that a test would prove it. When the two lots arrived, the American was found to be superior in every respect. Nearly all the horses and mules in the mines are of American importation; so, too, the canned meat fed to the native miners is from our Middle West. Mr. Stowe points out several openings for American products. One chance we have slipped, he thinks, is our failure to send corrugated iron to South Africa. Buildings, factories and mine sheds there are constructed of this material, which fulfils the requirements better than any other; so far, the iron for this purpose has come entirely from England and Germany.

Settlement Reached in the Samoan Dispute.

It is unofficially announced that the Samoan Commission, which has been holding protracted debate in London over the troublesome question, has now come to an understanding. Details are not given out; the most that can be learned is to the effect that all three parties concerned, German, English and American, are satisfied with the arrangement and that the documents will probably be signed in the course of the next week or two. It is understood that the United States obtains full control of Tutuila Island, which was all our government desired, and that Great Britain has acceded to the German demands in return for substantial concessions elsewhere.

McKinley Declares for Retention of the Philippines.

President McKinley has taken occasion, in his late Western tour, to burn his bridges behind him in the matter of expansion. He has made many speeches at many points, or rather, he has made many variations on one speech. The burden of this speech is a declaration for holding the Philippines and putting down the insurrection. Nearly all his addresses dwelt on this to the exclusion of every other subject. A quotation from the address at Cleveland on Oct. 18 is a fair sample of his sentiments as expressed on this Western tour: "The grave and serious problems which rest upon us account for this unusual interest on the part of the people in public affairs. The problems are grave—the responsibilities are great. Nobody feels them more than I do; nobody feels them more than I can. And yet, my countrymen, our duty is plain, straightforward, unmistakable, to stand by the national honor and preserve the territory we got by solemn treaty. Our soldiers carrying our flag in Luzon will be supported by the people of the United States; and hostilities will stop in that distant island of the sea when the men who assaulted our flag and our soldiers shall lay down their arms. Peace will come, and, I trust and believe, come shortly, and we will be able to give to those people in the Philippines a government which will encourage their best aspirations and their noblest aims—a government under the undisputed sovereignty of the United States."

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Editorial Comment.

The Governor, Burns, and the Extra Session.

DIRECTLY after the close of the late California legislature, the *Wave* declared that Governor Gage would convene that body in extra-session, just so soon as Colonel Burns issued his orders and declared himself ready." The *Chronicle* and *Call* treated the idea as absurd, stoutly maintaining that our Governor would never be guilty of a deed so manifestly outrageous and utterly inexcusable. But Mr. Burns was wise; he knew better. Concious of his power, and confident of his supreme control over the Governor, he at once, preparatory to an extra-session, fell industriously to work at every trick and device known in politics, to pull into his unwholesome fold legislative members who had heretofore refused to vote for him. General Barnes drew out of the senatorial fight, Mr. Grant was betrayed out of it and the remainder of the candidates died quite naturally. At different points in the state, busy agents carefully wet-nursed a public sentiment in favor of "another" senator; and with much pretense of wisdom and grave shaking of heads, manufactured vague and pretended reasons why "the state should have its full quota of senators," this latter movement being intended to justify and sustain the Governor and give him evidence of a desire to "protect" him from criticism. As yet this bubbling stew is not cooked and seasoned, but, if it ever is, Burns' success will be largely due to the cowardly inactivity of senatorial candidates who wanting the place, which may be secured for the trying, yet hold back in fear.

Mr. Burns is reported to be the candidate of Mr. Herrin of the Southern Pacific law department. We understand that this gentleman makes no secret of it, but freely admits the fact. Mr. Herrin certainly has a right to support any candidate that pleases him. It is his privilege. Indeed, his political endorsement is a thing most men try to obtain. It may be freely conceded that had Mr. Herrin thrown the influence at his command to Mr. Grant, or Mr. Scott, or Mr. DeYoung, or General Barnes, or indeed to any man of good or even fair standing in the community, he could have elected his choice without much difficulty. Why he selected Mr. Burns is a problem that defies solution along any reasonable hypothesis. Mr. Herrin is credited with being an astute politician, he holds high position with numerous corporations, and, so his friends declare, prides himself on promoting the political success of honest men—a reputation, by the way, it would be profitable to maintain. We will not go over Mr. Burns' past; we have never done so yet, and will not commence now. Examine him, however, from the point of fitness, so as to discover if possible Mr. Herrin's reason for supporting him. Col. Burns is not an orator, he is not a student, he is not a scholar, he is not a diplomat in any sense of the word; he is not widely popular in the state, nor has he ever performed any service for it. He has no social, commercial, or other valuable connections in California or in the East. His associates and intimates at home are not among the strong men of the state. Quite the contrary. He is without legislative experience or training, is without any broad or comprehensive views—or any views for that matter—on great political or governmental issues. Viewed from any point he does not present a single quality entitling him to even compilmentary mention in connection with the senatorship. He could not carry two counties in the state if his pretensions were submitted to the people. His power in politics, which does not belong to him except as a trustee, is confined to conventions, and the good of the party is subserved by his close retirement from public scrutiny while the campaign is actually on and the ticket in the hands of the people.

Will some friend of Mr. Burns, will *anyone* point out an item of injustice in this summing up of his senatorial qualifications? Will anyone direct our attention to one single qualification possessed by Mr. Burns fitting him for senatorial place? We defy its production. Mr. Burns' friends do claim that his services to the *party* entitle him to the place. Leaving out of consideration the utter absence of reason in this absurd contention, let us presume that party service does entitle one to senatorial recognition regardless of fitness. Let us scrutinize Mr. Burns' services to the party. He has taken such political strength in conventions as belonged to other local political bosses, he has consolidated this strength—which has ever been of the very worst and the most corrupt—and has by trades, by bluff, and by intimidation defeated or nominated candidates for office. He has voted these combined delegates of depravity in a body as an unthinking block of votes. In distributing favors or defeating ambitions he has followed the instructions of his superior. Sometimes he has insisted upon his own candidate, usually bringing disaster to the ticket. He has not elevated the party or served it. He has simply nominated or defeated candidates for office. The votes bought or borrowed or coerced did not belong to him; they could have been voted by any other man who might be chosen by his superior. Burns' "service to the party" is an extremely uncertain and indeterminate quantity. As an excuse to be given to the public, it may be well enough; but at best it is a gauzy nothing which may mean a great deal, but does not.

Mr. Herrin is reported as saying that the attacks of the *Call* and *Chronicle* forced him to support Mr. Burns, who was not originally his candidate. Accepting this as true, it scarcely offers to the Legislature a good reason for electing him. Mr. Herrin's personal pique, or his desire to win a victory over two hostile newspaper-men who have maligned and abused him, may be commendable enough from one point of view, but it does not rise to the dignity of a public affair, and very naturally fails—as it ought to fail—to evoke any widespread enthusiasm among individuals interested in the election of a senator. The most that can be said under the circumstances, is that the unoffending State is most unfortunately situated in the matter. Still with all this, we fail utterly to understand the affinity between Col. Burns and Mr. Herrin.

Governor Gage's attitude is simple of understanding. He feels that Burns is responsible for him, and that, contrary to the wishes of his Southern constituents, he elevated him to the high position he now occupies. Burns' service to the railroad company is by no means so clear. A child, with the following of that corporation, could accomplish all that he is credited with. Without such backing he would not have a corporal's guard at his beck. The hungry time-servers, who now follow greedily and hopefully in his wake watching for a fallen bone, would desert him in the twinkling of an eye and go yelping their allegiance at the heels of any new Richmond who might be selected to succeed him. From a purely railroad point, Burns could do but little for the corporation in the Senate. He would enter that august body with a reputation sadly battered and out of gear. Mr. Herrin himself, or Mr. Mills of the land department of the corporation, would be far preferable to Burns from a railroad point of view. They would be infinitely more useful to the State, and reflect more credit on it; for each possesses distinct ability and each has an education. Governor Gage himself would make a senator preferable to Burns.

Reverting to Mr. Gage. Among the gamblers, the "touts" and the "push" Gage's "loyalty" to Burns inspires a fine type of admiration and their polluted lips pronounce him "torrer-bred." Some friend, some kindly and loyal friend of the Governor should whisper a word of warning to him before the harvest time comes, for Mr. Gage is being made cheap and common in the eyes of decency by his newly found associates. Every step along the highway which he is travelling is marked by the bleached bones of many a political unfortunate who preceded him. Men have gone that road before, but on the bleak waste they traversed have left hope, ambition, honor and all else that makes life worth living to a man of intelligence.

Does Governor Gage know that Assemblyman Dibble is exhibiting to gaping friends the governor's proclamation calling an extra session? Does he know that Mr. Dibble is endeavoring by every trick of the trade to pull members into Burns' camp? Does he know Mr. Dibble's reputation for honesty? Does he know his reputation in public and in private life? Does he know that in exhibiting this proclamation Mr. Dibble is pointing out a particular clause which refers to the election of a United States senator as one of the reasons for convening the Legislature? Does Governor Gage recollect saying with some show of honest boastfulness that if *he* called an extra session there would be no humbug about it, that *he* would "tell the truth" and put the senatorship's issue in the proclamation? Mr. Dibble is exhibiting that document and that clause, and is discussing its advisability with these intimates as though *he* were the man to be satisfied with its text. Does he know that Mr. Dibble is declaring that an extra session will be called on five days notice, either on the 13th or 20th of November? Does Governor Gage realize just how much harm is done him by such a damnable performance? Does he not clearly see that the world is justified in believing anything, where such practices are tolerated?

They used to say down South that Governor Gage was a "blunt, manly, honest individual, who scorned anything that smacked of being a political tool or creature." His friends declared—despite contrary rumors, despite his unfortunate surroundings—that the bosses would find Gage "A wild mustang in the corral, upon whom they could not put a halter." They said, with every show of confidence, "Gage will 'kick over the traces'; some day Burns will push him too hard and he will not submit to dictation." But these men-of-faith have been gradually fading out of sight. You cannot now find them in the hotel corridors. The "mustang" seems to have been "haltered"; the "traces" have not felt the slightest refractory "kick" and it appears as though nothing was too tough and no task was too hard or unpalatable if Burns simply directed. It is whispered that Mr. Gage has been promised the senatorship to succeed Mr. Perkins and this hope holds him in line for Burns. If he has such an ambition, he will slaughter it in its infancy. If Burns is chosen for the Senate by this legislature through the private connivance of the Governor, the people will take their vengeance out on Mr. Gage when he tries for the office. They will have no chance to visit their resentment on Mr. Burns and will strike at his confederate.

Mr. Gage's best friends confess they are disappointed in him. A smile passes around among the politicians when whispered rumor reports that the Governor is "kicking" or making some show of "independence." The people who are "working" him and working him down to a point where he will be utterly useless after they are through, understand these occasional flashes of the fine old spirit once generally attributed to him, and with much pretentious show they bustle about and to mend affairs, they gratify his vanity and again the "blunt, manly, honest" Mr. Gage relapses into a passive hypnotic subject.

When Mr. Gage awakens from the spell that now blunts honorable intention, and casts a backward glance upon the past, he will, in bitterness and rage, curse the unhappy day he ever quit the rut along which his private life had run; he will anathemize the false men who now surround and mold him. Without stint and without mercy, he will upbraid himself, when it is too late to repair the mischief. The road ahead of him leads to but one doom. To the writer he is a stranger; we have said some harsh but true things of him, when we would have much rather written words of praise, yet his downfall, his inevitable wreck and final breaking up, brings a feeling of regret such as an onlooker would experience in witnessing the destruction of a staunch craft hopelessly beating upon a rocky coast. Perhaps Mr. Gage cannot appreciate a stranger's interest in the matter, but the same sentiment lives with dozens of men we have met and thousands, perhaps, whom we have not. The political ruin of Mr. Gage will bring no pleasure to the writer. A flash of the old, manly independence attributed to him, a positive and unequivocal "No" to the tricksters would send Gage stock bounding upward. He has done enough for Burns—much more than Burns performed for him. Burns took up with Mr. Gage not to serve him as an old time friend, not to bestow favors upon him, not in kindness of heart with intent to reward an honest man, but because he desired to serve other ends and could use Gage as a convenienee. He has no moral, no political right to now demand complete subserviency, and Mr. Gage exaggerates his sense of obligation to him if he permits a false sense of duty to accomplish his own disgrace and undoing. Let Mr. Gage pause a moment: let him ask any man outside of the influence of this sort of political life to give him his frank, candid judgment. The older his standing as a friend and the nearer he is as an intimate, the better for Mr. Gage.

The Municipal Election in San Francisco.

MAYOR Phelan is elected. He emerges with an overwhelming majority from one of the hardest fought contests ever waged in this city. As a municipality we will not suffer by his election; that is to say, he will administer the office honestly. From a political point of view the victory was a bad thing for the Republican party, inasmuch as it will certainly place in hostile political hands, a wide sweep of power, and directly and indirectly numberless appointments. True, Mayor Phelan, in a card to the public, before election, disclaimed any intention of using this appointive power for political purposes, but it is difficult to see how he can refuse to reward the men of his party who made his election possible, and escape the charge of ingratitude. Republicans who voted for Phelan at this election have simply doubled the labor necessary to carry this State for President McKinley one year hence. We so asserted before election, and the same is true to-day. Shortly we will find that *some* municipal elections *do* affect national politics. Had the late election been the second under the charter this argument might not apply.

As for Mr. Horace Davis, he did not seek the nomination. It was tendered him by his party, and he was urged by its leaders not to refuse it. He consented to run, as a duty and at once threw himself into a fray he neither sought nor desired. He was lampooned, caricatured, and held up to ridicule by an opposition press that knew neither fairness nor decency. If Mr. Davis deserved better treatment at the hands of his adversaries, what should be said of the Republicans who deserted him. He intends to fight for the party's sake, and at great personal sacrifice. He had no axes to grind, no political bosses to serve, no hope or ambition but to serve his party by serving the municipality faithfully and well.

On the street you may hear a hundred reasons why Mayor Phelan was successful. He has served as Mayor three years, during all of which time he has prepared for this campaign; in this, lay his chief strength. We are heartily sorry for Mr. Davis—sorry inasmuch as he was defeated within his own party—the party he was endeavoring to serve. There will be no divided responsibility with the new administration. The majority of the Board of Supervisors are democratic and whatever they accomplish or fail to accomplish may be credited or charged up to the party they represent. The re-election of Assessor Dodge and Franklin K. Lane by immense majorities is an endorsement of unusually intelligent and faithful service and that of County Clerk Deane and Auditor Wells proves the value of careful and competent administration of an executive officer.

Some years of litigation will doubtless follow before the questionable provisions of the charter will have been finally interpreted by the courts.

DEPARTURE FROM SAN FRANCISCO OF THE WASHINGTON VOLUNTEERS ON THE "QUEEN."

The volunteers are the guests of Livi Ankeney of Washington who chartered the "Queen" to convey them to Seattle. A brilliant welcome awaits them in the Queen City.

IN AN AMMUNITION WAGON.

Death Dealing Explosives that look like Spaghetti and Elm Bark

ENTRANCE to Uncle Sam's new smokeless powder store-house is not secured without some of that red-tape that doth hedge about a republic. You must first get permission through the proper authorities at Washington, a fearsome task, involving much visiting and all the pull that you can muster. Then, when you have satisfied the bureaucracy of the navy that you are not a foreign spy, that you won't go to places from which you are supposed to be excluded, and that you won't smoke, you must use all the blandisments up your sleeve to persuade the officer in charge to show you something worth seeing, for he has it in his power to make your visit an inspection of locked doors if he so wishes.

Heaven still guarded the right in my case, for one of the officers very close to the old commandant I knew not so many years ago as an ensign on the Pacific squadron just out of Annapolis. He took my formal request, worked it into headquarters, and came back announcing that the commandant would be pleased. That is the beautiful thing about military courtesy. If you pass the charmed circle at all, they are always pleased to see you—on the surface. Your application may have been a thorn in the flesh to those in the seats of power; they may have sworn among themselves at your presumption and argued it out and only granted your request because they want a "drag" with your paper or are afraid that you will scourge them in its columns or for some other reason equally politic and distasteful, but when the smiling lieutenant comes out with the permit, "the captain will be delighted," and you feel as though you belonged there. The un-American thing about our army and navy is its veneer.

The new store-house is at Fort Lafayette, in the narrowest point of the Narrows and within easy reach of New York. Time was, when this old stone fortification was the pride of the metropolis. When Lafayette made his triumphal visit in 1825, he pronounced it the finest fort in the world and quite capable of attending to any foreign attack. That time has gone by, of course. A half a dozen modern shells would put it out of commission. In fact, other fortifications of the latest pattern now guard the place and its precious store of 200 tons of high explosives—enough to wreck New York. When the Spanish War called for an expansion in the facilities for making naval supplies, the omnipresent Roosevelt bethought him of the old fort, and petitioned to have it turned over to the navy. Since then, it has been entirely devoted to the storage of powder and the manufacture of shells. From these stone walls issued the death-dealers which smashed the Spanish at Santiago and Manila; here the empty cases of the rapid-fire guns, which spoke in those engagements, have come back to be refilled.

"Powder first and shells afterward," said my guide, after he had made me put on overshoes and deposit my watch and chain—for what mysterious purpose I was not then aware. He opened the door to a room which looked, from the outside, like a bank vault. We stepped into the blackness within. My cicerone switched on an electric bulb and opened, with a clanking like that of the dungeon doors in a play, an iron casement. It was a porthole from which a cannon had peeped in the old days, clear through five feet of masonry. Without, the shallow water wrinkled away to the shore of the bay. We were at the back of the fortress. The room was wide but low-ceiled, and every foot of surface was covered with linoleum. Around the wall were cases with heavy drawers and piles of heavy canvas sacks. He went to one of the drawers and pulled it open with a careless abandon which made me jump. Therefrom, he drew and held up to the light a bunch of stuff which looked like brown spaghetti. It shook and trembled, as he handed it to me, as though afraid of its own potentiality.

"Bend it," said he.

I declined the honor. He laughed, and, taking one of the strips, turned and twisted it as though it were rubber.

"Six-pounder smokeless," he said. "Don't be afraid of it, because I could throw it on the floor or on anything which isn't likely to make sparks and it wouldn't go off—though I'm not going to try it here. That is why we have the place covered with linoleum and why I made you put rubber over your shoes. No metal ever comes in this room. Even the nails under the linoleum are driven down and covered with putty. Besides that I could light this on the floor right now and it would only blaze up and go 'psst!' although if I should do that while it was in the box, there, I would be promoted to a command in the Celestial Navy. Cordite, they call it; the men call it 'strings.' See, here is the stuff for the larger guns," and he dragged out some larger strings that looked like the gelatine rollers on a printing-press. I was persuaded to touch one of them. The surface was rather hard, like that of semi-vulcanized rubber, and like rubber it gave and sprang back at the touch.

The next powder which wasn't powder, but only strings, looked like slippery elm bark cut into strips. "For the heavy guns," explained my guide. I jumped again when he broke off a piece. It seemed so much like the brittle ribbons in which they make up taffy in the fashionable stores that you could almost be tempted to eat it.

"We aren't receiving this any more," said the lieutenant; "it has gone out for some new stuff, something like the macaroni sort I just showed you. This is it—blue-black, you see, and cylindrical. It is cast in strings like the small gun-powder and then cut into cylinders. It is an improvement for the guns and for us as well, because you never knew just how the old black powder, the kind they made in octagonal, hollow prisms and strung on a rod, was going to work. It would explode at the least shock and was blamed uncertain. Here," he opened another box, "is some of the old kind. Wicked-looking, isn't it? But that can't compare with the new kind for pure cussedness in action."

Then we went merrily down to see old retired sailors of the navy load shells. They were putting powder into some four-pound rapid-fire cartridges in the first room. A sailor took a brass shell, put it on a case, cut off a bunch of the macaroni stuff, weighed it and crammed it into the case. Another carefully inserted the steel projectile and crimped the brass on tight. It was very business-like, but rather go-as-you-please, considering the subject. The man with the powder whistled over the pound of death and grinned as he saluted the officer. The latter picked up an empty brass shell near by, turned it over and showed me some calabalistic signs stamped on the edge.

"That means," said he, "that Bob Evans' *Iowa* fired this shell last summer. It may have been a salute and it may have hit a Spanish ship, but it's from the *Iowa* lot, anyway."

The next crowd of jackies were singing a chantey as they stuffed something which looked like Saratoga chips, into big, wicked-looking cases. At a bench near by, a man was breaking my old acquaintances, the slippery-elm strips, into these innocent-seeming fragments. Presently, a jacky said a word which wasn't nice, took up a heavy rod and a mallet and began to pound the chips into the case. I think I turned pale and I knew I shook, when he drew a cigar from his pocket and made as though to light it. Every eye in the room was on my face at that moment; then a ripple of laughter went around the benches.

"Sold!" said my guide. "That's our papier-mache cigar, kept to frighten visitors. I imagine that the drinks—not going, are you?" For I, feeling that I could leave the rest to imagination, was seeking the outer air with undignified haste.

THE GREAT NORTHERN IN WASHINGTON.

IF it is true that the Great Northern road is going to build into the Troublesome country, which is close to the Index mining district in Washington, it will give a boom to that camp which will please people who are interested in mines there. There are any number of good properties in the Troublesome district, but as its name indicates it is a very difficult country to transport ores. It is wild and there is an abundance of underbrush, steep roads and rocky trails. The railroad will enable the miners to ship their ores to the smelter and will cause many prospects to be opened up. Patsy Clark, the well-known mining king of Republic, is said to have acquired interests in the district on the strength of the report that the railroad was to build a branch line in. He is one of the sharpest mining men in the country and the fact that he has interested himself in the Troublesome means much for the district.

THE COMING OF IRVING.

The Famous English Actor's Portrayal of "Robespierre."

THE coming season we are to have Henry Irving in America for possibly the last time. It is no secret that the greatest of the English players is coming to the end of his stage days. Sickness cut short his last provincial tour; already he has been obliged to cut down his work in stage management, in which he has attained an eminence only second to that reached by his acting. The attitude towards him of Englishmen, high and low, players and actors, patrons and attaches of the theatre, has been marked by a kindly feeling which is a tribute to the man as much as to his art. By-the-way, great actors furnish a notable proof of the assertion that big men are not conceited. After a long experience with the profession, I am willing to make deposition that one-half the conceit in the world is contained in the small body of stage-folk. One-half the rest, I think is in men of letters and musicians, leaving a bare one-quarter of the world's supply to go around with the mass of mankind. Booth the younger was a modest, unaffected gentleman; the elder Booth, for all his eccentricities, was not specially conceited. The "little play-actor" Garrick, who has left the most enduring fame of any player who ever lived, is not remembered for this quality. And Bernhardt—well, Sarah is an exception to all rules, but considering that she is deified by Paris, considering that she has been floating this quarter century in such adulation as would have swamped a Cæsar, I do not think that she, either, has an undue amount. So it is with Irving. Modest, retiring, scholarly, it is perhaps the fact that he has lived for his art and not gone afield seeking honors that has given him his grasp on English hearts. Popularity is a shy thing which runs from the hunter. So, when he got into financial embarassments last year, as many another great artist from Scott down to Mark Twain has done in the latter years of his life, the British people rallied to his support, patronizing the plays in which he was interested just to help Irving because he was Irving. So, too, the player folk with whom he is associated have lifted the burden of management and attention to details, which he used to insist on carrying all alone, so that he may now be saved to the English stage for many years to come. It is doubtful, however, if he will again tax his strength with an American trip.

The kindly touch of public sympathy has done wonders for Sir Henry. His old-time vigor and spirit showed again in his acting of *Robespierre* in the Sardou play of that name. Indeed, he has performed a great achievement in this role; at his age, he has created a part. I say "create" advisedly; Sardou never put into the part what Sir Henry has brought out of it.

Old for English audiences, the play is new to America. It has become so familiar in England, that the late presentation in Manchester, Birmingham and the other cities on the provincial circuit, was called a "revival." The drama, of course, takes liberties with the true facts of history, but the presentation of the character is pretty nearly accurate. Sardou here leaves the melodrama, in which he has shone so long, to take on a touch of symbolism *a la* Maeterlinck. These figures stand out from the mass—father, mother and son, each typifying a phase of the French Revolution. The father signifies the destructive energy of that upheaval, the mother its harrowing suffering, the son its reactionary vengeance. There is a dramatic situation not equalled elsewhere in Sardou's work, where the father seeks in prison and tumbril for the son in order to save him, while the frenzied son is seeking everwhere for his father in order to kill him for a fancied wrong. Working on this main situation, Sardou could not end the play otherwise than with the death of the father—*Robespierre* himself—by the hand of the son. This is the weak point in the drama, herein Sardou has departed farther from the real facts than is permissible in a historical play, but what other solution could he have used? Throughout, there is an abundance of those accessories that Irving loves; pageants, mobs, splendid scenery. And how that mob is handled! This was always the head and front of Irving's stage management; the way he put life and semblance into the acting of "supes" was always a marvel. Now, his successors have kept it up on the traditions laid down by him, so that the work of this crowd in the terror scene and in the spectacle of the Festival of Reason which closes the second act is as great as that which marked "Julins Cæsar" and his other Shakespearian productions of years past.

So much for the play and the accessories. In the part of *Robespierre*, around which the drama is grouped, Irving has given us the subtlest of his impersonations. Not so forceful as his *Lear* or his *Mathias* nor yet so psychological as his *Hamlet*, it is great as a study of character. In the opening scene in the forest of Montmorency, the quiet prelude to a stormy passage, he brings out the vanities, the affectations, the curiously intertwined passions of this most curious character by means of a cross-light of facial expression and by-play. Then the force rises in the next act, and swells into the insane vanity of the Feast of the Supreme Being. Then, in the third act, from a peaceful setting, the acting rises to its climax in the scene where the great revolutionist breaks down in passionate affection for his lost son. From there on to the end, Sir Henry's acting expresses the hurry, the confusion, the dread, horror and arrogance combined, inspired in this strange character by the closing days of the Terror. And somehow, Sir Henry has so subtly suggested the madness of *Robespierre* that the effect produced is that of a dream, which fades away at the end into the wild, confused horror of a nightmare.

This drama is the only new one Sir Henry brings to America, but we will see him in most of his best old parts, excepting only *Hamlet*, which he seems to have abandoned for good. "Merchant of Venice" is to be made a strong card, with Ellen Terry, of course, as *Portia*. No play in their repertoire brings out so well the best in both players as does this sweetest of Shakespeare's comedies. In it, both have parts which they number among their best. Ellen Terry's reading of the trial scene is a classic rendition of the English stage, and Irving's *Shylock* was the first to make of the Jew of Venice a martyr and not a villain. This and the Sardou play are to be the staple productions. After them, comes "The Bells," a revival of "Louis XI," once an Irving favorite, but now almost forgotten, "The Amber Heart," with "Waterloo" as a curtain raiser, "Nance Oldfield," a melodrama in which Terry and not Irving holds center stage, and a selection from Shakespeare.

Miss Ellen Terry as 'Margaret."

A late photograph of Henry Irving.

Evelyn Millard as "Princess Flavia" in "The Prisoner of Zenda"

LETTING IN THE LIGHT.

THE ACQUIREMENT OF ST. MARY'S PARK OF IMMEDIATE IMPORTANCE TO SAN FRANCISCO.

THE projected extension of the Panhandle of Golden Gate Park, desirable as it may be for San Francisco, should not be allowed to absorb public attention to the exclusion of another and much more necessary improvement. We refer to the condemning of the old buildings which occupy the region of the once-notorious Saint Mary's Alley and the conversion of the ground into a park, or preferably a playground. The city authorities have at last taken the first step by appropriating $125,000 for the purchase and improvement of the site, trusting to public subscription to raise the rest of the funds. It must not be supposed that by this appropriation Saint Mary's Park becomes an assured fact. The amount will not cover the expense by a good many thousand dollars; the citizens must be depended upon for the remainder. It will be very easy to let the project languish until public interest sickens and dies and the appropriation is swallowed up in some municipal deficit. What is needed now is a leader, some one who will take the matter up as Colonel Waring took up a similar proposition in New York City, and carry the thing through to completion, keeping it before the interested section of the citizens until the park or playground, as the case may be, is completed.

It has been urged against the Saint Mary's project that the city has parks enough. Admitting for a moment that this is true, there is yet a special reason for the institution of a breathing-place on this spot. The block of land cut by Saint Mary's Alley is in the midst of the worst section of San Francisco. On one border is Barbary Coast, on another is a region abandoned to dives and brothels of the lowest class, on still another is reeking, filthy Chinatown. The entire section is given over to immorality and crime. Now the experience of other cities has shown that the surest way of fighting just such sinks of corruption is to "let in the light," The declaration of the late Colonel Waring that "vice hates the dark" was no mere poetic phrasing. The experience of municipalities all over the world shows that a public park or playground or area of free ground of any kind is the surest instrument for cleansing a district morally infected.

New York is the best example, because that city is much like San Francisco in its sociological make-up and because it has "monkeyed" with more experiments in social reform than any other city in the world. When Colonel Waring and his associates began their fight for small public parks in central localities, there were several centers of disturbance in the Island of Manhattan. One of these, Mulberry Bend, was a notorious refuge of thugs, thieves and roughs, very like to the Barbary Coast of fifteen years ago; another was the haunt of a gang of boys "tough" beyond all belief. These very spots were chosen by Waring and his associates as the site of their parks. After a seven-year fight with Tammany, the point was gained. Six playgrounds, combining the functions of a park and an outdoor gymnasium, were granted and put under way before Colonel Waring died. These parks have been running a little over a year, and have nearly reclaimed the districts in which they are situated. Mulberry Bend, where the patrol wagon used to be called nightly as the result of a murder, assault or robbery, is so quiet this summer that the police reporters are hardly called there once a week. It is not only that the people of that overcrowded district come out and make the park a breathing-place, but the children may play there after school without danger. There is an opportunity for the young men to build up constitutions enervated by city life through inexpensive out-of-door exercise; the lawless element has vanished. In the district above mentioned where the "Whyo" gang educated criminals and terrorized the police, lawlessness has ceased. No one can say whether it is because the boys and young men, finding a place where they can throw a baseball without police interference, have taken to healthy sport as an outlet for their spirits or whether the neighborhood has straightened up to keep pace with the improvements on the principle: "if you want to keep a man out of the mud, black his boots;" the fact remains, that crimes, misdemeanors, arrests have decreased, that streets and alleys once dangerous to chance passers are now safe—and all since the parks were opened.

It may be argued that the need of public parks is not so great in San Francisco as in New York, that the city has its own Golden Gate Park, at once a garden and a playground. It is true that there is nothing in the metropolis which approaches Golden Gate Park, but that magnificent tract cannot satisfy the need for breathing-places close to the homes of the people. A schoolboy living on upper Powell street, let us say, cannot go five or six miles after school for his game of ball, and yet, if he would play ball at all, he has now to do that, or depend on the street or on vacant lots. There is just one small, cramped playground in the city proper, and that is supported by private enterprise. The time will come when the vacant lots will be built up, when the municipality will be forced to provide playgrounds or admit that it has no care for the welfare or morality of its younger generation. Shall the citizens of San Francisco do it now when the Saint Mary's tract can be bought at a moderate price and when the devoting of that tract to public uses will clean out a moral sink, or shall they wait until city land is so advanced in price that they must pay, as did New York for her new playgrounds, millions of dollars and the energy of a ten-year fight? The issue is with the citizens, because upon their response to the call for financial assistance depends the success of the Park scheme. I.

Professor George S. Chase, who has recently been appointed to Professor B. I. Wheeler's place at Cornell, was graduated from Harvard in 1889, with distinction. He took his A. M. degree in 1895 and the Ph. D. in 1897, both at Harvard. He received his doctor's degree for special work in comparative philology, and his is the only Ph. D. ever given by Harvard for this branch of study.

Patriotism and Straight Business.

THE difference between the welcome to the Federal volunteers as they pass into San Francisco and that given to the State volunteers in the early days of the war is somewhat significant. There is very little "hip-hooroar" about it now; chance saunterers on the streets come out to watch the men go by and to criticise their points, a few devoted Red Cross ladies give them flowers at the ferry, but in the main their arrival causes no commotion. Even the army authorities have cooled, and have ceased to send out escorts, so that the poor, overworked Third Artillery is having a season of rest. It is a pure matter of business, which is, probably, just as it should be. We have ceased to make the war a toy, and have come to regard it as a matter to be settled and gotten off our hands. This feeling is likely to be of more avail in settling the uncultured Filipinos than any amount of patriotic froth on the part of people who criticise on the side-lines while the army is doing the work.

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A Floating Gold Mine.

AS a money maker, a good steamship in the Alaskan trade is better than a Nome gold mine. The profits of a successful trip are enormous and the risks are not great enough to offset the returns. The *Roanoke*, the treasure-bearer of the North, which has brought out millions upon millions of Klondike gold, has just completed an $80,000 round trip. On the trip down, she carried 500 passengers, who paid in fares an aggregate of $40,000; fares for the trip up and for freight both ways duplicate the amount, making $80,000 in all. Of this, a great deal more than half must certainly be clear profit to the owners. It will be some time before the new steamers building for the Alaskan trade are ready to be placed in commission and meanwhile the fortunate pioneers in the enterprise will continue to clear such profits as can be obtained in no other business in the West.

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Colonel Wholley vs. His Officers.

The Washington Volunteers are once more civilians, and their Colonel is on the way to take his new command as Major of volunteers in the Philippines. The time is ripe now to throw aside considerations of policy and speak out concerning some regrettable slurs on as brave and efficient an officer as ever commanded an American regiment. From the first, the career of Colonel Wholley was hampered by the malignancy of certain jealous persons, both inside and outside the regiment. When appointed, he was only a Lieutenant, at that time military instructor at the University of Washington. Many others who held higher rank in the regular army had made application for the position, but Governor Rogers, to his eternal credit, chose his man for his character and ability, and not for his "pull" or his rank. The troops were not out of the State before the storm began. The Captain of the regular army, himself a rejected applicant for the position, whose duty it was to muster in the regiment, reported to the War Department that the men were "mentally and physically unfitted for soldiers." The record of the Washington troops in the Philippines is the best exposure of the animus prompting this statement. In the few weeks of guard duty at San Francisco, the malcontents inside the regiment did not let this feeling die out. They kept Colonel Wholley in hot water during the entire stay in the Philippines; now that the war is a thing of the past, they are still yelping at his heels like poodles around a mastiff too big and generous to notice them.

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Wholley is a soldier; his business is his duty, and he has no concern with politics. He has not broken his silence to give one word in answer to his calumniators, not even when they placed upon him a false charge which might have spurred any man to a reply—that of sending Captain Fortson of Company B to a station where death was certain in order to be rid of him. The facts are these: Colonel Wholley did not regard Captain Fortson highly, believing that he lacked soldierly quality. On the other hand, the Captain did not hold any special animus against his superior, and refused consistently to join the cabal of officers working against the Colonel. But in the heavy fighting of Feb. 5-7, when the Washington men saw their first service, the Captain proved, under fire, his ability. At the first opportunity, Colonel Wholley had him to dinner at headquarters and apologized like a man, owning that he himself had been in fault when he underrated his subordinate. From that time on, the two were the best of friends. A few days later the Captain was killed in action, having gotten, with his men, into an unexpectedly hot corner; then, forsooth, the calumniators of Colonel Wholley came out and asserted that the dead man had been sent there in order that the commander might be rid of him. What the enlisted men of the regiment thought of this lie is proved by their action when they returned to San Francisco. They presented a saber to Colonel Wholley. The money for its purchase was raised by subscription among the privates and non-coms.; the list was circulated and headed by the men of Company B, Captain Fortson's own old command, and the first sergeant of that company made the presentation speech. There was not an officer on the subscription list. Some of them sought the honor, but were politely refused; others, and among them the one in especial who has calumniated Wholley for his own advancement—Lieutenant-Colonel Fife—took means to show their disapproval. The men did it nevertheless, and they showed a fine sense of things by making the gift not an ornamental dress-sword but a fighting saber, to show their appreciation of Wholley's fighting quality.

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The Seattle "P. I." Changes Hands.

The Seattle *Post-Intelligencer* is on the brink of a change in ownership and policy. To date, it has been an independent journal with Republican leanings, although it has treated the administration rather harshly in the past few months. Now, good authority has it that the *Post-Intelligencer* is about to pass into the hands of the Republican party managers and the Hanna faction with the Northern Pacific Railroad as a factor in the deal. Fifty thousand dollars is deposited in a Seattle bank to bind the bargain and the whole price coming to Colonel Turner for his gilt-edged property is stated at $300,000. The move has its connection, of course, with the fight of the Northern Pacific for a Seattle terminus. It has been known all along that the road wanted the support of a live newspaper and the *Post-Intelligencer* has been coy, very coy. With the Northern Pacific, the controlling interest will be held by ex-Senator Wilson, who attributes his late defeat to the paper. As the editorial staff now in power did the work of war in the campaign and as Wilson is known to harbor no little animosity on this score, the slaves of the *Post-Intelligencer* are now working with one eye on a new situation.

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THE *Post-Intelligencer* is really an excellent daily, well made up, newsy and intelligent. Its identity was developed by Alfred Holman, who was imported from the Portland *Oregonian* to edit it when Seattle began to boom and who made its editorial page a rival of the *Oregonian's*. Holman has recently taken charge of the San Jose *Mercury*, which he should be able to make a great paper of. Few active journalists have his versatility and knowledge of affairs. Indeed, his only rival in omniscience is W. H. Mills, of the Southern Pacific Company, who can write informatively and authoritatively on land values, politics, science and sociology. Holman is deeply versed in agricultural and horticultural affairs, having owned and edited the *Pacific Rural Press*. He knows a great deal about mining and in the *Oregonian* ranked as Harvey Scott's favorite editorial writer. Had he gone to New York instead of remaining on the Coast he must have ranked as one of the able newspapermen of the metropolis, though, as a matter of fact, he has always commanded the largest newspaper salary paid at this end of the country.

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The Football Situation.

COMMENT on the Stanford-U. C. Freshman game, now nearly two weeks gone, had to be deferred in the last issue. It is sufficient to say that the match upset the rule for Freshman contests and was very close and exciting. The score, 6-0 in Stanford's favor, does not clearly express the superiority of the game played by the Cardinal colts, hampered as they were by the poor generalship of their quarter-back and captain, Riatt, who while playing a snappy individual game, mostly did the wrong thing at the wrong time in giving signals and kept his team moving with the leisure of a funeral. The Berkeley colts put up a plucky game for men who must have realized that they were "up against it." They could not gain on their opponents, but made two fine stands on defensive play and the punting of Valentine, who will wear a 'varsity sweater before many years, compared well with the kicking of any player on the Coast. The strength of Stanford's football work this year is apparently grit. Chamberlain seemed to have infused this quality to a desirable extent, as was shown in the Olympic-Stanford game of last week. The college men looked like babies beside their opponents, but they kept their opponents guessing and made a beautiful rally on their own two-yard line, holding them there for four downs. When Stanford had scored their goal from field, the second, by the way, ever made in a championship game in San Francisco, the club players showed the first glint of fighting spirit they have displayed this season by carrying the ball straight down to a score and victory. The Olympic team of this year is the superior of either college eleven, but has not shown it in its playing. Its members can hardly be expected to do so; there is no incentive.

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On form, based on observation of practice games, it looks like U. C. on Thanksgiving day. As I have said, the spirit among the men at Stanford is good, but it is also true that Berkeley has lost nothing of her fighting spirit. The danger to them lies in possible over-confidence. It is very doubtful if the score will attain the proportions of last year's; the numerous braces Stanford has taken in the contests with Olympic point to a strong, plucky, defensive game, far different from the one shown last Thanksgiving. Stanford is likely, with the help of Murphy's punting leg, to hold the California men for one or two touch-downs and may score, although this is less likely, for they have not developed a single strong offensive back, Murphy excepted, and he, in his position at quarter-back, cannot be used for advancing the ball. This estimate is based entirely on present form. Either term may meet with accidents or may slump. So far, very few men on either side have been rendered unfit.

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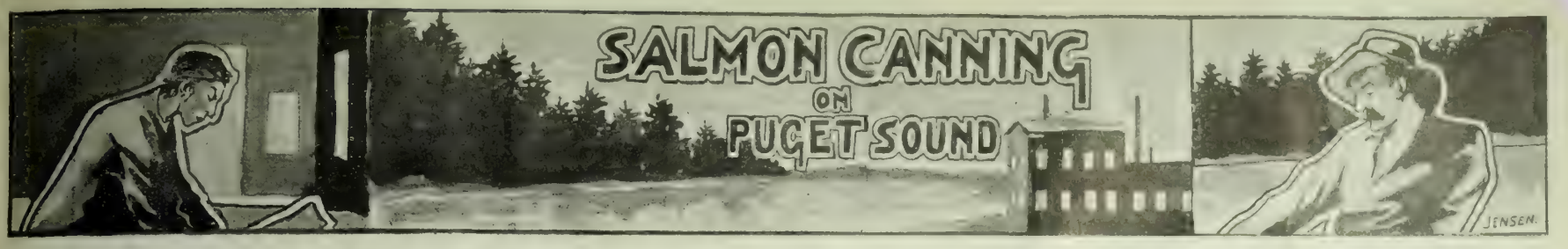
Sunday Magazines.

SUNDAY journalism naturally attracts public attention. To begin with it is generally produced on a primary color scheme and catches the eye. Besides, the object is to startle. In the several "sups" there is only enough reading matter to set off the cuts but, save in the *Chronicle*, prose is an incidental complement of an artistic effect. I once heard two *Examiner* editors analysizing the proofs of an extraordinary single page effect that their combined ingenuity had accomplised. Though the broadside had a fatal resemblance to a crazy quilt, to the critical eye of the chief it lacked a touch to complete it. "Just drop in ten lines of type in that lower right hand corner, "he prescribed" and it'll be a dandy. "What'll I put in?" asked the other." "Any old thing" was the reply. Baleful supremacy in the production of features has long been held by the Monarch. Latterly, however, Editor Moore of the Sunday *Call* has led in spectacular effects. The business of "freaking" he has down to a fine point and he displays an extraordinary ingenuity in creating extravagant effects. Appropos of supplements, I read with interest an article by Dr. Arnold Genthe on the new photography in the *Chronicle* last Sunday. As readers of the *Wave* are aware, Dr. Genthe is a most intelligent art critic and as a photographer, he ranks among the very cleverest in either the United States or Europe. The Hoe power press renders the successful reproduction of a half-tone an accident and it cannot be said this artist's studies were done justice to by the *Chronicle*, but in the originals these same pictures are really admirable, regarded either as studies or photographs.

Tanforan Park, the new track of the Pacific Coast Jockey Club, is so situated that horses may run and men and women may watch without interference of the afternoon fog so familiar a visitant at Ingleside. The ocean mists break at Colma and the southern section of the peninsula is generally steeped in sunshine, while the north is blindfolded in clouds. The advantage of the situation is obvious. Otherwise the new track represents all the experience gained by the creation of Ingleside and Emoryville, and subserves all purposes without representing a great expenditure. It has been suggested that the location is admirably adapted for agricultural show purposes and the directors may take in hand the idea of organizing a great stock parade every year, which would discount the Sacramento State fair and all its gambling accessories. The fact is that in San Francisco reside the greatest stock raisers on the Coast and it should be easy to interest them in a big agricultural fair which would be legitimately run. There is an opportunity here that I should not be surprised to learn had been taken advantage of.

FEMININE MEMBERS OF HARRY CORSON CLARKE'S "WHAT HAPPENED TO JONES" COMPANY WHICH OPENS AT THE CALIFORNIA THEATRE NEXT WEEK

1 Miss Cecilia Castilie 2 Miss Ida Banning 3 Miss Carroll Marshall 4 Miss Minette Barrett *Photographed by Bushnell*



THE past year has marked the greatest developement in the salmon industry of the Sound in the history of the state of Washington. The Sound now produces about one third of the output of the word. The Columbia River, Alaska waters and Russian and English rivers add to the output, but Puget Sound is easily first. In proof of this figures are given by packers and canners on the sound which show that the pack up to Oct. 31st last was nearly 500,000 cases larger than it was last year and its value will reach the enormous sum of nearly 3,500,000. It is no wonder then that Eastern capital should look with eager eyes toward the Sound. Much of this capital has found investment here during the past season and as a result new canneries, new traps and new methods of treating the fish were introduced and this made it possible to increase the output so laagely. Hundreds of additional men found employment, there was more freight for the railroads and express companies and for vessels plying the Sound and every city on its banks was benefitted. How great are the possibilities for this industry cannot be estimated, for the waters of the great inland sea seem to fairly swarm with the fish.

Salmon taking has grown from a very small industry. The Siwash was the first fisherman. It was bread, meat and everything else to him. There was no trouble in snaring and to the redman who never labored except when he was hungry, it was a mine of wealth greater than the richest gold mine is to the white. The whites found this mine, however and developed it to its present proportions. Now there are traps everywhere on the sound. There are canneries too, and so many of them that their number will surprise a stranger. It is truly better than a Klondike to the people living along the waterway. The salmon is in favor in Washington as much as it is elsewhere, for the sound pack supplies the State first, then the rest of the United States, the entire parts of Asia and parts of Europe and even faraway Africa. And still there is a demand for more. The following table will show the output of the year up to Oct. 31st.

	Sock-eyes	Spring	H backs	Co-hors
Alaska Packers Association	123,000		37,000	
Pacific American Fish Co	110,000	5,000	68,500	11,000
Fidalgo Island Packing Co	39,000	2,000	26,000	6,000
Anacortes Packing Co	46,600		15,000	3,000
Fairhaven Canning Co	29,000	3 000	15,000	5,500
Aberdeen Packing Co	27,000	2,000	25,000	7,000
Carlisle Canning Co	28,500	1,000	13,000	
Ainsworth & Dunn [Blaine and Seattle]	46,000	5,000	14 500	22,000
Geo. T. Myers & Co	17,000		13,000	15 000
Pacific N. W. Packing Co	14,090	400	12,000	2,500
National Packing Co	8,000	450	6,000	6,000
Rosario Straits Packing Co	7,000		5,000	4 000
Astoria and Puget Sound Packing Co	8,500		8 500	6,000
Total	503,690	18,850	258,500	88,000

Like everything else that is good and valuable, there is some work in salmon fishing and preparing the meat for the market. To one who is with a fishing crew for amusement the sport, if such it can be called, is very fascinating. Vast schools of salmon may be seen in the seasons, ruffling the quiet waters as they dash straight ahead or to either side, disturbed, no doubt by the motion of the vessel. Suddenly they are in a fish trap and then the commotion is terrible. Some of the traps are large enough to imprison 20,000 of the fish, but with such a mass of struggling captives the trap sways to and fro and at times there is danger of a break that may release thousands of the tribe. It is then that the fishermen get in their work. A large bandnet is used and fifty to one hundred fish are dipped up at a time and transferred to a scow. When the trap is emptied, its former contents are taken to the nearby cannery.

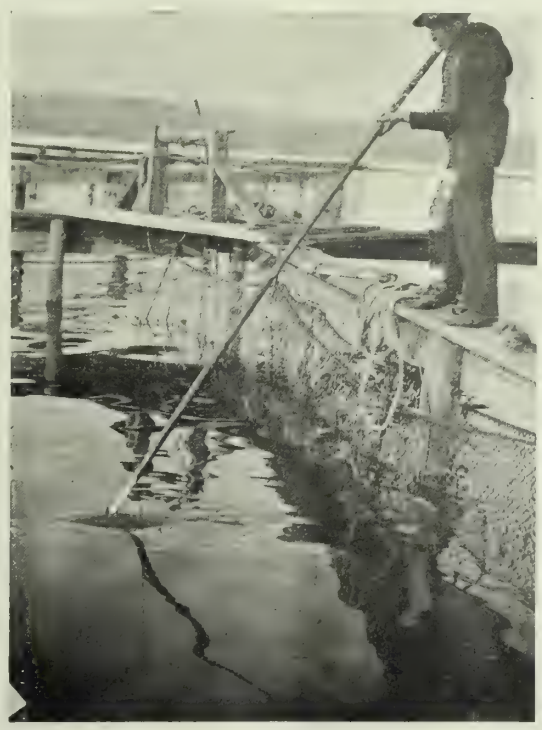
However, traps are not the only means used to snare the salmon. Gill nets, purse nets, drag seines and several other varieties are used according to the fish and the season. Once at the cannery the work of preparing the fish for market commences. It is an interesting process, in which cleanliness comes first and rapidity second. The buildings are models of workmanship with all the tools and appliances always kept in the best of order. Everything possible is done to present the fish to the consumer clean and sweet. From the scow the fish passes to the butchers, who speedily remove the heads, tails, fins and entrails and send them into the sliming tanks. Here they are scraped, washed and go on to what are called the second tubs. These tubs contain a medium quantity of salt brine and the fish emerge from them thoroughly cleaned and brushed and with the brine rinsed off. The next process is the cutting, done by a revolving gang knife, which reduces them to the proper sizes for the can. From thence, they are carried to the filling benches and placed in cans by women and girls. The cans leave the hands of the women and girls to go to the toppers; toppers are very often men, but a good many of the canneries use machinery to do this work. After the tops are put on the cans they are conveyed to the crimp, a piece of machinery which fastens the top. Next an automatic arrangement carries the cans to the solder machine. They are then immersed in the test kettle of boiling water. After remaining in this for a short time they are examined for leaks and placed on iron trays or coolers and carried to cars, upon which they are loaded to be rolled into the retort. The door of this apartment is closed and bolted and steam turned on for the first cooking. A heat of 212 degrees is kept on in the retort until the fish is done. Then it is taken out and each can has a hole punched in its top for the purpose of expelling any air. Once the air is gotten out, the hole is soldered up. Finally, the cans are placed in hot iron retorts and keeps there long enough to cook the bone of the fish. As soon as this last cooking is done, the cans are taken to a tank of hot caustic soda lye and are washed and rinsed clean. Then they go to the cooling room where they undergo the final test for leakage. Afteward, they are lacquered, labelled and boxed for shipment.

The principal varieties of salmon found in the waters of Puget Sound and tributary streams may be classed as follows: Spring salmon, which are similar to if not identical with the Columbia river salmon; Royal Chinook; Sockeyes, which are the chief Fraser river variety; Cohos, more commonly known as Silver salmon, and the Steelheads. The last, although technically belonging to the trout family, are classed as salmon. Then there is every other year a heavy run of the species known as Humpbacks. There is also found in large quantities the coarser and more inferior sort classed as Dog salmon.

Of the Spring salmon there are two species, one being a very red-meated fish, and the other having light-colored flesh. The former is called Red Spring salmon and the latter White Spring salmon. These fish run together and their season is from February until July. The red variety is regarded the more valuable for commercial purposes, because of its rich red color. The eating quality, however, is but very little if any better than that of the white variety.

These fish are not uniform in size, varying from twelve or fifteen pounds to seventy or eighty pounds in weight. They are caught by trolling and to some extent in traps and nets; although as compared with some other varieties in only small quantities. For the sportsman the Red Spring salmon is the favorite. Both the red and white varieties are superior for salting and drying, and the red variety is desirable for canning. These fish seem to run indiscriminately through the waters of Puget Sound and up many of its fresh water tributaries.

Closely following the run of Spring salmon in the waters of Puget Sound north of the Straits of San Juan de Fuca, we find the Sockeye variety, coming in great schools, differing in that respect from the other salmon. These fish enter the Straits uniformly each year close to the 4th of July. They are never found in the waters of the Sound south of the Straits of Fuca, but invariably and instinctively run to the northward, finding their way through the numerous channels separating the San Juan archipelago to their ultimate destination, the Fraser river, although quite a quantity of these fish run up the Skagit, entering the mouth of that river through Deception Pass; and, as Washington is conducting a hatchery in Baker river, one of the sources of the



An Intruder in the Trap.

Skagit, it is believed that the quantity of Sockeye salmon in that river will soon be very materially increased. In 1896, about six and a half million Sockeye fry were liberated from this hatchery and the output in 1897 was nearly as great and in 1898 and 1899 was still larger.

But the great bulk of these fish ascend the Fraser river and, after running the gauntlet of the fishing gear in our own waters and the innumerable nets in and about the mouth of the Fraser, fill the upper waters of that river during the spawning season. These fish are very uniform in size, and, owing to their beautiful color and their richness in oil, are the favorite sort for canning. They weigh about seven pounds each. Every four years there is an immense run, followed by three seasons of lighter runs, each succeeding year being lighter than the preceding. The lightest runs always come on the year of the presidential election and the heaviest runs on the year when the president is inaugurated, a simple and easy method of remembering this peculiar charecteristic of these fish. There seems to be no settled theory regarding the difference in the volume of these fish from one year to another, but the fact has been known ever since fishing has been practiced on the Fraser river. Their season for passing through our waters is comparatively short. In 1897, which was the big year, there were but fourteen days of fishing for Sockeye salmon at Point Roberts. They seemed to come in one immense school and the waters of the Gulf of Georgia were alive with them, but in a few days they were all gone. They were so numerous on the Fraser river in August, 1897, that it was estimated that more fish were thrown away than were used in canning, although some forty-three canneries were in operation between New Westminster and the mouth of the river.

The Humpback salmon, so called, usually come just at the close of the Sockeye run. They are also uniform in size, being a little lighter in weight than the Sockeye, but they are very tender and their flesh is quite light.

Closely following the Humpback, the Cohoes make their appearance; these fish also come in very large quantities, although not uniformly, and their season extends over a period of time ranging from the 1st of September until Christmas. Some years they are scarce and others plentiful, but there seems to be no rule governing their conduct, as in the case of the Sockeyes. This is also a desirable variety for canning, but not equal to the Sockeye, and the canned product sells for less. They are also valuable for salting and drying. Their color, while red, is not so deep as that of the Sockeyes. This variety seems to ascend most of the streams indiscriminately and a great many of them are found about the mouth of the Nooksack river. As many as a quarter of a million have been taken there in a single season, with nets, while in other seasons, notably the fall of 1897, they were very scarce at this point.

Following the Cohos, or Silver salmon, the magnificent Stealheads are caught. This variety is regarded as the best for shipping while fresh. They are sent in large quantities during all the winter months all over the United States, packed in ice and safely landed at their destination in splendid condition. They are of good size, averaging probably eighteen or twenty pounds each and of beautiful appearance. These fish ascend the Nooksack in large quantities and may be found in its waters all winter. The Dog salmon, so called, also run in the fall.

It will, therefore, be observed that there is scarcely any season of the year but what salmon of some variety may be found in our waters.

Last year there were 3984 men and boys employed in the fisheries of Puget Sound, drawing $838,440 in pay. This force of men was largely increased this year and the wages paid will be nearly double. The value of the fishing plant last year was over $2,000,000. So much has been added to it since then that it would be difficult to estimate the value of the increase. To give an idea of the capacity of a single trap, one has but to glance at the record of one at Cherry Point. It sent 220,000 fish to the cannery this year. The largest cannery building in the world is situated at Fairhaven. It is 350 feet long by 260 wide and has a capacity of 6,000 cases per day.

HARRY CORSON CLARKE.

On May 31st, 1896, Mr. Harry Corson Clarke was an unknown quantity on the Pacific Coast, but twenty-four hours later, on the night of June 1, he had won a hold on every California present that evening, at the Columbia Theatre, where he appeared as Mr. Foster of Chicago in the "Two Escutcheons." He was born in the East, and, up to that time, had never been west of the Rockies and was anxious as to the impression he would make on a San Francisco audience. In the profession there is, to those who have never been on the coast, an idea that the people in this section are cold and prone not to give an actor his just deserts.

On the eventful night, however, Mr. Clarke appeared in the part created by that well-known artist, James Lewis, who, together with the original Daly company, sat in front. Knowing that the critical eye of the creator of the role would follow his every movement, he stepped on the stage in an awe-stricken manner, but determined to do his very best. That night, when the curtain went down on the last act, he retired to his dressing room feeling that his work had been good, but still uneasy as to the manner in which the critics would take him.

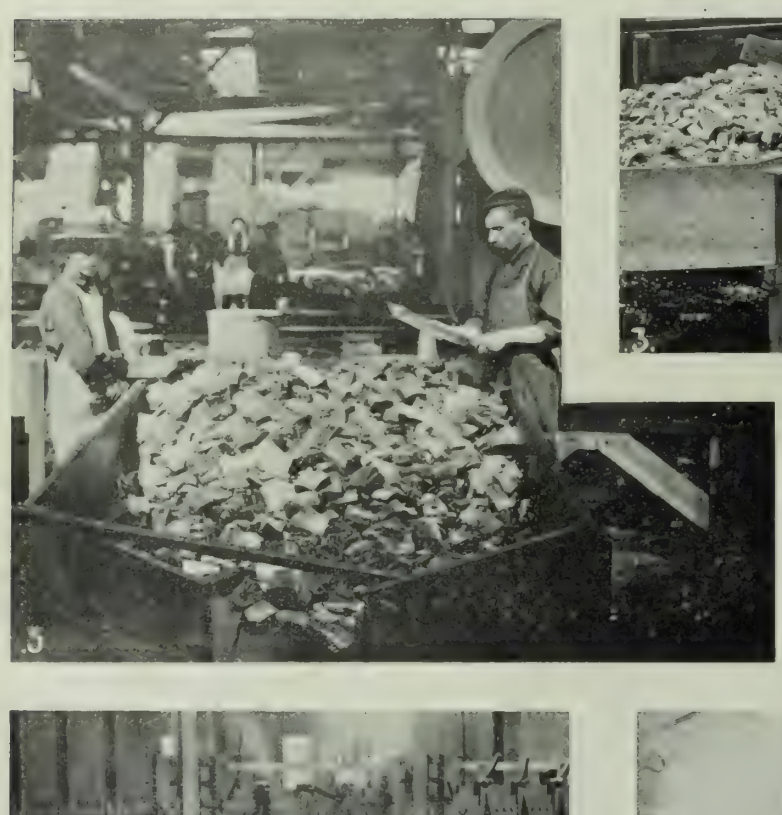
Leaving the Columbia he went direct to the Baldwin Hotel. Shortly after he had seated himself at a table Mrs. Gilbert, that dear old lady who had played with the Daly company for years, toddled across the room and, although a complete stranger, grasped Clarke by the hand saying, "My boy, I want to congratulate you. Your work was grand and some day you'll be a recognized star." One by one congratulations followed from other members of the Daly company. That night he retired feeling assured at last that he was at best not a failure. Next morning the first thing after waking was a dive for a morning paper and, upon turning to the theatrical column he read the following: "As clever a comedian as had trod the boards in this city for years." That was the climax.

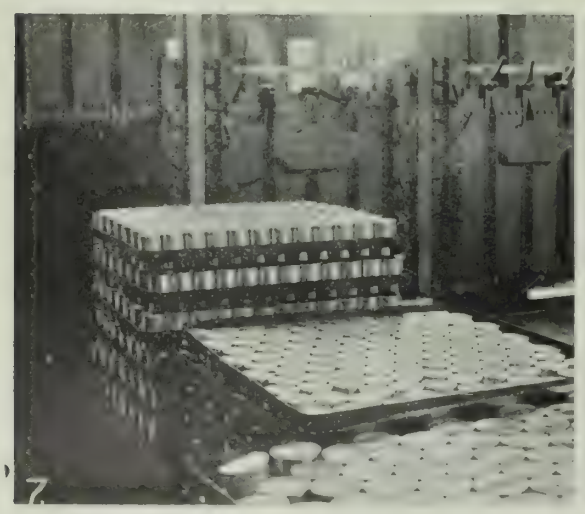
From that time Mr. Clarke has been a strong favorite in San Francisco and has identified himself with the entire western coast until now he has more friends than any other comedian playing in this section of the country. Having married a California girl he is a Californian by adoption and has reciprocated the friendship of the warmhearted western public by making the coast his permanent home. Mr. Clarke will stick to "What Happened to Jones," this season, but next season will be seen in an entirely new and original comedy, "What Did Tomkins Do?"

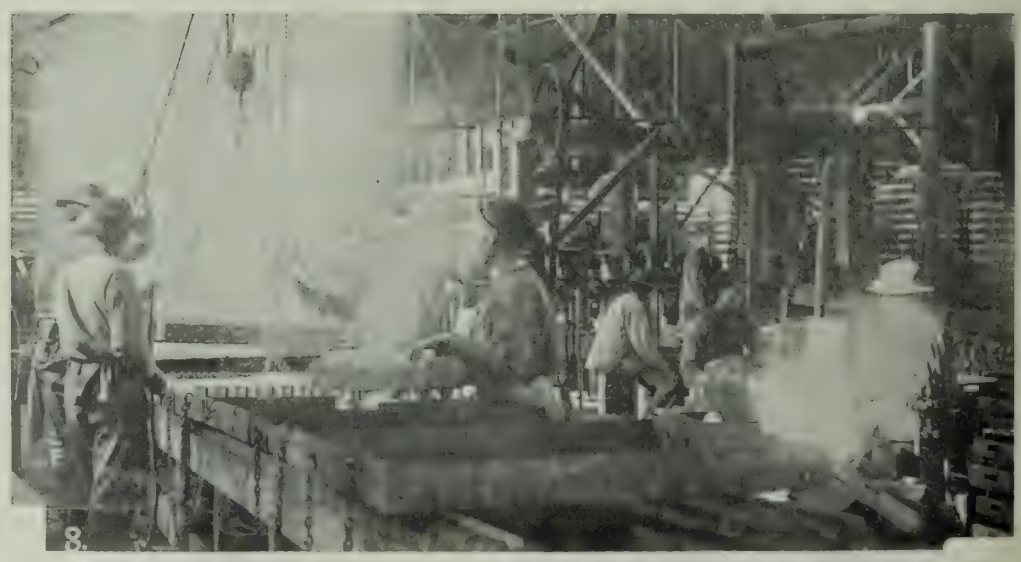
Quatrain.

Over my head and far away
I saw the frightened moon,
A forgotten guest of Yesterday
In the warm blue halls of Noon.

ARTHUR KETCHUM
—Atlantic Monthly.



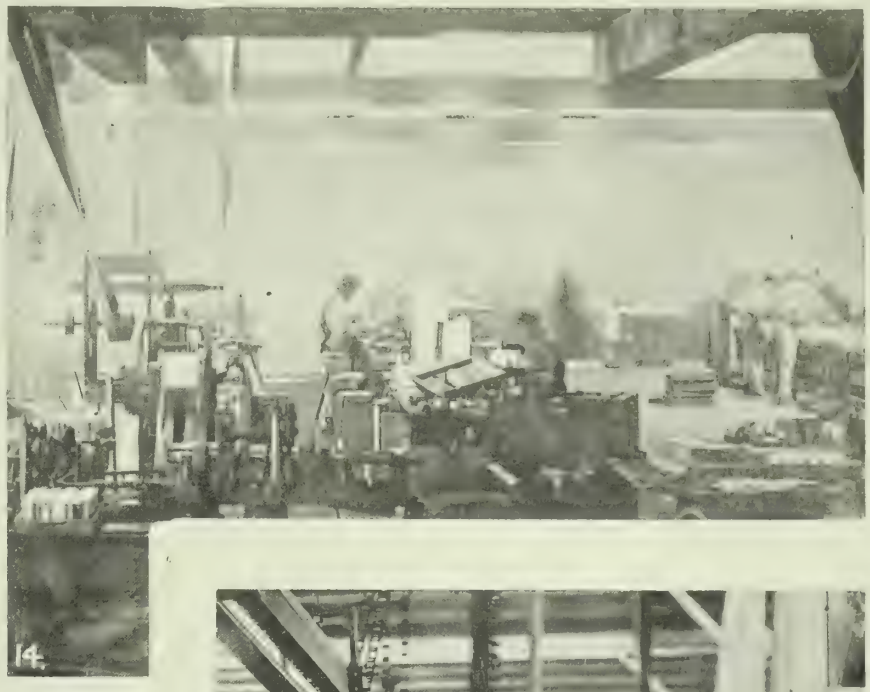


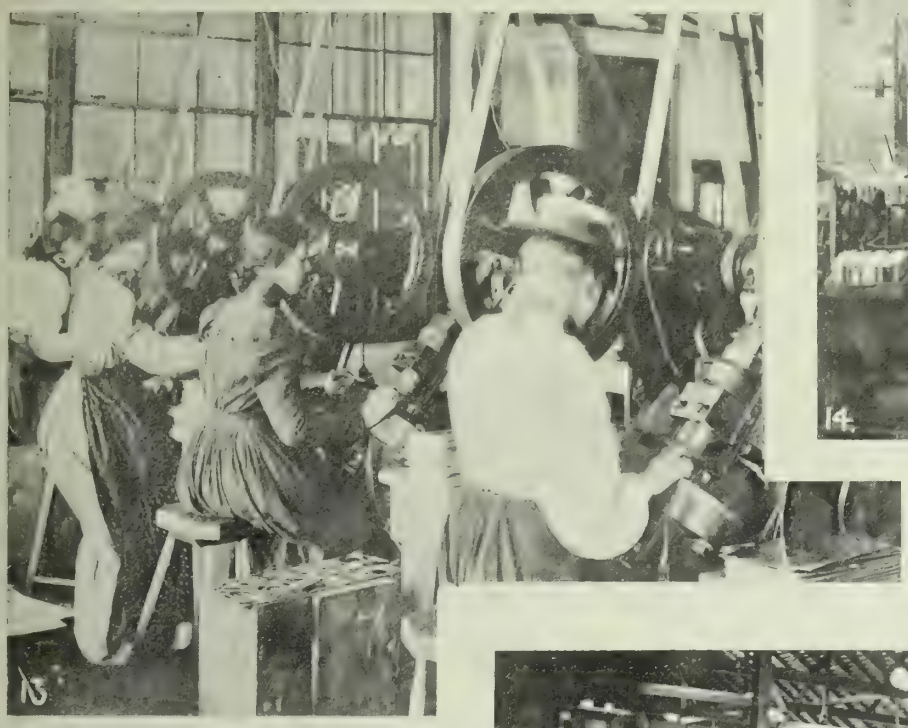


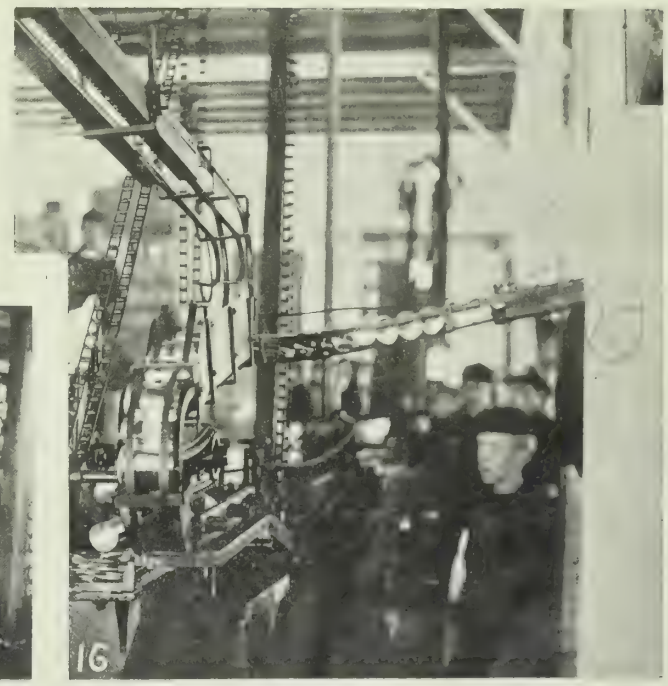
1. A 60,000 run in the P. A. F. Co. cannery, Fairhaven. 2. Butchers at work. 3. Cut and shoted by the rotary cutting machine. 4. Girls filling cans. 5. Cutting down to fit cans 6. Filling table
7. Cans being run into the retort for the final cooking. 8. Testing cans for leakage. *Photo by Thompson.* 9. Girls labelling cans at Aberdeen Packing Co.
10. 50,000 cans of Sockeye Salmon in Aberdeen Packing Co.'s store room, Fairhaven.

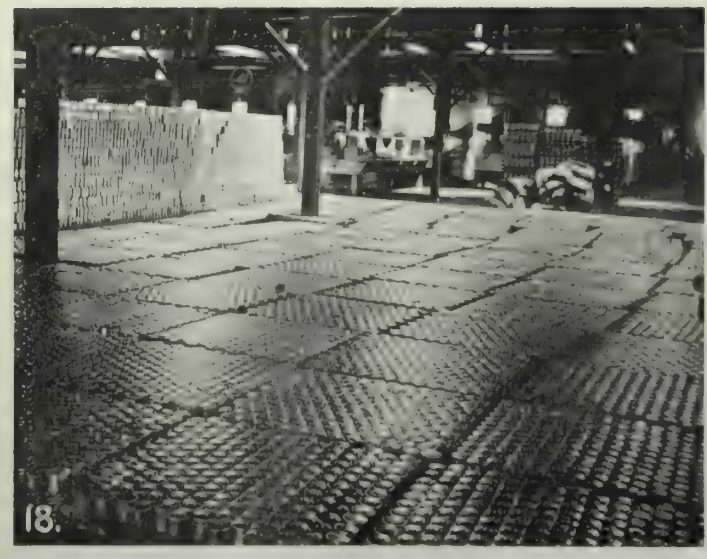
THE PROCESS OF CANNING SALMON. (1)

Photos by Dobbs









11. Store room in Cannery.—*Photo by Thompson.* 12. Side view of Aberdeen Packing Co.'s Cannery, Fairhaven. 13. Bathing ends of cans in the Pacific Sheet Metal Works, Fairhaven. 14. Interior of Ainsworth & Dunn's Cannery, Blaine, Wash. 15. Lunch Hour in a Cannery. 16. Cans coming down train to be soldered in Pacific Sheet Metal Works. 17. Girls at work in Pacific Sheet Metal Works. 18. Salmon Cooling after coming from retort.

THE PROCESS OF CANNING SALMON. (2)

Photos by Dobbs

FAIRHAVEN. *Photo by B. W. Huntoon.*

FAIRHAVEN.

Characteristics of the Center of the Salmon Fishing Industry.

FAIRHAVEN, situated, with its sister city New Whatcom, on the shores of Bellingham Bay, is one of the most beautiful cities on the great inland arm of the Northwest sea. It is a busy place, this new but growing city, the most northwestern town of our national domain, but its chief attraction is a wild, unspoiled natural beauty. The arm of the Sound on which it rests is a deep harbor eighty square miles in extent, large enough for all the fleets of the world and a small surplus from Mars. Out beyond the city, with the peaceful water ever lapping at its feet, stretches a range of densely wooded hills, close grown with evergreen trees. Westward from the town rise the great peaks of the Olympic range, showing their white heads over the blue islands; to the east are the equally majestic Cascades, with Mt. Baker, the Sentinel of the North, rising majestically above the lower mountains. Civilization all around, the hum of factories, the noise of trading, the whistle of the locomotive—yet only a two days' journey away, is the wildest country in America.

Few American cities can boast of such boundless resources as Fairhaven, this corner city of the United States. It is already the center of a great fishing industry, too well known to need mention here. At the very city gate are virgin forests, already in process of turning into lumber; vast coal deposits, how vast no one knows, for they have never been thoroughly prospected, lie near at hand. Already, most of the cities of British Columbia and the Sound obtain their fuel from these deposits. Monthly, new gold-bearing deposits are opened up in the Cascades. The islands of the Sound and the cleared spaces in the timber are already sending their produce to market through this favored city; as more country is opened by settlers, this resource is destined to grow in importance, for there is no soil so rich in the country. Thus far less exploited than the other industries of the region, agriculture is in reality certain to become a strong factor in the growth of Fairhaven—perhaps the strongest. The soil and the climate will be there after the timber is down, after the gold veins are worked barren. Agriculture and fishing are two staple resources which will not be worked out. Already, one-half the farming lands in the state are in Whatcom county, where Fairhaven is situated, in the adjacent county of Skagit, and in the near-by islands. Close at hand, and sending their product to market in this city, are the famous Samish flats, rescued from the sea by dykes like those of Holland. To give an idea of the production of these flats, it may be stated that 120 bushels of oats, 85 bushels of barley, or four tons of timothy per acre are no unusual yields.

Quarries of fine building stone lie along the bays, where the huge blocks are lifted from their natural beds and deposited in the hold of the vessel by the same derrick for shipment to the cities of the coast, where much of the stone is used in public buildings. On San Juan Island are limestone quarries said to be the largest in the world.

Mining for the precious metals has been carried on to some extent in the Cascade Mountains of eastern Whatcom county for several years, but the recent discovery of gold quartz ledges of marvelous richness in the vicinity of Mt. Baker, together with placer mines of very promising character, is likely to so stimulate this industry the coming year as to render the outfitting and supplying of the camps a very important resource. These new mining fields are directly tributary to Bellingham Bay, there being a good state road direct from Whatcom to the near vicinity of the new discoveries.

Finally, there is another flourishing if somewhat uncertain resource. Fairhaven, busy center of business as it is, is not above exploiting itself as a summer resort. Why not? It has all the beautities of rich and wild natural scenery close at hand, a climate beyond compare; boating, mountain-climbing, hunting, sea bathing are to be had for the trouble of trying. All sorts of wild game, large and small, is to be found in a day's walk. And the city itself is so clean, so well-built and so hospitable that the tourist need have no fears on the score of entertainment.

For climate is Fairhaven's strong hold. The seasons are practically but two, the dry and the wet, the former consisting of six months, from May to October, and the latter from November to April. For the summer months the highest temperature recorded is 87 degrees, and with a mean of 79 degrees of the maximum temperature for six months, it will be seen that there a remarkable uniformity, there being no extreme heat in any one month or marked absence of it at any other. The lowest temperature of these six months is 20 degrees and the mean of the lowest of all the months is 33 degrees. These figures show unmistakably an entire absence of excessive heat, either day or night, and a marked uniformity in the night temperatures, they being but little colder in October than they are in July or August.

There were during these six months 109 clear days and 46 fair or half cloudy days with many others on which the sun shone to some extent. This leaves but 29 cloudy days for these six months. This is the average for three years, except for the month of May which is for only two years, the service having been established in June, 1895. It will be seen that for the entire six months but one day out of six is a cloudy day, while for July and August the average is only two cloudy days.

The rainfall statistics for six years have been carefully kept though not officially except for two years. The result shows that out of 1095 days it rained some part of the day on 124 days; or 37 rainy days for each of the six years during the period from May to October inclusive. Thus it is seen that it rains but one day out of five during the entire six summer months. Many of the cloudy days are rainless while on the other hand it often rains on days which are classed as fair.

For the wet season from November to April inclusive, the mean of maximum temperature is 64 degrees and of the minimum temperatures 17 degrees. The lowest temperature recorded is 4 degrees in Nov. 1896, an exceptionally low record, the next lowest being 13 degrees. These six months show 58 clear days, 62 fair days and 61 cloudy days or exactly two clear and fair days to one of cloud for a period of two years observation; while a six year's record shows that it rained during some part of an average of 68 days during these months, or an average of a little more than 11 days each month of the rainy season. The greatest number of rainy days in any one month for seven years is 19, in November 1894. There were 12 days during the seven years when over one inch of rain fell, three days of two inches or over and one when three inches fell—the largest amount at one fall on record. These facts are so at varience with the common impression that it "rains all the time on Puget Sound" that were I not satisfied that my data are reliable I should hesitate to state them. Not only do the figures controvert the impression of Puget Sound in general, but when compared with those points further south they show that the climatic conditions of the Puget Sound country can not be generalized. The various regions must be studied in detail to form a correct idea of the peculiarities of each. Comparison with Seattle 100 miles south shows that, while the total rainfall is only about two inches less, it falls on a smaller number of days and that there is a marked difference in the proportion of cloudy days to clear and fair days between the two points. The proportion on Bellingham Bay for the summer months is one cloudy day to five clear and fair days; at Seattle it is one or two. For the winter months it is here a trifle more than one of cloud to two clear and fair, while at Seattle it is two of cloud to one clear or fair. If there is any mistake in these conclusions, it is in the records, which in this matter are both from official sources, though as above stated, at Whatcom they cover only three years for the summer record and two years for the winter. However, as these years have been very nearly normal years as regards rainfall, it is fair to presume that they represent the relative quantities of the cloudiness and sunshine. It will be found that these differences increase as you go farther south on the Sound.

With the climatic conditions above detailed, it is almost needless to say that the general healthfulness of the locality is phenomenal. The general death rate is very low, about 7 per 1,000 of population, which includes deaths from accident, always more frequent in a lumbering and mining population than in almost any other section. Children's diseases, especially those due to digestive disturbances, or the ordinary summer diseases, are almost unknown. The population is of course made up largely of young and middle-aged people, so that old age has not as yet furnished many deaths. Inflammatory diseases are very rare and mild. Typhoid fever, diphtheria and scarlet fever are almost entirely absent, owing probably to the pure mountain water supplied by Lakes Whatcom and Padden, the former three miles from and 318 feet above the city of Whatcom, while Lake Padden, which supplies Fairhaven, is partly within the city and lies 437 feet above the bay. The analysis of the water of Lake Padden shows it to be of remarkable purity and freedom from mineral ingredients, containing only 1,632 grains of mineral per gallon. Lake Whatcom, presenting almost precisely the same conditions, would undoubtedly afford practically the same analysis. Malaria seems to be unknown here, and hay fever is not felt either by residents or visitors, the climate seeming to be a specific for this troublesome complaint. The general verdict of the profession is that consumption progresses rapidly when developed here or elsewhere, but the cases originating here are very few. Catarrhal troubles are not so prevalent as further south and many cases recover here, owing to the abilty to be out of doors much of the time. The air, averaging some degrees cooler than points further south, carries less moisture. Cases of rheumatism coming from high altitudes do well and rheumatism is not a prevalent disease. As has been stated in reports upon other portions of the Puget Sound country, it is a climate peculiarly adapted to invalids suffering from general neurasthenia, including exhaustion, excitement, nervous dyspepsia and all diseases of a purely nervous origin.

Among the stories afloat concerning the simplicity of President Kruger's daily life, there is one to the effect that his wife sweeps and dusts the council-chamber of the republic before each meeting of the cabinet. An English lady, who recently visited the Boer capital, went to see the president, but discovered that he was taking an afternoon nap. Upon her expressing disappointment to one of the presidential guards, "Wait a minute," said the latter "and I'll wake him." Two minutes later, Oom Paul was raked out, blinking, yawning, and already smoking.

The Washington Regiment happened to have a good deal of burning to do in the course of their military operations in the Philippines. Their handiness with the torch grew to be a Manila joke; it was said that they could always be located by the smoke in the sky. On one occasion, General Hall met a sentry leaning against a native hut he was supposed to be guarding. "What regiment do you belong to, sir?" "The First Washington." The general feigned excessive terror. "Get away from that house quick," said he, "or you'll have it on fire!"

Ether drinking in the neighborhood of Memel has become so general that the authorities have forbidden its sale under heavy penalties. No dealer is allowed to supply ether unless the customer presents a certificate from the police to the effect that the drug will not be used as a tipple. Visitors to Memel say that ether drinking as a habit is indulged in by the greater portion of the working population.

There is a freight blockade in Alaska. Nearly ten thousand tons of general merchandise is in warehouses at Skaguay and Bennett, awaiting transportation to Dawson City. Much of it cannot go through before winter closes the transportation lines.

ROYAL CHINOOK

1. Alaska Packing Co.'s Cannery at Semiahnoo. 2. Ainsworth & Dunn's Cannery, Blaine, Wash. 3. Cannery of the Pacific American Fishing Co., the largest in the world, at Newbar. 4. The tug "Restless" at Aberdeen Co.'s wharf. 5. P. A. F. Co.'s under construction at Fairhaven. 6. P. A. F. Co.'s Friday Harbor Cannery. 7. Anna Cortes Rosario Straits Cannery. 8 Anna Cortes Packing Co. 9. Eliza Island where the P. A. F. Co. makes up its trap web. 10, Pacific Metal works, Fairhaven. 11. P. A. F. Co.'s tug "Earnest A. Hamil" 12. Exterior Aberdeen Packing Co.'s Cannery, Fairhaven.—*Hegg Photo.* 13. Interior of Aberdeen P. Co.'s Cannery. 14-15. Ainsworth & Dunn's Cannery, Seattle.

THE SALMON CANNERIES OF PUGET SOUND.

Giant salmon

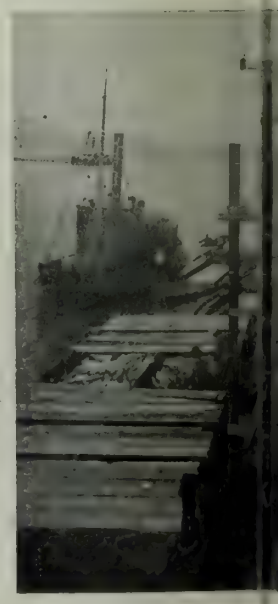
Unloading 100,000 fish at P. A. F. Cannery

Point Robins, a noted fishing ground

A salmon trap with loaded scow

Brailing salmon for the trap

Raising a salmon trap



Fish elevator at

Mending nets

Alaska Packers' Association Chinese running crew

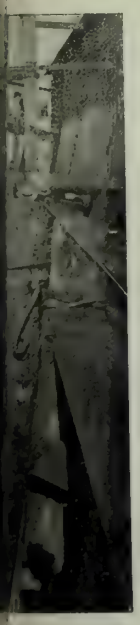
A 60-pound spring salmon

Grill netters and scows waiting for tide

On the way to the traps

The trap tenders floating home

Alaska Packers' Association Chinese crew



...en Cannery

Aberdeen Packing Co's tug loading

A great run of salmon

Setting a net

Scows unloading salmon at Aberdeen C Co.'s pier

SALMON HATCHERIES

Artificial Propagation of Salmon in Washington

NO other state in the Union has such great natural advantages in its fisheries as has the State of Washington. The remarkable developement of our salmon industry in the last few years has called to the attention of of those engaged in the industry the necessity of artificially keeping up the supply of these matchless fish. The decrease in some localities has been considerable and has been the cause of attracting especial attention to the needs of this, one of Washington's greatest industries. No better illustration of the energy and enterprise of the citizens of our State can be made than the remarkable manner in which our salmon industry has been fostered in the last six years.

For many years our state followed the old and now thoroughly exploded idea that restrictive legislation would so protect the fish that they could within themselves naturall keep up the large supply that have brought so much wealth to the Pacific Coast. A thorough investigation of this subject led a number of the leading business men engaged in the salmon industry to interest themselves in legislation favoring the artificial propagation of salmon and the establishment of salmon hatcheries to be operated by the state.

The Legislature of 1893 enacted a license law exacting from a portion of those engaged in the industry fees which were placed in a hatchery fund for the purpose of later building hatcheries for the artificial propagation of salmon. By the time the Legislature of 1895 met in session, a considerable fund had been secured from this source and an appropriation of $20,000 was made for the building of these institutions. The first station was built on the Kalama river, a tributary of the Columbia about four and one-half miles from the town of Kalama. During the same season, another station was erected near the village of Chinook on Chinook creek, a tributary of Columbia river emptying into Bakers's Bay. The following year the third hatchery was built on Baker Lake on the head waters of the Baker river, a tributary of the Skagit river which flows into Puget Sound.

Interior of Salmon Hatchery

The Legislature of 1897 made a number of changes in the law of 1893, increasing the license fees somewhat and taking in several classes of fishing gears not before licensed. This law largely increased the receipts from this source and the hatchery fund continued to grow. The Legislature of 1897 appropriated $5,000 for the construction of the fourth hatchery erected by the State, to be built on the Chehalis river, a tributary of Gray's Harbor. This hatchery was erected in the fall and winter of 1897, but not in time to be operated until the season of 1898.

The importance of the salmon industry has become so great and the needs of the industry so apparent that the Legislature of 1899 treated this question in a very liberal manner. The license law from which the fund is obtained to build and maintain the fish hatcheries was again changed, the fees in some instances being more than double; and other branches of the industry were taken in and compelled to bear their portion of the burden. This Legislature also made large appropriations for the erection and maintenance of sixteen new hatcheries covering all of the principal streams in the State. The amount of this appropriation was $44,000 for construction. In addition to the above, there was appropriated the sum of $2,000 for improvements on the hatcheries already in operation; and the further sum of $47,750 for the maintenance of the new hatcheries to be built and the sum of $15,000 for the maintenance of those already in operation, making a total appropriation for the construction and maintenance of hatcheries for the years of 1899 and 1900 of $108,750.

Six of the hatcheries authorized by the last Legislature have been constructed and are now in operation and arrangements have been made for the construction of two more this season, making eight new stations for the year 1899. Our last Legislature authorized the sale of our Baker Lake station to the U. S. Government, which was turned over to them on the 1st of July of the present year. We now have in operation under state control nine hatcheries, the two yet to be built making eleven, more than three times as many as has any other state in the United States. No other state has even approached such appropriations for purposes of this character.

While the above seems a large sum for this purpose, no part of these appropriations comes from any source except the license fees, the new law has fulfilled every requirement that was expected of it and the operation has been most satisfactory. We have collected since the 1st of January, 1899, to date over $40,000 in license fees. This large sum will undoubtedly be increased for the year 1900, giving us ample funds to construct and maintain the eight hatcheries authorized by the last Legislature and yet to be erected. With the completion of the number above stated, our state will have nineteen salmon hatcheries operated by the state and two operated by the National Government, making a total of twenty-one stations in this state with a capacity of 130,000,000 fry per annum, costing the state and government over $75,000 for construction and an annual outlay of over $50,000 for maintenance. This will not be more than necessary to keep up the supply for the enormous catch of the present year, careful estimates placing the output of salmon alone for the state of Washington at over $5,000,000.

The future of this industry depends very largely on the successful operation of our hatcheries, a fact now so well understood by our citizens that there will be no danger of a lack of support to these institutions.

A. C. LITTLE,
Fish Commissioner
State of Washington.

Exterior of Hatchery

Not so very many years ago, corn stalks were of no commercial value. After the grain had been cut, the standing refuse was worth about sixty cents an acre for fodder; that was all. Science experimented in vain with efforts to extract alcohol and sugar from this waste material. Then, a series of trials by government experts was instituted in order to turn this matter to practical account, with the result that six or seven distinct uses were determined, so that the stalks raised on a corn field are now nearly as valuable as the grain itself. There is a home market where the farmer can obtain from $3 to $5 a ton for corn-stalks and the demand is practically unlimited. They are used inmixed feeds for stock of varying kinds, in making pulp for coarse sorts of paper and in the manufacture of pyroxylin varnish. But the product which causes the greatest demand is cellulose. This material has countless uses inmodern manufactured goods. Being a perfect non-conductor, it is employed in packing delicate materials, it is utilized in the manufacture of high power gun-powder, it is the basis of the most recent forms of dynamite. But the chief virtue of this substance is as an absorbent in the coffeer-dams of battle-ships and of ocean liners. Naval experts have now developed the cellulose coffer-dam to such a point that they consider it hardly second to armor as a defense against shells. A projectile passing through a plate protected from within by a packing of this substance hardly causes a leak. The cellulose absorbs the water which runs in the hole, swells with it, and tightly closes the gap. This method was first used on American warships, but foreigners have gradually learned its superiority over cocoa fibre and the other substances formerly employed, and are putting it in all their new war craft. This extension of the sale of an almost useless product is classed as one of the greatest achievements of the agricultural department of the United States.

IN Kimberley, now besieged by the Boers, are stored the diamonds of Cecil Rhodes' Company. The value of this treasure is not known, but it is estimated at from $50,000,000 to $100,000,000. Most of these gems are kept in a vault in the South African town, and are most carefully guarded by a company of police. If this store was offered for sale at once, the price of the gems would go away down, but as the Company controls fully ninety-eight per cent. of the worlds output, it holds back the sale to regulate supply. The Company has apparently taken no measures to get the stones out of the region of danger, but many believe that the directors have in reality moved the diamonds to safer regions and that the police are guarding the vault as a blind.

Professor R. T. Hill, of Washington, accompanied by a party of five men, has started on a perilous voyage down the Grand Canyon of the Rio Grande. They left Presidio October 7. They will not be able to get out of the canyon until Del Rio, about 200 miles below their starting point, is reached. The Mexican guide who is with the party made a trip through the canyon a few years ago, and he is the only person known to have made the dangerous voyage. Recently there have been severe rains in this region which has caused a large flow of water in the river so that it is thought there will be little difficulty in making the trip in boats.

The Mauser rifle seems to be the universal favorite for revolutionists and *id genus omne*, as the Remington used to be in the seventies. The Filipinos, the Venezuelan and San Domingan insurgents, the Yaquis, the malcontents in Guatemala, are all armed with this weapon. Serviceability, cheapness, the fact that the patients are not held by any government, and the energetic methods of the manufacturers are all factors in the popularity of this arm.

Professor Slosson of the University of Wyoming says that co-education is favorable to matrimony, and avers, moreover, that it is a good thing for that very reason. He says that of 65 women who graduated from Kansas university recently, 31 married fellow students. He believes that such marriages are generally very happy, as both parties have been trained in the same way and ought, therefore, to be congenial.

The Society for Checking Abuses of Public Advertising, or "Scapa" as it is usually called in England, is having considerable success. The Building Act Committee of London County Council have recommended the prohibition of offensive signs, and in many places the society has obtained the concessions it desired. The Northeastern Railway Company has commenced to remove some advertisements which were considered unsatisfactory. The society has awakened considerable interest in foreign countries. Notwithstanding the value of the work, the society is doing its work with an expenditure of less than $500 per annum.

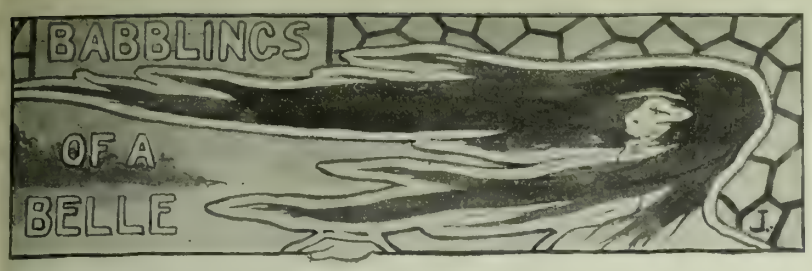
The late census of Germany shows an excess of females over males of nearly a million. The proportion of servants is the lowest of any country in the world—about one-half that of Great Britain. Catholics form about thirty per cent. of the population, while about five per cent. of the commercial class consists of Jews. The total population of the empire is stated at 51,770,000.

"It's a great pity," said the convicted burglar to his counsel, "that you couldn't have made that closing speech of yours at the opening of the case!" "I don't see how that would have improved matters," said the advocate. "It would, though," explained his client; "then the jury would have been asleep when the evidence came on and I'd have stood some chance."

VIEWS AT THE SEATTLE INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION.

Photos by T. R. Milligan

1. Manager Frank R. Armstrong. 2. Snohomish County Exhibit
3. Press Agent Sheffield 4. San Juan County
5. Yakima County



NOTWITHSTANDING the fact, my dear Diary, that I've been on the steady list for invitations for three years, I find I as popular as ever. In fact more so. Honly, I have refused more invitations this last ek than I ever did in my life before. Notes me piling in asking me to receive at teas. e fun of the thing is, I am the only girl who not a bud that is being rushed this season. is so nice to be able to tell the other girls of y popularity. Think of it, last Sunday nine en called after dinner. Of course all the ternoon I was besieged by callers, but that es not count. After dinner it is a difficult atter. Even Leila, who never has been surised at anything in her life, remarked on e obvious fascinations of little sister. How e men are improving too. I remember when irst came out they used to say in an almost worn-out-from-use" tone of voice:

"I've always wanted to know you."

Then I smiled and thought to myself, I onder is he a good dancer. Later on he ould say most confidentially to me, "I think u will be a great success, I can see you beg rushed to death."

Then I could see his eyes wander to one of e older girls and his whole manner would be gretting the fact that he had to entertain a d. Now that is all changed. One meets a an and after a moment he says in a voice ll of astonishment, "You a bud! Why I n't believe it. Why, do you know," this in ne of confidential astonishment, "I thought om your manner and ease you were an old ayer. I can see the men's finish in your nds. Thank heaven we have passed the age the startled fawn debutante. Tell me really w, is this your first season?"

Then the bud who has felt just a wee bit raid gives her heart and hand in her mind's e to this man and in a few moments the next e says the same thing worded even more armingly. Why it makes the most diffident girls absolutely at her ease and the men so finitely more popular.

I just love men. When I get an invitation a luncheon I groan aloud and wish girls ere sensible enough not to give them. We hate and detest them, and only go because e are invited. I am beginning to realize that ighty few girls are keen on good food. Any us'd prefer a million times a dinner with o courses, and a man each, to a sixteen urse luncheon with magnificent table decotions and nothing to do but gossip and talk dress. It is only the older girls who like to scuss books. We read them on the evenings hen no one calls, or else go to bed early with e and first thing one knows one is falling leep amidst the leaves.

I was at a luncheon on Hallow'een at which really had fun. It was such a good joke on all, that I want to tell you about it. Juliet arber invited a lot of us to the University ub and we arrived fearfully hungry. The ble decorations were pumpkins. We joked r about bringing them over, and all that sort thing, but everyone really wondered why ey were there. Luncheon was served by acing an apple stuffed with ice cream before ch of us. I honestly thought it must be the st agony in the East, and decided it rather oiled the appetite, so determined not to opt it. Then the rest of the things were a t mixed and had it been at any place but the niversity, I should have drawn my own conusions. We talked it all over between ourlves, and everyone felt queer. That night dinner one of the girls telephoned me that liet's luncheon was a Hallow'een affair. It now a huge joke among us. There were no allow'een parties that I know of, but every rl, especially those of the last seasons, elted her lead to seek for the fate in store r her. I've been melting lead ever since I as sixteen, and unless my luck changes I ppose I shall keep up the custom for the xt quarter of a century.

The Josselyns gave a jolly luncheon on Wedsday to Kate Salisbury and her bridesmaids. osephine Loughborough looked exceedingly retty. Do you know she has admirable teeth nd really a Cupid's own mouth. Olive Holrook is one of the girls one always knows will be nice all the time. Kate received forty-five betrothal cups, which I think is the greatest evidence of her popularity. Her wedding was charming in every detail. She looked fine in her white satin gown, and Margaret looked prettier than I have ever seen her before. Josephine Loughborough and Fannie Baldwin wore pink and Olive Holbrook and Azalia Keyes were charming in white. Papa said he hoped his girls would marry as nice men as Mr. Keyes. Owing to the numerous relatives of the Salisburys and Keyes, there were only a few of their friends present at the wedding, which occurred at half-past four Tuesday. However, Kate received loads of presents from all over the United States, and some that I'd like very much to have stamped with my own initials.

Elizabeth Huntington took fourteen of us to the Alcazar to see the "Three Musketeers." The Carrigan boys were with us, so we had lots of fun. They were most amusing the whole time we were having supper at the Zinkand The Huntingtons are to have a big tea at which all the buds are to receive, and one or two of the older girls. They have a fine house for entertaining, and as Elizabeth and I are great friends I hope to be there a great deal this winter. The Stubbs also give a tea this coming Saturday, and a dinner to the debutantes afterwards. I like Edith very much, and and think she will be rushed by men of sense, for she is bright and interesting.

The two really brilliant affairs which took mamma back to the early time entertainments in San Francisco were Mrs. Henry Crocker's reception and dinner in honor of Katherine Dillon, and Ed. Greenway's birthday dinner at the Bohemian Club. Mrs. Crocker's house was most artistically decorated, and entirely canvassed, so we danced and talked and altogether had a glorious time. There were sixty at the dinner, ten sitting at each table. Each of their tables were decorated in a different color, and the general effect was really superb. Ludwig served this dinner, and, going home, Arthur confided to me that Ludwig is the best caterer, he thought, in town. I think Arthur knows. Mrs. Crocker wore a beautiful white gown, Mrs. Will Crocker a sort of cerise pink velvet, in which she looked very handsome. Katherine Dillon wore pink chiffon with little rosebuds embroidered on it. Alice Hager wore the stunningest gown of all, and looked simply regal. It was a handsome black lace and jet and fitted her to perfection. Ethel Hager, the Voorhies, Georgia Hopkins and Mary Scott were the other debutantes there. I do not know when I had such fun with the men. Will Page, Laurie Adams, Harry Stetson, Clarence Follis and George Newhall all paid me a great deal of attention, and before I could realize it was possible Arthur was telling me that "the carriage waited'—How I always dislike to go home. I had not had half enough of my fun, but Mrs. Crocker has asked me again next Friday, so I think I am very fortunate. I was really very tired on Saturday, but plucked up my courage, and when it was time to go to the races at Tanforan Park I was as large as life on George Newhall's coach. Peter Martin, Henry Crocker and the Burlingame coaches were all there, and I think I really approve of the new track. The day was lovely and the drive down them heavenly. The hills around now are quite green, and the horses all looked as though their greatest pleasure in life was running.

In the evening I went to Mr. Greenway's dinner in the red room of the Bohemian Club. There were thirty-four of us, and we sat at a big round table. The middle of the table was full of chrysanthemums tied with ribbons and was stunningly effective; then around were bunches of violets that I did not like quite so well. Above was a mass of foliage with red berries hanging down in which the electric lights were concealed, and I really think I never saw anything more beautiful. When I tell you it was Mr. Greenway's birthday dinner you can draw your own conclusion as to its absolute success. Mr. Henry Scott chaperoned us. The only debutantes were Mary Scott, Georgia Hopkins (who I admire immensely; she is the flower of the Hopkins' flock), Ethen Hager, Katherine Dillon and Edith Preston, who was the prettiest girl there. Just think of it, she is only seventeen and has the *sang froid* of a girl of twenty-three. Mrs. Scott is an awfully nice chaperone, and we had a very jolly time. I had Mr. Williamson on one side of me. He is a Britisher and one of the very nicest men I have ever met. Sam Boardman, Laurie Van Winkle, Peter Martin, the Bruguieres, my dear Diary, and lots more who did not particularly interest me were all there. After the dinner we girls went into a large room, and on the table was a huge white affair. Mr. Greenway raised a cover, and there was a great big cake with electric lights around and above it. He cut it and we all rummaged for the thimble. Mary Scott got the ring and Edna Hopkins the gold dollar. Then we danced and had an amusing time all round.

I do not think I ever saw Therese Morgan look nicer than she did Saturday evening; Bernie Drown also looked her very best. Bernie was one of those who received at the Gibbs' tea. It was charming and every one in town almost was at it. The Josselyns give a tea in the near future, at which the debutantes will receive. Ruth McNutt is looking so well, and is just the same nice jolly girl that left for a trip abroad a few years ago. She had a capital time travelling, but is quite content to remain in San Francisco now. They have taken a house on Pacific Avenue and expect Manie home some time in January. Her mother expects to entertain a good deal then, for Ruth is not yet quite strong enough to take it all on her own hands.

The needlework at the Maple Hall is really beautiful. There is a tremendous amount of lace of every variety and the tapestries are superb. There are some smocking work blouses and babies' dresses that I liked particularly, the work of Miss Rinder. It is most effective and the first I have ever seen, so I immediately sent in an order to have some made for yokes and underwear. The vestments and laces from Manila are really works of art, and, owing to their beauty I have become an absolute expansionist. Mamma laughs at that, but I feel that if the Filipinos can do such beautiful work they might just as well belong to us. I believe that Mrs. Hearst will hang her tapestries and pictures in the Gothic hall she is building in Berkeley. It is going to be a beautiful place and will be used this winter by Mrs. Hearst for entertaining and afterwards given to the University for the girls' hall.

The Garber tea, Saturday, was a very large affair, the girls tell me, and any number of people went there from across the bay. I unfortunately could not, owing to the races. Mai Tucker and Gus McDonald, whose engagement was recently announced, were there. She looked so pretty and was dressed, so Leila told me, in excellent taste. Gus, everyone always liked. I have a very dear spot for him in my heart, for he was so particularly nice to me when I went to Oakland dances.

Arthur said Miss Miller's dancing club was a great success Saturday evening, and splendidly attended. Some of the boys told Arthur that they thought the prettiest girls in town went there. I could not help wondering if I was really missed. The boys said I was, but then they are so nice, it is difficult to believe everything they say.

The dolls for the show are simply marvels of beauty. I am going to describe some of them next week. The competition for the prizes is great and our nieces and children will be in luck this year to get some of the beauties I have already seen for Christmas presents.

We have received cards from Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels and Mrs. Herbert Moffitt for the last two Fridays in November. I believe there are to be dinners afterwards, but I have not received my invitation yet. Mrs. Mintzer and her niece, Genie Ware, have returned to town; they spent the summer in that dear house of the Carrigans at San Anselmo. Genie is awfully jolly and so pretty and attractive. They will receive on Fridays in November, too. I supposed you thought it rather queer I did not mention Mary Belle Gwinn's engagement last week, but I gave you such a fine hint of it a few weeks ago, I did not think it was necessary to tell you of it again. Jim Follis and I have always been great friends and I am so glad he is to marry one of the prettiest girls in town. Leila says she thinks that Hannah Williams, now Mrs. Hobart, and Mary Belle Gwinn were the two prettiest girls we have ever had in San Francisco. I look back, however, and can name about ten others, whom I admire awfully. Still, I do not know if there ever were two so generally popular. Is it not a shame, Papa could not go last week, so as yet Leila cannot announce her engagement. She is so happy I am just beginning a little bit to envy her, and, if I did not feel that I am yet but a child I might think of considering certain proposals I have recently had submitted for my august hand and willing heart. Papa would never allow it, though, of that I am sure, so I shall just keep on with my merry chirp and sing away another year as

MISS CRICKET.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

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Pretty Hands,

Hands delicately moulded and daintily white are among the chief of woman's charms. When such hands are marred by eruptions, their very beauty draws attention to the repulsive disease. Humors which break out on the body begin in the blood. Soaps and salves may cover up a humor but they can't cure it. There *is* a cure for salt-rheum and other eruptive diseases, caused by a corrupt condition of the blood. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures these diseases perfectly and permanently. It carries off the poisons which cause disease. It makes the blood pure and rich. It increases the quantity of the blood supply by increasing the action of the blood making glands. It makes the skin white and clear by making the blood pure.

"Golden Medical Discovery" contains no alcohol, whisky or other intoxicant.

"I write to tell you the benefit I have received from your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' after having suffered for three years with salt-rheum," writes Miss Bertha Peters, of Lulu, Monroe Co., Mich. "The humor was on my hands, and I had been treated by our home physician who did not help me. After I began the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery I took seven bottles, and can now say with pleasure that I am cured. Nobody knows the intense pain I have suffered. I could not sleep at night, the stinging, burning, and itching sensation would be so bad, sometimes I could hardly bear it. I thank you for your kind advice."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets assist the action of the "Discovery" when there is constipation.

GERMEA

The Ideal Breakfast Dish

Keep your Youth if you are young;

If you are old why appear so. Keep young inwardly and we will look after the outward appearance. CREME DE LIS entirely eradicates and prevents wrinkles, removes any trace of sallowness and creates a perfect complexion.

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HEADACHE POWDERS

A positive and immediate cure for sick or nervous Headache, Neuralgia and Nervousness.

These Powders contain no Morphine, Opium, Antipyrine, Chloral, Antikamnia, Phenacatine, or other drugs deleterious to the system.

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CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

CONSUMPTION

The Oil Industry.

Like all other up-to-date oil fields, the Kern River district has a mystery well. The well which was recently drilled into the sand on the property belonging to the Reed Oil Company is now capped and a guard has been placed over the hole. There is a watchman on duty night and day and no one is allowed to approach. The fact that De Groot and other parties interested in this property are making a large effort to acquire more real estate in that neighborhood is an index that they think very well of their initial venture. It is figured that this well would do forty or fifty barrels per day.

* *

There is a scarcity of oil for fuel purposes in Southern California At the present time the production of the Los Angeles field is about 80,000 barrels per month, while the consumption of fuel oil in this section is around 90,000 barrels per month. This means that the consumers will have to draw on the reserve stock in the tanks at that point, and it further means that the prices for oil will be stiffer. These conditions will bring about greater activity in drilling. The American and Yukon companies which are large producers to-day, have only developed about one-half of their defined oil territory, and we understand that they will at once proceed to put several drilling rigs in operation. Altogether the outlook is very good for the oil producers in the Los Angeles District. In the Fullerton field where they have a habit of developing 600 barrel wells every two or three months in addition to their series of steady producing wells of smaller productions, the Santa Fe Railroad stands ready to take all the oil raised for use in its locomotives. At the present time the Santa Fe road is operating about sixty of its engines with oil fuel and is steadily increasing the number as the production warrants. It is safe to say that the day is not far distant when the trains of the Santa Fe Railroad for 1000 miles east of Los Angeles will be operated with oil fuel. In the meantime the Southern Pacific is not behind hand in taking advantage of the new fuel. It has equipped quite a number of its engines with oil burners and is erecting large storage tanks for fuel oil at numerous points along the system. When the Southern Pacific officials have reason to believe that the production of oil will keep pace with or exceed the consumption, there is no doubt but all the engines on their respective divisions in California will be operated with the new fuel. This would mean an increased consumption of at least 2,000 barrels per day and a saving of fifty per cent. in fuel bills, not to speak of the element of discomfort occasioned by soot, cinders and smoke which the use of oil would eliminate from the railroad problem. Not alone will there be a saving of fifty per cent. in the first cost of the fuel consumed, but there will be an increased capacity for steaming power on the part of the engine that will enable the company to increase their freight trains by three or four cars on all long hauls over steep grades.

* *

One of the pressing questions which the California Oil Exchange has now under consideration, is the collection of authentic data in the matter of heat units between the coals used for the creation of steaming power in California and fuel oil. The advantage is enormously in favor of fuel oil, for the coals used in this State are generally of a poor quality. When all of this data has been prepared, it will be submitted to the manufacturers of San Francisco, who will have an opportunity to judge for themselves as to the merit of using a splendid fuel easy and clean to handle, as against a poor quality of coal. The use of oil fuel by San Francisco manufacturers, on the same liberal scale that it is used by the horsepower producing plants of Los Angeles, will mean not only an enlarged market for the oil producer at fair figures, but also an enormous advantage to the manufacturers themselves, for it will be a commercial impossibility on the part of Eastern manufacturing interests to compete with them with this cheap fuel and the disadvantage of 3500 miles of railroad transportation to reach a market. With oil fuel, San Francisco manufacturers should be able to absolutely control the markets of the Orient in their lines of productions.

* *

The business of the California Oil Exchange is steadily increasing. The operations of the past ten days have mounted up into many thousands of shares and the people of San Francisco, who are ever alert to make money, are taking hold of the new form of securities with vim and vigor. Thus far it would seem that most of the purchasers of securities which have been made in the Exchange have been for investment purposes. The investors seem willing in most cases to wait for the story of the drill. Aside from this steady and increasing movement, there is room every day at the sessions of the exchange for speculation, and the speculator who follows closely the turn of events can make money by buying certain of the stocks when they go below certain figures and selling on an advance of five or ten cents. The fluctuations in some stock the past week have been very marked and there have been several opportunities to make a nice thing out of Tidal Waves, Big Panoche, Northgeld, Buckhorn, Century, Barker Ranch, Consolidated Oil, Eagle and other well known stocks.

Two new corporations which have just gotten in readiness for business are the Oil King and the Oil Queen companies, which have secured holdings in sections 6 and 8, South of the Kern River. The lands held by these companies are directly on their oil belt, which extends through township 28, range 28, and there is no doubt in the minds of experienced oil operators but that these two companies will secure a series of big producing wells when they start drilling. Every condition is favorable, and we understand they will begin operations within the next ten days.

* *

The Eagle Oil Co., which owns a fine piece of property in township 29, range 28, on a continuation of the great Kern River oil belt, will let a drilling contract this week. This company, like the Oil King and Oil Queen, is owned by some of the wealthiest business men in San Francisco, who, having secured good land as a starter, propose to go into the oil business for developing purposes only.

* *

The Mendota Oil Co. has secured 640 acres in the Big Panoche oil belt and a contract has been let for boring. Operations will begin at once on this property, which has been pronounced by experts of the oil exchanges to be one of the most promising in the oil belt. F. S. Chadbourne, W. B. Wilshire, H. J. Bailing, Major McLaughlin, J. B. Wright and W. B. Sanborn are directors in this company.

* *

Not a well that has yet been drilled in township 28, range 28, has proven a dry hole, and experts are now making the prediction that not s dry hole will be found in the entire townahip.

* *

The boom days in the California Oil Exchange are rapidly approaching and when the reports from the numerous wells which are being drilled by the companies listed begin to come in, there will unquestionably be a strong upward movement in prices, and stocks that are selling for less than a dollar at the present time will increase in value forty and fifty fold in a few hours. Among the well reports which will be awaited with interest in the Coalinga field, will be those of the Caribou, Royal, and Oil City Petroleum Co., all of which are now actively at work. These companies have all had fine indications and their outlook is promising.

* *

Down in the Kreyenhagen district, there is also an active movement, The St. Lawrence and Kreyenhagen companies are both drilling and the lumber is on the ground for the Northfield rig. The Baby King Oil Co. starts in the near future and the Standard Oil Co. is about to let the contract for a well. That there will be some big producers in the Kreyenhagen district there can be no question, as there are three well-defined oil belts, and all conditions are favorable for flowing wells.

* *

One of the most wonderful oil fields in the world in its physiological features is the Summerland district, with its string of wells drilled below the tide water line. When there is a storm at sea, the row of derricks looks like a fleet of ships in a gale, but they keep on producing oil all the same.

* *

The Golden State Oil, Mining and Development Co. have filed articles of incorporation. The principal place of business is Visalia; term of existence, 50 years; number of directors, 7; capital stock, $250,000, divided into 2500 shares of the par value of $10; amount of stock actually subscribed, $168,000. The Board of Directors are I,. N. Wood, William Kettner, Thomas Hall, J. A. Allen, Daniel Calcote, W. R. Stuck, T. O. McSwain, all of Visalia.

* *

The first movement in the Monterey field in what is known as the Parkfield district, will be made by the San Louis Oil Co. They propose to begin drilling operations in the near future, and from the large seepages which have been found in this section, there is excellent promise of some good wells.

* *

A strong company which has been recently formed is the Cygnet Oil Co., which owns about 10,000 acres of land to the northward of Coalinga. Charlie Fair is interested in this company and the corporation has just completed the purchase of one of the finest well-drilling plants in this State.

* *

The drill continues in active operation in the McKitrick district, and while promising oil wells have been found in the lower lands, all experienced oil men who have made an examination of this district are firmly of the opinion that in order to secure big flowing wells of great longevity it will be necessary to drill in the higher hills.

Clothing, curtains, blankets, etc., cleaned or dyed. Pacific Cleaning and Dyeing Works, 353-357 Tehama street. Telephohe South 40. J. Spaulding & Co.

Ask Questions

Before you invest in oil stocks, ask questions—lots of them Ask about the title to the land, the area controlled, facilities for transportation and the cost to get the product to the market. Ask too, about the amount of development work accomplished, and what disinterested bodies, if any, reported the presence of oil on the property.

Our answers and the proof to these and other questions will warrant your investing in our stock at $5 per share. Our wells in Contra Costa, nine miles from Oakland, where we have bored 900 feet will be producing oil in less than ten days. Then you won't be able to buy stock at any price. Come and ask questions.

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Peerless Oil Company
KERN RIVER DISTRICT
160 Acres Patented land
OIL HAS BEEN FOUND ALREADY IN 10 WELLS
On lands surrounding the property of this Company
ALL WITHIN A DISTANCE OF 2½ MILES
A few shares of the Treasury Stock now offered at One Dollar per share
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Insist Upon Having Your Ticket to New York, Boston, or Other Eastern Cities
Read over the Nickel Plate (N. Y. C. & St. L. R. R.), the popular low-rate short line. Quick time, unexcelled accommodations, and no extra fares charged. Jay W. Adams, Pacific Coast Passenger Agent, 37 Crocker Building, San Francisco, Cal.

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Lands of the Florence Oil Company

ADVANCED.

The stock of the Florence Oil Development and Exploiting Company is now selling at $1.25 per share.

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San Francisco, Cal.

INVESTIGATE FIRST . . .
BUY OIL STOCK AFTERWARDS

Is the manner in which any prudent investor would proceed for it obviates all necessity for rectifying mistakes if the opposite course were pursued. Among others, their investigations will cover the points of whether or not a company is operating **on oil land**—if there are any wells near what the **net** return from a flowing well would be, and also, if the amount of capitalization would permit of the small shareholder ever receiving a **dividend of any size.**

We answer **YES** to all these probable questions. Let us **prove it** to you.
Until further notice stock will be sold at $1 per share.
We have a land valuation in excess of our capitalization. Listed on the California Oil Exchange.

Pamphlets and Maps for the Asking.

SAN JOAQUIN OIL AND DEVELOPMENT COMPANY.
Open evenings from 7 to 8. 38 Crocker Building, San Francisco.

FORTUNES IN OIL.

The Continental Oil and Development Co.

This Company was incorporated as a close corporation, with only 6,000 shares of stock.

The Board of Directors have decided to put about 1000 shares of this stock on the market for development purposes. Consequently, a person owning one share of stock will have a big interest. 500 of these shares have already been sold.

The Company owns by United States patent five 20-acre tracts in what is called "The Oil Basin," Kings County, the richest oil bearings in the entire belt. This is one of the few genuine opportunities that has been offered as an Oil investment.

For further particulars call on or address

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HARRY CORSON CLARKE

WHO APPEARS IN "WHAT HAPPENED TO JONES" AT THE CALIFORNIA THEATRE ON MONDAY NOV. 12th NEXT.

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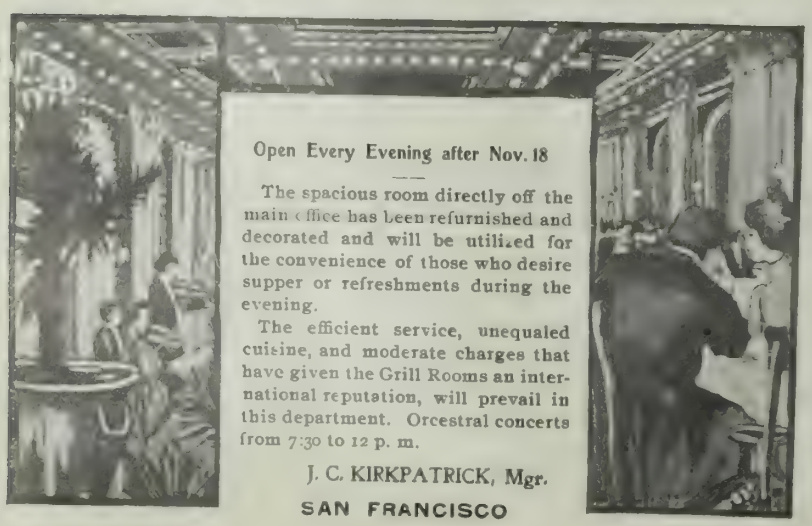

Open Every Evening after Nov. 18

The spacious room directly off the main office has been refurnished and decorated and will be utilized for the convenience of those who desire supper or refreshments during the evening.

The efficient service, unequaled cuisine, and moderate charges that have given the Grill Rooms an international reputation, will prevail in this department. Orcestral concerts from 7:30 to 12 p. m.

J. C. KIRKPATRICK, Mgr.

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Will reopen August 1st for the Fall and Winter Term

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Remember, that all those desiring to learn short-hand are advised by the official short-hand reporters to go to . . . . .

Robert F. Gallagher's Stenographic College

The only place in this city where practical rapid short-hand is taught. Mr. Gallagher has been an official reporter for seventeen years, the last six years serving under Judge Wallace, and is regarded as one of the fastest short-hand writers in the United States. Call and investigate. Terms, $50 for full course. or $10 per month; evening class for beginners or for advanced pupils to acquire speed, $5 per month. Parrott (Emporium) Building, rooms 430-31-32. Telephone South 43.

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THERE is a great deal of intellectuality in the November magagazine. One gets the impression that all the editors were on their mettle and strove for effects that should be valuable, if not original. The *Century* attains this desideratum by use of a two color process, which has yielded simply charming results in Ernest Seton-Thompson's "Biography of a Grizzly." The Cromwell photos and pictures are perhaps, less admirable, but notable for all that. Indeed this magazine presents a thoroughly good number, especially distinctive for its art. Louis Loeb's illustrations to Abraham Cahan's story, and Cole's engravings are fine. The cover, too, is decidedly striking, the crazy quilt impressionism having for the nonce been relegated to the background. Nor is *Harper's* much behind in high class illustration, though there is notably less effort in that direction than in the *Century*. Most commendable is Rogers' Copley Square in "Boston at the Century's end"— that has a delicacy and lightness which this artist has not accustomed us to expect from him. His other drawings—the Paul Revere gateway, the old statehouse and the Jewish quarter are almost as good. Keller's drawings for the Washington series—notably the frontispiece, are capital. Very striking are the Indian sketches by Miss de Cora, while for live interest one could find nothing better than Sir Conway's snap shots of the ascent of Mount Sorata. On the other hand Weldon's pictures for Julian Ralph's Indian article are poor. Good photos would have served the purpose to much better advantage. *Scribner's* also indulges in colors, and the effects are admirably rendered—they have something the value of Japanese prints. This success, like that of the *Century* presages departures in magazine printing I imagine, and the changes will be in the direction of color. Fulleylore's picture of the Pension of "Le Peri Goricot" is the best of the Balzac series, but the best art effects are obtained in the reproductions of Stiglitz's, which are really beautiful. The photographic monthlies cannot do better, if as well.

But to revert from art to prose—I have commented on the intellectuality of this November budget. *Harper's* has Archibald R. Colquohoun whose admirable book on China appeared last year. No one is better equipped to animadvert on far Eastern problems. He is heard from on Siberia. C. M. Pepper writes on "Cuba in Suspension," and ex-Minister Barrett extends advice, information together with some prophecy about "America in the Pacific and the Far East." In the *Century* are the opening chapters of John Morley's "Oliver Cromwell," "Military Preparedness and Unpreparedness," by T. Roosevelt and "A commonplace American life," "The Forgotten Millions," by Charles W. Eliot. In *Scribner's* President Hadley of Yale discourses on "Trusts." Aline Gorren descants on the artist's portion in American society, and declares that rich as our American life is, it is poor in the ways that signify most to the artist, poor in intellectually fruitful leisure, and in stimulating craftsmaulike talk." Indeed, in American society the artist is in a state of perpetual discomfort, sometimes snubbed, but more often the subject of infatuation." "The Paris of Balzac" is delightful to an admirer of the greatest Frenchman and the narrative must be illuminating to all lovers of the *Comedie Humaine*. Stevenson's letters are much more readable than usual—one cannot help noting his indifference to and contempt for *The Wreckers*, which, however, stands to-day as one of the greatest novels of adventure ever written. The Drew biography strikes one rather as a succession of *dramatis personae* relieved with superbly printed photographs. The verse in this magazine is charming.

The *Atlantic* accords the place of honor to Booker T. Washington's "Case of the Negro." This is a broad examination of the greatest of American problems. We have ten millions of black people in the States and the idea of exporting them is ridiculous. Mr. Washington suggests that the negro remain where he belongs—in the South, but that Southerners take hold of the problem of his regeneration and upbuilding, and aid him to education and moral responsibility. For the negro he urges identification with the interests of the South, the acquirement of material wealth, the obtaining of an education in agricultural and horticultural pursuits. He also urges the enforcement of an educational and property qualification for voting which shall be applied equally to both races. The article, "Can New Openings be Found for Capital?" is rather a misnomer; it should rather be, "Can Capital be Found for New Openings?" Rollin Lynde Hart, who wrote so smartly of the Montanans, contributes an essay in something the same vein on the Ohioans. There are some new letters of Tourgeniev and some pleasant poetry. The editor of the *Atlantic* is perfectly justified in claiming that "To Have and to Hold" is the best serial of the year. It is *facile princeps*. The career of the astounding Captain Percy is growing to a conclusion in this installment; the lovely lady, Joan, announces her love for the gallant soldier, who so bravely has defended her, but first the pirate schooner has sunk gallons and gained great treasures. No lack of sensational material here nor of effective situations. I trust the *Century's* "Autobiography of a Quack," which promises to be *the* serial of next year, will justify the expectations of its author's admirers.

One of the best articles of the month is Sir Martin Conway's ascent of Mt. Sorata. The style is vivid, graphic even, and agreeably informative. Not a strain after effect, but the adventure managed ever so easily. Imagine, the party ascended to a height of 24,255 feet, surely one of the highest climbs on record, but they did not reach the summit. The snowy peak was but 250 feet above, but to reach it a field of loose snow on a strip of incline had to be crossed and the trial meant an avalanche. With bitter regret the attempt was abandoned. There is no bar to someone more fortunate achieving the feat, for the difficulties that conquored Conway are but temporary. *McClures* has a valuable conttibution in "Ten Thousand Miles in the Antarctic Ice," which narrates experiences of the recent Belgian expedition under Lieutenant Adrien de Gerlache. The *Belgica* left Antwerp in August 1897, and got into the south polar pack ice in February 1898 and remained there thirteen months. During that period they drifted about 2000 miles. Imagine a night of 1700 hours. That was the period of darkness between sunset May 16th until July 25th, and for the members of the expedition it was a painful trial. Not the most industrious could do his work. Though all manner of canned luxuries were available, they finally had to resort to penguin and seal steaks, which Dr. Cook declares tasted like beef steeped in cod-liver oil and then fried in train oil. The article is deservedly well worth reading. A second worth looking over for the pictures is that on the Chinese Eastern railway, which is illustrated with rarely good photos. Ex-Secretary Boutwell's article is too much a recitation of facts to subserve a popular purpose. Such matter as this gains by the interpretation of a skilled journalist. The personal equation should enter largely into the narrative. Who would not sacrifice the pros and cons which are so insisted on here for a living picture of Jay Gould and an estimate of his character. If, for instance, Julian Ralph or Miss Tarbell had drawn this material from the narrator imagine how they would have lightened it up with effective reminiscences and allusions. The stories in this *McClure's* with one brilliant exception are flat. I refer to Harry Dam's "*Mons* Bibi's Boom Boom," which is fine. Kippling's poem is rather too enigmatic for general quotation or popularity. Of course the object is Oom Paul—"He shall break his judges if they cross his word. He shall rule above the law, calling on the Lord." But these verses are fine:

We shall drink dishonor, we shall eat abuse,
For the land we look to—for the Tongue we use;
We shall take our station, dirt beneath his feet,
While his hired captains jeer us in the street;
Cruel in the shadow, crafty in the sun,
Far beyond his borders shall his teachings run;
Sloven, sullen, savage, secret, uncontrolled,
Lying on a new land evil of the old.

The *Cosmopolitan* is ever so much better than its average. It has some nice pictures. "How the world dances" is an interesting series; the engine-room of a war ship views are excellent. The views of the Dewey celebration are first-rate, and one cannot help being interested in the pictures of the Paris Exposition. "The child's proper development" and Olive Schreiner on the woman question are worth reading.

C.

The *Medical Record*, published at 51 Fifth Avenue, New York, has for years been the leading organ of the medical profession in America, and has gained a world-wide reputation as the recognized medium of intercommunication between the profession throughout the world. The busy practitioner will find among the Therapeutic Hints and in the Clinical Department a large fund of practical matter, carefully condensed and exceedingly interesting. Medical news from all parts of the world is supplied through special correspondents, by mail and telegraph; new publications and inventions are reviewed and described; in the editorial department matters of current interest are discussed in a manner which has established the *Medical Record* in the estimation of the whole profession as a thoroughly independent journal and the most influential publication of its class.

Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Hayes Larkin and Ninth. American or European plan. Ira R. and James H. Doolittle.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 1886.

{SEAL.} A. W. GLEASON.
Notary Public.

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Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES in and for the Northern District of California.
IN THE MATTER OF WM. H. RAYMOND, Bankrupt

Take notice, that Wm. H. Raymond, bankrupt above named, has been duly adjudicated bankrupt under the Act of Congress of July 1, 1898, and that the first meeting of the creditors have been called to meet at the office of the undersigned at room 94 Chronicle building, San Francisco, California, on Saturday the 18th day of November, 1899, at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of proving their claims against the estate of said bankrupt; and that at the same time and place the creditors whose claims have been duly proven and allowed shall appoint one or three trustees of said estate

Dated San Francisco, November 4th, 1899.

MILTON J. GREEN,
Referee in Bankruptcy,
in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT—ANDES SILVER MINING COMPANY.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California Location of works, Virginia City, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors held on the 2nd day of October, 1899, an assessment (No. 49) of five (5) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary at the office of the Company, Rooms 20-22 Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 6th day of November, 1899, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on MONDAY the 27th day of November, 1899, at 1 p. m. o'clock, to pay the delinquent assessment together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

JOHN W. TWIGGS, Secretary.

Office—Rooms 10-24 Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT—BEST & BELCHER MINING CO.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco California; location of works, Virginia District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the twenty-second (22d) day of September, 1899, an assessment (No. 68) of twenty (20) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 13 Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the twenty-seventh (27th) day of October, 1899 will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Friday the seventeenth (17th) day of November, 1899, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

M. JAFFE, Secretary.

Office: Room 33, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF MARY MCKENNA, DECEASED—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Jane Daly, Executrix of the last will of Mary McKenna, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Jane Daly, Executrix, at the offices of Gavin McNab, Esq., her attorney, rooms 46 and 47, Mills building, the same being her place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. JANE DALY,

Executrix of the Estate of Mary McKenna, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, Sept. 12th, 1899.

GAVIN MCNAB,
Atty for Executrix.

MEXICAN GOLD AND SILVER MINING COMPANY. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the ninth day of October, 1899, an assessment [No. 62] of fifteen [15] cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 79, Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the thirteenth day of November, 1899, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Monday, the fourth day of December, 1899, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

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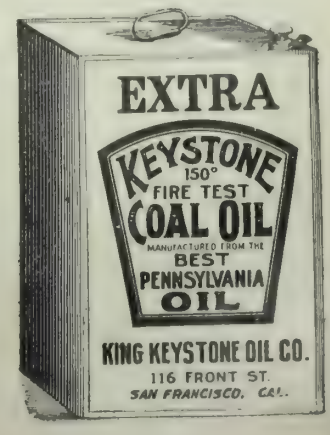

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A Bottled Proposal.

NINE o'clock! A good steaming-hot morning in London. Threadneedle Street chock-full of hurrying clerks. Yet, if the nose be held tight between the fingers, the busy scene might be enjoyed. On this particular morning romance was not in the least wanting. Someone was saying—

"My dear Rose, of course I mean all that's straight. How could anyone do otherwise, my dear little woman?"

The young man who thus spake was a well-groomed creature, with a somewhat assertive air of gloves, ties and gardenia in button-hole. Yet, despite all this, there was an over-smartness both morally as well as physically, which was not by any means agreeable. His eyes were shifty and his mouth was hard.

The girl he was speaking to? Typewriter of the highest order personified. It was fairly evident that she spent every sixpence of her earnings on her back. Her frock was tailor-made, her umbrella was silver-handled, her watch was braceleted on her wrist. Sherlock Holmes would have noted that under her trimly fitting gloves she wore heavy rings.

"Rose," again said the young man, who was walking beside her with his glove touching her elbow, "Rose, how can you doubt me?"

"If you wanted to marry me," she answered, "couldn't you have written and said so?"—and, perhaps imperceptibly even to herself, there was a faint lowering of the dexter eyelid. "But, then, you're a lawyer, Mr. Sterrimer, and lawyers are not over-rash at putting pen to paper."

"What a prosaic little darling you are! Haven't I publicly shown you every attention?"

"Yes, you gave me watch, ring, umbrella, before my cousins. But I'm busy now, and have got to turn in. Ta-ta! Perhaps you will be round in the afternoon."

"Good-bye, darling"—and the young solicitor, for such he was, spoke in dulcet tones. But when the girl had tripped away up the stone steps of her office, a somewhat serious look shaded his face.

"Think I'm going a bit too far. Meeting the Ma was rather stoopid. I don't think I gave myself away much before the girls. But how nice she is and how nicely she does manage to take care of her dear little self! Too risky, though, J. Laurence Sterrimer, Esq. Fellers who are rising professional men don't want to marry typewriters. Besides, you stand a chance of getting Louisa Rosenbaum. And five thousand shining golden beans, dear boy, make a good lift for a good start."

He was, you see, a careful young man, who well knew how to take care of himself. He was the sort of young man who kept a cigar-case for himself and a cigarette ditto for his friends. In his profession as a solicitor he was curiously smart. He could snap a judgment or hold his own amidst any of the denizens of the Bear Garden in the Royal Courts of Justice. Yet, for all that, such is the force of love, vanity, inclination, or what not, that that very self-same afternoon he found himself seated alone with Miss Rose Johnson in the room where she worked.

Very sweet and nice indeed was the city damsel. There was even a special sparkle in her eye that J. Laurence Sterrimer, Esq., imagined to betoken her love's very best, double-barrelled welcome. There was a sparrow on the window-ledge, and the sun glinted on the brass coal-scuttle. It was almost too idyllic. Why, even on the side-table there was a huge bouquet of carmine roses. The scent of the flowers made the hot air almost offensively close.

As usual, the youth told his tale of love. The maid did not appear to be immoderately coy.

"And do you mean to marry me?" asked sweet Rose. "If I am so ugly"—she smiled coquettishly—"you can shut your eyes as you make your proposal again. Will you say, as you did before, 'Dear Rose, I love you for your beauty and virtue. Be my wife, darling! I should glory in your love, and glory to make it known to all the world.' Shut your eyes, sir, and you shall smell these lovely roses to inspire you, and make you think of your own dear Rose."

J. Laurence Sterrimer, Esq., looked about him. There were no witnesses. No one behind the screen; nobody at the keyhole. The room was double-doored, green baize and heavy oak. Inspired by love and the bouquet of roses placed against his somewhat Hebraic proboscis, he said with manly distinctness—

"Dear Rose, I love you for your beauty and virtue. Be my wife, darling! I should glory in your love, and glory to make it known to all the world."

The young man opened his eyes. The girl had laid the bouquet of roses on the side-table. He clasped her to his heart.

. . . . . .

Three weeks afterwards, Mr. J. Laurence Sterrimer was eyeing two letters which lay beside him on his breakfast-table. The one ran—

14, Colgrove Road, Camden Town,
N. W., 7-9-99.

My Darling Johnnie.—Why this cruel, cruel silence? Why should your poor Rose have thus to humble herself?—Your ever, if cruelly treated, loving and faithful ROSE.

No 2 letter was—

Sir.—Your treatment of my daughter is that of a coward, and no gentleman. If you think that you can thus trample on the honor of a respectable family and do so with impunity, you are much mistaken.—Your obedient servant, ISABELLA JOHNSON.

Mr. Sterrimer laughed, and helped himself to sardines.

"Fancy having that shrimp-eating old harridan for a ma-in-law! My letters may have been a bit strong, and my general lovy-dovyness rather open, but there's no B.-of-P. case to be made out of me." One afternoon the week following, while he was smiling sweetly at the healthful tone of his bank-book, the clerk of a hated rival was shown in to him. The youth in question was struggling to suppress a smile.

"Beg pardon, Mr. Sterrimer," he said, in a kind of half-choked voice. He handed the solicitor a familiar-looking document.

IN THE HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE,
QUEEN'S BENCH DIVISION

1899. J. No.—

ROSE JOHNSON, Plaintiff, *v.* JOHN LAURENCE STERRIMER, Defendant.

The Plaintiff's claim is for breach of promise of marriage."

"Impudence!" shrieked the writted one. "There can be no evidence."

There he was doomed to be mistaken. The trial came on, and the Court was packed with those good-natured friends who find the keenest delight in the miseries of Johnathan and Pythias. Three bonny, bright-eyed young city sylphs had each the selfsame tale to coo forth. This is what Jane Robinson said when in the box.

Jane Robinson (called). "Our telephone is in direct connection with Snooks and Beilby's, where Miss Johnson is employed. I also know Mr. Sterrimer's voice as coming through the telephone quite well. On the 30th of August, at the request of Miss Johnson, I stood by our telephone at half past three p. m. precisely. I can recognize the defendant's voice through a telephone quite distinctly. I heard him say, 'Dear Rose, I love you for your beauty and virtue. Be my wife, darling! I should glory in your love, and glory to make it known to all the world."

Further examined, the witness continued, "I took it down in shorthand. We have also Ibersen's new phono in our office, and the words were transmitted into it direct from the telephone. No, there could be no mistake whatever as to its being Mr. Sterrimer's voice. Yes, Miss Johnson did tell me what she has already stated in her evidence that she concealed the end of her receiver in a bouquet of roses, and that Mr. Sterrimer had spoken into it—that she had meant him to do so, as he was always making proposals of marriage when no witnesses were by."

When the last of the three typewriting witnesses had finished, Phineas Buzfuz, Q. C., opened a large wooden case.

"This," said that learned counsel for the plaintiff, is one of the famous phonos, with all the latest improvements of the great American inventor Ibersen. With your lordship's permission, and to make use of a somewhat vulgar phrase, I shall now proceed to turn on the tap."

The court listened in breathless expectation. Out came the undoubted tones of Mr. Sterrimer, uttered in mysterious falsetto-forte whispers—

"Dear Rose, I love you for your beauty. . ."

The rest was almost drowned in laughter, in which even the learned judge himself took part.

The laughter had only for a few seconds subsided when Mr. Buzfuz treated the court to yet another surprise. A large frame, six feet by two, draped in linen, was held up in front of the jury by the plaintiff's solicitor. The covering was raised. Horror for the defendant! Yes, naught else but a most splendid Cherony's photo enlargement of the defendant clasping the plaintiff to his bosom.

"My lord," said the learned counsel, "this is the age of science. By the aid of a Kodak, concealed in a cigar-case on the mantelshelf, provided with a lengthened tube, of which the pneumatic ball was placed on the floor beneath a sheet of newspaper, and touched by the fairy foot of my fascinating client, the condition of the defendant's feelings and treatment of the lady are here clearly depicted. Allow me to state that it was only out of regard for the shrinking modesty of this ill-treated young lady that this evidence was not produced by mutoscope."

When order had been restored, the excellent Buzfuz, Q. C., was to be seen in affable consultation with the opposing counsel.

"Your lordship," said he, "may we request an adjournment with a view to a possibly amicable settlement?"

"It would certainly be in the interest of both parties," said his lordship, smiling sweetly.

That little settlement cost Mr. Sterrimer the small sum of £500 sterling, exclusive of costs. Still, fate showed some little kindness to him. He happened to hold £5000 worth of shares in the Ibersen's Phonograph, Limited. The advertisement caused by the display in open court was so good that the shares went up like a rocket. So he lost nothing in particular after all.—*London Sketch.*

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THE THEATRES

WE HAVE had some pretty bad things foisted on San Francisco this season in the guise of new plays; that is why I had hoped for something from "The Shadow," with which Nance O'Neill opened on us at the California this week. We have had the new version of "Frederick the Great," crude and amateurish, "A Southern Gentleman," passing dull and stupid, "Marie Antoinette," of sleepy memory, "The Conspirators," with an enigma of a plot and prosy lyrics; all these had their first trial on a big city in the burg of Saint Francis. And when I heard that "The Shadow" was a second "Magda," the English rendition—by the author—of a great German success, I went rejoicing to the California to see the incomparable Nance O'Neill shine in the first play she could call all her own, for I thought that our run of bad luck must be over. I looked to this to break the hoodoo.

I came and saw and went away wearied. It was a production too dull to be interesting and not dull enough to be funny, which is the saving grace of some solemn failures in plays. It is as heavy as a German treatise on the limits of the human understanding and as unnatural as a Morosco show of the old days with the thrill left out. The sentimental, talky stream of this overburdened drama may have appealed to Teutonic audiences of a certain sort; what little saving grace there may have been in clever dialogue in the original is lost in the translation. The author has evidently put his language into the unfamiliar tongue with dictionary in hand. The result is a stringing out of a book as redolent of stock phrases as a newspaper write up. This for an example:

"Say you so? As long as I have life in my bosom, as long as I have any paternal authority, my son shall never again cross your path!"

Sparkling, isn't it? Yet on this lame talk the play limps through its four dull acts to an unregretted end. There is no action at all. The *dramatis personae* saunter in by twos and threes and talk, talk, talk. Once in a while one or two of the alleged comedy characters tries a joke, built up, on the German fashion, like a pyramid, from a heavy foundation to a pointless point. These jokes furnish the pathos.

The plot is of the problem sort. Now that I try to summarize it, I can see that the theme is not bad, and that the whole thing is well put together, which is precisely the reason why it is not bad enough to be funny. *Henri, Marquis de Frondeville* falls in love with an actress, *Therese Dulamiel*, and marries her in spite of family and friends. Before she will consent to the union, *Therese* confesses to her intended that there has been an unfortunate episode in her early youth; that she had been shamefully treated by a man she loved then but has ceased to care for. His name she refuses to disclose. *Henri* forgives this. They return from their honeymoon to learn that his own set has practically ostracized them both. This shakes somewhat the affection of the Marquis, whom the author intends to depict as a weak character. *Henri's* sister, who has been his sole defender in the matter of the marriage, becomes affianced to *Paul Ridard*, the very man who had so shamefully treated *Therese*. The struggles of *Therese* to keep this knowledge from him for the good of his sister and his own peace of mind make the remainder of the theme. It ends in the estrangement of husband and wife and in her suicide.

This is the dull thing in which Nance O'Neil, the incomparable, has been obliged to try to shine four nights and a matinee. Handicapped by a lot of the fellow players of whom, with the exception of Mr. Hill, the least should be said in kindness, she had too much, far too much to carry. Even the heroic Nance can't infuse much into such a part, especially considering that she is playing opposite to a man who sets the audience a-giggle when he tries to tear a passion to tatters and who makes love as though afraid he is going to be hit. It is worth the price of admission just to see Nance O'Neil, but that would be true if she were doing a vaudeville skit. Heaven send us no more new plays this season. We have had a sufficiency, thank you.— W. I.

* *

"Why Smith Left Home," Broadhurst's gold-mine farce with the servant-girl's union and all the other laughable features of which we have heard so much in advance, has its first San Francisco production at the Columbia, Monday night. A revival of "Shenandoah" follows.

* *

Harry Carson Clarke, at the California, will amuse the theatrical public the coming week with that sterling Broadhurst comedy, "What Happened to Jones." The people of San Francisco need no introduction to Mr. Clarke, who scored a great hit in the piece last year and has duplicated the success in the East and the Southwest. In Texas and the Gulf States it broke all records for houses. Mr. Clarke is one of the cleverest graduates of that most searching of schools, the stock company, and the success he and the piece have scored together is deserved by his acting. The engagement is limited to one week.

* *

Little Lola Cotton may be said to be the bright, particular star at the Orpheum this week, partly because she does what is claimed of her and partly because she does it in such a simple, unaffected way as to make the chances of trickery seem impossible. The auburn-haired Marguerite Cornille is also an attractive novelty. Some of her lighter songs suggest Yvette Guilbert, just a wee bit, but her Parisian rendering of a coon song is like nothing else I ever heard, it is so startlingly original. Jerome and Alexis' spectacular acrobatic skit, "The Frog and the Lizard," verges on the grusome and rather puts the gymnastics of Groggin and Davis in the shade, although their work is good of its kind. Leo Carle achieves the impossible by carrying on an eight-part farce "all by his lonesome." This he does by means of a series of lightning changes so swift as to make your head swim. Our old friend, the Biograph, is with us once again and is up to its former standard of excellence. The view of the *Shamrock* in her preliminary spin is the best of the series.

DRAMATIC NOTES

At the Alcazar next week "My Friend from India" with L. R. Stockwell in the leading role. This play was at the Baldwin just before the fire.

* *

The company, which includes several pretty girls, numbers among others Cecilia Castelle, Ida Banning, Laura Crews, Minnette Barrette, Carroll Marshall and Marie Bishop. "Yon Yonson" will follow.

* *

The Orpheum promises to have two beautiful women next week, the shapely Cornille, held over from the present bill, and Cheridah Simpson, whose reputation for good looks and clever comedy has preceded her. Ryan and Richfield, comedians, bring a sketch, "The Headless Man." Burton's Acrobatic Dogs and Vinnie DeWitt, cornet and vocal soloist, are also new features.

* *

Matthews and Bulger keep a good run of houses at the Columbia. The Bulger end of the combination makes the performance. Matthews is no more than a foil for this clever comedian with his dry humor, agile dancing and inimitable singing. He has the art of "rag time" and patter songs to a degree possessed by no other vaudeville star on the American stage to-day.

* *

"Mlle. Fifi" which opened at the Alhambra Sunday is a French farce cut as to *risque* situations a little less than the average adapted Parisian play. It is mightily clever *but*,—— The company is all sorts, from brilliant Maude Granger to the wight who murders the part of the money-lender. Theodore Brown as *Lebaudie* deserves special praise.

A NEW ARMOR PLATE PROCESS—A new process has been brought forward for the treatment of steel and iron, which, it is claimed, will revolutionize the manufacture of steel, and which surpasses either the Harvey or Krupp system. The inventors claim that they can treat high-grade steel and give to it as much resistance as the nickel steel treated by the Krupp or Harvey process, and that the difference in cost will be over $200 per ton in favor of the new method. It is asserted that by this process a six-inch nickeled steel armor plate can be made equal in resistance to an eight or ten-inch plate treated by other systems, thus reducing the weight of our war vessels from thirty-five to forty-five per cent. and enabling greater speed with the same amount of motive power. Mr. Thomas A. Edison, Jr. and William Holzer Steel and Iron Process Company has been formed, with a capital of $1,000,000, to develop the invention. If all that is claimed for this process prove true, the invention is of the most valuable character, particularly as it applies to domestic iron and steel as well as armor plate.

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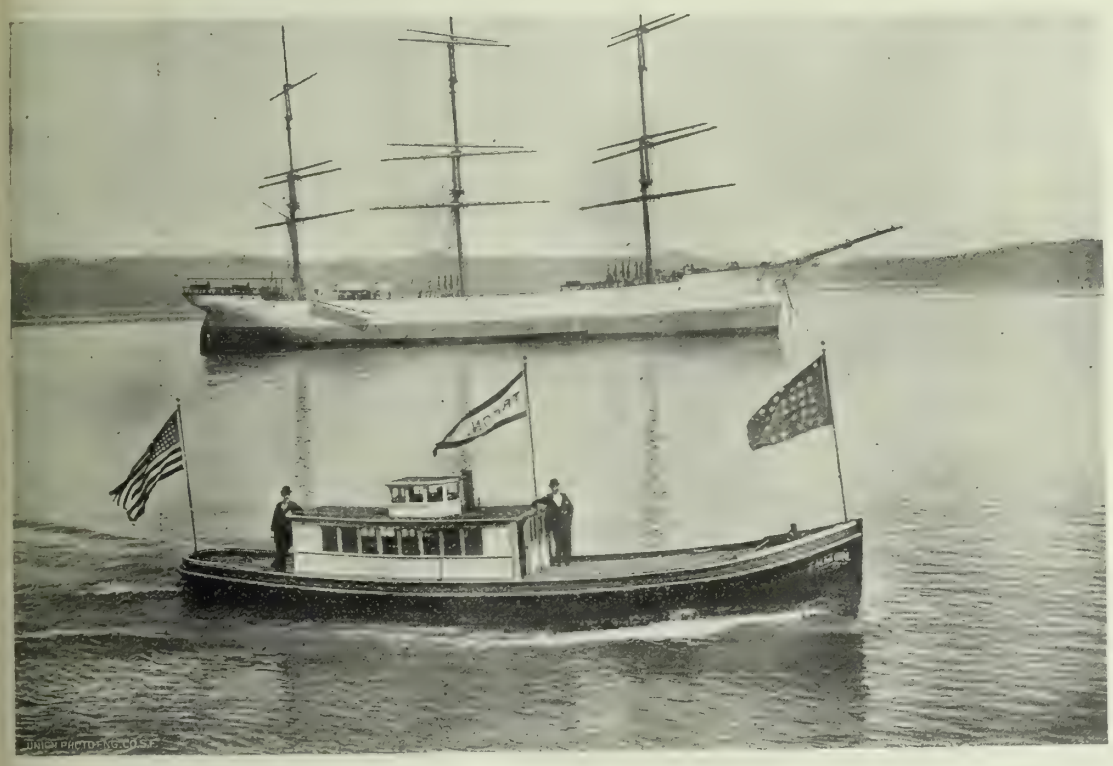

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"RECOMMENDATION UNEXCEPTIONABLE."—A young Irishman once went to a kind-hearted old squire for a recommendation. An elaborate one was written and read to him. He took it with thanks, but did not go. "What's the matter with it?" roared the squire. "Oh, nothin', sorr," said the lad quickly. "Well, then, why don't you go?" "Sure, sorr, I thought on the stringth of a recommind like that you'd be wanting to hire me yourself."

PROTECTION AT BOTH ENDS.—A nervous drummer, who carries with him wherever he travels a coil of rope, was asked by the landlord of a small hotel up in Shasta county what the rope was for. "That's a fire escape," explained the drummer, "and I always have it with me so in case of fire I can let myself down from the window." "Seems like a pretty good idea," said the landlord, "but guests with fire escapes pay in advance at this hotel."

BREECHES ON THE WRONG MAN.—A gushing Englishwoman, who prides herself upon her literary tastes, said to Bret Harte at an aristocratic country house at which both were guests, "My dear Mr. Harte, I am so delighted to meet you! I have read everything you ever wrote, but of all your dialect-verse there is none that compares to your *Little Breeches*." "I quite agree with you, madam," said Mr. Harte; "but you have put the little breeches on the wrong man."

THE DANGEROUS RAYS.—During practice with the electric search-light at North Shields, the illuminating rays frequently fell on the shop-window of a butcher. The tradesman was asked one night how he liked it. "Aa divvent care," said he, "se lang as the leet keeps on the signboard, 'caas it's a good advartisement. But when the beggar leets up the things in the windy, Aa's afeared the customers can see aall the bread in the sausages!"

HIS FIRST OFFENSE.—A youthful waif was brought before a Scotch provost on a charge of breaking into gardens and stealing fruit. The charge was clearly proved; and the magistrate thought he would read the offender a moral lesson before sentencing him. "If you had a garden, and pilferers were to break into it and steal your property, in what way would you like to have them punished?" "Aweel, sir," said the culprit meekly, "I think I should let them awa' for the first offence!"

TICKLESOME.—An English tourist, driving along a country road in Ireland, drew the driver's attention to a wretched tatterdemalion. "What a shocking thing it is," said he, "to see a man in such rags and misery." "Begorra, thin, yer honner," replied the driver, with the characteristically Irish desire to put a good face on everything, "that's not from poverty at all, at all. The truth is that the man's so ticklesome that sorra a tailor in the counthry can attempt to take his measure!"

FINE FIGHTING BUCKS.—Queen Victoria, on a recent trip to Scotland, went out of her way to visit Forfar. The worthy provost had prepared a speech for the great occasion, but alas! when the moment came for him to orate he could not say a word. At length he managed to blurt out, "If ye please, mem, I'm the provost o' Forfar, and they other billies"—indicating his brother magistrates—"are just the bailies o' oor toon." The Queen bowed and smiled. "And what are 'billies,' Mr. Provost?" she inquired. "It is just Scots for fine fighting bucks, your Gracious Majesty!" said the provost, retiring in confusion.

WHO NEEDED IT MOST.—The celebrated Professor Blackie used to promenade the streets of Edinburg wearing white hair hanging on his shoulders. One day he was accosted by a very dirty little bootblack, with "Shine your boots, sir?" The professor, impressed by the dirtiness of the boy's face said, "I don't want a shine, but, if you'll go and wash your face, I'll give you sixpence." "A' richt, sir," was the lad's reply. He washed at a nearby fountain and returning held out his hand for the money. "You have earned your sixpence," said Blackie. "Here it is!" "I dinna want it," returned the boy, with a dignified air. "Ye can keep it and get yer hair cut!"

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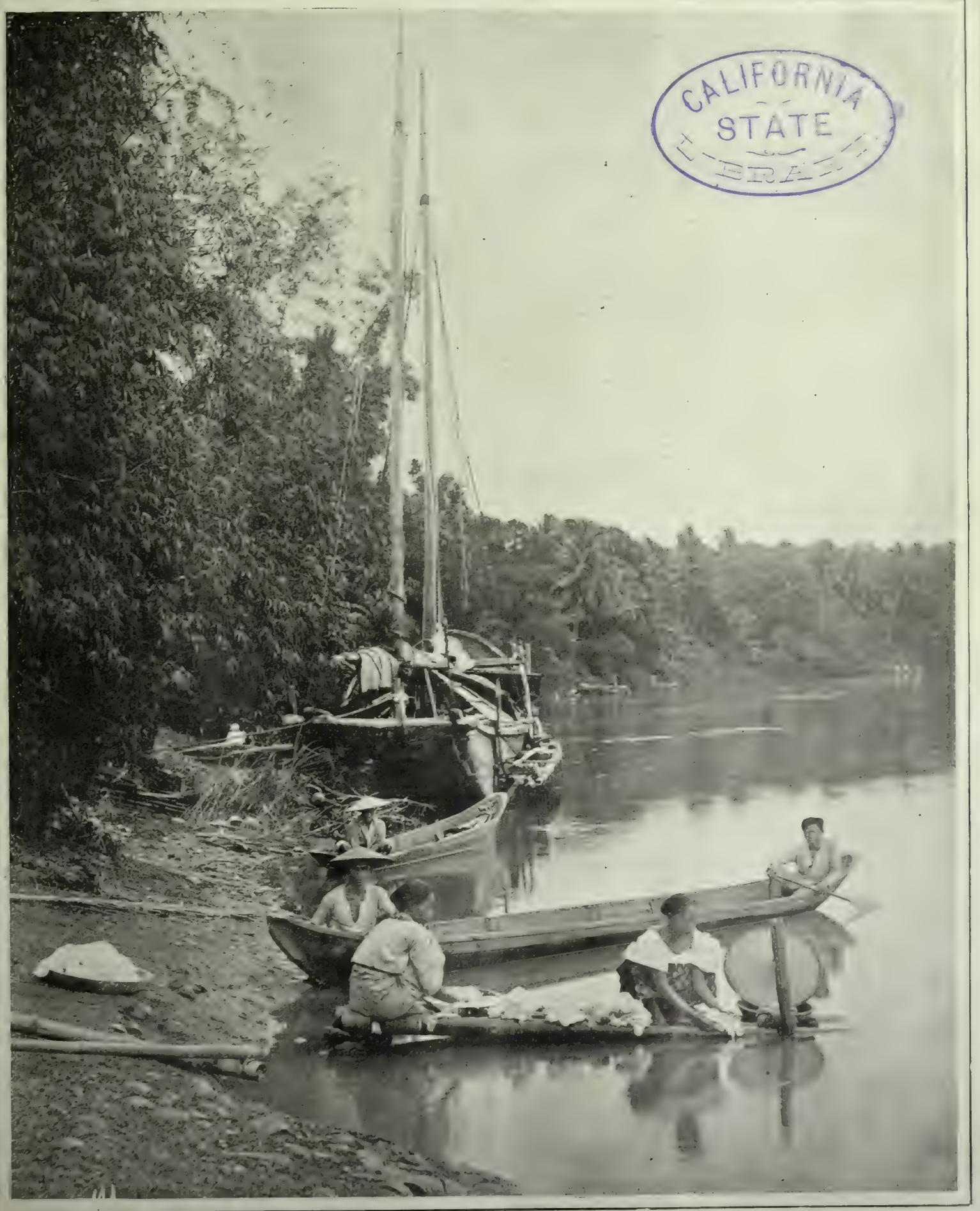

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Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months, $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in al union) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

The trade is supplied by the San Francisco News Company 342 Geary street; east of the Rocky Mountains by the American News Company, New York.

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EVENTS CURRENT.

Terms of the Samoan Agreement.

The Samoan agreement, strange to say, was so concluded that all parties were satisfied. England withdraws from the islands in favor of Germany. The United States in the end will probably hold the group east of the 171st meridian of longitude, including Tutuila, Manua, Oloosinga, Ofoo and Rose Islands. Except the first named, these are unimportant, but Tutuila contains the harbor of Pago-Pago, which our government has long held for a coaling station. This is really the only safe harbor in the whole group, Apia, as was proved in the big naval disaster of a few years ago, being unprotected from hurricanes and tempests. Great Britain withdraws all her claim to the Samoan islands proper, but obtains full possession of the Tonga and Savage groups and of Choiseul and Santa Isobel, the two easterly islands of the Solomon group. Moreover, Great Britain and Germany enter into a convention regarding their conflicting claims to the British Gold Coast. This is to be divided by the Paka river to the point where it reaches the ninth degree of latitude, the further continuance of the line to be settled later by the commission. To this is appended a reservation that Mamprusi and Gambaza shall fall to Great Britain and Yeudi and Nehakosi to Germany. Finally, Germany renounces her extra-territorial rights in Zanzibar until the conclusion of the commercial treaty in 1902. The two European powers have given their formal consent, and, although formal acquiescence is not yet forthcoming, there is no doubt that our government is satisfied.

United States Short of Coaling Stations.

A recent report of Admiral Bradford of the Naval Bureau of Equipment, places strong emphasis on our lack of coaling stations. This trustworthy authority states positively that, in the event of a European war, we would be at as great disadvantage as was Spain in the late war off Cuba with respect to fuel supplies. The theater of that war was near our own coast, but even then there was severe difficulty in obtaining fuel supplies for our squadron. "As a matter of fact," continues Admiral Bradford, "it may be stated without fear of contradiction that at present it would be impossible for a United States fleet to carry on active operations during a war anywhere about the coast of Europe, Africa, or a large portion of Asia and South America, for want of coal." In South America we are assuming the responsibility of guarding the Latin-American republics against foreign aggression, yet we have not a single depot for supplies or fuel on either coast of the southern continent. In the West Indies and the Pacific Ocean we are somewhat better off, but even there conditions are far from desirable. The Admiral advises Congress to secure at once stations on the Isthmus of Panama—one near each terminus of the proposed Nicaragua Canal. Moreover, he advocates the establishment of coaling stations on Windward Channel, Mona Channel and Virgin Channel, in the West Indies. Guam, which will in the near future be a cable station, is recommended as a main storehouse for the Pacific Ocean coaling-stations.

The State Elections of 1899.

As has been already stated in this column, the results of the various State elections held the first week in November have little bearing upon the chances of the party next fall. No "doubtful" key State had a contest this year; most of the others were fighting on purely local issues. Moreover, any comparison with the elections of 1897 in these States is bound to be deceptive. Two years ago, the country had not yet relapsed from the effects of the great Republican landslide of the year before, and the Spanish war, which has made uncertain the political complexion of several sections, was not yet begun. Therefore, the results of this fall, except in a few cases, give no line on the possible outcome next year. One of the exceptions is Ohio. Both the National parties made a fierce contest in that State, with the feeling that success or failure of the administration in the President's own section would have great influence on the country at large. The Republicans won by 50,000 plurality, as great a victory as that scored in 1897. Massachusetts, where the Atkinsonites are most rampant, and where, consequently, it was expected that the administration would suffer, showed a handsome Republican majority. In Nebraska, Bryan had directed the campaign in person, as he felt that he, like McKinley, needed the support of his own State. The Populist-Democratic combination won handily in that section. Kentucky is doubtful, although the Republicans seem to have it. Fraud and intimidation are charged, and it is not at all unlikely that the result will be contested. Maryland, which has been drifting away from the Solid South in the past few years, goes back again this year by electing a Democratic Governor and Legislature. Pennsylvania, where the Quay fight had been expected to weaken the Republican party, elected the administration candidate by the old-time majority. New York was fighting on strictly local issues; here the Republicans won fourteen additional members of the State Legislature. In New York City, Mazet, the Chairman of the Senate Investigating Committee and the bitter foe of Croker and his lieutenants, was downed by a narrow margin, through the combined efforts of the Tammany forces. New Jersey, voting for the State Legislature only, will have a Republican Assembly and Senate. Iowa shows a slight Republican gain.

Encouraging News From Manila.

Late reports from Manila are more encouraging than any received since the beginning of the insurrection. If late dispatches are to be believed—and it is not denied that, coming as they do from Otis, they are to be taken with salt—the backbone of the insurrection is broken and Aguinaldo, with the main body of his troops, is surrounded beyond possibility of escape. Already his private secretary, his personal goods and many of his papers are in the hands of the Americans. Insurgents have been captured in large numbers, among others many officers. The triangular advance reported last week was continued with energy under the direction of General Lawton, who seems to have been given, at last, a free hand by Otis. The troops moved toward the common center as fast as was possible, considering that the heavy rains held back baggage and provisions. At all points they met insurgents, sometimes in force. The latter offered little resistance, retreating, in every case, as soon as the Americans came in striking distance. Nov. 12, Wessels, with a cavalry detachment, made a dash on Mayug, the base of supplies for the insurgent army, and took the place, seizing there a great quantity of provisions, arms and equipment, and setting free a number of prisoners, both Spanish and American. At the same time Colonel Hayes, in an advance the location of which is not made clear by the dispatches, caught a fleeing column of native troops escorting Aguinaldo's private secretary and found in their baggage the effects of the insurgent leader. If Aguinaldo is within the cordon of our troops, as he is reported to be by deserters, he will have trouble in escaping. It is said that he formerly contemplated the shifting of his headquarters to Bayambong, further inland, but delayed until the Americans cut him off from that quarter. He is a slippery customer, however, and one can hardly believe that we have him caught until he is fairly in our hands. Otis reports that the insurgents are discouraged by the news that thousands of new American forces are on the way, and that the native troops are hungry, sick and discouraged. Some of the captured dispatches from commanders of divisions to Aguinaldo are of a most depressed tone. One captain asks his commander: "How can you blame me for retreating when I have only twelve men fit to fight?" If all this news can be relied upon, and if Otis does not see fit to check the advance, we may expect good news by the end of a fortnight. This campaign has already proved the wisdom of sending cavalry to support the infantry. Without this mobile arm of the service, the important captures so far recorded could never have been accomplished

The Cruiser Charleston a Wreck.

Coupled with encouraging reports of the success of our arms in Luzon, comes a dismal piece of news which will cause deep chagrin to the country at large. While patrolling off the north coast of the island, Nov. 7, the protected cruiser *Charleston*, Captain Pigman commanding, ran on a sunken reef and was wrecked. All on board were saved, but the ship is believed to be a total loss. No details are given; it is known, however, that a heavy rainstorm was prevailing at the time and that the cruiser was operating in unsurveyed waters. It is further stated that the crew worked for two days trying to get her afloat, but, a typhoon arising, she had to be abandoned. The *Charleston* was built in the Union Iron Works, San Francisco, being the first war ship turned out for the United States by that establishment, and was launched in 1890. In the period before the Spanish war, she saw service on the coast of South America in connection with the small revolutions in that quarter of the world. She was the chief guardian of our interests in Rio Janiero at the time of the revolution in Brazil, and was three times cleared for action during that disturbance. During the Chinese-Japanese war she was stationed in the Orient, returning in 1896 to sojourn peacefully along the Pacific station until Dewey's victory, when she was immediately dispatched to the Philippines. On her eastward journey she put in at Guam, where her officers took possession. Since that time she has been patrolling the coast of Luzon. The *Charleston* was a protected cruiser, had a displacement of 3730 tons, was 312 feet 7 inches in length, 46 feet 2 inches in beam and 21 feet 6 inches in draught. She was of steel, having two propellers, one funnel and two masts with military tops. She had the following armament: two 8-inch guns, six 6-inch guns, four 6-pounders, two 3-pounders, six 1-pounders, two machine guns, and one light gun, with four torpedo tubes. She had a complement of 306 men.

The War in South Africa.

The sum total of all we know about the war in South Africa amounts to very little. In the first place, communication with Ladysmith, the point at which the main body of British is besieged, is cut off; the only reliable news comes by carrier pigeon or is smuggled through the lines and is nearly a week late when it reaches London. Moreover, the British War Office is suspected of holding back dispatches. Natives send in unreliable reports to Cape Colony now and then, but as these always proclaim great British victories and are generally disproved by later and reliable news, they are believed with good cause to be seasoned up for the taste of the hearers. Only one thing is certain: there has been some severe artillery fighting, probably undecisive, and the English seem to be holding out. The last dispatch from General White stated his belief that the forces of Joubert were holding off to await the arrival of heavier artillery from Transvaal to match the naval guns from the *Powerful*. Since that time, correspondents at Estcourt, just outside the lines, report heavy firing on both sides, indicating that the big guns are in place. The British are using lyddite shells to great advantage, continuing in the face of General Joubert's protest. All indications would show that the Boers have wisely determined to crush, if possible, their adversaries at Ladysmith before General Buller can bring his reinforcements into action. The siege of Kimberly is proceeding slowly, as is that of Mafeking. In all probability the chief energy of the allied burghers is being applied at Ladysmith, the crucial point. The movements of Buller and of the troop-ships conveying his forces are kept dark by the War Office at London. Consequently, we know next to nothing of the chances of early relief for the beleaguered garrison. It is certain, however, that this relief will be the first movement in the new campaign. Of course, this changes the original plan, which involves a direct advance on the capital of Transvaal. Believing that the British line is too extended for present conditions, General Buller has called in the garrisons defending two or three unimportant points along the Natal frontier. At London, a feeling of hopefulness has succeeded the general depression following the loss of the Irish Fusileers and the Gloucestershire Foot. Soldiers and civilians allke feel that White can hold the position until relieved by Buller. It is expected that the real work of the campaign will begin when the siege of Ladysmith is raised and the British make their advance on the strongholds of Transvaal.

Savings Bank Statistics.

Figures have a way of upsetting current theories about national tendencies. For a minor example, recent statistics have proved that the Germans drink more wine than the French, and the French more beer than the Germans, a big upset for the popular idea to the contrary. So, the latest report of the British Postal Savings Bank goes to prove that the Irish are thriftier than the English, and both save more than the Scotch. The average of savings-bank deposits in Ireland is £21, in England £16, and in Scotland, £13. This may or may not prove the superior thriftiness of the Irish. It is known that many of the canny Scotch prefer the old "stocking" method of saving money, and it may also be strongly suspected that the Scotch invest their capital early. However, even at that the figures go to disprove the alleged unthrifty character of the Irish. For other countries, statistics based on savings bank deposits place the Danish as the great economists of Europe. Out of 1,000 population, 454 have savings-bank deposits. In Switzerland the proportion is 436, in France 235, in Germany 200, in Belgium 180, in Holland 161, and in Italy 150. The proportion in this country must fall much lower than in any of these European countries, because the opportunities for investment are far better than in Europe. The reverse of this condition may explain the seeming comparative thriftiness of Belgium and Switzerland. In New York, the savings-bank people say that the Italians, considering the extreme poverty in which they live, are the best depositors. After them come the Germans, and third the Americans and Irish.

Trial of the French Conspirators.

The long-expected trial of Deroleude, Guerin, and the other Frenchmen who are accused of participating in disturbances looking toward the overthrow of the Republic, has begun before the French Senate, sitting as a High Court of Justice. So far, the proceedings have not passed the formal opening of the Court and the reading of the accusation, which names three crimes, viz: first, a conspiracy to overthrow the government by inciting the citizens to arms, followed by acts designed to put it into execution; secondly, an attempt to overthrow the government, as revealed by attempts which have not been suspended, that failed independently of the will of its authors; and thirdly—this clause applies only to Guerin and his associates—armed rebellion and attempted assassination. The *modus operandi* of the trial is most complicated and very strange to Anglo-Saxon minds. The accusation having been made, a committee of nine Senators must meet, draw up an indictment, and determine which ones of the accused shall be held for trial. Next, the findings of this commission go to the Procurator-General, the functionary corresponding to our Attorney-General. He passes on their legal validity, and they go on to the High Court itself, which decides separately on each indictment. Not until that time will the trial, begun last week, really get down to the taking of testimony. Rules too numerous to mention hedge about the eligibility of Senators to vote on the results of the trial. For example, Senators who have been absent at any session, who have taken their seats since the trial was formally opened, or who are related to any of the accused, are debarred from a voice in the verdict. When the trial is concluded—and, considering that there are fifteen prisoners and about four hundred witnesses, it is sure to be a long one—the High Court will vote on the guilt of each person separately and upon his punishment, and no vote of acquittal or condemnation will be considered as final unless it has a majority of all the Senators, both eligible and ineligible. Thus, the trial may drag along nearly all winter.

The Development of Railroad Freighting.

A writer in the *Engineering News* ventures the assertion that improvements in locomotives and rolling-stock have been brought to such a point that a railroad equipped with the latest facilities can transport goods more cheaply by land than the same goods can be transported by water. He states that it is now practicable for certain lines of railroad operating in the United States to move freight in bulk at a charge of one mill per ton mile and out of that incredibly small traffic to pay interest on the cost of road and wear on rolling-stock and still make a fair profit. Something like this was prophesied by W. H. Vanderbilt twenty years ago, when he declared that it would eventually be practicable to send freight from New York to the Great Lakes at a lower price than could be made by the Erie Canal. Since that time, the expectation has been fulfilled. The significant fact about these figures is that the goods "in bulk" which may be transported thus cheaply are mainly food-stuffs and the raw material for manufactures, the staples, in short, of the world's sustenance. These

figures have also a bearing on the problem Russia is facing in the constructing of the new Trans-Siberian railway. The detractors of the scheme have claimed, all along, that Russia cannot profit on the tremendous wheat-fields of remote Siberia, because the distance would be so great as to kill all profit by the size of the shipping expenses. But if Russia can ever bring her rolling-stock and methods to the perfection attained by the American lines, she can transport the Siberian wheat at a cost of less than three dollars per ton for three thousand miles.

Editorial Comment.

"Who is to Lead the People's Fight?"

THE dispatches from the East announce that Congressman Barham will be a candidate for the United States Senate in case Governor Gage convenes the legislature in extra session Congressman Barham is an admirable gentleman and a good public officer, so far as we know; but he has no more chance of winning the senatorship than a cross-eyed owl has of entering heaven. It is within our recollection when amiable tricksters endeavored to induce Judge De Haven to announce his candidacy for the same place. The object then was to bring out a multiplicity of candidates, so as to defeat Senator Perkins, toward whom the "push" never entertained kindly feelings; but the Judge declined to permit his name to be used as an instrument for any such purpose. He recognized the wrong of the thing and understood the motives behind it. Judge De Haven once represented the same congressional district that is now represented by Mr. Barham. He was better known throughout the State than Mr. Barham and really had a more tangible and promising basis upon which to build senatorial hopes, but he very wisely and very honorably put to one side the friends who urged with mistaken zeal and the tricksters who flattered with deceit on their tongues. He brought discomfiture to the crooked politician and disappointment to his misguided friends, but he stamped himself as a man above intrigues and flattery.

It is possible Mr. Barham may secure the few votes from his congressional district, for it is quite natural that these members should conceive it to be their duty to vote for him through neighborly friendship. Then, too, he may offer a roosting place for members who would like to vote for Burns, but who are too cowardly to do so on account of the known sentiment of their constituents. These are the most despicable of cowards. They perform a multitude of things for Burns; they answer his beck and call and do every service he asks, except that of voting for him. They rally around the weaker candidates whose election is impossible, refusing to vote for anyone who stands the slightest chance of election and in that way they contribute to the defeat of honest candidates.

The *Call* pointed out a few days ago that the anti-Burns Republicans could control any caucus that might be called and could elect their choice if they would but unite on one man. The question is, "Who is the man?" The "Wave" stands ready to support any honest man who will take off his coat and go into the fight with vim. There is plenty of material from which to make selection. If Claus Spreckels would announce himself a candidate, or De Young, or Scott, or Felton, or Bard, the "Wave" would support him. But it would be idle for either of these gentlemen to loll back in an easy-chair and announce his willingness to take the toga if it was brought to him. The standing of such a man, whatever his name, would be no better than that of Mr. Barham. To be entitled to any support whatever, the candidate must organize his forces as thoroughly and completely as those of Burns are organized, for organization occupies the same relation to politics that it does to war.

Where is the man who will do this battle? The emissaries of Mr. Burns are at work daily, while the "people's" fight is languishing.

A gentleman, who believes that California should have its "full quota" of senators, asks us why Governor Gage should be blamed for calling the legislature together. Why? Because Mr. Burns and his men have known all along that a session would be called whenever he demanded it; because the Governor intends to take snap judgment on the people; because he has not notified the public of his intention, while Burns with full knowledge has been continuously at work; because he would refuse to call an extra session if it appeared to him that Burns would be badly beaten; in short, because he is for Burns, is using the power of his administration for Burns and is prostituting his high office to the lowest sort of political trickery.

If Governor Gage will give the people of the State thirty days' notice of his intention to call the legislature together, he will be able to minimize the criticism that will be levelled against him; but if he makes the time five days or any such matter, he will obviously be playing into the hands of Mr. Burns and will give the people of the State no opportunity to record their objections or to instruct their members.

Rumor has it that the request for an extra session will come from the President. It is stated that a friend of Mr. Burns has gone East for this purpose and in this way the Governor is to be excused. Whenever it is called, honest members may feel assured that there will be at least one man of good standing around whom they may rally. Let it not be feared that when the proclamation is issued, "things will all be fixed for Burns." That gentleman possesses a superb self-confidence. He positively stated a dozen times during the late legislature that he would be elected on a given day. Continual defeat did not in the slightest disturb this conceit. Upon the last day of the legislature he gravely stated to his lieutenants that he "had a presentiment a senator would be elected that day and his name would be Daniel M. Burns." The result showed that he was never further away from it. Among his followers are the crookedest politicians in the State; they are anxious for loot and therefore anxious for the session. They are reporting to Mr. Burns that this or that member has signed an agreement to go into caucus, and adding "on the quiet he has promised to vote for you." With a man of Burns' temperament it is not difficult to delude him where the delusion appeals to his vanity. One of Burns' stoutest supporters in the legislature is advising a knot of country members to sign the agreement to go into caucus, to promise verbally to vote for Burns and when the session is called, to form a combine and vote for the highest bidder. With such surroundings Burns is in treacherous hands. The corrupt men who follow him are all anxious to deceive him, so as to secure the opportunity for loot. It needs but a solidifying of the anti-Burns element to beat that gentleman out of his boots.

A Decision Against Informers.

A DECISION was recently rendered in an Eastern court that will, if sustained, have a revolutionary effect upon a certain class of cases in this country. On the 4th inst., at Chicago, Judge Gibbons, in the Circuit Court, decided that the Illinois flag law was unconstitutional, because of the clause in it that provides for an informer's fee. The law was passed last winter by the Legislature and resulted in an exceptional number of complaints and arrests. The courts became clogged with cases. Anyone who wished could complain and the informer received a large part of the penalty for making the complaint. The pettifogging lawyer in many cases abandoned his police court business, in order to spy out infractions of the law by his neighbors. The loafer about town kept his eyes open and sold his information for cash at a discount to those who made it a business to buy such goods. All this was done under the law.

In a lengthy opinion deciding the habeas corpus proceedings brought by J. J. Hartigan, proprietor of the Glasgow Woolen Mills, Judge Gibbon declared that the informer's fee clause in the flag act is against the spirit of American law, as tending to provoke strife and ill-will between man and man, and that the power granted by the constitution to the Governor of the State to pardon offenders and remit fines and penalties is in conflict with the statute which guarantees to the informer a share of the fine.

It would seem that the infamous Morehouse newspaper law in California, whereby informers are given a bounty of one-half the penalty incurred for printing unsigned articles about Job and Moses, ought to go by the board under this decision, if the thing is ever tested. It has not been tested merely because informers are cowards and are afraid to bring action against powerful newspapers. But that is not the fault of the law.

SOME weeks ago the shipwrights and machinists in the Mare Island navy yard struck because they were only getting $4.25 per day of eight hours. They thought that the amount should be $5 per day. The authorities thought otherwise; and the rather unusual spectacle of a walk-out of government employes resulted.

The trouble seems to have been partly the fault of the government and partly the fault of the men. Long ago, before the eight-hour law was passed, the pay was $5 per day of nine hours. When the day was shortened, through an oversight, intentional or otherwise, the rate of pay remained $5 per day at Mare Island, although on the government work the rate was readjusted. This old rate was maintained until recently. Not long since some one in Washington noticed the fact that larger wages were being paid at Mare Island than at some of the other yards. A reduction, therefore, was ordered and ultimately the rate fixed at $4.25—a rate that, added to the 75c. per hour rate for overtime, allows the men to work nine hours for $5, as before.

All strikes in their effects are more far-reaching than were intended. Some will remember the harm that resulted from a strike in this city years ago, when the iron-moulders arbitrarily decided that a certain number of cable-yokes should constitute a day's work, although they had been molding more than that number per man, and the firm for which they worked had taken a large contract on the basis of previous cost of production. The strike being prolonged, that and other large iron contracts were sent East; and they have been sent East ever since. When the men were ready to go back to work, they found that there was no work for them. The recent strike of the printers also ended in disaster, although their union was the strongest in the city. Many of the old union printers were obliged to abandon their trade because of that ill-advised strike for ten hours' pay and nine hours' work.

The government work has to be done. If it is not done at Mare Island it must be done elsewhere. Seattle has been making a strong effort to get the business and so has Portland; and in each of these places the labor unions are loyally aiding the efforts of their home cities. Already many of the transports that formerly came to San Francisco now touch at the Northern ports, where facilities are good for making prompt repairs upon machinery. It may be that when the men at Mare Island count the cost, they will find, as others have done before them, that after all a strike is an expensive weapon to wield.

THE citrus fruit industry is again threatened by foreign invasion; this time in the shape of a clause embodied in the proposed treaty with Jamaica allowing the island producer a rebate of twenty per cent. of the duty upon such imports. Should Congress assent to such an arrangement, it is very apparent that one of the leading industries of California would receive a heavy blow. For many years Senator Perkins has stood alone in the upper house, battling, with untiring zeal and consummate skill, for protection of California's industries. His colleague, Senator White, belonging to the party of free trade, was naturally estopped from taking prominent part in measures against which his party stood committed. What Senator Perkins has accomplished the records clearly show. In the lower house the State at present is much stronger in Republican votes than heretofore and altogether we are in a good position to resist an assault of this character.

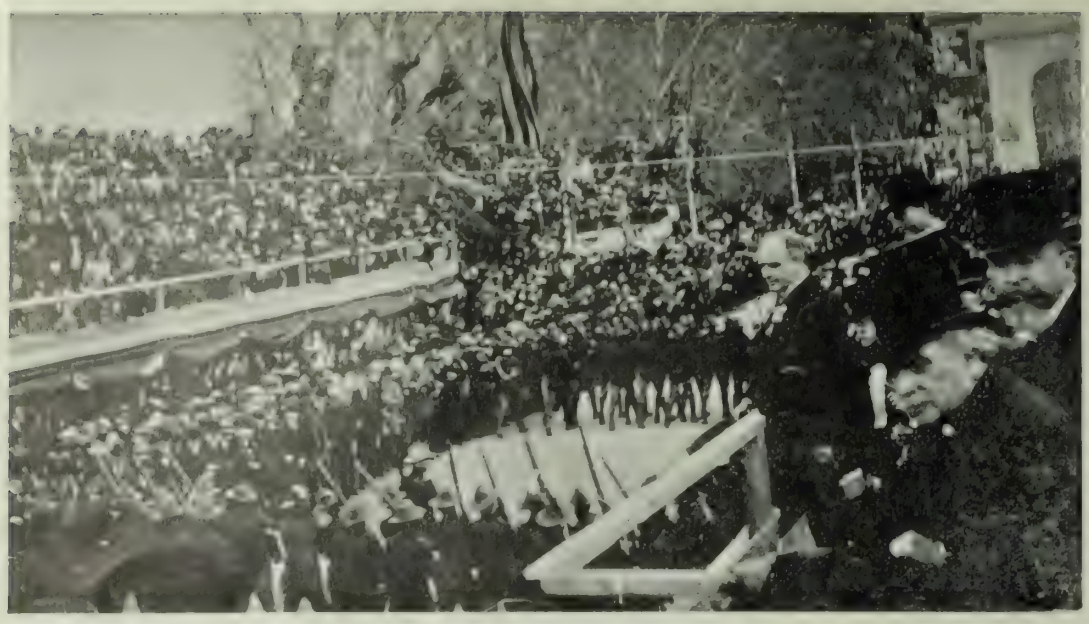
Orange statistics are not conveniently at hand, but before Congress meets Eastern members will doubtless be fully advised as to the magnitude of the industry, the immense acreage devoted to such cultivation, and the thousands of citizens dependent thereon for a livelihood. Not only is the California producer compelled to meet the competition of cheaper labor of the semi-tropics, but he must also compete with cheaper carriage. Ships' bottoms market the Jamaican product, while the California fruit is burdened by rail transportation the full width of the continent. The margin in favor of the home producer is small enough now, heaven knows, and it should not be tampered with. Once Congress is brought to realize the extent of the harm that would follow, being Republican in politics, it is scarcely probable the rebate will be allowed.

IF the dispatches from the Philippines are to be credited, the resistance of Aguinaldo and his followers to American occupation is about at an end. By the time Congress is convened let us hope that the President may report the insurrection at an end, and the issue of war determined. It will then be seasonable for anti-imperialists, anti-annexationists, anti-expansionists, or whatever else they may be termed, to file their objections to a policy of the administration, which they believe to be not only unjust and wrong but contrary to the true spirit of American institutions.

While Aguinaldo and his followers were in arms, resisting American occupation, the controversy was clearly one between the government and an enemy. Twist the situation as you may, it can be viewed in no other light. During this resistance, we believed that criticism of the administration having a tendency to build hope in the breast of the enemy was ill-timed and mischievous. The harm done in this connection by the Atkinsons, the Jordans and the Valentines cannot be measured. With an enemy in the trenches before our army and individual citizens of high repute and wide learning attacking the administration from within, and attempting to paralyze the power that stood behind our soldier with the gun, a great many good Americans lost their patience. Once peace is declared or the insurgents by consent or compulsion abandon all show of resistance, the whole issue of the Philippines and the disposition to be made of them becomes a fair subject for public discussion and debate. There is much wisdom in the thoughtful, but ill-timed arguments of the anti-expansionist, enough indeed to cause one to halt before committing himself hastily. The time is well nigh here when the subject must be discussed and determined, hence we hope for a cessation of hostilities ere Congress convenes.

THE big Woodland Park deal—perhaps, in view of the feeling of Seattle business men on the subject it had better be called the Woodland Park "steal"—ran on a snag when it came to Mayor Hume for his signature. It will be remembered that this ordinance for the purchase of an undesirable piece of land in an inaccessible suburb was rushed through the City Council by methods more than suspicious and in the face of an unheeded protest from the best citizens of Seattle. The work by which the city fathers were *persuaded* may not have been underhanded, but the proceeding certainly bore the ear-marks of boodle. Mayor Hume said nothing at the time, but when the ordinance came up for his signature he promptly vetoed it.

Then the council, in a stormy session and an undignified one, to say the very least, overruled the mayor's veto, and the purchase is, so far as anyone can see, an accomplished fact. The city pays nearly $130,000 in all for a tract of land worth in the neighborhood of $40,000. Thus the Woodland company is ahead about $90,000, less the price, not exactly known, which the council cost. The exact amount is known only to certain of the City Fathers and the enterprising gentlemen who dealt with them.



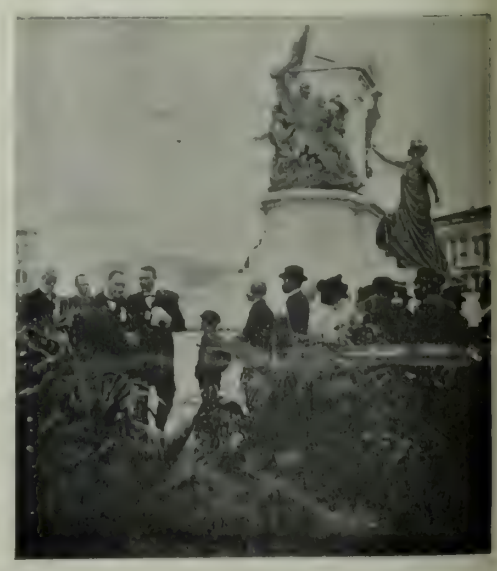
President McKinley reviewing the 13th Regiment just returned from Manila at Minneapolis

President McKinley at Quincy, Illinois

President McKinley between Gov. Lind and Mayor Gray, on reviewing stand, Minneapolis

PRESIDENTIAL PARTY AT GALESBURG, ILLINOIS.—Sec. of State Hay Att'y-Gen Griggs Sec. of Interior Hitchcock Senator Cullum Sec. Cortelyon
Sec. of War Root Sec. of Navy Long Sec. of Agriculture Wilson Congressman Prince V. L. Mason, private sec. to Sec. of War

Sir Wilfred Laurier, Mayor Carter Harrison, and Gov. Tanner at laying of corner-stone Chicago postoffice



President McKinley dedicating monument at Peoria, Ill.
Sculptor F. E. Trisbel on arm of President Sec. Hay in rear

Photos by George Grantham Bain
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INCIDENTS OF THE PRESIDENT'S WESTERN TRIP.

THE MYSTERIOUS MOROS.

A PEOPLE OF ARABIC ORIGIN IN OUR NEW PHILIPPINE POSSESSIONS.

DEAR me, who'd a thought it of our Uncle Sam? Two little years ago, his domain included only those who ate three squares a day, wore boiled shirts on state occasions, married one woman, and took their revenge in law suits. He hadn't any ruins except a few prehistoric cliff dwellings along the southwest fringe of his backyard, and the last of his savages were learning the uses of schools, courts, and table manners. And now—he has control over some eight millions of savages, in all stages from nakedness to a slight veneer, and has ruins, curiosities and material for anthropological research to throw away. As time goes on and the scope of "military influence" in the Philippines extends, we learn more and more of the strange people who inhabit the southern islands of the group. It is really the first accurate information that has been obtained since the eyes of the white man looked over these islands of the sea. The Spaniards cared little about the picturesque features of their dominions and scorned to study the native customs, traditions, and languages. The Spanish officials were there to bleed the pockets of the natives, the Spanish friars to save their souls. It was not, therefore, until General Bates went south to treat with the Sultan of Sulu, up to that time something of a myth, that we learned anything of a picturesque and admirable people who have a history, a language, and a national organization which should be fruitful for study.

Cebu, the island ruled by this eastern potentate, is about three days' steamer journey from the island metropolis—about as far from Iloilo as Iloilo is from Manila. When the weather favors, a trip to Cebu is the most delightful voyage imaginable. The steamer beats through a tranquil sea of transparent green past thousands of tiny islands, each with its white shell beach and with a peak, the relic of volcanic disturbances of past ages, rising in the center. On the larger ones, a cluster of huts peeps from the dense foliage along the beach. The smaller are uninhabited, the haunts of seabirds and wild beasts, but all are brilliant green, the hue of luxuriant foliage washed clean by constant rains. Presently a larger island heaves in sight; the steamer's course curves around this and ends in a land-locked harbor, bordered with densely-covered hills. On the one side is a town, its roofs showing between masses of heavy foliage; across the harbor and plainly visible, as Sausalito is visible from San Francisco, there is another and smaller village, hardly apparent through the trees. The larger town is Jolo, the center of our rule in the southern islands; the other is the capital of the Sultan of Sulu, who holds suzerainty over all the Mohammedan tribes of the archipelego.

CUSTOMS OF THE MOROS.

The Moros these people are called, and they are no more like the Tagalos, the Mayos and the other inhabitants of the Philippines than the Chinese are like the natives of India. They are tall, stalwart people, brown in complexion and strong in build. Their religion is an intense Mohammedanism and they have all the manly virtues which go with the unspoiled followers of that faith. Brave, fairly honorable, pure of life, if you will overlook plural marriage, they have a crude but strong tribal organization and wise, if unwritten laws. The Spaniards gave up long ago their attempts to subdue these people. They presented from the first such a bold front to the white aggressors that the politic Castilians withdrew and turned their attention to the more tractible Tagalos. Spanish occupation was confined to Jolo and they were permitted there only on tolerance. As for the Spanish missionaries, the work of christianizing the Moros ended like all such attempts with Mohammedan people, in complete failure. The Sultan's people slaughtered a few priests and gave the cold shoulder to the rest, until the missionary friars, like the Spanish governors, decided that the Tagalos offered a more fruitful field.

The Sultan's people live a semi-savage life, tilling the soil to some extent, but mostly subsisting on the natural products of this, the richest of all the Philippines. Their dress is simple—a pair of gay cotton trousers, either skin-tight or bagged in Turkish style, a gay sash, a turban. Sometimes a close, red jacket is worn above the waist, but more often the Moros go naked from the waist up. The women dress much like those of Turkey or Egypt, only they do not veil their faces. Warlike as these people are, they have not yet learned the use of modern weapons. Their guns, the few they have, are old-fashioned affairs, carved and ornamented like those of the Moors. Their principal reliance is placed on spears and shields, the former being wicked weapons of rude iron, in heavy wooden shafts. The latter are made of wood and hide and are rudely painted. They all carry "bolos" and in times of actual war they fight with crude, heavy swords, wherein it is their custom to punch a small nick for every man killed by the weapon. Two brought into Manila last week have respectively sixteen and nineteen such nicks, a mute testimony of the savagery of their border warfare.

The Sultan of this people keeps court in a bare, unfurnished house in the center of his capital town. He is surrounded by all the ceremony and none of the splendor of an oriental potentate. In fact, the toy "court" is conducted in true opera-bouffe fashion. It is said that the Sultan is stupid and unprogressive and that the real ruler, the power behind the throne, is his chamberlain, who is also secretary of state and, in fact, the whole cabinet. This individual, whose name has not come to us, is always present at the audiences of the Sultan and speaks for him, claiming that it is beneath the dignity of a prince to address his inferiors directly. He, and not the Sultan, was responsible for the late treaty with the Americans, and it is he who conducted, in person, all the negotiations with General Bates.

TRACES OF ARAB STOCK.

The interesting point about this interesting people, however, is their origin. Native tradition has it that they came over the seas a long time ago and drove out the Tagalos from their islands. In fact, the strong probability is that the main stock is Arab in origin. They still cling to many of the customs held by the Arabs at the time of the Crusades. For one thing, they wear a wrought chain-armor much like that worn by the Semitic peoples of Asia Minor, from whom the Crusaders learned the art of making linked mail. This armor is the pride of Moro workmen, and is built up, link on link, over plates of shell, in precisely the fashion of the mediæval armor of the Arab workmen. Their horses, which they ride like cowboys, are fine, spirited beasts, with the arched neck and dainty feet, which prove Arab origin. Strongest proof of all, the language seems to be a degenerate Arabic, mixed, it is true, with native words and accents, but built upon Semitic constructions. This vital parent stock lost many of its characteristics in mixing with the Malays; today, the physique, complexion and character of the people resembles that of the Malays much more than that of the Arabs. Only very rarely is there seen a face which carries the features of the Bedouins. But custom, stronger than race, has perpetuated in this people the religion, the warlike spirit and many of the manners of a hardy nucleus which built around it, out of alien material, a race. How the Arab forefathers of the Moros came to the islands, for what reason they traveled so far abroad, is a mystery hidden with the other mysteries of these fairy islands in the dusk of an unrecorded past.

BACTERIA AND DIGESTION.

THE LATEST DISCOVERIES IN MEDICAL SCIENCE POINT TO A CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA AND CORPULENCY.

Perhaps no development of the scientific spirit of the nineteenth century has cost so much hard labor in field and laboratory as the study of bacteria. Perhaps, also, no other field of modern activity has given such meagre results in proportion to the energy employed. We have worked on microbes as the cause of disease for something like fifteen years and we are still only on the fringe of the subject. Indeed, all our absolute and certain knowledge can be summed up in one sentence: certain bacteria cause disease, certain others are harmless. For the rest there is a mass of unproved conjecture, some of it so probable that practical physicians are using it as the basis of their struggle with disease, some of it almost pure speculation.

The most recent speculative work in the subject comes from Germany, the land of minute scholarship, and shows a mass of supporting facts large enough to give it some value. It has to do with a class of bacteria hitherto put down as harmless, but which now seem to be not only non-injurious, but, if the experimental account can be substantiated, positively beneficent. In this respect they are to be classed with those germs which assist in the raising of bread, the flavoring of cheese, the curing of tobacco, the isolation of nitrogen in the soil, and the like.

The bacilli are found in the digestive tracts of men and animals; they are present in large quantities in the throat, the stomach, the intestines, and all parts of anatomy that have to do with food. Hitherto, although scientists knew of this form and had studied its culture, no attempt had been made to explain its uses in the functions of animal life. Now comes a German scientist, Dr. Schottelius, with a well-founded theory that it plays an important part in the work of assimilating food. To establish this theory, he has been experimenting for the past two years with the humble domestic hen and her immature offspring. The learned doctor made no new culture of bacteria for the purpose, assuming that the chickens would absorb the germs in the ordinary way, if left to themselves. He divided his specimens into two sections. The first were given their freedom in an ordinary barnyard as soon as they were hatched, the others were placed, after they were out of the shell, in sterilized rooms, to which only sterilized air was admitted, and were given food thoroughly cleansed of all germs by scientific methods. To guard against mistakes and oversights, the excrementa of these chickens were regularly examined, and it was proved in this manner that they were being kept apart from all germ life. The unprotected chickens grew up in the ordinary way.

Twelve days after hatching, the chickens which had been living on sterilized food and breathing sterilized air had gained twenty-five per cent. in weight; in the same period of time the unprotected ones had gained one hundred and forty per cent. At the end of seventeen days, when the experiments were discontinued, the chicks which had led a normal life weighed ten times as much as they did when hatched. The protected ones, on the other hand, increased in weight less than fifty per cent.

If this discovery is confirmed by further investigation, its importance is apparent, The control of these bacteria will furnish a cure for both dyspepsia and corpulency. The germs can be made to grow in the intestines of such dyspeptics as are suffering from an inability to assimilate food, thus helping with the work of nature. On the other hand, those who have grown or are growing fat through over-assimilation may be relieved of their fat-making propensities by the judicious destruction of these germs. Indeed, Dr. Schottelius believes that his discovery explains the tendency of certain otherwise healthy persons toward putting on extra flesh. Thus does science discover, at one fell swoop, a substitute for both stomach bitters and anti-fat.

The telescope for the Paris Exposition, the largest ever made, is almost completed. The tube is about 197 feet long. As it is impossible, owing to the length, to house it in the ordinary manner, this great pipe will be stationary and the object will be reflected on the lens by means of a six-foot mirror. The manufacture of this glass was the hardest task encountered by the maker. It was accomplished at length with the co-operation of all the French glass-makers. The polishing, done by delicate machinery, took ten months, and it will be many weeks more before the silvering is applied. So delicate is this mirror that the heat of a human hand laid for a moment on the surface distorts the object perceptably.

There are not more than six handwriting experts in the country whose testimony can be depended on in an important case. This department of testimony is both an art and a science. An expert works by rules, measuring every letter with mathematical accuracy as to size, shading, corelation and slant, but there is a feeling for identity clear beyond all rules in the minds of the great authorities on handwriting. Successful forgery of signatures is said by these men to be impossible, as writing becomes an unconscious reflex action in adult life.

THE HOUSE OF KRUPP.

THE RISE OF THE GREAT GERMAN STEEL ESTABLISHMENT AND THE EARLY STRUGGLES OF ITS FOUNDERS.

Eighty-nine years ago, when the founder of the Krupp family first established the works which bear the name, the town of Essen, in which they are operated, was a village of not more than 4,000 inhabitants. This year the city of Essen enters the list of German cities having more than 100,000 inhabitants. The steel works of the Krupp family have made the town what it is, the center of the world's steel industry. The steel works may be said to be synonymous with the place; the whole city is subsidiary thereto. Every inhabitant, rich or poor, is or has been dependent on the factory for support or is engaged in supplying the wants of the steel-workers. Over twenty-five thousand men and boys are employed at the works in Essen alone.

The grandfather of the present Krupp began life as a laborer in a foundry at Essen. By strict economy he accumulated several thousand marks, and set up a little establishment of his own. He dragged along in the business for sixteen hard years, making little headway and barely keeping the little property he owned. During this time he employed only two or three men and did not presume to push the scope of his business outside the limits of his own town, but he did turn out excellent steel, and set up that standard of high quality which has always marked the work of the Krupps in the three generations. His son, Alfred Krupp, took up the concern on his father's death, in 1826. For some years he had a hard struggle in his efforts to expand his business; six years after he began, he had gone through trials which had threatened several times to swamp him, but he had nine men in his employ, was already turning out guns for the German government, and was making good steel.

Then followed a long, hard struggle for recognition. The German authorities did not perceive the excellence of his product. For a quarter of a century he went on, making the best of everything he laid his hand to, but he seemed unable to get the value of his product known. At one time he had to melt and sell his small stock of family plate in order to pay his employes. He has said, since, that the whole period was a constant struggle for money with which to pay wages. During this time he was making progress, however; he was learning for himself how to make the best steel; and he was inventing or securing those secret processes which are still kept inviolate by the managers and workmen of the Krupp factories.

THE TURN OF THE TIDE.

Recognition came from an unexpected quarter. In 1851 he sent some steel and a gun or two to the London Exposition. This modest exhibit swept everything before it. By the end of the Exposition the English experts were calling his steel the best in the world and English manufacturers were eager to learn the secrets of his processes. His own countrymen became aware that they had a prophet in their midst, and four years later, when the government of Germany placed the first order for his guns, he had twice enlarged his plant and had all the work that he could handle. His first foreign orders came from the governments of Egypt and Morocco, who were so eager to get his goods that they went to the unusual length of paying spot cash. Russia followed with heavy orders; indeed the Czar has always been the best patron of the Essen works, having ordered, in all, about 30,000 guns.

Krupp was forced, by this rapid increase in business, to make a heavy loan, which he paid off from the profits of the business and with which he not only extended the concern, but took steps to render himself independent of trusts, syndicates and corporations. It was his policy to control the production of all raw materials used in his shops. To that end, he purchased coal mines, coke ovens, iron mines and blast furnaces in every quarter of Europe. Alfred Krupp bought over four hundred iron mines during his lifetime; his son and heir now owns over five hundred. Every ounce of iron in Essen comes from Krupp mines, is worked with Krupp coal and coke, is smelted in Krupp furnaces. Such of the raw material as comes from foreign lands is brought to Germany by steamers owned in the establishment, and were it not that the German government usurps to itself the ownership of railway lines, the coal and iron would undoubtedly be hauled to Essen by Krupp locomotives.

A few dry statistics will show the extent of the industry. To-day, the works at Kiel alone employ 7,000 men, and those at Magdeburg-Buckau 3,548 men, and over 10,000 men are employed in his foundries. In 1858, six years after there began to be a demand for Krupp's products, he had all told 1,047 men in his service. On January 1, this year, there were on the pay-rolls of the present Krupp the names of 41,750 men, of whom 25,133 were employed in the works at Essen. In 1895, there were in the cast-steel works at Essen over 3,000 implements and machines, besides 458 steam engines with a total of 36,561 horse-power. The length of the belting used in transmitting this power was over forty miles. The twelve Krupp blast furnaces on the Rhine consumed daily 2,400 tons of iron ore and produced 1,200 tons of pig iron. In the statistical year 1895-96, over 1,000,000 tons of coal and coke were consumed, or 3,650 tons a day. The consumption of water in the establishment at Essen is equal to that of Dresden with its 336,000 inhabitants. It consumes as much illuminating gas as the city of Breslau, which is a little larger than Dresden. Fifty miles of railroad track on the premises and connecting with the railroads outside, 36 locomotives and 1,300 freght cars, are a part of the plant. There are 322 telephones in the establishment, with about 50 miles of wire. Germany is the third greatest iron country and yet a twentieth of its entire output of iron ore comes from the Krupp mines and is manufactured in the Krupp works. Krupp also buys from an eighth to a tenth of all iron ore and pig iron imported into Germany from foreign lands, and this gigantic enterprise is the largest producer in the German empire.

Convict labor is in demand in Georgia, and prices are rising, to the benefit of the State. Formerly the lessees of convicts paid only $11 per head yearly, but the new law, in addition to securing humane treatment for the prisoners, has resulted in greatly increased prices for their services.

Facts and Factions.

THE Seattle Democrats are having an incipient factional fight among themselves. Each Democrat thinks that he ought to be leader of the party. It may be another case of Kilkenny cats before the spring campaign is ended. There is also an indication that there may be trouble ahead for some Republicans. The purchase of the *P. I.* by former Senator Wilson's syndicate—and the purchase is said to be an assured fact—places the enemies of the present owners of the paper in control. Former Governor McGraw is said to be interested in the deal. As he was formerly the head of the Republican party in King county, it is believed that the old guard will be reorganized and the old battle for supremacy renewed with more vigor than ever.

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Since the defeat of James Hamilton Lewis for congress last year, there have been mutterings among the fusion forces. The Silver Republicans said that he was responsible for the defeat of the rest of the ticket because he attacked the conduct of the war in Cuba when there was no necessity for it. The Democrats said that the Single-Taxers were to blame, and they in turn declared that the Populists had not supported the ticket. All four of the parties proclaimed that they would go it alone at the next election and they continued to proclaim this until about a week ago. Then the Populist City Central Committee got together in spite of all they had said, and announced that they were in favor of fusien at the city election next spring. It is understood that the Democrats are ready to join in a movement of this kind. The Silver Republicans have not yet been heard from, nor have the Single-Taxers, but as neither of these parties is strong enough to stand alone, they will have to stand together.

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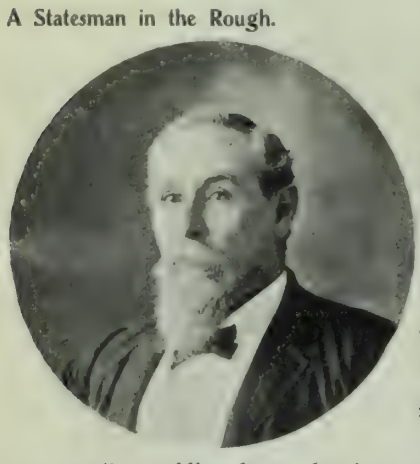
A Statesman in the Rough.



A few months ago at Honolulu the pomp of a monarchy and the splendor of a republic mingled in the funeral ceremonies of the last of the native Hawaiian rulers. Last month, another of the prominent personages of the old regime in the islands was laid to rest, this time with a ceremony wholly republican but no less impressive. This was Hon. J. A. King, the former Minister of the Interior under the provisional government, and one of the earliest advocate of Republican principles among the Islanders. A sea-captain by profession, he belonged to the rough-and-ready class of statesmen, and his official acts were, like the decisions of the Western judge, "indifferent law, but mighty good sense." The official act by which he is best remembered stands as a sample. In the early days of the Provisional Government, H. M. S. *Champion* came into harbor, for no visible cause. While being entertained on shore, her captain let fall the object of his voyage, which was to sieze Necker Island, a mere rock in the Pacific but useful as a cable station. Captain King heard the statement, slipped out of doors, and inside of an hour had impressed a little inter-island steamer into service, manned her with a picked-up crew, and was off for Necker. When the armored cruiser *Champion* arrived at her destination, having been taken on a roundabout course in order to avoid suspicion, her captain found the Hawaiian flag floating over the rock. Thus, a bit of ground now part of American territory is ours through the vigilance of this skipper-statesman of old Hawaii.

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A Wide-Open Theatre-Ship.

A THEATRICAL company formed in Seattle to show at Nome during the season has hit upon a novel plan for getting to the new gold fields cheaply. With the financial backing of a number of gamblers, they have chartered a small steamer for the voyage. It is the purpose to erect a stage below decks and give performances during the trip. Gambling tables will also be located on the deck and passengers may amuse themselves when they are not watching the performances, by bucking the tiger. If the tiger fails to get all they have before they reach Nome, it is probable that the women members of the company will, for they are of the box-tending variety. At Nome a theatre and gambling house will be constructed and miners and others who have money will be expected to contribute to its support. It has been suggested in Seattle that a revenue cutter accompany the steamer for police protection.

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The New Era In Municipal Politics.

THE municipal election just concluded in San Francisco has proved, as the charter election demonstrated, that the old order of boss control has passed so far as the metropolis of the Golden Gate is concerned. What intelligent observers had long foreseen was brought home to the community—that the Kellys and Crimmins, the Buckleys and Raineys are no longer names to conjure with or forces to consider. Politics is being done by new men—by the young men who are strange to ancient tradition and who have grown up in the districts in which they have won their strength. Their allegiance is naturally given to young men like themselves and, politically, they exercise more judition than their parents, who regarded Buckley as the supreme factor. The Democratic organization, which gave Phelan and Dodge and Lane their majorities, is no sudden growth. It has been developed by years of defeat; the reform movements of the past decade have all contributed to the latest success in training the leaders in politics and their followers in organization. Strange to say, out of all the men who have been concerned in these anti-boss fights, but one directing intelligence of the finest order has been evolved. He would be the last man to claim it or to establish pretensions over it, but Gavin McNab is the Moltke who directed, suggested and made victory possible for the Democracy. Had the Republicans possessed a leader of McNab's qualifications, the honors would have been more evenly divided. There is much to encourage the Republican party, however, and little discomfiture need be taken at this defeat. Success is not reaped at a first venture, and it must be remembered what a stride towards better condition the Central Republican movement represented. The mistake was made in "harmonizing" with the old leaderships. The city had expressed its approval of their turning-down and that verdict should have been accepted. What is essential now is the maintenance of the Central organization and the production of standard bearers who will have for that party the strength which Mayor Phelan, Dr. Dodge and Franklin K. Lane have created for themselves in the Democracy.

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An abundance of good material exists in the Republican ranks. The two universities are turning out year by year clever and competent young men who, sooner or later, go to conventions or become prominent in their districts. Weld them, find a Republican Phelan and the trick is easy. I am presupposing, however, that the senatorial question is settled in the meantime. Of course, if Colonel Burns goes to Washington to represent California, the party will be invalided for four years to come.

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Some Queer Newspaper Inaccuracies.

THE other day the press dispatches spoke of a "battalion of lancers" in connection with British cavalry movements in South Africa. Most Americans know that neither in the British nor in any other army are cavalry regiments divided into battalions. They are divided into squadrons, and these, in the British army, subdivided into troops. No Englishman ever speaks of a "private" nor of an "enlisted man" in the cavalry; it is always "trooper." The fourteen-year-old "bugler" in the Fifth Lancers who distinguished himself at Elandslaagte by shooting three Boers with his little pistol was no bugler but a "trumpeter" Anyone who had ever heard them would know the difference between the "general salute" played at inspection by the snare drums and bugles of an infantry regiment, and that played by the kettledrums and trumpets of a cavalry regiment.

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But the greatest inaccuracies have been in regard to the titles of the commissioned officers. Major Black of Her Majesty's Blankshire Regiment may be named among the captains in the Army List. The small italic *M* after his name indicates that he is a full major in the army, although only a captain in his regiment. In somewhat the same way the unposted are likely to be misled by the intricacies of "local rank." As an example of this, the hero of the fight at Glencoe, the late Sir William Symons, was a colonel in the army when he commanded in that engagement, but in the exigencies of the campaign was assigned to the command of a division, and took the theoretical rank of his command, that of lieutenant-general. He was promoted before his death to the rank of major-general; and many people will have been puzzled to understand how a man can be promoted from a higher to a lower rank. In England the commander-in-chief is a field-marshal and a lord, and both dignities constitute stumbling-blocks. At least once within the month Lord Wolseley has been referred to as "General Lord Garnet Wolseley, Field-Marshal, Commander-in-Chief. He is not "Lord Garnet Wolseley" and not a general. "Lord Garnet Wolseley" could only be a younger son of a marquis or a duke. As for "General," a captain promoted to be a major in the army may remain a captain in his own regiment, many generals are colonels of regiments, but a major-general promoted to be lieutenant-general ceases to be a major-general, and a full general promoted to be field-marshal ceases to be a general. Lord Wolseley ceased to be a general more than five years ago. There are only eight field-marshals in the army all told, and two of these—the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge—are princes of the royal blood.

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A Disrespectful Play-Cook.

The latest thing in the way of censorship comes from New York, where the Central Federated something or other has taken steps to boycott Broadhurst's farce, "Why Smith Left Home," for speaking disrespectfully of the cook's union. There is a cook in the play. This cook has entered into a conspiracy with her master to prepare such vile meals that certain unwelcome guests will pack grip and vamoose. The mistress objects to the cooking, but is informed that the secretary of the cooks' union cannot be discharged without incurring a boycott from the Ice Carriers' Brotherhood, Chambermaids' Federation, and so on. "She acts the part of a union cook," says walking delegate Reynolds. "Now, as there is a cooks' union, I protest against putting such things as that in her mouth." Hence the boycott. Of course, when a blue apple bobs up in the water pail you want to knock it. The boycott idea is as sound as it is round and square. When the cook in the play, or the butler, or the nurselady, or the salesgentleman, or anybody else that stands for anything, demeans himself upon the stage improperly, you want to keep away, if you yourself are a cook, a nurselady, butler, or the other thing, and don't want to see the gallery go to the dogs. This isn't quite what I mean, but the idea is there. Non-union cooks for the stage, and no politics. Better yet, no white aprons at all. Let your cook show up on Sunday, when she can't be told from her mistress; let her talk about Browning's letters to his wife, who was no cook; let her play the queen, if she will, or if she be the butler, the king; but whatever be her high station, let her not speak lightly of her betters in the cooks' union. There is still a hot fire in the kitchen for sassy people.

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Dark Days in Boxing Circles.

THE gentlemen of color—which is to say, not the red, nor the yellow, but the black men—think that they have not been given a fair deal. Last winter they organized a boxing club in West Seattle, and developed an eager lot of fighters. Then they crossed the bay and began to give exhibitions in the city, with great financial success. Everything goes with the strangers, and all black men look alike. But the white man knows a dime from a dollar, if he can't distinguish between darkies, and two new clubs were speedily organized, and now the only original club of fierce, mixed-weight fighting is fighting for its life with every prospect that it will be driven back into the suburbs.

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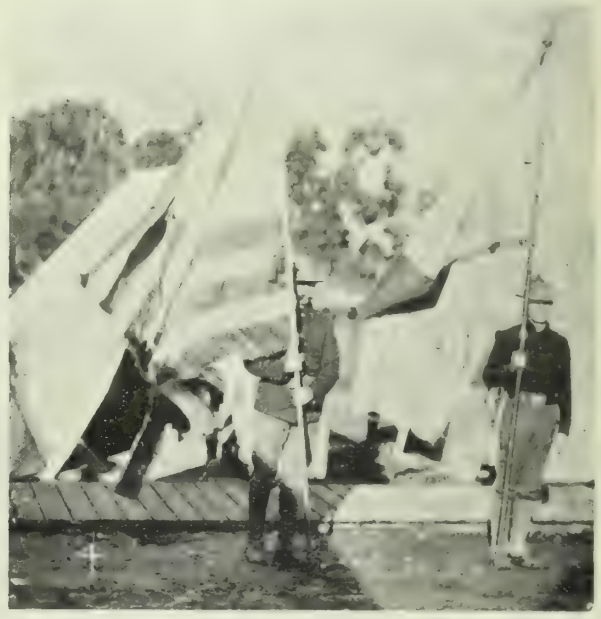
M. Benard and His Prize Bath House.

IN THE daily press it is announced that M. Benard, of Paris, will attend the Thanksgiving football game in this city for the purpose of getting lines upon student needs in the way of a bath house. M. Benard will be remembered as the man who asks $100,000,000 from the State to carry out his $10,000 prize university plans. As he intends to devote some $9,000,000 of that amount to the construction of his beautiful and central Turkish baths at Berkeley, he felt that he ought to see for himself just what kind of young women and young men it is that will need them. M. Benard, it is said, will also attempt the ascension of Grizzly Peak while he is here, in order to make arrangements up there for the natural history group. The top will have to be sawed off. The finest dormitory in the world is to be seated there, for students to live in all the year round. The stable for flying machines will be a feature of the

U. S. Cruiser Charleston, now a wreck, watching Brazilian Insurgent Cruiser Aquidaban, Harbor of Rio Janeiro, 1894.



THE LAST OF THE OLD VOLUNTEERS.—THE TENNESSEEANS IN SAN FRANCISCO.

1 Two Southern Types—Congressman Gaines and Major Whitthorn of Tennessee 2 Filipino Servants 3 The late Colonel Smith and his successor, Colonel Childers—Taken at the Presidio last year; *Weidner Photo* 4 The Regimental Flags, *Weidner Photo* 5 The First Home Letters 6 A Family Group on Deck

decorations. The grand stairway will also be a feature, containing over twenty thousand steps of the most beautiful marble. Students in the evening when they sit upon these marble steps will experience emotions that they will remember all their life. On a hot day the marble will be cool to the feet and prevent perspiration. It is admitted that a delicate girl could not climb Grizzly Peak in the present state of its approaches within the time limit between classes, but the marble will make a difference. In France they plan things much better than they do here. Just the same, I hope that the boys will not have to play in the mud during M. Benard's visit with us, for the State could not well afford more than $9,000,000 for a bath house at this time.

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Trouble Ahead.

EITHER the Tennessee volunteers, the very last of the State troops called out by the Spanish war to retire into civil life, chose a bad time to come home, or else the government "had it in" for the Forty-Eighth Colored Infantry. The Tennesseeans, "nigger-eaters" and terrors to the colored population, as they proved in San Francisco and Luzon both, came into port on Friday; the following Tuesday, the Forty-Eighth, big, husky, "dang'ous" darkies, marched into camp at the Presidio. The Forty-Eighth are young and giddy recruits, as was proved by the way they laughed and joked on the march up Market street, and the Tennesseeans are so nearly out of soldier clothes that they do not feel military restraint to any extent. Such being the condition of affairs, it looks as though the Presidio were on the verge of a right merry little mix-up.

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The Week's Football.

IN San Francisco, the riffle of the week in athletic circles is the visit of the light but plucky team of football players from the University of Nevada. At the date of this record, they have brought off but one important game, that in which they kept Stanford guessing and managed to pull out a touch-down, making the final score 17–5 in favor of the cardinal. Few persons outside the university town of Reno understood by what cost of energy and perseverance the Nevada team has been brought to the present condition of efficiency. The University of Nevada has an attendance of about four hundred, and a large part of the student body is made up of women. There is not another football team in the entire State; consequently, the most the students can expect in the way of games at home is one visit a season from some California team brought up at their expense. As they have no games at home, so they have no money from admission fees to support the team. Each student is assessed to buy the necessary equipment; when this source fails, the players themselves pay. Slightly different from the condition of Berkeley and Stanford, where the teams, after paying for coaches, trainers, trips and equipments, turn over thousands of dollars for the support of minor athletics. Yet in spite of these discouragements, the college has made a splendid up-hill fight. The game is in its fourth year at Reno. The first season, they were beaten 70–0 by Belmont Academy, which scored on them up to the limits of human endurance and quit through sheer weariness. Next year brought a story nearly as bad, for the U. C. second team, rather a weak one, took their game 20–6. But last season, Nevada was strong enough to give Santa Clara a close, hard game, to wipe out the old score with Belmont 24–0 and to be wiped out in turn by the U. C. second eleven. And this year, they were able to rub Stanford. It has been a splendid fight; I doubt if many other colleges in the country could have done the same under the same discouraging circumstances. BOSWELL, JR.

THE FIRST WASHINGTON AT SEATTLE.

THE return of the Washington volunteers has brought San Francisco and Seattle closer together. Notwithstanding the delirium of patriotism with which they were greeted, the boys who fought so bravely in the Philippines did not forget to praise the people of California for the welcome they had received there. San Francisco, they said, treated them as though they were her own sons. The people of Seattle will remember it.

The celebration lasted for two days. It began on Sunday night, and although the boys were not then present, the opening ceremonies were conducted with as much enthusiasm as if they were. Business blocks, residences, and public buildings were illuminated; the streets were made bright with thousands of electric lights; and a score of bands from various parts of the State gave concerts down town. People were everywhere. Guardsmen from all over the State and and from neighboring states, in the uniforms of their commands, mingled with the crowd and added to the color of the scene; sailors from the warships and revenue cutters in the harbor were there, too; and the fraternal societies in full regalia helped make the streets picturesque. There was a light rain, but that did not dampen the spirit of the people. And because the volunteers had not yet arrived, their substitutes, the second regiment of the Washington National Guard, were perforce made the recipients of the demonstration.

The city has been full of strangers during the past two weeks. Three boats a day on an average arrive from Alaska, and these vessels alone have added thousands to the population of the city. The Cape Nome excitement brought many here from the East, who will go north on the first boats that leave in the spring. These, and the visitors fo the occasion, crowded the city to such a degree that thousands had to walk the streets all night, or sit in chairs in the hotels.

But if the crowd was large on Sunday it was small compared to the gathering on Monday. Every boat and every train brought in additional hundreds. The streets were almost impassable when the screeching of whistles and the booming of cannon announced that the *Queen* was in sight. The transport was met down the Sound by almost everything in the harbor that would float. Merchant marine, revenue cutters, tugs, yachts, launches—they were all out.

General Miles, who happened to be in Seattle, and Governor Rodgers made a dash to see who should be the first on board the *Queen*. Although they are no longer young they shinned up the rope ladders as nimbly as young fellows of twenty. They were heartily cheered by the populace.

At the landing the scene was one of indescribable confusion. Mothers, sisters and sweethearts broke through the police cordon to greet their loved ones. There were tears and embraces, and then the battered pieces of hand baggage were seized by willing hands and all set out on the march to the armory. In the meantime part of the regiment had come in by train. These were already in line, and the gallant regiment was assembled once more in battle order. Then, "Forward!" and the last march was begun.

The police and the escorting guards formed a twenty-five file front but could not keep back the crowd. As soon as the volunteers appeared there was a rush to greet them. They slowly moved along the streets, the very blue center of a mass of black and color and waving feathers. Nearly the entire National Guard of the state escorted them. These, the fraternal societies, and a battalion of school boys, were so disposed as to form long columns of red, white and blue down the street. There was a thunder of cannon, shotguns, firecrackers, and bombs. Evergreen trees, cut from the nearby forests, took the place of the harsh telegraph and trolley poles. Pictures of Dewey, Sampson and Schley were flung bravely to the wind. Such a demonstration Seattle had never before seen.

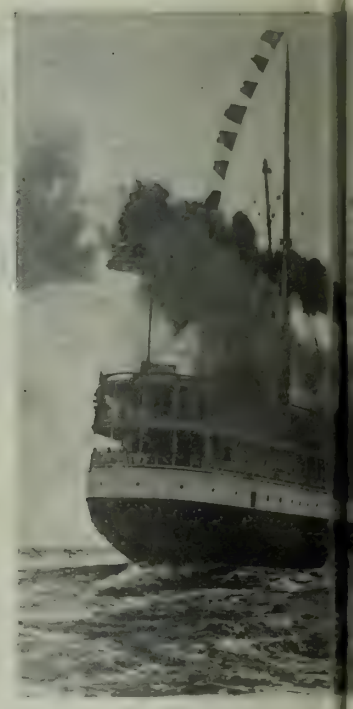
The finest of all were the decorations of Pioneer Square. This little triangle had been turned into a floral bower, but there were pictures there that filled everyone with sadness. They were the large paintings of the comrades who had died during the war. Here also was the reviewing stand. As Governor Rodgers and General Miles stood with uncovered heads, the troops passed in silence. It was an impressive moment, that interval of silence after the noise and blare of five minutes before.

After the parade the volunteers were treated to a banquet by the ladies of the Red Cross Society. A smoker followed in the evening and then they scattered to renew old friendships and visit their homes.

Seattle Waterfront. The Queen es

Going out to meet the Queen *Photo by Plummer*

The official tugboat *Photo by Dobbs*



Looking toward

State Militia marching up First Ave.

Naval Brigade

Arch on Second Ave. and Madison St.

A Whist

MacDougall & Southwick Co. *Photo by Bailey & Co.*

Boston Block Seattle Daily Times *Photo by Bailey & Co.*

General Miles goi

...her berth by the harbor craft

... *Photo by Plummer*

...et *Photo by Plummer*

...vn from bridge *Photo by Wilse*

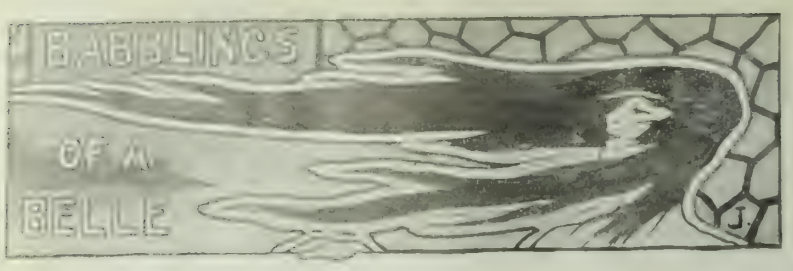
Volunteers marching down First street *Photo by Wilse*

The Naval Escort *Photo by Bailey & Co.*

M...l L... Building

Queen entering harbor with First Washington Volunteers

VOLUNTEERS UPON THEIR RETURN FROM MANILA.



WHAT a wonderfully gay year I am having, my dear Diary. The buds who started out fresh and gay have even begun to droop. I think it is because this year's fetes are so elaborate and we are all eating such rich food. I was surprised at the Friday Fortnightly to see girls who were dividing their evening into two parts. That has never happened to me before this year. Mama is really w[illegible]; I should overdo myself. Of course, with a semi-engaged sister in the house I labor under a fearful strain. Papa has managed to go to Chicago, where he will meet this man of so many virtues. He is coming to Chicago from New York to be inspected by Papa. I suggested to Leila that he might show Papa the city; I knew a young Washington chap did to his expected father-in-law Leila looked shocked and said in that ultra superior voice that has been my bug-bear for years, "Cricket, dear, Ernest is a man of entirely a different calibre, he is serious and frivolities horrify him." Then I just thought of Leila and the things she has done. That poor fellow is going to get a dreadful fright when the true Leila dawns upon him. Of course, he will have the deep sympathy of this wee one and that I fancy will compensate for a great deal. The funny part of this whole concern is that Leila is not yet supposed to be engaged. However, her trousseau is in course of construction and Mama has ordered her wedding present. I do love a wedding in the family. I never realized before how much fun it all was. Leila has her blue moods, when she weeps and says she hates to leave Mama and then Mama becomes philosophical and Leila ends up the affair by saying that Ernest is the dearest fellow in the world. Such is my life every morning. I am so popular that most of my days are taken with a luncheon at either the University Club or one of the girls' houses. Mrs. Page gave one at the University Club the other day to Alice Brigham. The table was really very pretty. Chrysanthemums and violets were the decorations. Most of the girls were about my age as it was not a "bud affair"; there were a few of them there, though. These "buds" all seem so sincere and quite devoid of self-consciousness. I was asking Mama how it happened thus and she said it must be a case of having absolutely sensible mothers. I can't see that cuts much of a figure, though, for just look at my mother. Then, gaze upon me. I suppose I must have inherited my eccentricities from my dearest Papa. There are several of the buds I do not know very well yet—the Hooper girls and Miss Kline. Mrs. Hooper, Mama says, is without doubt one of the most charming of San Francisco women. She is very intellectual and womanly and has a most versatile mind. She is not strong, however, so that she does not go out, but Aunt Sybil says a week to her is always lacking in some way unless she has had a visit with Mrs. Hooper. The girls are pretty and Mama is most anxious I should be friends of theirs. They have a good-looking brother, too. His eyes are simply wonderful.

The Loughboroughs had a jolly luncheon, too, last week. I believe it was given to Azalia Keyes. We had great fun, for the Loughboroughs are awfully amusing. They possess that faculty of bringing the best out in each of their friends. I forgot that I hated girly times, when I was there, and decided it was a real success. Josephine looked beautiful. When she was a little girl Aunt Sybil prophesied she would be one of the beauties of San Francisco and I think she is. I like Azalia; she has the manner of a New York girl and has a subtle attraction no man can resist. Jessie Glasscock, of Oakland, who is now Mrs Baldwin, was another endowed with this same attraction. They are girls who never seem to strive to please, yet the men are all at their feet.

Katherine Dillon gave a most unique party last week. She asked a lot of girls to be at her house early in the afternoon. As each arrived she was given a paper cutter, and a book, the leaves of which she was asked to cut. You see she has been in Europe for several years and ordered the books bound specially for her there. It seems they only arrived a few weeks ago, and as she is a great reader she asked the girls to cut the pages. Each kept the paper-cutter as a souvenir and then they all had tea and drew for a prize for their efforts. It was an awfully interesting afternoon. We all enjoyed seeing her books so much. She is one girl who has had every advantage. During her travels she took singing lessons from Tosti and Shakespeare in London, and in Paris Ethelbert Nevin taught her how to render his songs. She seems to be more attractive to the older men than the other debutantes, in fact she is the only girl whom they notice at all. I, even with my fairy ways, never have managed to keep a man dangling after he reached thirty-five.

Alma McCluny is another debutante who interests me, for Arthur has got quite a crush on her. Alma is a girl who is absolutely natural. She is most refreshing and always seems to enjoy everything so infinitely more than anyone else. She looks her best in every dress, for her neck and shoulders are plump and white. She speaks French like a Parisian, and Arthur says she can sing delightfully. When the Carrigan boys and the McCluny girls are together they are more entertaining than almost any other people I know. They are witty and musical and Arthur spends a great deal of his time there. Margaret Salisbury, though not a debutante, is younger than most of them. She and Kate are really more Southern than any other girls in town. Margaret is such a fine, strong character and has so much buoyancy of spirits. She has been well educated and makes use of her knowledge too—she can dance well, is at home in the water and rides splendidly. Lulu Voorhies is another girl I like. I can see her finish as being a leader in society in some big city. She has all the executive ability a leader needs, is one of our really stunning girls, loves society and knows how to make the best of each of her charms. She is thoughtful and sweet and is a finished French scholar. Mamma says, taking the Voorhies as a family, they are the handsomest in San Francisco.

A whole lot of us girls went from Mrs. Henry Crocker's dinner to the Fortnightly. There were fifty-four at this dinner. The married people all remained but a number of us girls who had our partners for the Fortnightly had to go. The tables were beautiful and all different from the week before. Katherine Dillon, who wore a stunning electric blue gown, most of which was embroidered in shimmering gauze flowers, Florence Iris in a superb yellow crepe, and I in a rhapsody of white organdie (Leila is getting all the gowns this winter), were the only girls who were at the last dinner. The buds' table was in pink rosebuds most daintily arranged. Suspended above were baskets of pink buds. Mrs. Crocker looked just like a young girl in her pure white gown as she presided at this. She is one of the most graceful of women, and has the prettiest eyes and hair of anyone I know. Mrs. Osgood Hooker looked very well; so did Mrs. Douney Harney in a white Parisian confection. Mrs. Maurice Casey wore a black velvet and real lace. I did not believe until I asked Mama when I got home that she could possibly be Katherine Dillon's mother. They look more like sisters. Mrs. Irwin's gown was superb. She has the stunningest jewels and wears a solitary pearl on her neck that always puzzles me as to how she keeps it on. Jennie Blair was the daintiest girl there. Her complexion is dazzlingly beautiful and her eyes and hair were lovely. Mrs. Sam Buckbee wore a white gown. I think she is such fun and so original. Therese Morgan looked as well as any of the girls. She wore a blue gown and held herself so well that I liked to watch her. Lillian Follis looked very pretty; so did my dear Linda Cadwalder, who wore a green silk. I did not notice it particularly, as her frank eyes and pretty teeth and mouth always attract me so much. Miss Woods from Chicago struck me as being a very nice girl, and quite handsome. She wore a pink gown. My Gerald was not there, but I saw him later at the Fortnightly, so I managed to stand the strain of not having him all the evening. I met Congressman Gaines there from Tennessee. His aristocratic appearance just won me. He has soft gray hair, luminous eyes, and a fine mouth and chin, which are entirely uncovered. I found him bright and entertaining, but his great charm is the manner in which he says pretty things to one. In fact all the nice things he said to me I really believed. From Mrs. Crocker's we went to the Cotillion Hall. The German was just commencing, so we took our partners and were soon on the floor. I was not, not being a bud, in the first set. Ruth McNutt, Kate Stow from Santa Barbara and Edith Stubbs can draw for the first place so far as beauty went. They all looked their very best and that I think is mighty good. Annie Voorhies was, as usual, charming. Margaret Salisbury, Alma McCluny and Carmen Moore seemed to get the most attention. Irene Baker wore a most elaborate gown of pink and white and wore it so it really did justice to its beauty. Sara Collier you know catches my eye whenever I see her. She has such a beautifully poised head. Miss Chipman I met there and find her very intelligent. I really think she would be bored by me, but I could not help admiring her. She wore a white gown with some stunning lace on it. Bernie Drocin looked very distinguished in black. Bernie has more people who admire her than any girl I know. Elizabeth Huntington has more who think she is just the very nicest girl going. There is nothing I would not do for her and Mamie Stubbs. I have taken a fancy to Prentiss Hutchison, Shell Sanborne, Page Collier and Bank Somers, so you are likely to hear a great deal more about them. Will Denman looked as handsome as any fellow on the floor, and Mr. McAfee is I think one of the best dancers in San Francisco. Any of those fellows can have me for a partner whenever he likes. So can Jack Baird, who has the manner of a man of forty. The only thing about Jack is that I think I am too small to dance with him. Steuart Cotton, Jack Reynolds and Mr. Sheld were rather late, but I managed before we left the Crockers' to have a dance with Jack, on whom I have a wee crush. Mr. Cotton I know is quite taken with me. He has such a sweet smile. The dance was like all the Fortnightlys have always been—a perfect success. I know every one had a fine time, and I for one thank Mrs. Collier and Mrs. Salisbury for all the pleasure they gave me on Friday night. Saturday afternoon, in all the rain, I first went to the ball game. It was such a muddy one I really could not enjoy it particularly, so I went out to the Presidio Links. There were quite a number of people there, notwithstanding the day. So many people had sent articles that the club really needed. I spent a great deal of time looking at them. People were playing golf out in the rain and Mary Scott won the "Winslow" cup. That girl will yet be a world-renowned player. I just love to watch her. She seems to play with as much ease as though it were second nature to her. When one comes to think of it, how much healthier an exercise golf is than dancing. Aunt Sybil spent all Friday at the needle-work exhibit. Those patronesses will get their reward in heaven. They do not charge a cent to people who wish to exhibit, and take as much pride in showing and trying to dispose of the work as though they received tremendous commissions. Aunt Sybil saw several of the older girls there helping and she felt so badly Leila could not have been there too. The work was beautiful and the sales very large, Aunt Sybil said. I am going to have a hand in the Doll Show. That will be fun. I am to help Julia Buckbee in the refreshment booth. Alice Hoffman, Therese Morgan, Katherine Dillon and the Loughborough girls will all be there and we intend having great fun and making things lively. Of course we shall increase the receipts too. I had a good time at the Preston dinner. Edith is such a splendid hostess. That girl is a wonder to me, and is so handsome. The Stubbs dinner was very large and we all sat at a long table. Most of the buds were there and a few of those who will be buds next year. I had a fine time with Cary Van Fleet, and Ike Scott. Afterwards we had some music and talked. Helen Thomas sang; she sings well and uses her voice splendidly. She looked really fine as she sang and I just wished my repertoire went further than "Zizzy," "The Wabash" and that sort of song. Never mind, all the boys I know like my songs, so I shall have to be content. Next week I shall tell you about the success of the Doll Show, and all about the second "La Jeunesse."

I do hope when I get engaged it will be as romantic an affair as Alice Moffit's has been. Fancy, Mr. George Doubleday spent nearly three weeks in San Francisco endeavoring to be introduced to the girl whose picture he fell in love with. But nothing so "story booky" could ever happen to me. Alice is our best golf player, bright, intelligent and endowed with quite as good a brain I believe as any of her brothers. George Doubleday is a handsome fellow with an exceedingly interesting personality, and nicest of all, I think, a New Yorker. I believe the time has not yet been set for the wedding but I shall tell you of that later.

MISS CRICKET.

For health and strength: Damiana Bitters.

Ten Lost Years.

Figure it for yourself. From the age of fifteen to that of forty-five a woman gives one-third of her time to the suffering incident to the recurring periodic function. Ten years of suffering! And this condition of things is popularly accepted as natural, and endured as a feminine disability for which there is no help! Is there no help? There is help for every woman and for almost every woman perfect healing in the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It insures regularity, dries the drains which weaken women, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness. It is a temperance medicine—non-alcoholic and non-narcotic.

"I was so weak I did not have breath to walk across my room," writes Miss Isabel Miller, of New Providence, Calloway Co., Ky. "My periods occurred too often and the hemorrhage would be prolonged and the loss of blood very excessive. I also had spells which the doctor said were fainting fits. I did not gain strength from one monthly period to another; was very weak and nervous all the time. Was confined to my bed for three months and the doctor told me I would never be any better. I lived in this way from sixteen years old to twenty-three. I was at last advised by a kind friend to try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which I did, and before I had taken two bottles of it I could work all day. I took in all six bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription' and about five vials of Dr. Pierce's Pellets. I used no other medicine. I have never had a return of this trouble since."

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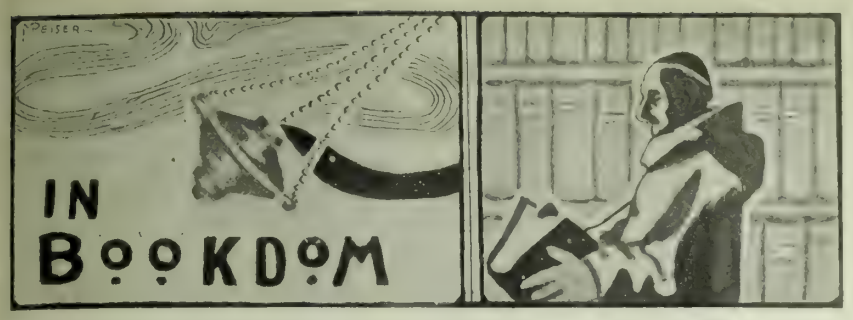

It is now more than a decade since a bright young man from India began to be talked about in the English-speaking world. He had already written certain marvelous stories of jungle life—one volume, *Plain Tales From the Hills*, bearing the date of 1887, and another, *Soldiers Three*, 1888-89. He had published a volume of verse (1886) and many fugitive metrical pieces. By 1890 he was perhaps as well known as any literary man of his day. Critics predicted for him a career whose limitations they did not dare think of; and they and the public ever since have been strewing roses in his path. Surely if ever a writer of gifts was encouraged to give to the world masterful work, it has been the young man Kipling.

And so it must be that the disappointment is the keener when after all these years of waiting for the masterpiece, the masterpiece turns out to be a book of the grade of *Stalky & Co.* (Doubleday & McClure). Nothing need be said in this place of the recent doggerel over the same gilded name. Political doggerel is not expected to do more than scan. It, at least, need not be preserved. It can be copyrighted, damned, buried and forgotten, to no one's loss and its author's pecuniary gain. But a book between covers—that is a different matter. The world deserves better at the pen of Clio than that it should be recorded how, as late as 1899, the author of the *Jungle Books* entangled nine good stories in the meshes of an artificial book-dialect such as is this latest Kiplingese, and bound them up to live.

For the stories in *Stalky & Co.* are excellent stories, and the characters in them not at all uninteresting, even in the haze of nickname and counter-nickname, cockney slang, and the rest of the tommy-rot falsely called realism. Lovable they are not, but they are interesting. In a way the book pretends to be a biography of Kipling himself (Beetle) during his school days, together with that of his two chums Stalky and McTurk. These three precocious youngsters read Browning and Ruskin and the other English masters for pure love of it, break every rule of God and school for the pure cussedness of it, talk south-of-Market when they are not talking Bowery and cockney-classical, and in general are the "real t'ing" in Kipling schoolboy. Like "Peck's Bad Boy," popular in this country some fifteen or twenty years ago, they always get the best of their conflicts with authority, which is where the fun comes in.

Mr. Kipling is a past master in the art of telling stories; and he ought to be, for he has had plenty of practice. He knows exactly where to put his climaxes, how to suspend the interest until the plot can be given away, and all that. His latest tales, therefore, are as well told as his earlier ones. They are as dramatic, they are as funny, they are as coarse, as any that he has done. But they ought to be more than this. The world is not looking for work from young men that merely equals the achievements of their youth. Whether or not Kipling will ever overcome the lack of delicacy in his drawing—and it seems to be his most serious defect as an artist, both in prose and verse, that great delicacy still evades him—remains for himself to prove. Perhaps some day he will be more content than he now is, to see the unspeakably sickening details of such a story as "A Little Prep" soused in alcohol, along with certain fetidities by Dean Swift and Edgar Allen Poe, instead of being spread out for the sake of the smell, on paper.

* * *

Nine years ago, in a letter to Henry James from Samoa, Robert Louis Stevenson spoke of Kipling as already a prolific writer. He wrote:

"Kipling is by far the most promising young man who has appeared since—ahem—I have appeared. He amazes me by his precocity and various endowment. But he alarms me by his copiousness and haste. He should shield his fire with both hands 'and draw up all his strength and sweetness in one ball.' ('Draw all his strength and all His sweetness up into one ball?' I cannot remember Marvel's words.) So the critics have been saying to me; but I was never capable of—and surely was never guilty of—such a debauch of production. At this rate his works will soon fill the habitable globe; and surely he was armed for better conflicts than these succinct sketches and flying leaves of verse? I look on, I admire, I rejoice for myself; but in a kind of ambition we all have for our tongue and literature, I am wounded. If I had this man's fertility and courage, it seems to me I could heave a pyramid. Well, we begin to be the old fogies; and it was high time *something* rose to take our places. Certainly Kipling has the gifts; the fairy godmothers were all tipsy at his christening; what will he do with them?"

* * *

Certain critics now and then see points of similarity between Kipling and his old master in the short story, Bret Harte, whose *Mr. Jack Hamlin's Mediation* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) lies upon this desk. Each of these young men popped up in the wilderness like the identical Jack-in-the-box that Peter owned, and the early successes of each belong to the Permian period in literature, when the local-color sulphides first began to be deposited in considerable quantities upon book paper. Comparisons between the work of the two need not be made here. Kipling would seem to be much the more dramatic and resourceful as regards plot, to stand the more positively consistent in his attitude toward life, and to touch life at more points than the earlier writer; but it is doubtful if his influence upon contemporary literature has been or will be anything like as great. Of the two, Bret Harte would seem to have cultivated the surer friendship with the English language. His latest book contains some very beautiful stories, notwithstanding that he is obliged to match his Californian colors in London from memory.

* **

Professor Gayley, who teaches English in the University of California, has some surprises up his sleeve for the old-school rhetoricians. In the Sunday *Examiner* he has a poem in which he lays out his capital emphases visually, according to nature; which is to say, in italics and small-caps, as children would do it. Ordinary lines in roman, good thoughts in italics, great thoughts, small-caps—it looks quite plausible. Yet there are some who will ask foolish questions, whether it is publicly taught at Berkeley to build poetical climaxes in that way; and whether anybody can learn; whether Professor Gayley might not go still further, and use an ionic or black gothic for his clincher, and smaller bold-face letters to lead up to it; and whether the classic myth his authority was any relation to a bill-board. Here is the last stanza of "When the Queen was Young," italics and all:

So her Thousands went forth from the South and the North
To Spoil an handful of Men
Whose home was their own, and whose succor the Throne
Of the God of Battles, Who then
WAS SUDDEN TO STRIKE—*Was never the like*
Had befallen the North when her RIGHTEOUS *went forth*
And the QUEEN *was young!*

* * *

The readers of this paper may be interested in the following letter from Mr. Ernest A. Vizetelly to the London *Athenæum*. It explains itself:

"I should be glad to have the privilege of making a personal statement with respect to M. Zola's new novel *Fecondite*, which was issued in Paris on October 10th. * * * For some years now my name has been associated with that of M. Zola, and a sudden break in our connection is liable to be misinterpreted. * * * The plain truth, however, is this: I have not translated *Fecondite* because, in my humble opinion, an adequate translation of the book is an impossibility. I have studied the French text with great care, and hold that in the present state of English opinion—prejudice, hypocrasy, call it what you will—no English publisher of repute would care to issue anything approaching a verbatim rendering of the book. Such issue, in my estimation, would be inevitably followed by a controversy of the most unpleasant kind, and a prosecution might well ensue. So far as I am concerned, there are peremptory private reasons why I should do nothing to revive scandal such as followed the publication by my father of certain of M. Zola's former works, notably *La Terre*. I admired *La Terre*, and I admire *Fecondite*, which deals, to my thinking, in a masterly fashion with a crying evil. But although some may argue that English fiction has 'moved' since the days of *La Terre*, and that certain outspokenness, then so universally censured, has now largely become permissible, I consider such a degree of outspokenness as distinguishes *Fecondite* to be still far in advance of us. At all events, whether that be the case or not, I cannot in my position—having given hostages to fortune, having been involved in the ruin which overtook my father, and having then had to begin my life afresh—I cannot undertake, even in the more than doubtful case of publishers being willing, to fight, or help to fight, the battle which the publication of a faithful English rendering of *Fecondite* would, in my estimation, entail. * * * It appeared to me that I should have to sacrifice at least a quarter—perhaps a third—of the book."

* * *

It was in the dark days of 1808, and Spain was in imminent peril of losing her nationality. Her royal house was divided against itself. Three parties—that of the king, Carlos IV, that of his son, Prince Ferdinand, and that of the queen's favorite, Don Manuel Godoy—first sowed dissension among the people, and then separately called upon Napoleon to aid them in their several ambitions. Napoleon settled their differences by placing Joseph Bonaparte upon the throne; whereupon began the bloody Peninsular war that was not to end until English intervention and Wellesley's costly victories. Throughout Spain each province and fortified city made its own individual stand against what was now the common enemy. The defense of one city alone—Zaragoza—cost the lives of fifty thousand Spaniards.

"When the other events of the Spanish war shall be lost in the obscurity of time," wrote General Napier, "or only traced by disconnected fragments, the story of Zaragoza, like some ancient triumphal pillar standing among ruins, will tell a tale of past glory, and already men point to the heroic city and call her Spain." It was inevitable that the heroic deeds of this proud old city of Aragon should pass over into literature, time and again. And it was inevitable that the best at least of this literature should some day be translated into English. *Saragossa* (Little, Brown & Co.) is the Englished title of the sixth volume in the brilliant series of historical novels by B. Perez Galdos, with Minna Caroline Smith as translator. The story is a love idyl, placed in Zaragoza during the time of the terrible second siege, the heroic events of which serve for background.

* * *

A pretty little story in the old manner has on its title page the word *Differences* (Small, Maynard & Co.), and the author's name, Hervey White. The story tells how a beautiful and cultured girl becomes interested in sociological problems and a Settlement House, and, through these interests, in a certain remarkable young man, who aspires to her hand. She is rich and he poor, but she marries him just the same; by reason of doing which she incurs her family's curse and loses all her money. The moral is, keep your beautiful and cultured girls away from certain remarkably poor young men with sociological interests.

* * *

A drug clerk in a lawsuit the other day swore that a sealskin cloak can be made into a very good velvet carpet, with a little piecing out. This year's literary sealskin cloak is Sardou's new play, *Robespierre*, now being presented in New York by Sir Henry Irving and his Lyceum company. The velvet carpet is an authorized novel of the same name (Dodd, Mead & Co.) by Ange Galdemar, based wholly upon the play as thus presented. Provincials like some of us, who do not at this distance get to see everything that is going on in the world, may find the novelized version more to our taste than the stage-manager's text. A play off the stage needs a lot of extra cooking, and even then it is a thing of contrary bones. On the other hand, the novel presents dialogue and stage directions already dessicated. The reader is not to the trouble of translating the unwritten business into terms. His imagination—the worse for him!—can sleep late in the morning, for everything is brought to its door. All this if he doesn't care a rap what becomes of his immortal intellect. It is not quite so bad as that; but certainly *Robespierre* the play is altogether more admirable as a work of art than its double the novel; and *Robespierre* the novel will please the more readers, for the one reason that it is the more easily read.

WILLIAM J. NEIDIG.

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Executrix of the Estate of Mary McKenna, Deceased.
Dated at San Francisco, Sept. 12th, 1899.
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Dated San Francisco, November 13th, 1899.

MILTON J. GREEN,
Referee in Bankruptcy,
in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES in and for the Northern District of California.
IN THE MATTER OF B. FRIEDLANDER, Bankrupt. }

Take notice, that B. Friedlander, Bankrupt above named, has been duly adjudicated a bankrupt under the Act of Congress of July 1, 1898, and that the first meeting of the creditors has been called to meet at the office of the undersigned at room 94 Chronicle Building, San Francisco, California on Saturday the 25th day of November 1899 at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of proving their claims against the estate of said bankrupt; and that at the same time and place all creditors whose claims have been duly proven and allowed shall appoint one or three trustees of said estate.

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Referee in Bankruptcy,
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NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT—ANDES SILVER MINING COMPANY.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California Location of works, Virginia City, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors held on the 2nd day of October, 1899, an assessment (No. 49) of five (5) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary at the office of the Company, Rooms 20-22 Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 6th day of November, 1899, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on MONDAY, the 27th day of November, 1899, at 1 p. m. o'clock, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

JOHN W. TWIGGS, Secretary.

Office—Rooms 10-24 Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT—BEST & BELCHER MINING CO.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco California; location of works, Virginia District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the twenty-second (22d) day of September, 1899, an assessment (No. 68) of twenty (20) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 33 Nevada Block, No 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the twenty-seventh (27th) day of October, 1899 will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Friday the seventeenth (17th) day of November, 1899, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors

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Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the thirteenth day of November, 1899, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Monday, the fourth day of December, 1899, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

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The Turn of the Turtle.

"Snapping turtles was always a fad with Si Evershed," said Deacon Ellis, reflectively. "'Train a turtle in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart therefrom,' Si says to me the other day. 'A man with brains and a couple of snapping turtles can supply the whole village with ducks without doing but mighty little work.'

"'Snapping turtles have their rights as well as other people,' I replies, 'and it's a shame to be working them overtime.'" But Si just laughed and said he wasn't afraid of his turtles going on a strike. They did, though, and that is why Si is mourning the loss of a toe and four valued trained turtles.

"Ducks are plentiful in the lake and there is a big demand for them, but they have got mighty shy. This spring Si was gunning for ducks when he saw one light down and start feeding. Si was wondering whether to try a shot at him, when the duck began to squawk and flop round and act as if something was holding it down.

"'Danged queer,' says Si, 'that duck acts as if it were caught in a trap.'

"So Si started over to find out what was causing the duck such trouble. Sure enough, it had been caught in a trap, but not the kind Si thought. While Mr. Duck had been mooning around in the soft mud, looking for food, he had stepped on a snapping turtle. Snapping turtles are not fond of being walked on, and this particular turtle just shot out his long neck, got a good grip on the duck, and hung on, after the calm, impartial manner of snapping turtles.

"Si carried duck and snapping turtle back to his house, and as there wasn't any way of making the turtle let go, he cut off the part where the turtle had fastened his grip. Now Si figured over the duck and turtle problem for quite a while.

"'Ducks is inquisitive by nature,' he says to his wife, 'always wanting to find out just what anything new is. Snapping turtles have no particular feeling against ducks, but they might be taught to have. Blamed if I don't think I've struck a great combination.'

"So Si goes over to the creek and catches four young snapping turtles. Then he gets a stuffed duck and begins the work of training. He would take the duck and poke it right in the face of a turtle. Out would come the turtle's head and he would make a snap at the duck. Then Si would pull the duck back, and with a little stick he had been holding back out of sight of the turtle he would give the turtle a whack on the back or hind legs. The turtle's attention being concentrated on the duck, he wouldn't blame Si for the blow with the stick, but would lay it all to the innocent stuffed duck. Snapping turtles ain't any too lovable by nature, and these young ones of Si's soon began to connect the appearance of a duck with a whack of a stick. Ducks just drew out all the evil in those snapping turtles' natures. You could see their little eyes gleam, it made them so mad. But a snapping turtle knows that running ain't its main hold, and Si's turtles would just lay back with their heads under their shells, as innocent-looking as could be, until a stuffed duck was near enough for them to have a chance to grab it. Then they would shoot out their heads, and if they got a hold, heaven and earth wouldn't make them let go.

"'Don't you worry,' Si says to his wife. 'The snapping turtle is an underestimated animal. They will furnish the snapping qualities and I will supply the brain work, and the combination will make Pike county ducks weary.'

"Si always fed the turtles and gave them fresh water and soft mud to lie in. The result was that, while these misguided turtles hated ducks worse and worse each day, they thought the world of Si. They would scramble out of their mud whenever Si came into the pen he kept them in, and follow him about like a lot of unusually clumsy puppies. By and by Si thought he had his turtles trained all right, so he got ready to put his duck-catching plans into operation. First he made four little floats, like little rafts. Then he slipped a ring over a hind leg of every turtle and fastened a turtle on each float. Then he put some mud on the floats and scattered corn over the mud. When night came he set the rafts floating out in the lake, each being fastened to the shore by a long cord.

"'The night being cold' said Si, 'those intelligent turtles of mine are going to bury themselves in the mud. Ducks are curious and hungry at this time of year, and they will be sure to go nosing about those innocent looking floats with the corn on them. But when any intruding duck in picking up corn treads on one of these turtles, something entirely new to ducks is going to be sprung on him all of a sudden.'

"The next morning, Si went to look at his turtle-traps. Sure enough each turtle was holding a duck. Si drew the float to shore, took his ducks down to the village, and, ducks being scarce, got a good price for them. Then the real nature of the man showed up.

"'If these pet turtles of mine can gather in ducks at night, why can't they in the day?' he says to his wife. 'They've been taking things easy all spring and summer. Let them do some work now to pay for the care I've lavished on them.'

"So Si put the turtles out on the floats again that afternoon. He hid in the bushes alongside of the lake and after four more misguided ducks had got tangled up with the turtles, Si pulled in the floats. Instead of giving the faithful turtles a little rest from their labors, he shoved the floats out again.

"'Those turtles are doing their duty faithfully,' I said to him. 'Don't work them to death. Even a snapping turtle has its rights, which ought not to be trampled on.'

"But no, that did't suit Si. He had a good thing and he was going to work it to death. All that night and all the next day Si kept the patient little animals at work gathering in ducks. There ain't an animal in the world that will stick to its job better than a snapping turtle, but when Si finally gathered up his ducks and started for home, it was plain those turtles were about worn out. They seemed puzzled, too. There they had been catching ducks for two days, nights and days, and not a duck did they have that they could call their own.

"'Si is running this show, and it must be all right,' they seemed to be saying to themselves, as they waddled home, 'but it is blamed queer where all our ducks are.'

"If Si had acted half way decent about the matter he might have kept the love and trust of these turtles. They weren't unreasonable turtles and they thought the world of Si. A duck here and there would have satisfied them, and Si could have had the rest. But when Si routed the turtles out early the next morning and started them off on the floats, any one could see they were not feeling cheerful and satisfied.

"'Be careful Si,' I says to him, 'or you will lose the esteem of those turtles. A snapping turtle that feels his confidence has been misplaced, is an ugly animal to deal with.'

"But no. Si was after ducks and ducks he would have if he worked those turtles until they dropped. All day and all night he kept them on the floats. Then, after giving them only a couple of hours' rest, he tried to start them at work again. Then the strike began. Si tried to get the turtles to come out of their mud in the pen and start for the lake, although they were so tired their poor legs would hardly carry them. But he had reached the limit of snapping turtle good nature. Not a turtle would budge out of the mud, but when Si made a quacking noise like a duck, which was the signal for the turtles to start for the lake, each turtle tried to bury himself deeper in the mud. Then Si was mad.

"'I'll teach these loafing turtles that while ducks are plentiful they've got to work. No tramp turtles are going to be allowed on the Evershed Farm, dozing in the mud and neglecting their opportunities. With that Si gets a stick and, having routed the turtles out of the mud, he began to pound them.

"Well, they were the most surprised turtles you ever saw. At the first blow of the stick each turtle stuck his head out from under his shell and looked around for a duck. They had been accustomed to connect blows with the stick and ducks. First, they poked their heads about in a wondering way. Then the turtles looked at Si as if asking him, 'Where are the ducks?' Si didn't appreciate the mix-up he was causing in the minds of those turtles, but kept on hitting them with the stick.

"Don't tell me that turtles, and especially trained turtles like those of Si's, can't think. It was plain how those poor turtles felt. First, it was just surprise at not seeing any ducks when they were hit with the stick. Then it was disappointment, a sort of reluctant loss of faith in human nature. Could it be that the poundings they had experienced from their youth up had been due to Si, the man they had looked up to and reverenced, and not to the hated ducks? Why, it was just like telling a man that his whole religion is a lie. These turtles were thrown all in a daze at being beaten by Si Evershed, the man who had fed them and whom they had trusted and loved. Finally, the turtles gave it up in a despairing sort of way and waddled off toward the pond and their daily task. But it was plain they were doing some mighty hard thinking.

"When they got to the pond, Si, being out of humor at the strike of the turtles, just tied them on their floats and tossed the floats out in the lake in a careless way, as if he didn't care whether his faithful turtles drowned or not. The floats turned up all right in the end, but not before the turtles had got good and wet. That added to the grievances of the turtles and helped turn them from respectable, hard-working duck-catchers into vagrant, snapping turtles, ready to bite the hand which fed them.

"The ducks were getting cautious of those turtle floats and it wasn't until nearly night that each turtle had caught a duck. The wait didn't improve Si's temper. When the floats were full Si hauled them in shore. Then he grabbed a duck and tried to yank it away from the turtle which was clinging to it. Of course, this only made the turtle hold on the harder.

"'Pesky little varmint,' says Si. 'I'll teach you to hold on to my ducks.' So, taking a stick, Si began to whack the turtle over the head.

"Si was pounding the long suffering turtle over the head when all of a sudden the turtle let go of the duck. The next second he had his jaws settled in Si's big toe. Si forgot all about the duck. Ordinarily a snapping turtle hangs on like death. But it was different with this turtle. He didn't so much want to have revenge on Si as to emphasize the fact that he hadn't been fairly treated. Pretty soon the turtle let go of Si's toe. Si dropped on the ground in a heap, holding on to his toe and cursing the ingratitude of the brute.

"But while that particular turtle had been making things interesting for Si, the others had been busy in a way which showed they appreciated the strike was on. Each turtle helped bite off the cord by which another turtle was tied to a float. Then, when the turtle which had been pinching Si let go, the other turtles waddled over and set that turtle free. And each turtle made up his mind that his days of duck-catching for Si Evershed were over then and there. By the time Si had a little recovered from the pain in his toe the four turtles had reached the edge of the lake. There they stopped for a second, turned around, took a last look at Si and then plunged in the lake. And that was the last ever seen of Si Evershed's duck-catching, snapping turtles.

"'Them turtles never would have struck if I had treated them half way decent,' Si says to me mournfully, 'That last look they gave me was more dumb reproach than anger.'"—*N. Y. Sun.*

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The Oil Industry.

Articles of incorporation have been filed by the Oriental Oil and Development Company with a capital stock of $200,000. The directors of the company are Emil E. Kahn, President; Louis Nathan, Secretary; I. Herzberg, P. Posner, Captain William L. Loch, M. S. Eisner, all of San Francisco, and Dr. A. A. Stafford of Alameda. The company owns all of section 12, township 28, range 28, in the Kern River district. As the experts seem to be united in declaring that the big oil strikes in the Kern River district will be made in 28, 28, the company feels that it has a good thing, and will set about developing the property immediately. A limited number of shares will be sold for development purposes.

* *

Another oil company just organized is the Verona, which owns a quarter section in the Kreyenhagen belt. The directors of this company are W. H. Camp, Hanford; S. Rehoefer, Hanford; E. E. Kahn, San Francisco; Herman Nathan, Fresno, and William Chatham of San Francisco. E. E. Kahn is the President of the company and Louis Nathan is the Secretary. The company is preparing to develop the land at once, and as they are in the same oil belt as the famous Kreyenhagen wells, they expect to obtain the same grade of oil, which is rich in lubricating properties.

* *

As an evidence of the lubricating quality of the Kreyenhagen oil the following from the Hanford Sentinel may prove of interest: "The crude petroleum from Kreyenhagen well No. 1, brought to this office for trial as a lubricating oil, has been applied to our electric motor, and thus far it is vastly superior to any one of the best dynamo oils that we have been able to procure. The petroleum permits the motor to run with the greatest of freedom, and it seems to have its bearings in the air."

* *

The St. Lawrence is going steadily on with its drilling, and has at no time felt discouraged, despite disquieting rumors that they had struck water sufficient to swamp them. It is true that they did strike water twice since beginning operations, once at a depth of 280 feet and again at a depth of 750 feet, but the water was cased off in both instances and the work is proceeding nicely. The well is now down 950 feet and the company does not expect to strike the oil sand under 1400 or 1500 feet. One oil seepage was encountered at a depth of about 300 feet and they have plenty of gas in the well.

* *

The Union Pacific Oil Company is to have a pipe line from Brea Canon to the railroad near Fullerton, which will be thirteen miles long. The civil engineer in charge of the construction found a good many difficulties to be overcome in the line of avoiding curves and grades as well as in exorbitant prices for rights of way. As soon as the line reaches the railroad it will be further projected to the seaboard. The pipe line will be worked partly by gravity and in some places along its length by pumping.

* *

The Westlake-Rommel Company of Los Angeles owns a large tract of oil land near Coalinga, directly in the line of the oil strata, which it intends to develop at once. The machinery and casing have been ordered and a full rig will soon be on the ground ready to begin work about December 1st.

* *

Word has been received from the Summerland district that an oil company is on the point of purchasing a large tract of land there in the neighborhood of the Slight property, upon which it intends to put down as many as fifty wells.

* *

The Stanley Oil Company owns land in the Kreyenhagen district, near the well from which such a high quality of oil has been secured, and is preparing to develop the property. The work will begin as soon as a rig can be set up.

* *

A number of rigs are going up in the vicinity of the St. Lawrence. The Avenel has already commenced operations and the Northfield is getting ready to follow its example in the near future.

* *

The oil excitement-wave has struck San Luis Obispo. The propects are said to be very good in that vicinity. A company has leased the Tar Springs Ranch and will proceed to develop as soon as possible.

* *

The Fullerton field has two big producers in the Santa Fe Company's well, which is steadily yielding 180 barrels of oil a day, and the Loftus well, which has a record of about 150 barrels daily.

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THE THEATRES

It is quite impossible to be cross with Mr. Harry Corson Clarke. Only a brute would try to scrape off any of his evident satisfaction at the success of his play with an unkind or too discriminating word. Moreover, "What Happened to Jones," as it is put on at the California is a distinctly amusing show; there is generally a laugh tolerably near the surface even if it doesn't always bubble out, and several members of the company suggest that they would be very entertaining—if they had a chance.

Clarke's role fits him accurately. It also monopolizes the entire stage and even extends a little into the wings in order to make sure of its supremacy. Amusing as Clarke is it is a pity that we are not given a trifle more of the "big Injun chiefs" and also of the little Swedish person, nor would a few minor imbroglios come amiss. It must be admitted that Jones has things too much to himself and enjoys too peaceful a life. At one time it looked as if he might after all get what he deserved—the two gray blankets promised captivating complications—but this situation, unlike most of the situations, was hurried off.

One detects in the author of "What Happened to Jones" his laudable desire to give occupation to the men employed, but he almost defeats his charitable purpose, as at least two of his characters are fed with lines so meagre that their very lives are in danger; in fact unsupported by youth and beauty they would fall to the ground.

* *

The Orpheum bill this week, though good if largely rehash. Many of the turns, even if they are not kept over from last week, are recognizable as friends of a fortnight ago. Thomas J. Ryan and Mary Richfield are new, and their howling little farce skit "A Headless Man," is the best of its kind. Burton's boys are, I think, just a shade better than any canine prodigies I have seen yet. They are clever acrobats and intellectual wonders. Cheridah Simpson is more successful as a pianist than as a comedienne. She is brave, to put it pleasantly, when she sings a pseudo-French song after Cornille's number.

Jerome and Alexis and Goggin and Davis still continue to do the unexpected in a gymnastic way. We are glad that the lovely, naughty Cornille is still with us and shall be sorry when we cease to hear those awfully risque little songs which nobody understands. Vinie De Witt, the pretty cornetist, and Leo Carle, who distinguishes himself by the celerity with which he changes his clothes and gets back onto the stage, are encored as heartily as in their former engagement. Last but not least comes the Biograph which, by its clearness and good handling, puts to shame many similar instruments in this city.

* *

I think that it is New York's best-known dramatic critic, Alan Dale, who has pointed out that women don't like to be funny on the stage. Put a woman in where she can weep over her outcast condition, or plead with the villain or moon over the "little cheeild" and she is in her glory. But give her any genuinely comic acting to do, and she attempts it with reluctance and generally fails. That was before he saw the creator of the role of the "cook-lady" in "Why Smith Left Home." After that, he had to acknowledge that there was at least *one* woman who could be funny for fun's sake.

* *

It must be admitted that Lizzie May Ulmer rattles about in the Annie Yeaman's part, on which this rattling farce-comedy of Broadhurst's depends. An actress, or actor either, who takes up a part after another, has to follow out the lines of the creator of the part, and good imitation is all that is asked for, but Miss Ulmer does not give us even that. The play carries the actress in this case, not the actress the play.

* *

With a semi-failure in the part to which the whole thing is written, the presentation we have at the Columbia Theatre this week is not startling. There are a few fairly good points. Lottie Williams-Salter plays the part of the young bride with all that is required of it—blushing sweetness. C. Jay Williams does a good character act as the Dutchman. The rest are fair to bad.

* *

The Grand habit is growing on me as the Orpheum habit has grown on one-half the rest of San Francisco. That is the best thing about a stock company; if it is more than half decent, you get a sort of family feeling for the actors after the first few visits. There is a delightful fascination in watching the mannerisms of the actors carried through the different parts they attempt. At the Grand, you are sure that the roaring Wolff of the engaging awkwardness, be he comic general, burlesque king or sentimental father is going to punctuate his jokes by turning his back upon his audience at the supreme moment, that Wooley, with his nasal "gag" tone, is going to walk a-straddle at some point in the show, if he can possibly get it in, that Edith Mason is going to work her pet circular gesture in the love-song and break out into that engaging smile, worth the whole price of admission, just at the end of each number. Then there is a perpetual delight in observing how the Young Napoleon of stage managers, Jones, contrives to get in new "stunts" each week without ever repeating himself. The excellence of the productions at this house proves what can be done, under competent, active and tasteful direction, with material only fair—for the Grand comes nearest being worth its prices of any house in town.

* *

At the Alhambra, there is a really adequate performance of "A Lady of Quality," Mrs. Burnett's impossible but absorbing romantic drama. The acting is as varied as the action. Eugenie Blair carries the leading part with spirit and, in spots, with acting of real merit. None of the cast are hopelessly bad; some of them are good enough to deserve more mention than can be given here. After this, we are to have a two-month spasm of melodrama at this popular-priced theatre.

* *

L. R. Stockwell is drawing large and appreciative audiences this week in "My Friend From India" at the Alcazar and his support is quite equal to the task. It is a distinctly creditable performance, considering that the play is a complicated one with much "business," and that the players had but one week's preparation. "My Friend From India" will run another week at the Alcazar, to be followed by "Saints and Sinners."

* *

"Patience" and "The Masked Ball" alternated at the Tivoli this week. The business has been good as is usual, at that house.

* *

The prosperous two-weeks' run of "The Merry Monarch" closes at the Grand to-night. Next week, the old, reliable "Evangeline."

* *

"Yon Yonson," the stock Swedish melodrama, comes to the California next week, with Arthur Donaldson, probably the best of our Swedish dialect comedians, in the title role.

The "Byron Mauzy Musical Evenings" are now commencing on the fourteenth year. They grow in popularity, as will be evidenced by the fact that already the leading teachers have booked concerts for several months to come. The last concert was given by Music Teachers Association. Last week the pupils of Mr. Roscoe Warren Lucy held forth. This Friday night, pupils from the conservatory of music of Prof. Joseph Beringer. The admission is by invitation, which can be had at Byron Mauzy Hall.

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New Stories Re-Told.

x x x

A PLAIN FILE.—Sothern the elder was an incorrigible practical joker. One day he went into a hardware store and asked for a copy of Thackeray's "Vanity Fair." "We do not sell books, sir," courteously replied the assistant; "this is a hardware store." "Well, I'm not particular," said Sothern. "I don't care whether it's bound in calf or russia." "But this is not a bookseller's!" shouted the clerk. "All right; wrap it neatly. It's for a relative." "We don't keep it!" persisted the assistant, getting red in the face. "As neatly as you can," said Sothern; "I don't ask for more than that." "Sir!" cried the clerk at the top of his voice, "can't you see that we don't keep books?" "Oh well, I will wait for it." The clerk was in despair and called the proprietor forward, saying he thought the customer must be insane. "What is it, sir? What do you desire?" asked the proprietor. "I want to buy a file," replied Sothern quietly, "a plain file, four or five inches long." The master, with a withering look upon his unfortunate clerk, gave the actor his file, and he departed in high good humor.

x

BY THE MAN THAT BROUGHT THE WHISKY.—Hugh Brady, the St. Louis political boss, when in need of transportation, was in the habit of sending to Colonel "Bill" Phelps, head of the railroad lobby at Jefferson City. One day, in a burst of enthusiasm, he promised Colonel Phelps a jug of fine whisky from his "sthock down at th' sthore," but the days merged into weeks, and weeks into months, and the jug never materialized. Colonel Phelps said nothing, but one fine afternoon there came an urgent request from Mr. Brady for transportation. He paid no attention to it, and early next morning the politician was waiting for him at the office door. "Say, Bill," he burst out, "did you get a note from me yesterday?" "Yes, indeed, Hugh," answered Colonel Phelps; "I got it, and sent the pass." "And by whom did you send it?" "Why, Hugh, I sent it by the man that brought me that jug of whisky, you know."

x

HE WROTE THE BOOK.—Professor Isaac Franklin Russell, dean of the Law College in the University of the City of New York, and from whom Miss Helen Gould received her degree, is responsible for the admission of more women to the bar than any other man in the world. Once he was lecturing on contracts before a class of young women. With great patience he went over the definitions and illustrations as given in the text-book, half a score of times. "I trust," he said at last, a trifle dubiously, "that I have made it plain to you." "Oh, dear no!" cried a young woman on the front seat, "I don't understand it a bit. I don't see how you can remember all the stuff in that horrid book." "Perhaps the reason is," was the gentle reply, as the professor turned to the next subject with a little sigh of resignation, "I wrote that horrid book."

x

AGRICULTURAL STRATEGY.—Colonel Waylie, of Alabama, is something of an amateur farmer, but the darkies play sad havoc with his choice vegetables. This year he thought he would be a strategist and so he called his old gardener to him and said: "Look here, Uncle Henry; I'm trying an experiment with the west field for a chemist down-town. The corn is a poison variety, and if any of the darkies about here touch it they will be killed sure. You'd better warn them, hadn't you?" "Sartinly I will; sartinly I will," responded the old negro. "Well, do you think it will have any effect on them?" asked his employer. "Do you think it will prevent them from stealing it?" "What does I think 'bout it?" queried the old man. "I think dar'll be a lot o' dade niggers 'round hyer sho'; dat's what I think 'bout it."

x

RETURNED TO HIS DUTY.—Away back in 1862, Admiral Dewey was a lieutenant on the warship *Mississippi*, under Farragut, and the great river battle below New Orleans was at its height. One of the gunners was observed by the captain to be leaning helplessly against a mast on the side away from the enemy's fire. "Mr. Dewey! Mr. Dewey!" shouted the captain from the quarterdeck; "Pray, what is that person doing there?" Lieutenant Dewey glanced at the white-faced sailor, took him by the collar and rushed him back to his proper position at the guns. Then he saluted and said: "Sir, the person you allude to has returned to his duty." It is said that the gunner fought furiously until the ship was destroyed and was among the last to take to the boats.

x

A FAIR EXCHANGE.—A certain joke writer, wearied by excessive coinage of bon-motographs, laid himself down to sleep. Near to his hand there was a pencil and pad, for who can tell "what dreams may come?" In the middle of the night he was awakened by a noise, and lo, in the dim light he saw a thief calmly appropriating his watch. "Excuse me for taking up your time," murmured the maurauder. "Certainly!" grinned the joke writer; "The watch cost only a dollar and I can sell your remark for three."

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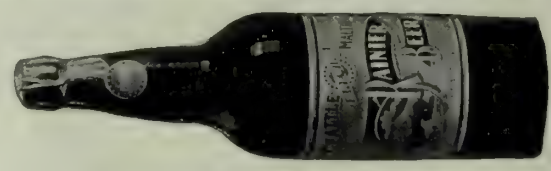

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THE WAVE

Is published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal., and Colman Building, Seattle, Wash.

Entered at the Post Office as second class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00, six months, $1.75; three months, $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

The trade is supplied by the San Francisco News Company 342 Geary street; east of the Rocky Mountains by the American News Company, New York.

The Wave is kept on file and is for sale at Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France; 31 Union Square, New York City; 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.; and 206 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

For advertising rates and on all other matters pertaining to city business, address The Wave, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

All business matters pertaining to the Northwest should be addressed to Trevor Corry, Colman Building, Seattle, Wash.

THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY

PROPRIETORS

SAN FRANCISCO November 25, 1899 SEATTLE

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EVENTS CURRENT.

The Situation in South Africa.

If indications are to be taken at their face value, the tide of affairs in South Africa has turned in favor of the British. Ladysmith is still besieged and shut off from ordinary communication, and still the press censorship is maintained by the War Office at London, so that news is slow. Nevertheless, it is known beyond doubt that White is holding out. There has been severe fighting of some sort at Ladysmith during the week; the listeners at Estcourt and other places within the safety line have heard the sound of firing. Twice, rumors of British victories have come in. These are as yet unconfirmed. A minor reverse occurred on Wednesday, November 15, when the Boers destroyed an armored train reconnoitering near Estcourt and killed or captured about fifty of its defenders. Nevertheless, the feeling in London is that, since General White and his army have held out so long, they will keep the position until the arrival of the relieving force under General Buller. Over half the new army corps is now on the field, and the advance will probably begin during the coming week. Of course, the English generals are not giving out their plans, but military experts believe from indications that the movement will be made in three divisions. One column, the largest, will move from Durban on Ladysmith direct, hoping to clear out the country around Estcourt, now threatened by the Boer advance-guard, on the way. The second moves from Orange river to the relief of Ladysmith, and the third marches from East London to sieze Burgerdorp for strategic purposes. Mafeking, where Colonel Baden-Powell seems to be making a splendid defense, is to be left to take care of itself. The second column mentioned is to be commanded by Lord Methuen and may not be directed at Kimberley at all, but against the points of strategic importance along the borders of Orange Free State. The Transvaal forces are said to be mobilizing along General Buller's supposed route in order to check the reinforcements before they reach Ladysmith. In fact, it looks as though General Joubert were now making this the object of his present campaign. All these forecasts of plans are, of course, nothing more than shrewd guesses, as the commanders are not giving their intentions to the world; nevertheless the calculations are based upon the opinions of the outsiders who best understand the situation and of the experts now on the ground. At any rate, the British, so far in the position of defenders, will almost certainly begin to take the aggressive this week. The English have now a "beef scandal" of their own. Much of the meat furnished to the soldiers on the transports has been found to be of inferior quality. Some of it was rejected by the commanders in charge and had to be thrown overboard. All so far reported comes from American packing houses. It is said in London, on the authority of the *Chronicle*, that most of it was beef already rejected by the American army and foisted on the British purchasers by shrewd contractors. A rumor to the effect that the blacks are on the point of rising is in circulation on the continent. It is entirely unsupported by any show of facts, and bears the mark of the Franco German Boer sympathizers.

The Death Rate in the United States.

Statistics of the death rate for 1898 have just been compiled and issued at Washington. Pure statistics on matters of this kind are, of course, deceptive. The most healthful districts show very frequently a high rate, owing to the fact that consumptives and others afflicted with incurable maladies are sent to such places by their physicians and friends. Thus, Colorado and California, known to have a salutary climate, stand rather high in the scale, the rate being respectively 10.86 and 16.26 per thousand. The most healthful large district in the country is apparently the Middle West between the Rocky Mountains and the Mississippi, the least healthful, the Atlantic seaboard. Nebraska has the lowest rate of any state, 6.24 to the thousand. The death rate in South Dakota was 7.36, in Minnesota, 9.08; in Wyoming, 8.33; in Iowa, 8.83. Cleveland shows the lowest rate of the large cities, with 13.63, and New Orleans, with 26.91, the highest. Other large cities and the respective death rates mentioned in the official record are: New York, 19.28; Boston, 20.09; Baltimore, 19.10; Washington, 20.74; Chicago, 14.08; St. Louis, 14.28; San Francisco, 19.41. The twin cities of Minneapolis and St. Paul had a death rate of only 9.16. The most healthful town in the country of any considerable size was Homestead, Pa., a city of 10,000 inhabitants. The death rate there was 2.70 per thousand, only 27 deaths occurring in the twelve months.

Commissioner Worcester on the War in Luzon.

Dean C. Worcester, a member of the president's Philippine Commission, has broken the honorable silence which he and other members of that body kept pending their report, to give his private opinion on the situation in the islands. On the whole, his position is identical with that of the Administration, but on some points he speaks even more strongly than the president. In addition, he presents some facts not hitherto made public. He says that when we came into possession of the city, Aguinaldo demanded as his own share of the spoil the governor-general's palace as a private residence, possession of all the city churches and convents, and all the captured arms and ammunition of the Spaniards. Moreover, when the Americans came to treat with the insurgents, they found that the latter were most hazy in their demands, asking for independence under a protectorate, but showing by their answers to questions that they did not understand the meaning of the terms they were using. The commissioner declares that the insurgents are carrying on a bloody war, protecting American prisoners only through fear of reprisal. Furthermore, the force we had on the islands previous to the summer rains could have swept the insurrection off Luzon had we cared to make war on the Spanish plan of murdering prisoners. In all senses, he concludes, this is a war for humanity, because the withdrawal of the United States at this juncture would mean anarchy.

General Lawton's Advance Continues.

The encouraging news comes from Manila that the army is making such rapid progress in its decisive advance as to be unable to keep in touch with headquarters in the matter of news. This indicates that the commanders of divisions, General Lawton especially, have been given such a free hand that they can cut loose from headquarters and work on their own account. It indicates, also, that the American army is ridding itself of the old fault of hanging close on to its base of supplies. Lawton's men are said to be moving independent of the baggage-wagons, living on the country or on captured stores. To an uninformed American, names of Philippine localities, particularly in the new regions where the army is now operating, have little or no meaning. It will be sufficient to say, therefore, that the army is "rounding up" the insurgents in the country north of Manila, where the revolt is the most intense. The army surrounds this streak of ground and is gradually closing in toward the center. The cavalry operates in front, chasing insurgents as they advance, and behind comes the infantry and artillery to hold the important points captured. Already, one of the objects of this movement, the seizure of the slippery Aguinaldo, seems to have failed. It is believed that he got through the cordon and is making his way into the northern mountains. Correspondents at the front think that some rather brisk skirmishes Lawton had early in the week were designed to cover up his retreat. For the rest, nothing but success is reported so far. The insurgents make a slight resistance and then withdraw, escaping outside the cordon or running into the common center. Indeed, reports say that some of Aguinaldo's orders found on prisoners command the captains to retire before the Americans and to split their troops up into small bands with the object of harrassing our army. It would seem that, if the backbone of the rebellion is broken, it still has its fangs. As showing the instability of our conquest, a New York *Sun* correspondent sends word that in Cavite, where it was supposed that, if anywhere, the armed opposition was put down, the insurgents are again active. On the twenty-second of this month, the extreme advance column of our army had not been heard from directly since the seventeenth, but no anxiety is felt at headquarters. General Otis has now some thirty thousand troops of all arms in his command, two-thirds being available for active duty.

The National University Discouraged.

The National University, so long projected, so far from realization, has received a curious discouragement from an unexpected quarter. The National Educational Association, at its recent meeting in Los Angeles, appointed a committee to investigate the matter. This body has sent in its preliminary report, in which scheme the is thoroughly discouraged, although some modifications which might be practicable are suggested. The reasons are given as follows: First—It has been and is one of the recognized functions of the Federal Government to encourage and aid, but not to control, the educational instrumentalities of the country. Second—No one of the bills heretofore brought before Congress to provide for the incorporation of a national university in Washington commends itself to this committee as a practical measure. Third—The Government is not called upon to maintain at the capital a university in the ordinary sense of that term. Fourth—That a sub-committee be required to prepare for consideration by the full committee a detailed plan by which students who have taken a baccalaureate degree or who have had an equivalent training may have full and systematic advantages of the opportunities for advanced instruction and research which are now or may hereafter be afforded by the Government; such a plan to include the co-operation with the Smithsonian Institution of the universities willing to accept a share of the responsibility incident thereto. It is understood that the financial administration of this plan should be such that whether or not Government aid be given, there shall be no discouragement of private gifts or bequests. It is understood that the scope of this plan should be indicated by the governmental collections and establishments which are now available or as they may hereafter be increased or developed by the Government for its own purposes. Fifth—The Government, through the State Department, might wisely maintain in Washington a school for consuls, analogous to West Point and Annapolis, and make these schools lead to a life career in the Government service. The committee appointed under the fourth section, consisting of President Harper of Chicago, Librarian Butler of Columbia University and J. L. Curry of San Francisco, will report at the February meeting.

Closer Mail Service With Australasia.

At present, the Australasians are clamoring for a better mail and passenger steamer service between their islands and San Francisco. Steamers now run between these ports on a monthly schedule. This, it is asserted by those who claim to know, is entirely inadequate to the needs of Australasia. Moreover, they declare that, should the steamship lines put on additional service, it would be a paying venture, owing to the great number of Europeans who would, if encouraged to do so by fast and frequent service, go and come via the United States on account of the attractiveness of the route. The officials of the steamship companies, on the other hand, say that if additional steamers are to be put on, the Government of the United States must encourage them by more subsidies than those hitherto allowed. There is no doubt that the present time is the right opportunity for the move; just now, with federation about to be consummated, Australia is awakening commercially. The advantages of an improved ocean mail service lie in the facilitation of commerce between the two countries. It is extremely hard to conduct business when the mails run only once a month. The main line of Pacific steamships is completing a number of splendid passenger boats and will therefore be prepared, within the year, to institute a bi-monthly service should the government so order it. The companies engaged in mail transmission and the Australasian authorities complain of the present policy of the United States Government in issuing subsidies for one year only. They claim that the contracts should be let for five years.

American Machines in Siberia.

The past year, which has seen the great political expansion of the United States, has witnessed also a quiet expansion of which less is said, but which probably means more to the country than any mere extension of the "sphere of influence." In all quarters of the earth, and especially in those where ground is being broken for new enterprises, there has been a great extension of American trade. Statistics, of course, are not at hand, but it is safe to say that when the figures for the financial year 1899–1900 are collected, they will show, in spite of the set-back of the Boer war, a gratifying increase in our total export commerce. In this column the growth of trade with South Africa and China and the renewal of commercial relations with South America have been related Late consular reports and private advices from Siberia indicate that in that quarter of the globe, also, our products are finding a widening market. Three years ago, American manufactures were not represented in the construction of the Trans-Siberian railroad. In 1897, certain American firms, believing that they could compete with the English and German concerns then supplying all the materials, sent representatives to Russia and Siberia. They met with ridicule and opposition at the outset, but ended by wedging in orders for nails, commercial iron and rails. So well were the Russians satisfied with price and quality that they added further orders at once. At present all the nails and nearly all the iron employed on the road come from the United States, and we make all the rails over and above those turned out by the government works. 50,000 tons of American steel rails will be laid in Manchuria alone. The same prejudices had to be overcome in the case of American boilers and engines, yet orders for sixty improved locomotives are now held by Pittsburg firms, and there are more to follow. So, also, construction tools of all sorts, especially the heavier and more expensive kinds, are being purchased almost exclusively in this country.

The Bell Telephone Suit.

A legal battle, involving mightier interests than any which has been contested in this country for many years, is now on the docket of the United States Circuit Court for the Eastern district of Massachusetts. If the decision goes one way, it breaks the influence of a corporation which has held its place for many years as one of the greatest monopolies in the world; if it falls the other way, it squelches the hope of a great corporation formed to fight that monopoly. The contestants are nominally the American Bell Telephone Company and the National Telephone Manufacturing Company. If the former wins, the permanent hold of the monopoly becomes assured; if the latter wins, the field will be thrown open to the thousands of independent operators throughout the country, or to the new corporation formed in New York to fight the Bell Company. The trouble comes over a patent issued to Emile Berliner in 1891; this has now run nine years, has nine more years to run and is owned by the Bell people. The application for this patent was made in 1877; action upon it was delayed fourteen years. It is now charged that this delay was brought about by fraudulent collusion between the Bell people and employees of the government in order that the company might use this device when their old patents were expiring. As is well known, the very existence of the Bell company depends upon the possession of several valuable patents, greatest among them being the original telephone device. The policy of the company was never to sell any of its telephones, but to aid in organizing subsidiary companies which built lines, established exchanges and hired its telephones of the parent concern. It was the company's general rule to take 51 per cent. of the stock of these subsidiary concerns as a bonus for issuing a license and then to charge $16 a year rental for each set of instruments furnished for use. Under this plan the business has extended until to-day there are more than fifty subsidiary companies working under the Bell licenses and these have established more than 1,100 exchanges with a thousand branches in addition. The capital stock of the American Bell Telephone Company is $25,886,300, and its last annual balance sheet shows that it held $58,776,425 worth of stocks and bonds, telephones worth $12,248,532, and other property and accounts making up a total of nearly $65,000,000 in stocks and property. The original Bell patents expired in 1893 and 1894. These covered the receiver, but the Berliner patent on the transmitter was relied on to hold up the power of the concern. On the grounds above mentioned, interested parties sued the company in 1893, carrying the matter through all the

nited States Courts and winning a doubtful victory, for, hile the Courts allowed the charge of collusive fraud in suing the patent, they refused at that time to pass upon ay other charge or to annul the Berliner patent decree. elying upon this decision, however, independent con- erns sprang up all over the country, threatening the very fe of the Bell company. To down these companies, if ossible, the Bell people now sue the National Telephone lanufacturing Company for violation of the Berliner pat- nt, claiming that, although the basis of the same is de- lared fraudulent, yet the decree still holds in force.

he Meteors Fail Appear.

The heavens played a joke on mortals last week and incidentally upset the calculations of astronomers. The expected rain of November meteors or "leonids" ailed to appear on November 14-16, the date scheduled for hem. The expectation rested on a bit of astronomical heorizing. In November there is always a meteoric dis- lay of more or less brilliance, appearing from the direction f the constellation Leo. In 1800, in 1833 and in 1866, this isplay was of magnificent proportions, appearing, in the atter year, like a rain of fire. The astronomers believed hat the shower was a periodic one, probably caused y the earth's encountering the path of some broken-up planet or comet. Consequently, November, 1899, was ooked forward to as time for another display. The rophets were disappointed, however. In every observatory n the world, savants were waiting to photograph and ob- erve the display; some observatories sent out expeditions. But there was only a very faint display, much fainter than n an ordinary year, and the theory will have to be revised.

Editorial Comment.

Parcels Post.

THE *Call* believes the inauguration and maintenance of a United States parcel post would prove a blessing to the country and at the same time operate to mete out o tax-shirking express companies the punishment which is heir due.

When we of the far west come to talk about "parcels ost," the "Nicaragua Canal" and "reductions in freight ates on less than carload lots" from St. Louis and else- where, we run up against some obstructions that tend to ncomfortably emphasize our shortcomings and expose weaknesses peculiarly our own.

Time was, before the days of railroad construction, when San Francisco reigned supreme in her commercial control of Pacific Coast trade. Toward her harbor the commerce of he seas converged, while all avenues of western distribution adiated from the same favored spot. Her merc[illegible] were nonopolists in a way and were given [illegible]ces echnically legitimate, but not always cred[illegible]ible. Being advised of the kind and quantity of goods en route and when due to arrive, it was a favorite local commercial game to "corner" the necessities of life and "cinch" the public. Prices of a given commodity were doubled over night. Fortunes were built up and the public fleeced.

The day for this character of performance passed when he last spike was driven on the first overland railroad. A new era dawned. The supremacy of the city was not dis- urbed so long as it remained the western terminus of the nly transcontinental line of railway. Bnt soon rival lines were constructed, terminating at points in the north and at points in the south. On one side, the desert was made to bloom, a sleepy Mexican village was in a twinkling trans- formed into a busy city. To the north where pine forests nce stood, huge buildings were erected and spires and domes took the place of nature's forests. The stripling rivals both north and south, fed by the iron arteries of com- merce, have grown to manhood and not only bid against San Francisco for interior trade, but are looking seaward as well. The story of western commerce may be segregated into several eras. We stand at the threshold of another era now, more promising than all that have preceded it. For San Francisco there will not be a revival of the "cornering" of markets, but a broad and profitable field is opening up seaward for it and for each of the Pacific Coast ports. There is to be a new struggle between the western rivals, in which each will be pitted against the other, but out of this pros- perity will come another contest. The merchant of the East and middle West is even now reaching out westward to share and perhaps monopolize the trade of this rich terri- tory. In resisting this encroachment the rival cities of the West are a unit in interest.

Consider in this connection the parcel post. Mr. Wana- maker, who is a stout advocate of the innovation, while act- ing as Postmaster General, secured some modifications of the then prevailing law, which practically gave the country a parcel post. Mr. Wanamaker was also interested in a large Philadelphia concern dealing in about everything that makes it profitable to conduct a large department store. The new postal service permitted Mr. Wanamaker to manufacture men's suits in Philadelphia and ship them by mail throughout the United States. A profitable thing for Mr. Wanamaker, no doubt, but it closed hundreds of small shops throughout the country. In about every large Ameri- can city, up-stairs, on some obscure street, is a Wanamaker agency. From here, rules for self-measurement are dis- tributed and samples of cloth are on exhibition: here, too, the customer may be measured if he does not care to experi- ment upon himself. A two cent postage stamp carries the order and the measurements to the Philadelphia house, where the suit is made up and returned by mail, probably at a loss to the Government, but at a profit to John Wanna- maker. This embryo parcels post has benefitted the Phila- delphia firm, but you cannot say as much for many smaller establishments. A parcels post in full operation would have a strong tendency toward centralizing business. The country tailor, shoe dealer and the like would find his best customers patronizing the mails for "city made" goods. It is to be questioned whether or not cities like San Fran- cisco and Seattle would profit any by such an arrangement. The surrounding country would be inundated with showy eastern catalogues and "dealing direct" with New York and Chicago would have its attractions for the ordinary individual. "I sent to New York for this" would add to the value of a woman's dress or a man's suit. In women's fashions New York is about one year ahead of the Pacific slope. Dealers deny it, but frequent eastern trips will demonstrate they do not speak the truth.

Just now, the Pacific Coast jobber is opposing the demand of the middle west for a lower rate of freight on lots less than car load. The St. Louis dealer, if given a freight rate on small lots bearing some proportion to the present car load rate, could and probably would capture the bulk of the Pacific Coast trade with the retail stores. This, we are told, would put an end to the Pacific Coast wholesale jobber. Now comes the parcel post proposition, and if the same rule holds good then the eastern retailers, the great depart- ment stores and establishments of national reputation will cripple our retail dealers.

So long as we remain a non-manufacturing community, just so long must we look for this sort of rivalry from the East. The Pacific Coast port that obtains the first strong grasp on manufacting and can maintain its factories on anything like an eastern basis, is destined to become the greatest city of the extreme West regardless of the past.

Until we do manufacture, our importance as distributing points is quite artificial and depends for its maintenance very largely upon artificial conditions.

The Benard University Plans.

The press dispatches state that M. Benard, the French architect, whose plans were awarded the prize in the recent University of California competition, will probably reach San Francisco this week. The *Wave* from the first has opposed the idea of constructing a French university upon the magnificent Berkeley campus. The University of Cali- fornia deserves better than that this should be. Every alumnus of the university would be sorry to see construction begun upon something that could not be carried to com- pletion because of vital defects within itself.

Looking at the matter from the standpoint of the student and of the professor—these are the ones most interested in h ving beautiful and convenient buildings at Berkeley—the Benard plans are about the worst that could have been chosen. They are the work of a Frenchman, who is absolutely ignorant of the American type of university, they were selected by a jury, the president of which, M. Pascal, was M. Benard's old master in the École des Beaux Arts, and who, presumably, was not hostile to his own theories and mannerisms as exemplified in the work of a favorite pupil; a jury upon which there was not a single person of wide collegiate experience; a jury, furthermore, the majority of whom were absolutely ignorant of uni- versity needs as obtaining in America, and therefore, one would suppose, about as capable of umpiring in a com- petition for the University of California plans as a jury of golf champions would be as judges in a tennis match.

The Benard plans would fit a European university ad- mirably. There the natural arrangement is into "schools," separate and distinct the one from the other, each with its own group of buildings, its own dormitories, its own faculty, its own requirements for entrance, its own roll of students, and its own student life. The school of history may be situated across the town from the school of chem- istry and physics, or from the school of languages. It does not matter. In the American university, on the other hand, there are no such separate schools. The American student will attend a recitation in Greek one hour, and a lecture on the backbone of an eel the next. He is allowed five minutes to go from one class-room to the other. He is obliged every day of his life to walk back and forth between classes many times. For this reason the American uni- versity is built as compactly as possible, instead of being spread out over the hills and plains of eternity.

The proposed University of California plans are divided into schools, as they would be in Europe. Each school, has, as it would have were it in Europe, has its own dormitories and its own minor buildings. The school of mines is in the southwestern corner of the campus. The school of natural history is located on the top of Grizzly Peak, a mile or so distant, and seven hundred odd feet higher. Each of these schools has its own buildings. And between them and around them are the other schools, and other dormi- tories. Half of them might as well be in Alameda, so far as accessibility is concerned.

The real life of an American university is not revealed to anyone except he live it. The public sees newspaper ac- counts of football and baseball games, rowing matches, bicycling, running, hammer-throwing, pole vaulting, and other athletic contests, and not much else. The daily work among books and in the class-room is not brought home to the newspaper-reading public. Therefore, certain persons, when asked what constitutes American university life, will answer at once that it is made up of football and the other recreations. They will further affirm that the gymnasium is the center of the university, and ought to be treated architecturally as the center. But in fact, as every Ameri- can college man knows, the gymnasium is not the center and never can be the center of a great university. The library is the center, but not the gymnasium. All uni- versity interests center about the library, in the University of California just as truly as at Stanford or Columbia or Yale or Harvard. Of necessity they must center there, The gymnasium is a healthful convenience. The library is the very heart of the institution, always and everywhere.

But M. Benard has the idea, drawn, as he frankly states. from the newspapers, that the gymnasium is the heart of an American university, and in the proposed plans he has made it so.

There is another point about the Benard plans that has generally been overlooked. M. Benard has arranged for a number of large dormitories; these architecturally are key buildings, as it were. Two of the largest face each other in the very center of the campus. Some of them are to be built upon the slopes of Grizzly Peak. Not one of them but is essential to the unity of the scheme as planned. But unfortunately, students in California refuse to live in dormitories. The magnificent dormitories at Stanford University at times are almost deserted, and they are never full. The conditions are infinitely more favorable at Stan- ford than they are at Berkeley for dormitories. While Oakland, Alameda, San Francisco and Berkeley remain accessible to students, they are not going to coop them- selves up in dormitories. The dormitories are not needed and never will be, hence they will not be built; and if they are not built, what becomes of the magnificent plans or which they are a vital part?

Finally, there is the question of expense. M. Benard thinks that the buildings can be put up for $80,000,000, without having seen the grounds. Other architects have placed the amount at $100,000,000, or even higher. As the total assessed valuation of property in the State, real and personal, including the railroads, is only $1,193,961,761, it will be seen that the proposal is to devote some 8 per cent. of the wealth of this great State to the erection of these absurb buildings. Even though it be not completed for twenty years, the cost per year would approximate the total present assessment for State purposes, or would be equiva- lent to an addition of one-fourth to the total of all taxes now paid, local and State. The interest of 5 per cent. on M. Benard's own estimate would be $4,000,000 per year, or some $2000 per student per year, when the students shall number 2000. It would reach $2500 per student per year at the higher estimate. This for housing alone. The com- bined gymnasium-and-tribunes as planned is estimated to cost some $8,000,000 or $9,000,000, or over $300 per student per year, when the students shall number 2000.

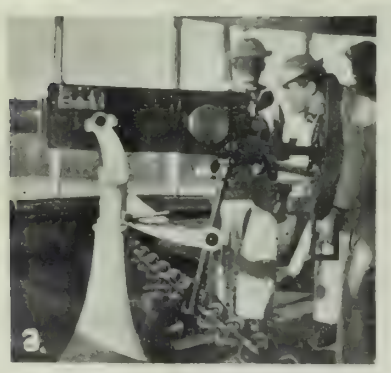
Perhaps in time California will be as densely populated as New York or Massachusetts, and be able to keep thous- ands upon thousands of students in her two universities, or more than that even. That time is not to-day. No doubt there are plenty of young people outside of California who would like to be educated in marble halls. With due defer- ence to M. Benard, however, we think that the tax-payers of this State will have plenty to do to educate their own sons and daughters, without planning for the sons and daughters of the wide world.

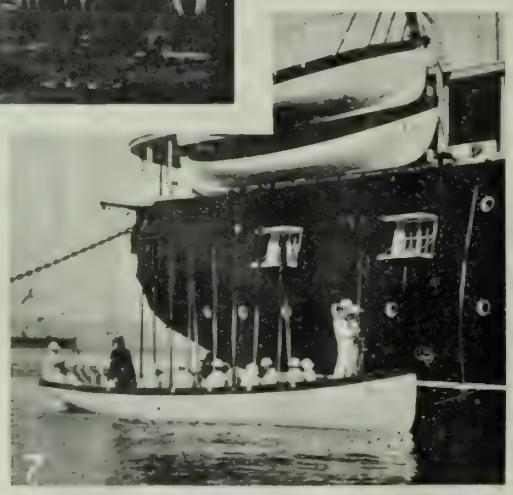
It seems to us that it were better, even now, if an Ameri- can architect were given the task of constructing a distinct- ively American university at Berkeley.

The linotype machine is more of a nuisance than a help on certain fine work in which the lines are of unequal length; as, for instance, work in which many cuts have to be "justified," as they say. Fine magazine work is not done more cheaply on the machine than by hand. Where cor- rections are to be made freely, the machine work is found very inflexible, for the line must be entirely re-set if there is but a single error in it. In general, the finer class of work is changed so freely in the proofs that it is no econ- omy to put it on the machines. Also there is the difficulty about the shallowness of the matrix. In the old-fashioned type, the "face," as it is called, is cut deep so that there is never any blur around it, because of the paper sinking in upon the inky "shoulder." The linotype slug presents, on the other hand, a very shallow face; and soft paper is apt to print less clearly from it than from a type line. Large editions also make a difference. Where the wear is excep- tional, a shallow matrix will not stand up to the work. Type composition is used almost exclusively upon books where the edition is large, except in the very cheapest work.

Five of the Latin-American republics—Colombia, Guate- mala, Honduras, Venezuela and Peru—are owing us for the surplus on postal exchange. Not a dollar has been paid on these debts for some years. The largest sum is owed by Venezuela. It amounts to $[illegible]7,0.0, and has been "on the books" since 1892. Colombia has owed $15,000 since 1889. There is no means of forcing payment of these debts.

A new law in Illinois—which has not, however, yet been enforced—makes it a misdemeanor to wear as an article of personal adornment the feathers of any harmless bird not useful for food. It is aimed, of course, at millinery.





1. The Station Flagship "Pensacola" from the Head of the Wharf, Station Barracks on Extreme Left. 2. Apprentices Working a Modern 6-pound Gun. 3. Sail Drill on Board the "Pensacola."
4. Southern Front of the New Barracks. 5. An Instructor. 6. Operating the Maxim-Nordenfeldt 1-pound Automatic. 7. The Return from Boat Drill. "Toss Oars."
8. Gun Drill at the 4-inch on the "Pensacola's" Forecastle. 9. The Island and Barracks from the "Pensacola's" Deck. Apprentices at Drill on Wharf.

THE EDUCATION OF NAVAL APPRENTICES AT "YERBA BUENA" TRAINING STATION.

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE WAVE BY DOUGLAS WHITE.

THE MAKING OF SAILORS.

HOW BOYS ARE TURNED INTO BLUE-JACKETS AT THE YERBA BUENA STATION.

BY DOUGLAS WHITE.

WITHOUT noise and bluster, but none the less effectively, the Navy Department has for the last six months been establishing on the Pacific Coast an institution which, when completed, will be the second of its kind in the United States, and by comparison the equal of any other such naval station in the world.

At Yerba Buena Island in San Francisco Bay this institution is now receiving its finishing touches, and the whole immense establishment is to be devoted solely to the training of apprentice boys for Unc e Sam's navy and will be known as the Yerba Buena Naval Training Station.

It took a deal of argument from the Navy Department itself, together with the unceasing labors of Senator George C. Perkins, to bring matters to a point where the establishment of the Station was rendered certain. The island, which for years had been unpoetically known as Goat Island, had fallen into the hands of the War Department, and although that branch of the national defense was using but a small portion of its area, there was an unyielding objection to even a portion of the space being transferred for the use of the Navy. But the Navy Department and Senator Perkins at last gained the day and, about a year ago President McKinley issued an order which dedicated the central portion of the island to the Navy's use for the establishment of the training station which will for all time be an institution of more than ordinary importance to the Pacific Coast.

Plans were at once drawn for buildings and accessories which would render this the premier American institution of its kind, and the experience gained by the Department in the maintainance of the Coaster's Harbor Training Station at Newport R. I., came into value as a means of gauging the wants of Yerba Buena. The principal building consists of extensive barracks capable of accommodating four hundred and thirty-two apprentice boys during their first months of training for service in the Navy. This barracks building contains as its principal feature a drill hall 303 x 60 feet, which is constructed without post or other obstruction to its immense area. Here the youngsters will be drilled when the weather prevents their working out of doors, and in the gallery which entirely surrounds the drill hall hundreds of hammocks will be slung when the time comes for rest at night. This use of the hammock is one of the primary bits of education toward the making of a man-o-war's man, and from the first night spent at the Station the apprentice is taught to sling his own bed, and when slung to make himself comfortable therein. The conditions which surround the youngsters is in many other ways brought to a close resemblance as possible to the conditions aboard ship, for everything must tend toward the one end of making competent sailors.

Stretching to the north from this main building are two wings, the western of which contains the office of the Station Commandant, school rooms, dispensary, library and reading room of the Station. These two latter departments are open at all times for the use of the apprentice and contain all the latest periodicals and daily papers, with a library even more complete than that possessed by the average school. In this regard it must be understood that while the Training Station works incessantly for the development of first-class sailor men, the mental training of the lads is not lost sight of, and plenty of time is devoted to the teaching in a thorough manner of all branches of common study, while if any apprentice shows a special aptitude for special or higher branches he is encouraged to devote himself to their thorough mastery.

In the eastern wing of the main building is located a bright dining hall, with its tables each seating a section of sixteen boys. Then there is a culinary department which would put to blush that of many a pretentious hotel. Here food for the entire Station is prepared and over this is located the quarters of the instructors and petty officers on duty at the Station. In the court yard and directly accessible from the drill hall and sleeping galleries are located the bag rooms, where the personal effects of the young tars are stored in lockers, lavatories which are capable of accommodating sixty apprentices at one time, and baths of equal proportions. In every department there is plenty of room without any apparent waste, and every possible convenience for the health and comfort of the lads who are being trained to fight Columbia's battles on the seas. Light and heat are produced by an immense electric and steam plant, and the discovery of a steady supply of artesian water settled a question which for a time puzzled the Station's designers.

Upon the ridge at the west of the main buildings stands the Commandant's house, with three other similar structures to be occupied by the ranking officers of the Station. The entire group of buildings occupies the neck of land which connects the two higher sections of the island, and the attendant lawns and parade grounds will fill in the entire space down to the shore of the pretty little cove which the island forms by the curving of its eastern shore. In this cove has been constructed a substantial wharf to which will be constantly moored the *Pensacola*, the flagship of the station squadron. Up to the time of the completion of the barracks the apprentices will be quartered on board the *Pensacola*, but after the youngsters have been moved to the shore she will be used as a drill ship and as quarters for the station officers who are not provided for on shore.

The location of the Station is an ideal one and the architects have developed a general harmony in designing the buildings, which admirably fit the situation.

All this has been accomplished within a few months, for it was in the last week of March, 1899 that Captain Henry Glass, who had been assigned to the command of the station, brought his ship *Pensacola* down from Mare Island and anchored her in front of the location selected for the building up of Yerba Buena. At that time not a stroke of work had been done toward the improvements which are now rapidly approaching completion. There were then no boys to train and no special effort has been made to secure recruits, pending the completion of the Station, but nevertheless since the *Pensacola* dropped her anchor in the cove she has received and trained nearly two hundred and fifty apprentices. Sixty-eight of these have been dispatched to the Asiatic Station, as portions of the crew which will man the three Spanish cruisers captured by Admiral Dewey at Cavite on May 1st, 1898.

Now that the government has given to the Pacific Coast an extensive and thoroughly fitted training station, the question arises as to its objects and methods.

The navy needs young men. It wants Americans, and it wants lads who will raise rather than lower the standard of personality aboard our ships. The days when a rope's end was the chief persuader in the education of a "blue-jacket" has passed. The mechanism of modern ships and their armament demand a high grade of intelligence among the men who work them, and while the establishment of many such training schools would be necessary for the development of a sufficient number of men to equip fully our increasing fleets, the schools already in operation will serve to furnish a nucleus of skilled seamen who will be thoroughly competent to fill the positions which navy regulations allow to be filled by men from the ranks.

It is a sturdy kind of education which a youngster receives to fit him for service aboard ship, but it is thorough, and above all it teaches the recruit to depend upon himself. The Station is open to recruits between the ages of fifteen and seventeen, and who are not less than 4 feet, 11 inches tall. A recruit must know how to read and write, and above all he must be sound of wind and limb. In the East fully fifty per cent. of the lads who present themselves for enlistment fail to pass muster when they come before the station doctor. At Yerba Buena the percentage of failures to pass the physical examination has so far been about one third—a splendid showing for the Pacific Coast.

Once accepted, the youth leaves behind him every touch of civil life. The clothes in which he came to the station are sold for his benefit or returned to his parents, who must fully endorse his aspirations to become a sailor. He is outfitted complete with blue and white uniforms, and in fact is supplied with everything which he may require during his training days, from his shoes to a whisk broom with which to dust his uniform. From the first he is taught self reliance. He must care for his outfit, and have it constantly in shape for inspection. He must do his own laundrying and sewing, there being a regular routine of instruction in the use of the needle.

Life at the Station allots five hours per day to drill and study, with ample time for rest between the periods of work. The apprentice is fed plainly but liberally, with now and then a touch of tid-bits which are so dear to the hearts of youth. His health is closely watched, and if he falls sick the best of care and attendance is bestowed. A salary of nine dollars per month is paid to every apprentice from the date of enlistment, but he is taught to save something by having a portion of this money held out to be paid to him at the expiration of his apprenticeship. If he is well behaved he gets shore liberty at stated intervals, and on these jaunts he is allowed to draw a limited amount of his salary for pocket money. Two days out of the week are practically half holidays. Sunday brings but a minimum of duty. On enlisting at the station each apprentice signs to serve in the Navy until he is twenty one years of age, in return for the advantages which the Station offers.

From four to five months generally fits the youth for his first cruise, and he is assigned to a training ship and spends the next six months at sea. If at the end of this cruise he has made a good record for behavior and efficiency he is at once rated as an apprentice of the second class and his pay is raised to $15 per month. He is then assigned to one of the regular war ships for the completion of his naval education. After one year of regular service, if proficient, the lad is advanced to a rating as first class apprentice, and his pay jumps to $21 per month.

There is plenty to encourage a lad in taking up a life in the Navy, but first of all he must be specially inclined toward the sea. Next he must be willing and possess a certain amount of intelligence. The lack of intelligence may not prevent him from becoming a sailor, but it will ce tainly prevent his rising from the ranks.

What can a boy gain by an enlistment at the Station? First he receives a good sound common school education. Next his health is carefully watched over. He is clothed and liberally fed. He is made to feel that he is a man from the start. Finally he is paid a salary all the time he is being educated and there is always the chance for bright boys to rise. Of course an enlisted man can never become a commissioned officer. He can, however, become a petty officer with pay ranging from $40 to $70 per month, and if he is specially bright he may become a warrant officer, which is but one step below a commission. All of these latter possibilities lie before the lad who is intelligent and who goes to the station because he likes the work and desires to learn. For drones there is no advancement. For naturally bad boys there is no room and their career as apprentices will be short.

Besides the *Pensacola*, the Station squadron contains two training ships—the *Adams* and *Mohican*—and the tug *Vigilant*. The *Adams* will shortly be dispatched to Hawaii with a company of apprentices who have passed the first period of station work. The *Mohican* will follow shortly after, and so the two training ships will be kept at sea with the divisions from the station as fast as they are ready for their training cruises.

On the occasion of a ship springing a leak, her pumps are set to work to get the water out as fast as it comes in. Instead of this, it is suggested by a writer in the *American Machinist* that air-pumps be used to force air into the leaky compartment and thus force the water back through the hole where it entered. There is, it is remarked, a means of expelling water from the filled compartments so obvious as to render it a matter of wonder that engineering skill has not put forward the plan, simply to close the hatches of the flooded compartments and drive the water out by forcing air in; nor would it make the slightest difference how large the holes might be in the bottom, as the water would be expelled and kept out on the same principle as the old-fashioned driving-bell.

More thorough excavation of the Roman forum, a field which was supposed to have been worked out for archæological research, has unearthed what is supposed to be the tomb of Romulus, the famous "black stone" venerated by the ancient Romans. Signor Baccelli, who is directing the work, believes that he is on the threshold of even more important discoveries.

An attempt to stock Salt Lake, Utah, with crabs, oysters and sea fish is now under way. In the dense central portion of this body of water no form of animal life can exist, but on the borders, where the lake is fed by fresh water streams, the conditions are like those prevailing in the ocean.

LABOR IN CUBA.

PECULIAR INDUSTRIAL CONDITIONS IN OUR NEW WEST INDIAN POSSESSIONS.

WE were lolling in one of those delightfully Latin cafes which line the Escalta in Havana, and watching the evening parade pass us by, glancing in and out through the lights against the blackness of a tropical evening. There were two or three American officers in the party, and a couple of Cuban planters, now in possession of their acres after the storm and stress of the war. Presently, a man of the poorer class—a Spaniard on the face of him—hove into view. The elder of the two planters, a man fat and greasy with long idleness and prosperity, leaned over the table and watched him with a look which came as near anxiety as was possible to one of his own sleek make-up.

"Ah," he said, "that is the ruination of Cuba."

I remarked, sympathetically, that the Spanish had wrought a good deal of destruction—

"No," said he, stopping me with a gesture. "Not that, Señor; these accursed emigrants." He was silent for awhile, and then he launched forth into the recital of his wrongs.

"Before the accursed Gomez came, Señor, it was not so bad. The Spanish made us pay taxes, but it all went very easily. We cut our cane. If we did only so much in a day, it was all well enough. There was no one to say that we shouldn't. If we brought it to mill a day or two late, it was just as well. So did everyone else. There was time, then, for a gentleman to be at ease.

"Then came the war, and now you Americans are here, and it is all changed. What are we to do. How is a gentleman to be a gentleman with you people who work, work, work, by the mark, and are never done? What are we to do when you make everything move by the day and minute? And then the foreigners—the Italians, the Germans—pigs!"

He sat for a moment brooding over his misfortunes and then continued: "They work, work, work, work, like you. And then come the Spaniards. They send them by thousands, Señor. They will conquer us again. What are we to do, we Cubans. What is a gentleman to do?"

In his way, my old planter-friend spoke for Cuba. The natives of the lazy island are alarmed at a change in conditions which threatens to force them to the wall. American capital came with American occupation. Our energetic countrymen took possession of some of the ruined plantations and wrecked sugar-mills; not many, but enough to force the market a bit, and to show their Cuban neighbors how to do things. Such tactics hardly suit the Cubans—natural loafers, descendants of a long line of tropical dwellers. In town and city they see Americans with approved appliances and energetic business methods forcing in and forging ahead. No wonder, then, that they look about them and ask: "What is to become of us? Where do we come in?"

To complicate matters, the Spanish, strange as it may seem, are pouring into the land which their government has abandoned. This week, a line steamer from Cadiz brought over eleven hundred of them. Six thousand have arrived in the past three months. Most of them are of the laboring class; and they are crowding the market, now crammed as full as can be. They come independently, lured by the promise of a rich land under an enlightened government, or they are brought over by Spanish planters already resident in the island. These people are laborers mainly, and very poor. It is said that the Spanish government is favoring their emigration, hoping to relieve the surplus in their own country. In time, these people will find employment in the new enterprises of the Americans. Railroad building alone will absorb all this surplus and more too, but for the present they crowd every department of labor, skilled and unskilled, and spill over into the mendicant class. Those who can find employment are working with the energy of starvation, and their industry, added to American enterprise, is a further complication for the native Cubans.

Some Spanish planters have tried the plan of sending to Italy for laborers, but they were forced to desist by public opinion, which is hard-set against Italians and all things Italian—possibly because they know that these people will work harder than the Americans and live cheaper than the Negros. At any rate, when the plan was proposed to the Cuban Planters' Association, they vetoed it out of hand.

The whole question of labor in Cuba is peculiar and complicated. There are too many laborers now; in a year or so there will probably be too few. Then, a few years later, when the American enterprises—railroads, factories, etc.—have been put under way, there will be another overcrowded market. The poor Cubans are between two opinions on the whole question. There is the prevailing feeling which my old planter expressed, that the coming of new blood will operate to crowd the native half whites to the wall; and there is the feeling, cherished by the more enlightened Cubans, that the influx of whites, however undesirable, is better than negro domination.

Meanwhile, American improvement goes forward as rapidly as is possible in the unsettled and uncertain condition of the country. Large investors are waiting the slow move of Congress before advancing their work. Small farmers from Spain and the United States are already purchasing locations. The people of Havana and the other large towns are getting used to the sanitary notions of the American authorities, and the struggle of General Brooke and his aides becomes more and more easy as the people learn by experience that dirt breeds disease. A story which may or may not have reached the United States is floating around apropos these same sanitary measures. Brooke has been working, in Havana proper, by means of a corps of district inspectors. Many of these do not speak Spanish and work with the help of Cuban interpreters. One inspector had on his beat a shop-keeper, the owner of a particularly filthy property. On every tour, the inspector "called him down"—through the interpreter, but with no result at all. Finally, growing suspicious, he took along another official who, unknown to the interpreter, spoke Spanish. Here is the way the latter reported the conversation. *The officer*: "Tell the gentleman that he has got to scrub this place out and clean his premises. We have waited long enough and if it is not done by to-morrow, we will be under the necessity of placing him under arrest. His place is a disgrace to the city!" *The interpreter*: "This Yankee pig says something about brushing out the place. You needn't mind it at all, Senor, as it doesn't make any difference. It's only a Yankee notion."

There is a new interpreter on the sanitary force.

The Gifts in the Power of the Mayor.

MAYOR PHELAN just at present is in the position of the little boy with a pocketful of bird's eggs. He has a number of offices under his control that he can give away to his friends; he is obliged to give them away or he can't sit down; and yet he hates to run his hand down into his pocket for fear of breaking something. Marsden Monson and C. E. Grunsky are said to be booked for places on the Board of Public Works. "Charlie" Fay is spoken of for the other place. George W. McGillivray, who is experienced in large mining enterprises and in the employment of large numbers of men, is a candidate for one of these places. J. Leo Park is out for the secretaryship, and Emil Polhi is mentioned for an election commissioner. For the Civil Service Commission, John Ginty of the assessor's office if said to be a candidate.

* * *

Under the new charter, one of the Park Commissioners must be an artist. The mayor may retain the three incumbents and appoint two others. John Stanton may be one of these. The status of the Park police is not clear, the section in the charter that provides for turning the body into the regular city force being somewhat clouded. There is some talk among the gold Democrats that appointments will be made with a view toward sending an anti-Bryan delegation to the National Convention. William Alvord, E. B. Pond, Stewart Menzies and L. R. Ellert are mentioned for Police Commissioners. Ellert was to have been Sheriff's attorney, but that office is now under Civil Service rules. Ex-Chief Crowley and Theodore F. Bonnet are also named in this connection. Bonnet and William Biggy are talked of for Chief of Police. The contest between the Supervisors for the Finance Committee chairmanship is very keen. At first the fight was between Reed and Brandenstein, but the latter is now out of it, and Joe Tobin has entered the list.

* * *

War vs. Religion.

THE hard looks and hard words exchanged "cross-lots" between the members of the returned Tennessee Regiment and the dusky Forty-Eighth prior to the removal of the latter into quarantine, reminds me of the mix-up in a regiment from a Middle Western State, which shall be nameless in these days when General Funston and the Archbishops are wrangling over desecrated churches. It chanced that two companies of the regiment had been drafted from the rival militia companies in a big mining town, where the A. P. A. and the Roman Catholic Church are especially strong and he who is not for is against. Now, in their old militia days, one company had been made up entirely of Roman Catholics, mostly Irishmen, and the other entirely of A. P. A. men. When they enlisted for the war and encamped in the common regiment, the trouble began. The first day in camp there were a dozen fights, contested singly or by squads; inside the week, the remainder of the regiment had to be called out to quell a full-sized riot. So it happened that when they reached San Francisco, they were put on entirely opposite sides of the regimental camp. Even this did not wholly keep the peace, and so it chanced that, when they reached the Philippines, the regiment did its work by sections, one battalion remaining in camp while the other chased insurgents. By this means, the colonel, a Solomon in his generation, kept the belligerents apart until they had seen enough fighting to satisfy even the Irishmen.

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Nome Miners and the Placer Monopoly.

WHILE Nome is a "poor man's camp" in that only a small share of the beach diggings are assigned to each miner working along the tide line, yet the poorer residents of Anvil City are much dissatisfied with the regular government laws operating in the case of placer claims lying above the beach. Last week, a number of returned Nome miners held a meeting in Seattle and drew up a petition to Congress asking that the placer mining laws of Alaska be so amended as to give all an equal opportunity on locations. In the case of Nome, this is like locking the stable door after the steed is gone, because all the pay ground at that camp will be taken up long before the measure can become a law. Now, a placer claim is 1500 by 600 feet. Under this arrangement, a very few claims occupy a square mile of ground, and in the rich districts there are none too many miles of pay dirt. An additional grievance is the abuse of the power-of-attorney law, by which a scheming capitalist can get hold of a whole rich district. It is said that every miner at Nome not in the placer monopoly will sign a petition similar to the one circulated in Seattle.

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A Dizzy Honor.

IT IS not every American citizen can be Imperial Motorman to the Emperor of Korea, yet that is the official designation of William F. Whitney, I. M. E. C., formerly plain citizen of San Francisco. Mr. Whitney wears numberless badges of honor, is addressed as "Your Excellency," resides in a palace, and all on earth he has to do is to make the imperial motor mote. Every time he saves the Emperor's life he receives a new decoration. Whenever the lights go out, or the trolley runs off the wire, or the car runs down a milkman's jinriksha, it means a medal for the faithful crank-subduer. Some day he will run into something, that he can't fix, and then off goes his head. Meanwhile he is laying up heirlooms for his family.

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An Honest Indian.

IT IS hard for people who have lived along the reservations and know only the degenerate quarter-civilized Indian, to believe in the Cooper tradition of aboriginal virtue. Nevertheless, the people of Coulee, Washington, have learned that there are good Indians outside of the ones rendered good by a Winchester rifle. Three years ago, while a band of hop-pickers were passing through the town, a girl among them obtained credit for a few small articles from McDonald Bros., storekeepers in the place. The clerk in charge, not knowing her name, entered the goods on his books to "Squaw, Young and Good-looking," and became the joke of the town thereby. The handsome customer was not heard from again until this fall, when a young buck came in and paid the bill. He explained that the squaw was his wife. She had fallen ill in the hop-fields and died, asking, on the last day of her life, that her relatives pay the account at Coulee. Although it took three years for him to save the money and the account had then become invalid by law, the husband had faithfully honored the request. The account to "Squaw, Young and Good-looking" is treasured by McDonald Bros. as the monument of an honest Indian.

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A Horseless Stage in the Northwest.

THE influence of the automobile, radiating from Paris, the center of the world for horseless carriages, has extended to the farthest boundaries of the civilized world. On the westward march it came to San Francisco some six or eight months ago, and although it is said that there are only two in the entire city, more are ordered for next summer. And now, it has reached the great Northwest. The little mining camp of Ashcroft, British Columbia, has a horseless wagon running daily from that town to Caribou, several miles distant, having displaced a horse-drawn stage on the route. It makes the trip in half the time required by the old method, and has already saved much money for the miners and residents. So well has the innovation worked, that other towns in British Columbia and Washington are placing orders for horseless carriages with Eastern firms. Although Ashcroft is on Canadian soil, the machine in question is of American make.

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The Wave's Salmon Edition.

THE issue of the *Wave* of November 11 was very favorably received in Washington, and especially along the Sound. Thousands of people who have seen salmon fishing in all its details were for the first time made aware of the extent of the industry. The double page of photos illustrating the various stages of the business occasioned a good deal of comment. They were taken by W. B. Huntoon, County Surveyor of Whatcom county, and an expert photographer. Through a mistake, Mr. Huntoon's name was not printed with the pictures.

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The Commander of Yerba Buena Station.

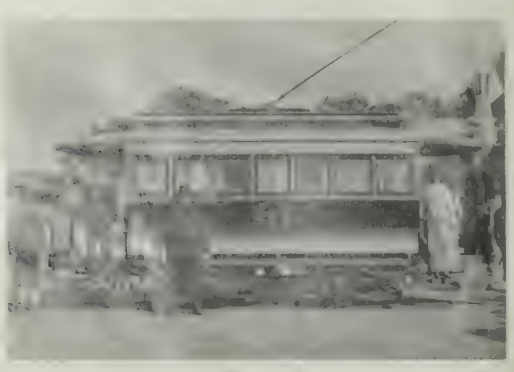
Captain Henry Glass, U. S. N., has since the end of last March been one of the busiest men about San Francisco Bay. Directly upon his return from the Asiatic Station, where he was in command of the cruiser *Charleston*, he was assigned to the command of the Yerba Buena Naval Training Station, which at that time existed only in the shape of an order for the allotment of land necessary to construct the station and the plans for the buildings. But Captain Glass was interested in the success of the affairs, for it fitted with his views as to the necessity of providing an institution on the Pacific Coast where naval talent could be developed. When the station was first talked of, it was Captain Glass's strong endorsement which did much toward forwarding the plan with the navy department. So when in March of this year orders came for the Captain to go ahead, he was willing enough to begin with nothing but a set of architect's drawings and see the institution grow. And grown it has, not alone in the construction of the buildings, wharves, and all the accessories of a perfect naval station, but through the efforts of Captain Glass the station has been doing grand service even before its home is completed. Already nearly two hundred and fifty apprentices have been recruited at the station and the three Spanish cruisers which were raised after Dewey's great victory will be manned by lads who were educated under Captain Glass's direction. The ship *Pensacola* is being used as a temporary barracks while the permanent barracks are under construction. Captain Glass is practically a Californian, so long has he been stationed at or near San Francisco. He is an officer who gained his higher naval education in the same school with Admiral Dewey, stepping directly from a magnificent career at the naval academy to the deck of an American war-ship, in those stirring times of the Rebellion when the fleets were sadly in need of competent officers. The building up of the Yerba Buena Station is not the first opportunity which has been given him to assist as a naval educator, for his term as superintendent at Annapolis is one of the brightest eras which that institution has ever enjoyed. Under his command, the Yerba Buena Station is already an immense success and it will continue to be one of the genuinely meritorious institutions of California.

* * *

While on sea duty, Captain Glass commanded in turn the *Cincinnati* and *Texas*; when the Spanish war commenced he was assigned to the command of the *Charleston*, California's first warship, now wrecked on the shores of the Philippines. With her, he convoyed the first fleet of transports to leave San Francisco, making at that time the longest journey ever undertaken by an invading army. En route to Manila, the *Charleston* paused long enough to effect the capture of the Ladrones, the Spanish Governo General personally surrendering the group to Captain Glass. Afterwards, he was assigned by Admiral Dewey as Captain of the Port at Manila, and while in that position took the lead in untangling the affairs of Manila's custom house and revenue service. His exhaustive study of International law, upon which he has himself written a treatise of very great value, was of great assistance to the Government during the earlier days of American occupation at Manila. During the short space of seven months Captain Glass's new command at Yerba Buena has so far advanced that within a very short time the entire school will be moved on shore into the most perfectly equipped station of its kind in the world. Its construction has helped to beautify the island, which is most prominent in San Francisco Bay, and its maintenance will reflect credit upon California and the naval material which she can develop by its course of instruction.

BOSWELL, JR.

A substance much resembling celluloid is now made out of skim milk. It is utilized for the manufacture of oil cloth, book coverings, hair combs, billiard balls, etc. The advantage claimed for this substance is that it is non-inflammable and impervious to water. A company has been formed in the East to produce the material on a large scale.



The Emperor's Car in charge of W. H. Whitney, Imperial Motorman.

The Old Method of Transportation in Korea.

THE KOREAN ELECTRIC LINE.

INTERIOR VIEWS OF SOME OF SEATTLE'S LUXURIOUS GAMBLING DENS

THE TIGER IN SEATTLE.

EVERY week, nearly fifty thousand dollars passes from the pockets of the citizens of Seattle and the floating "Klondike" population into the capacious maw of the tiger which lurks behind the green gaming-tables of four city resorts. Never in the history of the Queen City has gambling been so open, so flagrant, or so well protected by law. The houses run wide-open; they have most efficient police protection, which is more than can be said of their patrons. Klondike miners, common laboring men and Seattle merchants are equally welcome—so long as their money holds out.

Certain mistaken moral reformers who have been fighting the evil in their own way have assumed that these resorts are patronized only by the drunken and vagrant portion of the city's population. A visit to the den of the tiger would teach them more concerning the true state of affairs than any amount of theoretical knowledge. The well-dressed men predominate. City clerks, business men, most of them young, make up the bulk of the Saturday night crowds. There is a fair sprinkling of mechanics and laboring men and of Klondike miners, dropping their "stacks" in the hope of gaining more, but the bulk of the fifty thousand dollars that crosses these tables—to stay—every week, comes from men who are palpably permanent residents of Seattle.

The Standard, the largest of the four, has about eighteen tables and employs seventy-five men. The White House has seven tables and twenty-six men. There are eight tables in the Horseshoe and thirty-two men and five tables in Clancy's, with twenty men to operate them. This brings the total to one hundred and fifty men. Probably as many more are employed in the "underground service" as watchers, "cappers," etc. When there is added to this the members of the police force almost certainly in the pay of the houses, it will be seen that the pay-rolls of the institution are large enough to make a respectable showing. There s a slight pretense of police regulation. Crap games are abooed, but "log-rolling," which amounts to the same thing, is substituted. Faro and roulette are popular with the owners of the dens because they are the two games most easily "fixed." Liquor is prohibited by police regulation, but the thirsty have only to step down-stairs to satisfy their cravings. All the houses are below the dead line marked by Yesler Way. They are grouped close together and there is no rivalry. While the Standard attracts the most customers, the other houses are preferred by the more secretive and the more elegant, because they can gamble there in peace and lose their money in gilded surroundings.

"When thieves fall out, then honest men have a chance." Time was, when the gamblers defeated their own ends by falling out and making mutual complaint to the police. It was a costly quarrel for them, costing them many thousands of dollars and much influence. Then they got together, arranged matters with the proper persons, and the click of the wheel and the music of the chips went on again below the dead line.

Brilliantly lighted, exquisitely furnished, the attendants well dressed, the atmosphere genteel, these houses are attractive places on the surface. Below the surface are stories innumerable of lost fortunes, bartered honor, ruin and even death. No city in the country has so large a proportionate homeless population as Seattle. To a man with nothing more than a cold room to return to in the evening, these places are certainly alluring. The gamblers know this, and they play for that very element, which forms their principal source of revenue. Meanwhile, the reformers moralize, the police close their eyes, the citizens remark that "it keeps things going," and the gamblers draw down their $50,000 per week. And the shorn lambs? Oh, well, they do not count.

Four new buildings have just been opened for use at Harvard University. One, a social hall with rooms for meetings of all kinds, is erected as a memorial to the late Phillips Brooks. The others include a boat-house, a large dining hall and an infirmary.

PAUL DE LONGPRE AND HIS FLOWERS.

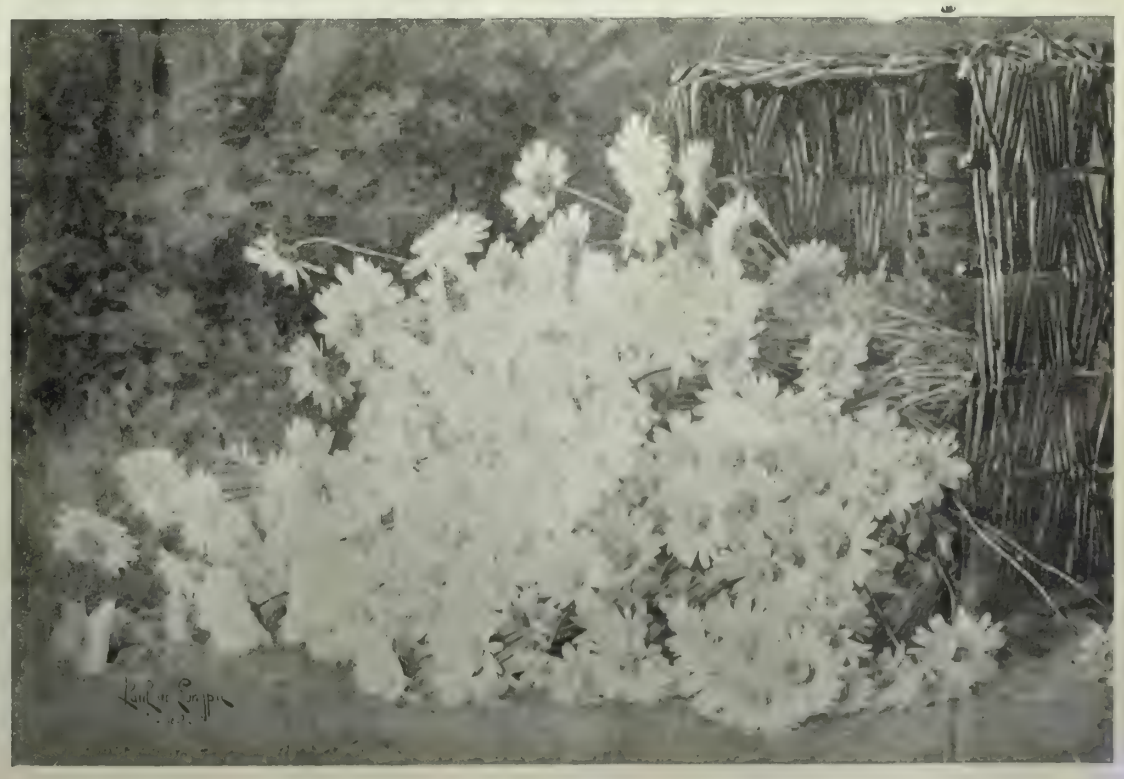
SAN FRANCISCO has just had the opportunity of seeing an interesting exhibition of flower paintings by Paul de Longpre, formerly of Paris and New York, who has taken up his residence in California. Mr. de Longpre has, more than have most painters, the peculiar excellence of faithfulness in the minute details of his studies, joined with great feeling, correct values, delicacy of coloring and individuality of treatment. Some of his latest work is especially fine and delicate. The collection includes the paintings from the new studio at Los Angeles, as well as a considerable number of his older pictures. At first sight the minuteness and detail of his work would seem to come rather within the scope of photography than of art; but his composition, his color contrasts, and his poetic treatment grow upon one until the painstaking verisimilitude becomes praiseworthy of itself.

Paul de Longpre has had a romantic and eventful life. His mother was a Creole, born on the island of Martinique, accomplished, of great charm of manner, and rich. She married a young artist aristocrat who spent her fortune and deserted her. The family removed to Paris. Paul, one of seven children, taught himself to paint, married at 18, and decorated fans for a living until 21, when his first picture was accepted by the Paris Salon. Since then his life has been a series of successes.

In France the painter was known as the Marquis Paul Maucherat de Longpre, descendant of the ducal houses of de Luynes and de Chevreuse, and of the French statesman, the Marquis de Mesmees. But in America he does not use his title, preferring to be known as a plain painter of flowers. He has taken up his residence in California because of the lavishness of Nature in this favored State. Mr. de Longpre thinks that he has never before seen such roses and carnations as those of California's gardens, nor such vivid coloring as in the blossoms that run wild upon her hills.

"In June-Time."

A Panel of Iris.



Field Dasies.

FLOWER STUDIES BY PAUL DE LONGPRE.

1. Leaving the Hospital. 2. The Funeral Cortege. 3. In the Cemetery. 4. Removing the Casket. 5 The Soldiers' Grave. 6. Verifying the Names. 7. Dust to Dust. 8. The Farewell Volley.

AN ARMY FUNERAL AT MANILA.

1. Evening Dress Row 2. Prize Golf Doll.—Francis, maker. 3. Prize Baby Doll —Magnin maker. 4. Newmarket Coat. 5. Prize Calling Costume, heavy purple cloth —K. Max, maker.
6. Queen of them all —Ball Gown, pink mousseline de soie, by Mme. Bellerive. 7. Evening Gown, white chiffon, by Mrs. Mulroney.—Prize winner in its class.

QUEENS OF FASHION, DOLL SHOW OF THE DOCTORS' DAUGHTERS.

IN A GREAT PRINTING HOUSE.

HOW PRINTING ESTABLISHMENTS HANDLE THE MECHANICAL PART OF BOOK MAKING.

THE average citizen who reads books and enjoys good book-making has probably little idea of the immense amount of work lavished on the merely mechanical part of current books and magazines. Just now, a half a hundred presses throughout the East are working steadily producing the Christmas output. These are busy times in the offices, when the staff is grinding and visitors are not welcome. The trade of bookmaking has been developed and specialized greatly in these latter years, and has become so complex that the great publishing houses and leading magazines are letting out their work to printing establishments.

One of the most striking impressions to be had from a a walk through a modern printing office is the extremely satisfactory results arising from the division of labor and responsibility. On the one hand, the magazine editor, or the head of the book publishing house, is enabled to dispense with anything like even a smattering of typographical knowledge. All he has to trouble himself about is the literary, artistic and, generally, "*ne captandum*" quality of the manuscripts and designs. "They send us the stuff," said one head of a printing house, "and we send them back their magazine, cover and all, finished."

On the other hand, the heads of these printing establishments need trouble themselves about questions of copyright or of libel no more than any apprentice in their composing rooms. What they have to think of is the perfection of their processes and the punctuality with which their work is turned out.

In attaining both these ends the typesetting machine, or linotype, has been of great service to printers of books in recent years. Several well known American magazines, including *The Bookman*, are printed in this way, and the machines are extensively used for the highest class of bound volumes. The Mergenthaler has been so improved as to render its resources fully equal to all the demands of italicizing and of strange and unusual accentuation.

Another striking thing is the large number of women employed as compositors. "And," said one large employer of this class of labor, himself an old printer, "they do well at it. I consider it a good calling for a girl, much better than many others which girls are in the habit of taking up. The hours are not long. The surroundings are not pregjudicial to them as women. The work is not unhealthful, They are not obliged to stand. And they make good wages. some more and some less. We pay by the piece. We have a good many girls in our office and also some middle-aged women. The women are members of the Union just as well as the men."

Education in a printer is useful only up to a certain point. "College bred men are a nuisance," said one veteran printer, who happens to be himself a college bred man. "They want to thrust their ideas of what is right into their work, where they have no business to. A college education may be good for the man himself in the long run, but it does not make him any better as a compositor. And college bred men don't make good proofreaders, either. The best proofreader is generally an old ex-compositor."

In some offices the trained compositor has the best chance for all good places, even clerical. The theory appears to be that practical knowledge of the craft helps in every department of the business. Ex-compositors are preferred for clerkships and for typewriters in the business office, and the chief bookkeeper in one great office has worked up to that place through many ranks of the composing room.

When letterpress, pictures, head pieces, colophons and covers have all been properly set, there remains the electrotyping, by which the production of such fine work as has brought fame to American publishers in this generation in such enormous numbers of copies, and at so small cost, is made possible. Once electrotyped, the forms are, like companies of soldiers who have done their duty, disbanded, and the movable type returned to the cases. It is the plates that survive, to perpetuate the work of the author and the illustrator. These plates are the property of the publisher. The printer stores them away for future use should another edition or a republication be called for. It is part of the business of a large book printing house to furnish a resting place for plates that have done their part in enlightening or amusing the public, as well as to bestow them in such order as to make it easy to find any required plate or plates at short notice. The imagination staggers at the conception of the tons of metal lying in order in the cellars of printing offices, which to-day represent the least perishable part of much magazine literature during the last twenty years. Some of these may rise again, but most will not. Here is a new field for the collector; original plates of once famous works. What dilettante, for instance, would not rejoice to hang in his library the plates of the expurgated "Sibley" paragraphs of "Trilby," appropriately framed and glazed?

Among the great monthly magazines of New York, two—*Scribner's* and *The Century*—employ outside concerns to do their printing. The former of these two has been for fifteen years printed by the Trow Directory Company. The Harpers own their own plant. *The Century* is printed by the famous De Vinne Press, of which the best known printer in America is the head.

"My father went to work as a printer when he was fourteen," said Theodore L. De Vinne, son of the founder of the De Vinne Press. "He is over seventy now. I am a practical printer myself. Yes, I have been through the mill regularly. I hope to make a printer of my youngster."

If this aspiration is attained, there will have been three successive generations of that family in the craft. From this it seems that the De Vinnes—if any one wants to know how to pronounce the name, the final "e" is not silent—like to print. This heredity of an occupation used to be common enough in former times, and some say that its natural force in the Asclepiads of Stagyra produced Aristotle, who was of that stock. It is common enough in the old Asiatic countries. But here and now, in the whirling, fleeting conditions of American life, it is remarkable.

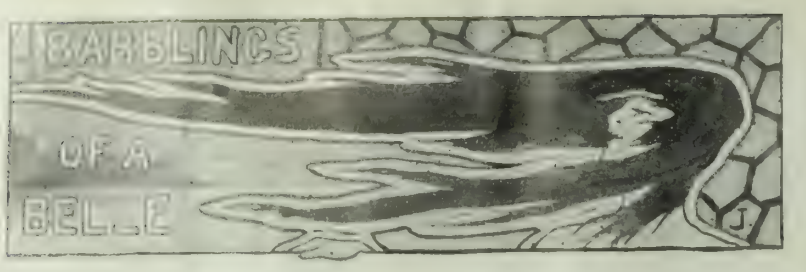
SOLDIER FUNERALS IN MANILA.

FUNERALS of soldiers in the Philippines depend much on circumstances. When it is possible, the regimental officers try to bury their dead with full military honors. Of course, this cannot be done when the dead must be disposed of quickly on the field of action. Then, a burying party goes out at night, working, perhaps, under fire, and inters its dead in hastily-made graves, or perhaps in abandoned trenches. The solemn words of the chaplain, consigning dust to dust and ashes to ashes and the blowing of "taps" by the bugler, the touching good-night which ends the burial rites of every soldier, are the only ceremonies. One thing is always observed. Regular or volunteer, officer or private, every American soldier who fell in Luzon lies wrapped in the stars and stripes.

When it is possible, when there has been time to carry the dead back to headquarters, or when the victims have died in hospital, there is a regular military funeral, with the regiment on parade in honor of the dead and all the solemnity of a last service. The regular escort and the traditional three volleys over the grave are never omitted. With very few exceptions, those in authority have always seen that nothing which can honor the dead or comfort the survivors is omitted. Thus, in cases where the chaplain of the regiment is not of the same faith as the dead, a clergyman of his faith is procured if it is possible. In this way it has happened that, in lieu of a priest of his own blood, many a Roman Catholic soldier has been consigned to his rest by a priest from among the people of the enemy.

With the regulars, there is a difference made between officers and privates, the former being interred, if it can be done, according to the form laid down in the regulations, while the latter are buried with rather scant ceremony. But the volunteers make little difference between their commanders and their comrades. All alike are given full military honors; the right of death as the great leveller of ranks is always respected.

Our illustrations represent the burial of six volunteers, who died in the First Reserve Hospital from wounds received in the severe Malabon campaign. In this instance, hearses were brought from Manila, near by, and the bodies, although interred of necessity in one grave, were given all the honors of war. Officer and private together, they lie now outside the walls of Manila awaiting the great Reveille, a measure of the price we are paying for our new nation.



I HAVE been so much with the puppets in the doll show, Diary Dear, I am beginning to feel as though doll life would be rather nice for a change. The show was a tremendous success financially and socially. Jennie Blair, Julia Buckbee and Miss McEwen may congratulate themselves on their ability to make any show go. "Marie Louise's" hat of mink and coffee velvet, and that darling gown Miss Mulroney made, were my pick of the show. These gems were bought by Miss Dillon for a raffle for the Youth's Directory. I have heard that all the dolls she bought she has given to different charitable institutions to be raffled for Xmas toys for the children.

How proud Mrs. Graf must be of her Columbia school. Just think, these children support a bed in the Children's Hospital, and every year contribute something to the doll show. The baby doll, with the daintiest white skirts and beautifully-embroidered flannel underskirts, was a masterpiece. It was entirely the work of Grace Graf and Lillie Bjorn. The little dress all the Children's Furnishing Houses people in town came to see, owing to its great beauty. It was all great fun and we girls who helped Julia Buckbee with the refreshments had a fine old time. George Newhall and Henry Crocker made things very lively in the evening, and after it was all over, we went to the new supper room in the Palace Hotel. It really is a superb affair; reminded me of Sherry's supper room in New York. There was a great crowd, and the music was fine. You know it is not expensive at all, and I do hope people will ask us girls to go there after the theatre, instead of to another place in town, which has really nothing to recommend it but its music. For my part, I think this music infinitely superior, and the cooking and serving are the sort of thing one reads about, but very seldom gets.

I have been having such a gay week, it is really difficult for me to tell you what I enjoyed most. Wednesday Ethel Hager and Grace Baldwin each invited me to a luncheon at the University Club. I could not divide myself in two, so drew lots as to which of the girls should be most highly entertained. Grace was the fortnate one. The luncheon was given in honor of her Santa Barbara friends. There were three of them there, Kate Stow, Miriam More and Bessie Cooper. Bessie kept us amused throughout the entire luncheon. She has such a keen sense of humor, and gets fun out of everyone and everything. The girls all had fun and of course the luncheon was good. Ethel Hager's was in honor of Eleanor Poole, who is spending a few weeks here on her way from Japan. She is a nice girl, and really a liberal education on things Japanese. On Thursday Mrs. Irwin gave a luncheon at her home and Leila was there. She said it was beautiful. Pink roses and violets were the table decorations. Leila fell in love with Mrs. Ivers, Mrs. Irwin's mother. The name cards were little Hawaiian fish, the cunningest things possible. Edith McBean also gave a luncheon on Thursday, at which we had a good time. It was in the University Club, and given to all of "we girls" who go together—Therese Morgan, Edna Hopkins, Mary Scott, etc. Helen Hopkins will be home soon now, and I am glad. She is the nicest sort of a girl. One can be so sure that anything one tells her will go no further.

Mrs. Bowen and Miss Bowen gave a large tea on Monday at the Pendleton. Margaret Bender, Mrs. Moody and several of the other girls helped them to receive. Mai Moody looked so pretty. She has such poetic eyes and quite the quiet, refined air of a girl brought up in the old school. I saw a lot of the girls I know there, and as the refreshments were particularly good, some of us had a real meal.

I went to Andrew Martin's funeral on Friday morning feeling very unhappy. Poor Genevieve! She was so happy and bright two months ago; and now sorrow in the cruellest form has been laid heavily on her young shoulders. It was a great shock to her, for she never realized how really ill he was until about two weeks ago, in Santa Barbara. I think Genevieve has the deepest sympathy of all her friends.

Owing to the sadness of my morning I could not enjoy Maude Mullin's luncheon as much as I otherwise should have. It was given to Ethel Hagar, who is awfully witty and bright. However, as I was the only sad one at the feast, things went off gaily and we all had a fine time.

Lucille Younger has announced her engagement to Baron Carl Gall, lieutenant in the Imperial Army of Austria. He is a stunning looking fellow and holds a responsible position as he is one of the royal guards. Lucille we all know is bright and interesting. She is [illegible] and the last time I saw her she reminded me of Mrs. Joe Tobin. Just the same willowy, graceful figure and superb carriage. Leila is very much worried over the illness of Mrs. Paul Jarboe. She is, I think, now a little better. Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels is also quite ill with acute bronchitis. It has been necessary for her to postpone her receptions until later in the season. Her house, on Pacific avenue and Gough street, will be awfully pretty and the view from there is simply ideal.

The engagement is also announced of my Oakland crush, Miss Alice Herrick. I have always liked her best of all the Herricks and am so glad she is to marry Mr. Joe Stanford. He is a splendid fellow, but not any too nice for Miss Herrick. Alice Masten, too, is engaged. She is to be married to Lieutenant Cave Johnson. I have always thought Alice the prettiest of the Masten sisters. She is in every way a very nice, sensible girl. Lieutenant Johnson is a Southerner, with a most delightful accent and fine family. I met him when he was out here a few months ago, and found him a fine fellow in every way. I am very sorry that by her marrying him we shall lose her from our midst. I was so sorry not to have been able to go to the football game on Saturday last, but I was asked to receive at the Huntington tea. First of all, I went to the Josselyns, and had a chance to see the charming decorations, and the girls who all looked so pretty. Marie Josselyn is a dear girl, a little more shy I think perhaps than the other buds. When one knows her, however, she is sweet and very winning in her ways. Her great chum, Addie Murphy, will soon be here; she has been having a fine time in the East, where she has a great many friends. The Huntington tea was very large, and the number of young fellows that turned up was perfectly splendid. The music was fine, and we all hated awfully to go home, Most of the buds received with Elizabeth, and a few of the older girls. So far, I think it was the tea of the season, yet I did have a good time at the Stubbs', and Lulu says none could have been more delightful than the Josselyns. Mr. and Mrs. Huntington will give a dinner the last week of this month, to which I am going. On the night of La Jeunesse the Kings will give a dinner, so will Katherine Dillon. This next La Jeunesse is to be a great affair. It comes the day after Thanksgiving, so the patronesses have decided to make it a university dance. The hall will be decorated in Havard and Yale and Stanford and U. C. colors. Any number of flags will be festooned around and most of the girls will wear gowns to suit the university boy with whom she will dance. It is to be a very large affair. I have never seen more enthusiastic patronesses; they spare neither expense nor trouble in making their parties the events of the year.

Poor Billy McLaine and Chester Murphy have each received quite serious injuries at football, and are at present going around feeling very much the worse for wear. The Carrols give a large diuner at the University Club on Wednesday evening, to which I am going. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas will give a dinner to Edith Preston next week and I am so glad to go, for it means I shall hear Helen sing, and I love her voice and she is so nice about it. I hope little Edith Stubbs will be there; she is the dearest and the sweetest little thing and dresses most charmingly. This week Mrs. Crocker will give the last of her dinners and receptions. It is to be a very large affair, but more informal than the others, for she is asking a number of the girls and their partners, who will afterwards adjourn to the second 'Fortnightly' dance. I am so sorry these receptions are so nearly over, for they have been tremendously successful and have given us girls some of the jolliest dinners we have ever had here. The Scotts introduce their daughters. Mary and Georgi Hopkins formally at a big reception next Saturday. I shall tell you all about it next week. I am sure it will be a royal affair, for Mrs. Scott always entertains in a magnificent manner. Now, Diary dear, I think I have told you all the news I can remember. Notwithstanding the recent wet weather the girls go out to the Golf Club daily. The men are practicing hard for the match on Thanksgiving Day. There is to be a "Council's Cup" for the winner. There have been a good many men playing in Oakland, but the girls there are not so enthusiastic as are ones in town. The San Rafael links are in perfect condition, but are not much frequented at this season except on Saturday and Sunday.

MISS CRICKET.

Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Hayes Larkin and Ninth. American or European plan. Ira R. and James H. Doolittle.

At the Doll Show.

x x x

TWO women stood in front of a prize beauty; the elder woman was afflicted with the portly sway-backed figure so common among elderly San Franciscans, and so fatal to a skirts front breadth.

She looked as if she were perpetually going down a hill and was proud of it.

Her companion was the other kind; hipless, insignificant—a little old-fashioned violet, a trifle frost-bitten and discontented about the mouth.

"It's evident that there's no use trying to look like anything" she said, the lines of discontent deepening, "unless one has an air of owning the earth."

"I've always told you," returned she of the too solid flesh, "I've always told you that a girl must act as if *all* men were in love with her before *any* of them will be."

"Men! Love!" (youth is ever scornful) "I was thinking of the women! How they would fear me if I could sweep into a room looking like that!" She nodded towards Madam Mulroney's master piece in crystal chiffon whose dainty, modest poise made her a thing apart in dolldom.

"I suppose its just the thing" (the elder person was dubious) "but she looks to me as if she had been eating green apples. It was'nt considered a graceful attitude in my day." She sighed a reminiscent sigh.

"She's all right," the hipless-she interjected, "except"—screwing up her discontented eyes critically—"except the front of her bodice; it's too high for style and those pink roses are dead off—they'd look fearful on a human being—like a San Rafael verandah in the summer time." "I thought they were very sweet" said the ponderous one meekly.

"And that rhine-stone buckle on her back" interupted mademoiselle, "if the proportions were kept up, it would be the size of a dinner plate on a girl of even my few inches. I should'nt be so critical! Why not? Its being critical that counts" (they passed on up the aisle and down the next.) "Women would still be wearing silk frocks and paper-soled shoes on the streets if we had't gotten critical. What would you have thought of a costume like this in your time?" They paused in front of the golf girl.

"I'd have thought it ugly and I'd have been 'dead right' as you say."

"But she's stunning! Just look at her swagger little checked skirt and her cunning little shoes!" The maid was enthusiastic.

"Stunning enough here"—replied she of avoirdupois—"or on some skinny half developed creature, but just imagine it on a fine big woman!" Her eye said, ("such as I was.") "How top-heavy and clumsy she'd look—her feet like mud scows, her waist obscured by that loose coat and the flowing feminine line from hip to instep broken by short skirt and high boot."

"I suppose you object to this tailor made suit too" muttered the maid.

"No"—the old eyes looked almost wistfully at the purple cloth suit, a gown fit for a duchess—"No, to tell the truth I've always had a deep and secret regret that they were'nt worn here in the days when I had a figure. You who have grown up in them can't realize what a terrible thing it is for a girl never to have had a tailor made suit! When I was young, we did'nt know what they were, not here anyway, but my soul hungered for something of the kind. I consoled myself with my riding habit and wore it on every possible occasion, but one could'nt go to church in a riding habit———good gracious!" She stopped stricken still by a long, baggy, light coat. "What do you call that?"

"I don't see," said the maid, "why you should faint at a Newmarket and golf dress if you like tailor-made suits. I can't see much difference."

"That's because you are so young—so terribly young!" The elderly person put up her veil and wiped her brow. "A tailor suit merely accentuates the difference between the masculine and feminine form, this dreadful thing obliterate it! Its common-sense gone mad! of course, she continued more calmly, "you think my ideas are out of date, very likely they are, but show me anything with real beauty in it and I can feel it just so keenly as you. Take this pink ball dress by Marie Bellerive. Don't I know how fascinating its clinging sheath-like overskirt is; can't I appreciate that chic simple, bertha about the bust and that little touch of intense color near the right shoulder? I can see how beautiful it would be with a woman's warm, white shoulders rising above it and understand how lovinging its skirt would cling to softly rounded hips and fluff out, dainty and debonnaire, about moving feet. And that white cloth dress—simple, elegant—yes, it's an old-fashioned word—nothing is as it used to be, you say. No, not exactly—there's no doubt that woman's desires and ambitions are changing—*some*. But, in the main, they're just what they've always been, and always will be.

"The trouble with you children of to-day is, that you don't know what you want. In my time we did. We knew exactly; we wanted to be charming and feminine and—married. Now, that's just what you girls want, too—pooh—yes it is! But you don't know it; that's the great difference. You haven't definitely settled the matter in your minds. Result: Old maids—Newmarkets, shoes like a ploughman's, hats like a vulgar fop's—you thought you knew your 'way about,' but you can't follow me? Don't you see—few of you seem to have decided to which sex you belong, or what you are out for. When I was a girl it was Matrimony that we wanted; we knew it and we got it—most of us—but you children haven't any set purpose in existence. You think you've lost the old one—oh, well maybe you have, we'll allow that, and you haven't gotten a new—that is most of you haven't; consequently you don't get any thing in particular, not wanting it. Result: General discontent and—mannish, man-repelling Newmarkets. You don't see yet? Well! well! Can't you understand that if a girl definitely remembers that she is, unluckily, a girl, and realizes that most females only get things through some man; that she will dress to attract them? But men like these sensible shoes and short skirts—yes, they do like them, that's just it—they like them. Nothing could prove my side of the case better; they like them, but—they aren't fascinated by them as any doll show can demonstrate."

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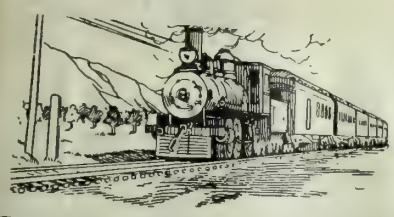

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The Oil Industry.

There is a sharp rivalry between the Southern California and the Southern Pacific railroads for the oil traffic at Fullerton. The Southern California is building a spur which will extend from Richfield up the canyon on the eastern boundary of the Loftus field of flowing wells, and next to the Union Oil Company's territory. This route will leave all the oil companies in the Fullerton field on the Santa Fe line, except the Union Oil Company. The Union Oil Company is to build its pipe line from the Fullerton oil wells south to the Southern Pacific Railway near Buena Park. It was generally expected that the company would make Fullerton, on the Southern California Railway, the pipe line terminus. This sudden change of plan is supposed to be the reason for the determination of the Southern California Company to build a spur direct to the oil wells. In this way it will seek to retain a share in the oil traffic which would go otherwise almost entirely to the Southern Pacific. If the pipe line had been built with its terminus at the Southern California tracks, it would have doubtless carried the entire output of the field.

* *

The oil output at Summerland is steadily on the increase. The shipments for the last month were very much larger than those of preceding months and would have been larger still, had there been sufficient oil cars obtainable. The Coaliuga production required so many cars that there was a shortage and the Summerland people were put to much inconvenience in consequence. Those who could do so put their oil in tanks, but two companies were obliged to pump their output into the ocean through lack of storage facilities. This step was necessary, as if the pumps stop, the wells become filled and have to be reopened.

* *

Mr. H. L. Packard and Mr. A. G. Newton ran up against a snag in the Bakersfield district the other day. The trouble came from a disputed claim. Mr. Packard had a homestead claim on the southeast quarter of section 28, township 28, range 28, and employed Mr. Newton to sink a well for a portion of the land. Mr. Newton ordered a rig and placed it on the land ready to begin operations, when some men who had a previous mineral filing on the land appeared on the scene and forcibly removed the rig to another section.

* *

It would seem as if the swashbuckler spirit which is animating the literature of the day had penetrated as far as the oil fields. The McKittrick district has a new company calling itself the Shotgun Oil Company. Whatever deeds of daring this company may or may not do in the future in order to live up to its name, it has shown good judgment in the selection of its land, as the oil prospects thereon are said to be excellent.

* * .

Another oil company recently incorporated is the Newhall Oil and Development Company, with a capital stock of $500,000. The directors of the company are Henry J. Crocker, Walter S. Newhall, Henry F. Allen, George A. Newhall, M. H. Hecht, Edwin W. Newhall and Henry G. Newhall.

* *

It is said that certain capitalists are endeavoring to secure an option on some land in the range of country lying along the foothills north of Vacaville for the purpose of sinking an experimental well. The situation is thought to be a likely one for the finding of oil or natural gas.

* *

A report comes from Los Angeles that seventy wells belonging to the Rex Oil Company in that section were on the point of being sold to a San Francisco syndicate composed of the same men who recently purchased the America and Yukon companies.

* *

The output in the Los Angeles field for the past month shows a large increase over that of the preceding months. The production in that field is now estimated at 90,000 barrels a month.

* *

D. W. Hudson of Los Angeles has leased 700 acres of land at Arroyo Grande for a period of twenty years with the privilege of producing petroleum, asphaltum or other oil substances.

* *

The Occidental Oil Company, situated in Oil Canyon in the Summerland district, has commenced the extension of the tunnel with the view of developing a greater flow of oil.

* *

The Kreyenhagen well No. 2 struck a very heavy flow of gas and a 5-barrel flow of oil at a depth of 500 feet, recently.

* *

The Doheney well, located on the Means place in the Bakersfield district, pumped 205 barrels last week. The company has commenced a new well.

London Letter.

x

I AM going to say to my countrymen for the good of their manners some things which I wouldn't, for the world at all, say to outsiders. I am going to admit, quite *en famille*, some things which the English are persistently charging against us, by denying the truth of which I daily emperil my soul here in the land of my exile. Here it is, in plain words. We have a national habit, carried into our international relations, of "slopping over" most dreadfully. If we like any foreign visitor, we pet him and Hobsonize him and make a Dewey celebration in his honor, and the visitor goes home to laugh it over with his own people.

This is apropos of Sir Thomas Lipton and the New York loving-cup. Now Sir Thomas is a gentleman and a sportsman and shone effulgent in contrast with our last cup challenger, and New York liked him. That is all very well and as it should be. But New York went farther and abased herself at his feet. The Sunday supplements, more shocking to an Englishman, anyway, than they could possibly be to the most refined of Americans, spread themselves on his clothes, his teas and his antecedents; the society of our metropolis set up and worshipped him. Then, on top of that, our hysterical people had to collect dimes by popular subscription to give him a loving-cup on the Dewey plan. London society, to which the Dewey spasm was amusing enough, is a-ripple with laughter at this last outburst, and Sir Thomas returns to "beautiful England by the Clyde, the home of the successful yacht builder," to find that he is a joke in the clubs. Certainly, this an unexpected ending to our well-meant hospitality.

I know that good Americans will answer me and say that it is none of the business of the London clubs if we conduct our hospitality and our affairs in our own fashion. Not at all, my countrymen, not at all. Our business as hosts is to make our guests as comfortable as possible, to make them feel at home. We can't do that, you know, by doing things which jar all the feelings of the proprieties. For your Englishman hates nothing so much as "slopping over;" it is the one thing which makes him feel ill at ease and uncomfortable all around. The essence of hospitality lies in accommodating one's self to the feelings of one's guest. We can never do that for an inhabitant of the isle of Britain by treating him *a la* Hobson. There, my little scolding is done. Please take it to heart two years hence, and treat the next challenger as a Britisher would be treated.

Now that we are talking of our countrymen —and women—I am fain to mention the social struggles of some of the more ambitious. It has been said that London society is easier to get into than that of any other capital in the world. So it is—with a reservation. It is comparatively easy for an Englishman. If he has good manners, a dress suit, fair to good antecedents and is not *too* closely connected with "trade," the Englishman can generally make it in a season or so. Not so with the American. Time was when the Yankee pilgrim was received on the same footing as the native and with no questions asked about his antecedents. Now, it is different; adventurers spoiled it all. The tendency is to look with a shade of suspicion on Americans who do not come under the best of auspices, and some who do. There is material for many novels in the experiences of those who have tried to climb the ladder. You see, even in the simple social organization of London, there are wheels within wheels. And in some of these small circles Americans are received and in others—never. The Duchess of Buccleuch, who rules one of the smartest of London salons, never knows an American if it can be avoided; the Duchess of Westminster, who was started in the way by a quarrel with Mrs. Astor, is even more prejudiced. Others, like Mrs. Kenneth Wilson, who is higher in social esteem, in spite of her lack of title, than many a Lady This or Countess That, is very gracious to our compatriots. Many a fair American owes her introduction to the chaperonage of this most gracious lady.

Of those Americans who have "arrived," Mrs. Paget takes first rank. She entered the charmed circle when entrance was easier; she went to the head solely on her personal qualities. Tact, charm, a ready wit, good spirits, kind heart, with money to back her, what more could she wish? It is said that no other woman in London could have carried through a big project like the Charing Cross Bazaar and made of it the success which she attained. No one in London, not even royalty, was too high to grace the occasion. Indeed, no other untitled lady in the land is so constant a guest and hostess of royal personages as Mrs. Paget. This doesn't count so much in England as it used to, for those of the blood are less exclusive than formerly, a fact which is said to be a grief to the Queen, dear, fussy, ultra-aristocratic, old personage that she is. Mrs. Paget's charities are a matter of note. Hers was the idea of sending a hospital ship, paid for by the rich Americans in London, to assist friend and enemy in the Boer war. Her kindness of heart is further proved by her championship of the American girl in the social struggle.

Mr. and Mrs. "Tony" Drexel arrived through her good offices, so did the Goelets, mother and daughter; so have others less prominent at home, but better known abroad. Miss Goelet, by the way, is, to put it in our own slang, "in it" in London, where she is called "Baby May" for no obvious reason except that there is nothing babyish about her. She is a very, very independent Gibsonesque young person with a proposal list just spangled with aristocratic names and titles. The young American who followed her from New York to press his suit is said to be faring equally ill at her hands.

One of the humorous tales of the social struggle is that of Mrs. Bradley Martin's attempt on Scotland. She "arrived" in London, but being ambitious she longed for more worlds to conquer and turned her legions on Scotland. Now the land o' cakes is much harder to conquer than perfidious Albion. Blood, blue blood, is the standard. Mrs. Martin crossed the Cain and set up a country house and did her best to be Scotch. That best was indifferent. One has to be to the manner born to live the life of a country squire, and some of her mistakes are said to have been funny enough to penetrate as a joke into the heads of even the Scots, and when she came out in kilts and tried to shoot on the moors, Scotland from Clyde to the North Sea smiled unchivalrously. For Mrs. Martin is of that time of life when lace caps and knitting are almost appropriate and her figure is—well, not light. Even the graces of her smart son-in-law, Lord Craven, failed to bring the Scotch nobility, and her summer has been a perpetual American house-party.

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THE THEATRES

The last performances of the grand opera season at the Tivoli have called out crowded houses. Last week "The Masked Ball" was presented, and this week "Othello," "Ernani," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "I'Pagliacci" and "Aida" are on the boards. Signors Avedano and Salassa have achieved a notable triumph during their stay in San Francisco, and when they return, if it be next year or not so soon, they will be assured of an ovation such as few singers have ever had in this city. Indeed, their farewell performances are being received with an enthusiasm that any singers might well be proud of. The greatest presentation, probably, has been that of "Othello," in which the *Iago* of Salassa and the *Othello* of Avedano were memorable pieces of work. It is seldom that this opera can be presented, even under the most favorable circumstances, owing to the demands made upon the voices of the principals. Verdi wrote the tenor music for Tomagno, who was at that time the greatest tenor in the world. None but a phenomenal can sustain the role at all. The baritone music is quite as hard. In this one instance, at least, the composer has had the advantage of having a poet write the libretto. The Italian version plays rather better, if anything, than Shakespeare's own tragedy. With a very little change of business, as, for instance, where Avedano, who is a small man, chokes Salassa, a large man—he could just as well slap him in the face—the play would be well-nigh perfect. Next week the comic opera season begins at the Tivoli with "The Hoolah."

* *

With a great rattling of dry bones, the Grand company is resurrecting "Evangeline," Rice's one-time hit. This extravaganza was a thing of its day, made to the period; we have grown or gone back somewhere, for it doesn't fit now. I have proclaimed even to weariness the interesting and efficient personel of the Grand company, so that I can say with confidence that they can get something out of a poor play if any mere stock company can, but I doubt if anyone could get anything out of this past and gone triumph. And I wonder much how any audience, even in the days when the libretto was fresh, could have stood the monotonous, all-of a-piece parlor melodeon music. Toward the end, the monotony grew until I shrieked inside when a principal signalled to the orchestra and got ready to grind out the same old tune with new twists. William Wolf, who is always funny, was the relieving feature. The specially-engaged legs of the ragging cow, as the nether pair of which Henry Dixey made his first hit on any stage, danced well enough but failed, somehow, in those comic "stunts" with which Dixey used to lighten up this classic feature of "Evangeline." The true comedian shows even in his legs. For the rest, they did the best they could. Of course, the staging, costuming and scenery were elaborate and tasteful, as is ever the case at the Grand. Thomas Persse made his first appearance since his recent illness, and had an ovation. He is a bold young artist, but he should have thought twice before attempting Denis O'Sullivan's own particular Irish ditties on the latter's native heath.

* *

At the Orpheum the new arrivals, which are three, are none of them remarkable. If you like to see children on the stage you will be delighted with little Mignon, who is a graceful dot of humanity and takes to dancing slippers like a duck to water. Rice and Elmer in "A Rube's Visit to Chinatown" are as proficient at acrobatics as they are inane at low comedy. Cora Steuart presents a one-act farce entitled "The Fair Equestrienne." Her support is indifferent, not to say bad, but Miss Steuart is interesting in one or two particulars. She has a true Cockney accent which is neither cultivated nor assumed. The audience, which was unusually large Monday night, seems to lose none of its original affection for the tawny-haired Cornille. There will be many next week who will miss that irresistable Parisian drawl and gurgle and those coon songs sung as never mortal heard them sung before.

* *

It has been an uneventful week at the San Francisco playhouses. The Columbia is in the second week of a good old play with a poor old company; the Alcazar Stock Company is also repeating on a still older play with a leading comedian who is no debutant. The California is presenting the classic melodrama "Yon Yonson" to packed houses. If one has not seen the play—which would signify that he was mightily unsophisticated in things theatrical—and has, moreover, a taste for the real thing in melodrama, he can do no better in a twelve-month than this. Arthur Donaldson, who has the leading role, is a Swede to the manner born and plays the part with all the delightfully absurd seriousness which belongs to the melodramatic school of acting. The Alhambra, which bids fair to outdo Morosco's of old as the house of melodrama, has another stock piece—"In Old Kentucky." When it is remarked that the play advertises by a street parade, the character of the production will be apparent to the wise. It certainly draws, however, perhaps because a good-sized section of San Francisco has been trained to that style of play in the Morosco school, and partly owing to the dearth of good attractions.

* *

The always welcome Frawleys return to the California Theatre to-morrow evening, opening in "The Sporting Duchess," a most successful English melodrama never staged before in this city. The company includes Mary Hampton, Mary Van Buren, Pearl Landers, Phosa McAllister, Minette Barrette, Gladys Weller, T. Daniel Frawley, Harrington Reynolds, Francis Byrne, H. S. Duffield and Frank Mathieu. Features of the performance will be the great Derby race, the sale at Tattersall's and a regimental ball. A special matinee will be given Thanksgiving Day.

* *

Camille D'Arville, last seen on the Coast as the prima donna of the Bostonians, heads the new Orpheum bill. In addition to her own voice and charms she brings a large assortment of Worth costumes for the delight of the feminine population. A. D. Robbins, trick bicyclist, and Pete Baker, a Dutch comedian, with songs of his own, are both new next week. The holdovers are Cora Steuart and Co., Little Mignon, Rice and Elmer, Lucie Verdier, the Biograph. Matinees as usual.

* *

Bronson Howard, the author of "Shenendoah," says that Jacob Litt's revival of the play overshadows all previous productions. The play now partakes of the nature of a spectacle. In the battle scene, which is made the height of realism, over two hundred people and fifty horses are on the stage. The production opens at the Columbia Monday night.

* *

Much interest is being manifested in the Symphony concert to be given at the Grand Opera House Thursday afternoon, December 7th. The orchestra will comprise sixty-six musicians under the direction of Henry Holmes, the eminent English conductor. Prices will be popular, and the sale of seats will begin at Sherman, Clay and Co.'s Friday morning, December 1st.

* *

"Saints & Sinners," an old favorite of the Palmer Company and one of the most popular American plays, is next week's bill at the Alcazar.

* *

Next week "The Hoolah" is the Tivoli bill. Thanksgiving night there will be a Stanford theatre party.

BOOKS AS WEAPONS OF OFFENSE—Colonel Shaw, the new Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army, has taken a great interest in developing patriotism among New York school children. In November last the Colonel and a committee on patriotism visited the grammar schools of New York City, where they were enthusiastically received. In one school upon the East Side Colonel Shaw made a thrilling address, and at the close said: "Life is a great battle, and all the little boys are the soldiers. The schoolhouses are the forts, and the books are the weapons. Now, what should you little soldiers do with those books?" A bright-eyed little fellow answered breathlessly: "Throw them at our enemies."

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x x x

A JOKE ON THE DOCTOR.—Colonel Daniel R. Anthony, brother of Susan B. Anthony, and the last of the fighting editors of Kansas, is on record as the only man who has had his aorta severed and lived. In a newspaper feud with a gambler named Jennison, Anthony was shot. The doctor told him he could not live. The wounded man did not say anything, but bade his sister good-by and went to sleep. When he awoke he asked the nurse: "What time is it?" "Six o'clock," replied the nurse. The Colonel chuckled for a moment, then said: "Say, that's a good joke on Doc' Sinks, isn't it? He said I'd be dead by 5:30." He fell asleep again, and when he awoke the doctor acknowledged his mistake.

x

INGERSOLL'S MISTAKE.—Robert G. Ingersoll was not always the tactful lawyer he became in his maturity. Early in his career he found himself of counsel for the defense in a murder case, with a fussy old doctor as principal witness against him. Thinking he saw a chance to be brilliant, he sarcastically proceeded to bully the witness by commenting upon doctors' mistakes. "Doctors make as few mistakes as lawyers," asserted the old man. "A doctor's mistakes are buried six feet under ground," said Ingersoll. "Yes, but a lawyer's mistakes are hung as many feet above the ground," was the reply, "and that is just the difference." The jury saw the point and Ingersoll lost the case.

x

MISSED HIS MAN.—The late James Payn, the novelist, liked to tell about what he called an American duel, wherein Brown and Smith, with one second, met within doors and drew lots to decide which should shoot himself. Brown was the unlucky man, and without a word he retired into the next apartment to carry out the purpose of self-destruction. Smith and the second, both very much moved by the tragedy of the situation, remained behind. At last the pistol was heard. The survivors turned sadly to leave, when the door opened and Brown bolted into the room, with the triumphant cry, "Missed, by Heaven!"

x

MOST CONTEMPTIBLE.—The artist W. M. Chase was once disputing with a well-known art critic the worth of a canvas by Meissonier, when the critic, losing his temper, exclaimed with more passion than politeness, "My opinion of you is most contemptible!" "Pshaw," replied Chase, "that doesn't surprise me in the least; I never knew an opinion of yours that was not contemptible." On another occasion he was praising the work of a fellow-artist. "You are very generous with him," remarked a friend; "he says the most unpleasant things about your work." "Ah well," replied Chase, "perhaps we are both of us mistaken."

x

FRIENDS OF HIS.—Henry Irving has a neat way of turning off an embarrassing question about his brother actors. "Richard Mansfield?" he will say. "Oh yes, I know him. He is a friend of mine." Clement Scott, the dramatic critic for the New York *Herald*, once asked him whether the Colmans were not weak in plot. Irving did not associate the name with the Colmans who flourished during the latter part of the eighteenth century. "The Colmans?" he said; "Why not at all. The Colmans are particular friends of mine."

x

NOT SMOKING.—Peter Dunne, on occasion, can deliver himself of a brogue as thick as a Donegal shillelah. One day he boarded a State street car with an ugly black pipe in his mouth, and sat down, engrossed with Mr. Dooley. The conductor at once came forward. "You are not allowed to smoke in here," he said. "Sure, Oi'm not shmokin," replied Dunne. "But you've got your pipe in your mouth," the conductor persisted. "Yis, begorra," said Dunne, "an' so Oi have me fut in me boot, but Oi'm not walkin'."

x

CONTEMPT OF COURT.—When Thaddeus Stevens was a young man he was one day pleading a cause before a judge who always ruled against him. Mr. Stevens stood it as long as he could, then, hastily gathering up his books and papers, started for the door. The judge stopped him. "Do you mean, sir," he said, "by leaving in this manner to show contempt of court?" "No, sir," was the quick reply. "I am leaving in order that I may not show my contempt."

x

KRUGER'S WIT.—A good story is told of Oom Paul Kruger. In a question about the division of some property, two brothers agreed that his judgment should be accepted. Kruger listened patiently to both, and then, turning to the elder, said: "I decide that you, being the senior, shall have the dividing of this property; but," he added, with a twinkle in his eye, "I also decide that your brother shall have his choice of the two portions!"

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THE WAVE

VOL. XX. No. 23 SAN FRANCISCO — DECEMBER 2, 1899 — SEATTLE PRICE 10 CENTS

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THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

1. Outlanders With Kaffir Servants Crossing the Border.

2. A Boer Commando Taking Train for the Front.

THE WAVE

Is published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal., and Colman Building, Seattle, Wash.

Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months, $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in al union) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

The trade is supplied by the San Francisco News Company 342 Geary street; east of the Rocky Mountains by the American News Company, New York.

The Wave is kept on file and is for sale at Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France; 31 Union Square, New York City; 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.; and 206 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

For advertising rates and on all other matters pertaining to city business, address The Wave, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

All business matters pertaining to the Northwest should be addressed to Trevor Corry, Colman Building, Seattle, Wash.

THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY

PROPRIETORS

SAN FRANCISCO—December 2, 1899—SEATTLE

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EVENTS CURRENT.

The Philippine Rebellion Collapses.

Organized rebellion in the Philippine Islands is at an end. So much can be asserted with confidence. The revolutionists are scattered into small guerilla bands, the only large bodies being two thousand troops now fleeing with the fugitive insurgent leader, and another and smaller force in command of Pilar del Pino, the General-in-Chief of the Tagalos. The Secretary of State and President of the Senate of the native Republic, and the son and mother of Aguinaldo, are prisoners in the hands of the Americans, as are several lesser officers and dignitaries. The force with which Aguinaldo is escaping is hotly pursued by the flying division of General Young, but seems to be making for the mountains and is likely to escape or to melt away before the American advance. At any rate, the chances are all in favor of Aguinaldo's escape from the country. This seems to be his final intention. It is said that he will take refuge in Hong Kong, his old hiding-place after the former rebellions. It is now definitely known that, before his flight, he ordered the insurgents to disperse and adopt guerilla tactics. This decision was reached at a council of war held just after the first victorious advance of Generals Wheaton, Young and Lawton. The natives are carrying out these orders; they seem to be dispersed into little bands of from ten to fifty men, and to be making it their policy to pick off the Americans singly whenever they can find them away from the camps. Dozens of such murders have occurred in the past few days. This sort of warfare can hardly avail them in gaining their ultimate ends, but it can make our army no end of trouble. Desultory fighting may drag on for a year or more and will amount to the same thing as the dreary "Indian chasing," which used to mark our campaigns with the Apaches. As more and more documents of the insurgents fall into our hands, it becomes plain that the anti-expansionist howl in the United States is the argument by which the astute Aguinaldo has been holding his followers to their hopeless cause. Secretary Root states that, in spite of the favorable turn of affairs, the army of 60,000 men now in the islands or on the way will be kept in the islands and will all be sent to the front as originally planned. The island of Mindanao, the second largest in the group, has rendered formal submission. In and around Iloilo there has been some rather lively fighting, in the past few days, with results invariably in our favor.

The Situation in South Africa

Military affairs in South Africa are in the chaotic conditron that intervenes between the inception of a military movement and the accomplishment of a decisive victory on one side or the other. Add to this an increasingly strict censorship over all dispatches from the front, and it will be seen that a correct summary of the situation is impossible at this juncture. The three-fold advance to relieve Kimberly, to assist Ladysmith and to occupy the strategic positions in the Free State, began last week. The Kimberly column has had severe fighting, and the relief of Ladysmith has been set back by two or three sharp brushes; the third column alone has moved forward unchecked. Reports are mostly guess-work. The most likely guess at recent operations is about as follows: The Boer advance beyond Ladysmith and into Central Natal began early last week. The garrison at Estcourt was completely surrounded, and the garrison added to the number of besieged British positions in South Africa. The Boer outposts rest within forty miles of the capital of Natal. On November 23, General Methuen, on the road to relieve Kimberly, met an entrenched Boer force at Belmont, fifty miles south of his objective point. While the British gained a victory and routed the Boers after a gallant fight on both sides, they did it at a cost of over two hundred men, killed and wounded. The Boer loss is unknown, as is also the strategic importance of the victory. Two days later, he advanced a few miles to Gras Pass, where he routed the Boers again, with what loss is not known. There is a grave fear that the Ninth Lancers, who pursued the rout of the burghers, have fallen into the hands of the enemy. Indeed, persistent reports, as yet unconfirmed by authentic dispatches, state that this is the case. At any rate, however the engagement resulted, the British are now in striking distance of Kimberly, where the Boers are pressing uncomfortably close. The next engagement of this column will probably be at Spyfontein, eleven miles from Kimberly, where the Boers hold a strong strategic position. The main British column, under General Buller, is advancing to the relief of Ladysmith and has already had one victory in a sharp but short brush at Beacon Hill, on the road to Estcourt. As this division must, in all probability, fight the decisive battle of the campaign, its movements are kept in profound secrecy. There is a report that the Dutch inhabitants of Cape Colony are joining the Boer forces, but this, like the bulk of South African rumors, seems to lack confirmation. If, however, the guesses recorded above are correct, a decisive action of some sort will take place before the close of the next week.

The Future of the Boer States.

The question "What is to be done with the Boer states?" is agitating England just at present. It is taken for granted, and with good grounds, that England will win in the present war, and the question of final disposition of the conquered people must come before Parliament directly after the close of the war. It is noticeable that no one who speaks with any authority advocates the direct annexation of the conquered territory, although the action of Germany in the case of Alsace-Lorraine, Japan in China and the United States in Porto Rico might be taken as precedents. There seem to be three well-defined shades of national opinion on the question. The *Fortnightly Review*, in a recent article, expresses the moderate view. While the supremacy of England in South Africa must be established, there must be no extinction of the individuality of the two states; they should be left largely autonomous, although recognizing British control, and ought, if possible, to be united in a federation, with Natal, Cape Colony, and Rhodesia. A less conciliatory attitude is taken in an unsigned but probably "inspired" article in another leading review. The anonymous writer declares that both Orange Free State and Transvaal should cease to exist as independent states. The Orange Free State may retain autonomy under British suzerainty, but Transvaal, in retaliation for a quarter-century of intrigue, should be partitioned, parts going to Natal and Bechuanaland, and the bulk being made into a crown colony with restricted autonomous government. The Hon. Evelyn Ashley, in the *National Review*, speaks for the extreme Tories, but takes a view between the two others. Mr. Kruger and the name "South African Republic" should be wiped out. That part of the Transvaal which is most thickly settled by Uitlanders should be shorn off and annexed to Natal or Bechuanaland, and the little state should be given autonomy under such laws as will assure equal rights to all residents. As for Orange Free State, it should be let off with partial disarmament and the payment of an indemnity. These three opinions express very fairly the sentiment in England, and it may be said with confidence that if Great Britain carries out this moderate policy it will go far toward vindicating her in the eyes of the hostile continent.

Death of the Vice-President.

On Tuesday, Sept. 21, Vice-President Hobart died at his home in Patterson, N. J., of a complication of heart troubles. The end, which was not unexpected, came quietly and painlessly. The funeral occurred at his home town of Patterson on Saturday, and was attended by the President, the Cabinet and the Senate. The death of the Vice-President has but little political importance. The office counts for little except as it preserves a substitute for the President. He is nominally presiding officer of the Senate, but he has no influence on the counsels of that body. He has no vote except in case of a tie, and about the only necessary qualification is tact. By the law of 1886, the succession, in case of the Vice-President's death, is provided for. Secretary of State Hay will assume the presidential chair in case President McKinley dies before the close of the term. Vice-President Hobart was a wealthy New Jersey politician at the time of the last Republican Convention, and was not greatly fancied by the prophets when his name came up for the second place on the ticket. However, there were unsurmountable difficulties in the case of the other prominent candidates, and Hobart was chosen on a compromise. He brought a little more energy to bear than most Vice-Presidents, proceeding at once to make a fight for reorganization of the committee rules. In Washington, his special fame rests on his social leadership. It happens that, as Mrs. McKinley is an invalid, the family of the Chief Executive cannot assume the position of leaders in Washington society. Therefore, this function fell to the second in command, and his home at the Capitol was the center of the "official set" until the beginning of his illness.

General Funston in a Hot Controversy.

One of those disgraceful *post-bellum* controversies, which have been the disgrace of our conduct of both the Spanish and Philippine wars, is now raging around General Funston of Kansas. It is a two-headed matter, although with a different animus behind the charges. The trouble began something over a month ago, when a Roman Catholic journal of San Francisco charged that the general had been implicated in the robbery of churches in Luzon. At about the same time, another Roman Catholic magazine, this one published in New York, reiterated these charges and presented proofs more or less reliable. Funston answered the charges through the newspapers a little more bitterly, probably than was advisable. He threatened a suit for libel at first, but later changed front by offering to put up against the publication which made the first attack, a certain sum of money to be given to the Red Cross society as a forfeit in case the charges could be proved to the satisfaction of disinterested parties. The paper refused the offer, claiming that it partook of the nature of a bet. That practically closed the incident, although the matter is still making something of a stir. Then, as a result of a quarrel among the officers and men of the disbanded regiment, the accusations shifted to another direction. This time, they were not aimed at Funston direct, but at certain other officers in his regiment. It is alleged that Captain Bishop, ordered that two Filipino prisoners be shot, and that Colonel Metcalfe was seen, during the heat of an action, emptying his revolver into the bodies of wounded native soldiers. Further, the accusers say that Funston hushed up the scandal arising at the time and prevented the matter from coming before the War Department. To these charges Funston replied, again with unnecessary heat and bitterness. In the case of Bishop, he alleges, with what seems to be good proof, that, while the two Filipinos were undoubtedly shot in the act of asking mercy, the trouble occurred through a misinterpretation of orders. Metcalfe's case seems harder of explanation. The Kansas general further complicated the affair by making counter-charges of cowardice against five officers of the regiment. Discussion is hot and bitter on both sides and has led, as is usual in such controversies, to all sorts of wild and absurd statements of fact and fancy.

British Again Victorious in the Soudan.

While the main body of the British army has been fighting Boers in South Africa, the world had practically forgotten another British military expedition, that undertaken by Kitchener and his forces in order to put down the last surviving remnants of the Dervish rebellion, which was crushed last year at Omdurman. It will be remembered that after the total defeat of his army, the Khalifa Abdullah escaped from the field into the interior of Soudan. Here he gathered the fragments of his defeated army and prepared to make more trouble for the British. General Kitchener's expedition was undertaken in order to scatter this force and end the government established by the Mahdi. News comes now from the front that the British have been entirely successful. The advance guard of the expedition succeeded in surprising the dervish camp and secured a complete victory, killing the leader and capturing all his counsellors except Osman Digna, who occupied a position in the dervish government equivalent to Secretary of State. A flying column is pursuing him and hopes to effect his capture. The dervishes fought in this, their last stand, with all the desperate fanaticism which marked their fight at Omdurman, but superior arms, discipline and strategy completely overmatched them. This victory ends, once for all, the strange state instituted by the Mahdi in 1882.

Alaska Wants Statehood.

Governor Brady of Alaska has just submitted his annual report to Congress. This document is more interesting than any which have preceded it, owing to the fact that here, for the first time, the future of Alaska, in view of the new conditions there prevailing, is discussed in full. It constitutes a strong plea for statehood. The report discusses in full the status of settlers under the existing conditions. The country is filling up with Americans, brought up under American ideals. They will expect from Congress protection under the laws, yet they cannot be fully assured of that protection because a territory cannot plead any constitutional rights before Congress. Statehood appears to be the sole and only remedy. There is no reason he says, except distance, why the territory should not be admitted as a state. But even distance is now greatly lessened by the new railroad and steamship lines. The territory is very large, but provision could be made for breaking it up into separate states as soon as it should become overcrowded. Outside of this plea for statehood, the most important part of the report has to do with the protection of fur seals. Governor Brady advocates a plan like the one partially carried out by Dr. David Starr Jordan. Every female seal in the United States jurisdiction should be branded with the letters "U. S." so as to render the hide useless. It is requested that Congress make an appropriation for the purpose and appoint experts to do the work. An appropriation of $110,000 for a penitentiary is urgently needed. On the important question of revision of the mining laws, this document has little to say, probably for the reason that John Garland Price, delegate of the Alaskan Congressional Convention, is on his way to Washington to urge a personal hearing regarding the change in these laws.

Financial Legislation by the Republicans.

The general currency bill prepared by the Republican caucus committee appointed by the last Congress has received its final revision and will be given to the press at once. A copy has been mailed to each Republican Representative in Congress. The measure represents the unanimous conclusions of the committee, and will be called up for consideration at the caucus of the Republican members of the House, which may be held Saturday. Accompanying the bill is a report setting forth at length the reasons and necessity in the opinion of the committee for the proposed legislation. The Washington *Star* prints the following as some of the chief features of the bill, and which in the main are probably fairly accurate: "An amendment to the coinage laws, making 25⅝ grains of gold, 900 parts fine, the standard coin measure. An amendment to the greenback reissue act of 1878, providing that these treasury notes shall be redeemed with gold, and when so redeemed shall not be reissued except in exchange for gold. This provision will prevent the operation of the endless chain which hitherto has been the means to raid the gold reserve. An amendment to the specie resumption act directing the maintenance of a gold reserve of not less than $100,000,000, the maintenance of the reserve at that figure now being entirely discretionary with the secretary of the treasury. An amendment to the national bank law, authorizing banks to be organized with a capital stock of $25,000. At present the minimum is $50,000. Another amendment to the same act authorizes banks to issue notes to the par value of the the bonds they have on deposit to secure circulation. At present the limit is ninety per cent. A third amendment to this act reduces the taxation on bank circulation to one-tenth of one per cent. This tax is to pay the expense of engraving and printing the notes. The present rate more than meets this expense."

The shingle mill man in Washington who does not join the Manufacturer's Association is in a bad way. The organization was given life a short time ago in order to prevent over production and the cutting of prices. A number of firms held out, and a few brokers made contracts at a lower rate than was asked by the Association. Now nearly all the firms have come into the fold, and the brokers will find great difficulty in filling their orders. In previous years prices have gone to pieces because of the competition between the dealers. Small manufacturers who could not afford to shut down for any length of time were compelled to sell their product for what they could get for it. This year the richer members of the Association have arranged to purchase all the stock of the little fellows, and now they are in full control of the market.

Editorial Comment.

Jamaica vs. California.

AT THE next session of Congress, that body will consider a proposed reciprocity treaty with Jamaica, which will contain much of interest to California. Among orange growers there exists a great deal of apprehension as to the effect its provisions may have upon their interests. The reduction of the duty on citrus fruits, provided for in the reciprocity convention, is twenty per cent. of the existing duty. The present duty is one cent. per pound; the then duty will amount to four-fifths of a cent. Friends of the treaty, who are also friends of the California citrus fruit industry, urge that the advantage to Jamaica will not be felt in the direction of increased exports. The advantage, they say, will accrue to Island growers as additional profits and will not affect market prices. This, it is claimed, was found to be the effect, in the matter of Argels and French wines when a similar reduction was made in reciprocity as provided in the third section of the Dingley Tariff. Four-fifths of a cent per pound is double the amount of the duty imposed by the McKinley Bill. Another matter to be considered by the orange grower is this. The bulk of the Jamaica crop is marketed before Christmas, when it dwindles rapidly, falling off in January over sixty per cent. until March. Three-quarters of their crop arrives before January first. California oranges are a showier and superior fruit and would scarcely enter into competition with the Jamaica product. The largest shipping month from the island is December. The largest from California is, we are informed, March. In exchange for the reductions of duty, America obtains an important free list. Fruits fresh, canned, dried and preserved are included in this list, and the duty on California wines is reduced forty per cent.

An item of interest in this connection lies in the fact that the British Government,for the purpose of diverting Jamaica trade from the United States to England, has recently granted a generous subsidy for a swift line of British steamers, which, it is expected, will transfer a large part of the Island's fruits to the British market, where they are admitted duty free. In 1898-9 California exported to foreign countries, in competition with the world, over a quarter of a million dollars worth of oranges. It is reasonable to assume that she will not lose her control of the home market with a protection of four-fifths of a cent per pound.

Upon closer examination, the reciprocity treaty does not appear to hold so much of menace to our industries as was first supposed. It is safe to say that Senator Perkins, who has been so industrious in protecting California products, will not permit harm to come in the matter.

Dewey and the Presidency.

A CERTAIN class of newspapers and public men in this country have made a persistent effort to boom Admiral Dewey for the Presidency, more particularly in connection with the Democratic ticket, but later as a Republican. It will be remembered that this agitation began while Dewey was yet at Manila. "Nominate George Dewey," said one Democratic paper, "and he will not refuse the honor, whether he be an active Democrat or not." "Dewey is the only man who can defeat McKinley," said another sheet, "and the party that nominates him will sweep the country." Still another editor cried hysterically, "Dewey for President! Dewey for President!" Just about then it was discovered that Dewey was a life-long Republican, and that spoiled the soapsuds so far as Democratic bubbles were concerned.

But the idea was not dead, and it was announced that a movement would be made whereby the Republican convention would be stampeded from McKinley to Dewey. Senator Proctor of Vermont was to manage the affair. Admiral Dewey, it was stated, would not refuse the nomination from the Republican party. It was true that he had denied having Presidential ambitions, and had stated reasons, as it seemed to him, why an Admiral, with his professional training, would not be a success in the White House; but it was asserted that nevertheless he would not refuse the high honor if proffered. And so machinery was put in motion to nominate Admiral George Dewey for President of the United States willy nilly, and let him register his objections afterwards.

And now comes Admiral Dewey himself and states in unmistakable terms his whole attitude in the matter. In an interview had with him on Monday by the Washington *Star* the Admiral says: "Mr. McKinley has made a good President and I am very anxious to see him get a second term. He is a warm friend of mine and I do not want to hear of any one attempting to deprive him of another term in office. I shall never cease to thank him for the cheering messages he sent to me while I was at Manila, and I have preserved them all. I am in no sense a candidate for President. The American people have too good judgment, I believe, to think of any such thing seriously. These so called battle heroes make very poor Presidents, in my estimation. Look at poor old Taylor, for example. Do you think office did him any good? Then there was Grant. To be quite frank about it, I think he made a poor President. In my opinion the President of the United States ought to be a statesman, trained for the duties of his office. Old army and navy officers should stay where they belong."

When Dewey says that he is "in no sense a candidate for President" he probably means it; and if he means it, that is or ought to be the end of it. The American people know Admiral Dewey pretty well by this time. Perhaps they can guess, after this frank statement of preference and intention, whether or not it will ever be "President" Dewey.

THE political pot is again boiling in California. One of the dailies announces that Governor Gage has tendered Col. Burns the Senatorial appointment in case Mr. Quay is seated, and that Col. Burns has declined the appointment. This may be true. There are abundant evidences of a willingness on the part of the Governor to appoint Mr. Burns, and there are also many good reasons why Col. Burns should decline such an appointment, although many of his friends have not yet discovered them.

The same journal confidently announces that in lieu of an appointment, Col. Burns requested the Governor to convene the Legislature an extra session, so that it might elect- which the latter gentleman declined to do. As to this state, ment, one may be forgiven for entertaining strong doubts of its truth.

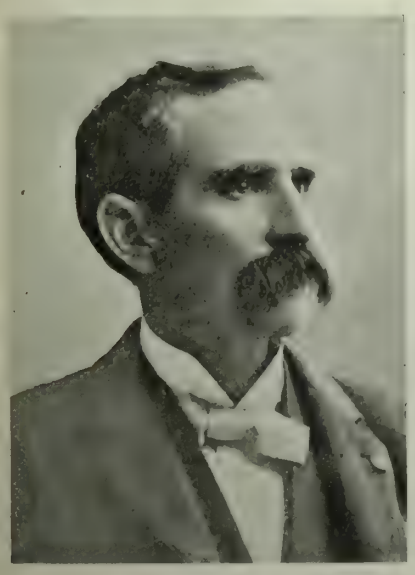
Amid all this discussion, however, the question again obtrudes itself, "Who will take up the people's fight?" Someone must do it. Now that Mr. Irving M. Scott has parted with his interest in the Union Iron Works, and is footloose from business cares, he might be persuaded to enter the contest. Mr. Scott has the confidence of his people and his election would be eminently satisfactory to the party and to the State generally. Out of all the men named, Mr. Scott commands the most real strength, and could easily gather about him a large following from among the respectable members of the Legislature. Another daily whose sympathies are clearly with Mr. Burns, announces that Mr. U. S. Grant, Jr., is still in the Senatorial fight- Mr. Grant has stated positively that he has withdrawn. His drawing out was a mistake that yielded great satisfaction to those who opposed him, and they early sought to take secret advantage of it. They have discovered, however, that the thirty votes cast for Mr. Grant throughout the late session cannot be procured to support Mr. Burns, hence with Grant retired they are fearful this strength may go to some formidable man, and so are over-anxious to keep him in the fight, nominally, to prevent his supporters from rallying to such a man. This sort of politics is too old and stale to deceive anyone. Mr. Grant had some experience with that class of cattle at Sacramento last winter, and is not likely to permit his name to be used for this purpose.

A representative of a well-known Japanese firm was in Seattle recently to make arrangements for purchasing flour and grain for his home firm. When President James J. Hill, of the Great Northern Railway, nearly two years ago, sent an agent across the Pacific to investigate market conditions, it was with special instructions to look into the possible increase in shipments of flour, grain, machinery and lumber. The Orient is practically denuded of lumber, especially in anything above the smallest sizes, and is looking more and more to Puget Sound as Asiatic shipping increases and Oriental architecture becomes modernized. Some of the large buildings in the manufacturing district of Shanghai have already obtained their lumber by direct shipment from Port Blakeley. The president of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, the largest shipping and commercial company in the Orient, said to Mr. Hill's representative: "I look for commerce between Japan and the United States to develop almost in geometric progression. The two countries are singularly well fitted for an interchange of commodities, and besides there is a feeling of friendliness toward the United States among us greater perhaps than toward any other nation."

Washington has just had a sign that the great depression in horseflesh, which followed the general introduction of electric tramways,has reached its lowest point. A firm of buyers has taken a contract to supply nine thousand of the semi-wild horses of the state's ranges to dealers in the Middle West. These horses are the decendants of domestic stock which began to run wild at the time of the big slump in prices. They multiplied rapidly in their wild state, and became so numerous that they were soon a pest in some localities. Then, an Oregon firm began to slaughter them for sausage meat, and built up quite a trade with France and Germany in horse sausage. And now, prices have risen to such an extent as to justify their capture for sale in the Eastern market. These horses are as tough as the plains, bronchos, but are larger and more tractable and make good farm horses.

While the tale of the schooner *Hera*, which made the recent starvation trip from Alaska to Seattle, has not been equalled by the experience of succeeding passenger boats, yet every vessel which has come into port since has been short of provisions and has had its quota of "kickers." In connection with the *Hera* affair, the government officials in the Alaskan country have had something to say. It appears that they fear a famine at Nome and other overcrowded Northern camps, and are encouraging miners to leave the country in order to improve the chances of the survivors. They have overloaded the returning vessels purposely, as they prefer to take the responsibility of starving a few passengers on a two weeks' trip to assuming the blame of a famine such as Dawson City experienced in that first awful winter.

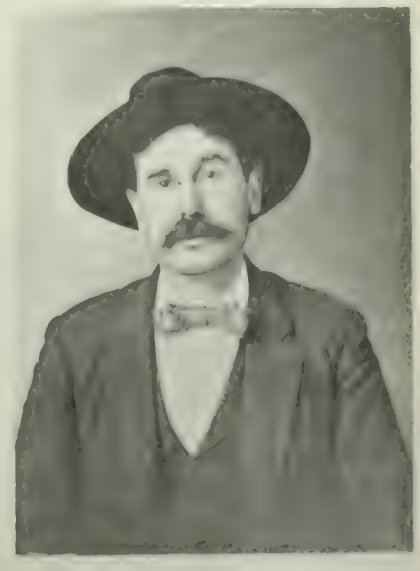
The United States Marine Hospital Service is a division of the Treasury Department, and has nothing to do with the Navy Department. It is authorized by Sections 4801–7 of the Revised Statutes, and is maintained for the benefit of merchant seamen, not including canalboat men etc. All seamen on American vessels are compelled to pay forty cents a month toward its maintenance, this amount being deducted from their wages. They are admitted free to the hospital in return. Foreign sailors are also admitted under certain restrictions. There is a marine hospital in every large city along the Coast and the rivers and Great Lakes, at Baltimore, Boston, Cairo, Ill.; Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Delaware Breakwater, Detroit, Evansville, Ind.; Key West, Louisville, Memphis, Mobile, New Orleans, New York, Philadelphia, Portland, Me.; Port Townsend, Wash.; St. Louis, San Francisco, Vineyard Haven, Mass., and Wilmington, N. C. The service maintains quarantines at sme places and has inspectors in various fo reign ports.



A. D. Gunn, the Father.

J. Huehne

Ben Evans



Thos. McIntyre

Photos by Bailey & Co

SOME OF THE MEN WHO HAVE MADE INDEX CAMP.

1. "Study of a Child" by R. A. Richardson 2. Portrait of Nance O'Neil by Arnold Genthe 3. "The Calm of Evening" by Dr. E. G. Eisen 4. "A Study" by Genthe 5. Portrait of Wm. Keith by Mrs. C. H. Crowell
6. "Where Woolly Flock," a Study, by A.L.Coombs 7. "Portrait of a Lady" by Arnold Genthe 8. Portrait of Giuseppe Cadenasso by Oscar Maurer 9. "A Pastoral" by W.J.Street 10. "A Mexican Cart" by W.J.Belcher

ART PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE CALIFORNIA CAMERA CLUB'S EXHIBIT.

THE DEADLY LYDDITE.

Why England's New Explosive Shells Are More Humane Than the Old Ones.

THE government expert, who handles the deadliest modern explosives as a clerk handles groceries, laughed when I asked him about the terrific and barbarous effect of the lyddite shells the British are popping at their Boer brethren in front of Ladysmith and the more unpronounceable points in South Africa.

"Tell me," said he, "had you rather be choked off suddenly and almost painlessly by a shock to your entire system which left your body unscathed for a respectable funeral, or would you rather be torn, mutilated and generally chewed up? Well, leaving humanitarian sentiment altogether out of the question, that is the sole and only practical difference between lyddite shells and the old gunpowder affairs. If one falls close by you, there is a big noise and a shock, and it is all over, whereas with the ancient shell you were either blown to pieces by the explosion or, what is more likely, cut up by a flying piece of the case. That is why lyddite was not barred at the Peace Conference. It is really more effective in killing its numbers, and if you look at it from the right standard, it is a sight more humane."

Then, he permitted me to sit at his feet and learn something of the explosive with which the Briton is now tearing to pieces the hostile Boer. Just what lyddite is, no one outside the inner circle of the British army knows. Like melenite, the precious explosive of the French army, and thorite, on which our own government is now making tests, lyddite is made on a secret formula held sacred by those who assist in its manufacture. What appears to be understood, however, about lyddite, is that, like the other latest "ites," it is a modification of what is called "German gunpowder," the general makeup of which is not, as is commonly supposed, anything like guncotton or any preparation of nitro glycerine, but an affair of "sugar and prussiate of potassium, or of preparations of tannin, nutgalls, cream of tartar and some oxidizing agent."

It is certain that picric acid enters largely into the combination of this, as of all similar explosives. Picric acid is not a new discovery, by any means. It was first isolated in 1788, and was put to a peaceful use in the manufacture of dye-stuff for textile fabrics and as an adulterant in beer. The bitter taste of hops is imitated by the makers of cheap beer through the use of this compound. Taken internally, the acid is a bad thing for the stomach and kidneys, and so it may be said that it had already slain its thousands before it was discovered, quite accidentally, that it might form the basis of a powerful explosive. The discovery was made at a fire in a dyeing establishment in Manchester, England. The flames melted a quantity of solid picric acid, which ran onto some loose litharge and produced a terrible explosion.

The story that the shells kill by suffocation was ridiculed by the expert.

"If you should fire a shell in a close room," he said, "or in the enclosed hull of a battleship, I should call it extremely likely. But the talk about these shells suffocating the Dervishes at Omdurman is utter nonsense. It would take twenty or thirty dropped in the same spot at the same time to do such a thing. The war correspondents went over the field after the fight and found a lot of Fuzzy-Wuzzys dead without a scratch, and jumped at a conclusion, after the fashion of war correspondents. Shock was the thing that did it. A shell hit somewhere within ten or twelve feet, the killing radius of these high explosives, and some Dervishes who weren't hit by flying fragments keeled over from the force of the concussion. An old-fashioned shell lighting in the killing radius would have torn them to pieces. These modern explosives are less horrible in their way of killing. Of course, I was not there to see, but in experimenting here at home with thorite we have tried the matter on animals. Not long ago we set off such a shell in the middle of a flock of chickens. Those which were not hit by pieces of the shell were picked up stone dead just the same. There was not a scratch on their skins, but when we dissected them, we found that their blood-vessels were choked with blood-clots. The point is that the detonation stops the action of the heart and the blood vascular system at once.

"This is not taking into account the effect of the fragments which are smaller than those of an old-fashioned shell, but have also a much higher velocity. They penetrate in much the same fashion as a small bullet, and produce wounds just as effective for putting people *hors de combat* and not half so horrible.

"That is the whole story of this humanitarian business. The lyddite shells kill more people in the same number of rounds, and do it much less barbarously. You have to kill just about so many to end any given war, so what is the difference whether you kill them in a bunch or a few at a time? On a humanitarian basis, the advantage is with the lyddite shells, in my humble opinion." DALTON.

Washington, Nov. 23.

If a girl in Russia wishes to study at any of the universities in that country etiquette does not allow her to do so until she is married; so she goes through the civil ceremony of marriage with a man student, whom very probably she has never seen before, and this marriage is quite legal, though perhaps they may never speak to each other again. On the one hand, if they like each other, and wish it, they are married for life; if they don't, the marriage is dissolved when their university course is finished, and they are free to marry some one else. The celebrated mathematician, Sonya Kovalevski, whose autobiography attracted considerable notice a few years ago, went through the marriage ceremony with a student whom she then saw for the first time, and who afterwards remained her husband. The education of women in Russia stands better than in most European countries, owing to the persistent efforts of the Russian women themselves. By 1886 they had managed to get four university colleges for women, with 1,442 students; one medical academy, with 500 students, and numerous intermediate schools. There are 700 women doctors in Russia, of whom nearly one half are employed in the Civil Service, chiefly by the Zemstvos.

The prefix "Mc" is a form of the Gothic "magus," meaning *son*. There is no real difference between Mac, Mc, or M'. Mac is used in Scotland, Mc in Ireland, and M' largely in England.

MADAME DREYFUS.

Not a woman's heart but adores you, there as you watch and pray,
The frost of a bitter sorrow black on your stony way.
Not a man with a man's heart in him but is fain to lift a lance
In defence of the whitest lily that springs from the mud of France.
Never was lady braver, never was truer wife,
Never was warrior stronger in the thick of deadly strife.
With courage for one not only, but courage and faith for two,
While the wide world looks and marvels, and the mocking skies are blue.
And trade goes on, and pleasure, and honor is bought and sold,
And traitor skulks in hiding, and there's clink of silver and gold.
You must almost, heart of a lion, set in a woman's frame,
Quiver beneath the knife-thrusts of a keen and two-edged shame,
That men can be so craven, that soldiers can be so weak,
That truth and honest dealing should be so far to seek;
But your regnant love upholds you, enfolding the man you love,
And the love of the world is with you, and still there's a God above.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER, *in Harper's Bazaar.*

THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

THE face of Paris changes like a kaleidescope. Opinions, sentiments, the very appearance of the city, shift from month to month, from week to week. Now, governments totter on their thrones, kings of the populace tremble on their seats, citizens creep abroad as under the fear of a mighty upheaval; and now,—presto!—all Paris is gay, light, irresponsible, chanting the songs of the *Folies* along the boulevards. Now, the whole of France is set brother against brother. The national leaders make dark conspiracies, of which they themselves guess only half the meaning, alliances shift, until the comrade of yesterday is the foe of to-day, the end of things is at hand; and now, they are embracing and shouting and making merry over the divinely-ordained fraternity of France—the end of things, did you say, it is the millenium—*vive La France!* It is like one of those great, improbable extravaganzas, where the comic succeeds the serious without connection, where, unannounced, scene follows scene at the wave of Harlequin's wand. The feeling for the spectacular and sensational in the French character is at the bottom of their national life.

Exactly such a change has just passed. Three months ago, the city and the nation seemed on the verge of revolution. Now, that upheaval is as the snows of yesteryear. Everyone is happy. The Dreyfusards have cleared their men. The honor of the army is vindicated. The Government has brought the "conspirators" to trial. The "conspirators" have succeeded in getting themselves recognized, and are as cheerful as were the "monkey-people" in Kipling's Jungle Book when the other jungle-folk noticed them. Then, the hereditary enemy, England, has a mess on her hands, giving the wild and uproarious agitators someone besides one another to curse. And everyone has gone to work with zeal to make a success of the Exposition.

Three or four months ago, external Paris was as tumbled and turgid as were her complicated politics. Houses were being torn down and leveled, and the whole run of the streets was being given a different trend. The Exposition is more extensive than any hitherto attempted, so that room had to be made in the city itself. This process of transformation, hurried a great deal through the delays at the first, was made at great speed, and caused an unbelievable change in the external aspect of the city.

Now, the rig-raff is clearing away, and one can see with half an eye that it is a good thing for Paris. The city needed breathing spaces, and the improvements, while they have been the destruction of some gorgeous palaces, have also removed certain noisome quarters. As the confusion becomes less apparent, you see the outlines of a new Paris, cleaner, sweeter, grander. Through the marvellous French genius for harmony in public structures, the buildings are so planned as to form an organic whole with the rest of the city. Foundations are up everwhere, the skeletons are built in many places, and some of the buildings, including our own American headquarters, are assuming definite shape.

Of that American building, there is much talk. It was planned, I believe, as a cross between the national Capitol and the World's Fair buildings in the matter of architecture. But it is a question if the combination has been a happy one. Myself, I will not presume to pass a verdict for either side; I will only say that its detractors are in the minority. They charge that in attempting to be a mixture of two things it has become neither the one nor the other, that it is neither fish, flesh nor good red herring. They have it that it is over-ornamented, that too much in the way of decoration, sculpture, friezes and ornate designing generally has been lavished upon it. They say that it will come into bad contrast with the classic French simplicity surrounding it. I have even heard one detractor of our race declare: "It is just like you Americans; you overdo everything."

I am not judging. There are others who believe it beautiful. I but tell the tale as it was told to me.

The managers of the huge show have paid our nation a great compliment in the plan of the Agricultural Building. You must know that this Exposition is different from our Fair of 1893 in that the exhibits are housed by classes, not by countries. Thus, there is an American section in the Agricultural Building, but no American Building for exhibits; the much-criticized structure which I have just mentioned is only a sort of meeting-place for visitors from our own land, and contains no exhibits. So Americans, and especially Californians, have a right to be proud of the fact that the whole building is planned on the Mission style of architecture, an adaption for practical purposes of the crumbling models in Southern California. This was done, it is said, in recognition of the splendid exhibit from California, which is to be the leading feature of the Agricultural Department. Indeed, I may add that Frenchmen everywhere have been impressed by the flowers and fruits, particularly the citrus fruits, of the Pacific slope.

ETIENNE MARCEL.

THE CALIFORNIA CAMERA CLUB.

A Critical Estimate of This Year's Print Exhibit.

TWO years or so past, when the California Camera Club gave its first "Print Exhibit" in San Francisco, the *Wave* had something to say of the flat, dead, inartistic work of the photographers, amateur and professional, who exhibited at that show. There was a little, a very little, promising amateur work, crude, ill-schemed and timid, and dozens on dozens of snap-shots and posed portraits which desecrated art to the limit and beyond. Possibly only one exhibitor, that one H. B. Hosmer, the dean of artistic photography on the Pacific Coast, did work that showed feeling and the eye for things and that was at the same time finished.

That is all put behind us. At that time Dr. Genthe was still at the snap-shot stage. Piatt and Street and Maurer and four or five others who are close up to them, had not yet reached the stage in amateur development when the difficulties of technique are under a mastery complete enough to give play to the artistic sense. The exhibition of this year contains poor pictures, artistic atrocities even, many of the former, and too, too many of the latter, but the development of two years has, nevertheless, been remarkable and gives great encouragement for the future.

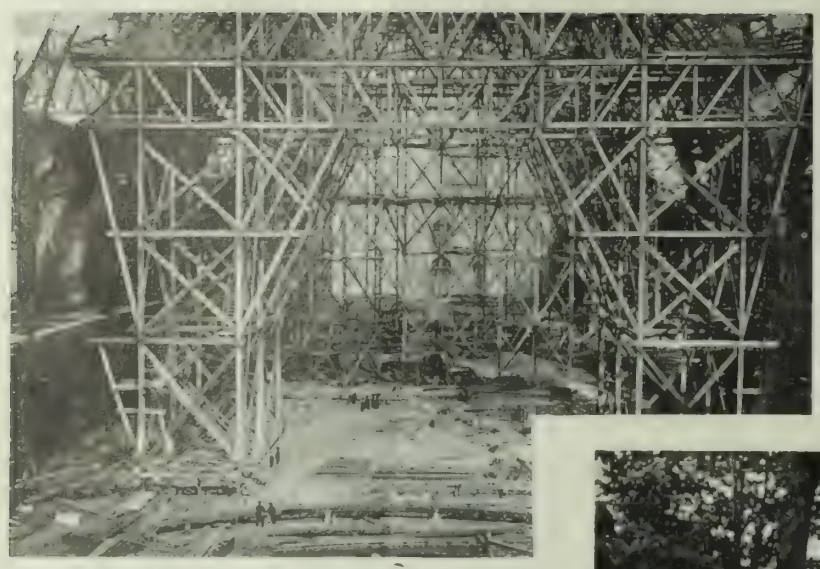
In a general way, it may be said that those of the exhibitors who show sufficient strength to render their output worthy of criticism are too timid, and hang too much upon old formulas. It is less than a year since most of them were making their prints upon the old, outrageous "solio paper" of the photograph gallery. When Genthe and a few others began to use "mat surface" papers, they had to undergo a goodly amount of ridicule. So it has been with other innovations and other attempts to put aside the conventional and explore new fields. It need hardly be said that this disposition to cling to old formulas is fatal to any art, and particularly to an art yet in its infancy, as is photography.

Besides this, the exhibitors, professional and amateur, reveal an amazing blindness to the possibilities of the bay region for photography. There is no region in the United States so rich in picturesque material as that about San Francisco, yet few have turned their cameras on the beauty surrounding us on every hand. Chinatown has its quota of views, not many, it is true, but enough to show that the "camera fiends" are awake to its possibilities. Chinatown is a hard place for the photographer, beset with difficulties known only to him who has tried it—and failed. The bay of San Francisco has also its share; indeed, Hosmer's bay views are at the top of this exhibit. But twenty other beautiful localities, such as Telegraph Hill, Little Italy, the Russian quarter, the West Coast—which is exploited by just one single view, Coombs' print of the Seal Rocks—the south-of-Market tenement district, and a dozen other localities which ought to yield material to the seeing eye, are not presented at all. Back of all this, perhaps, lies the fact that very few of our local photographers have studied art from the painter's point of view. Painting is an old art, photography a new one, and the old art has a mass of traditions which the new one could well assimilate. Myself, I believe that any photographer who has not learned, from the study of great paintings or from the attempt to paint for himself, the painter's way of approaching nature, cannot hope to reach the highest.

The final quarrel is with the Hanging Committee, or whatever the Camera Club names that body whose function it is to pass judgment on the prints submitted for exhibition. A smaller display on a higher standard would have been infinitely better for the club. There is flagrant example in one of the largest collections shown. In this, there are just three good pictures and something like forty bad ones. Had the committee seen fit to hang the three, they would have represented both the author and the club with credit; as it is, the good prints are lost in the mass of bad ones.

So much for a general view. Among individuals, only a few can be mentioned here. Hosmer shows a half a dozen carbons of the bay, with splendid cloud and water effects. Piatt, who gives as much promise as any of the younger set, has some landscapes that show great feeling for atmosphere. Eisen has one or two good landscapes lost in a mass of mediocre work. O. U. Lange's conscientious flower studies are notable for the manner in which they bring out the texture of the petals. Street, a man with a rare eye for things, shows some really beautiful pastorals; one, a study of cattle, is among the half-dozen best pictures in the exhibit. Oscar Maurer has two most excellent portraits and one or two others not so good, together with a Mexican view, "The Storm," which verges on the great. Mrs. Crowell has some beautiful flower studies and two fine portraits of William Keith. Webster spoils whatever there may be in his collection by mounting them on hideous mats. Finally, Bent's outing snap-shots, frankly inartistic, are jolly little bits which show that the man behind the kodak has an eye for the humorous and the gay in outdoor life. Dr. Genthe's exhibit includes, besides several of the best of his older prints, two superb portraits, probably the best he has ever done. One, called simply "A Study" is of a handsome woman in diaphanous drapery, and is full of poetic feeling. Dr. Genthe needs only hand-craft to be a great painter; except this alone, the portrait in question has all the quality of the work of the best portrait-painters. The other is a spirited picture of Porter Garnett, a photograph which seems endowed with life, so well has it rendered the spirit and intelligence of the original. Two new views of Nance O'Neil are less happy than Genthe's earlier prints of the same subject.

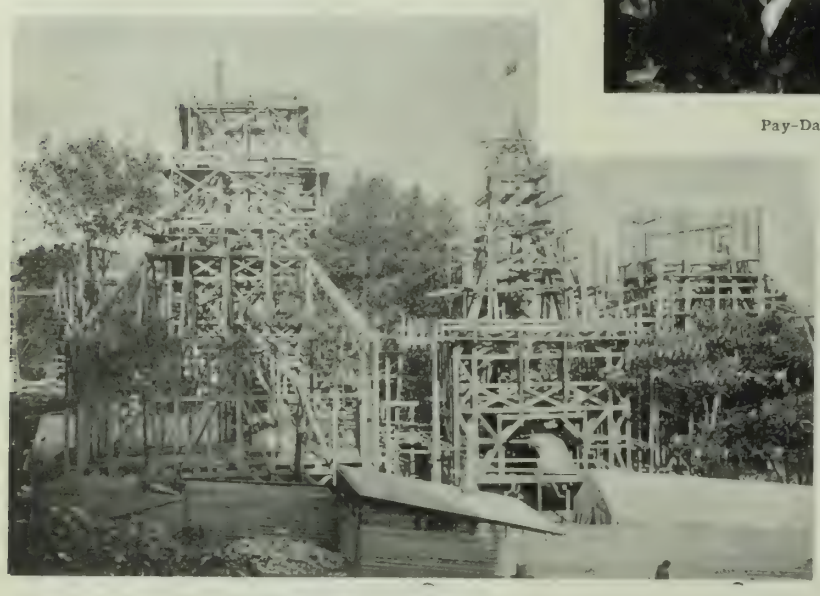
The steam schooner *Aloha*, which arrived in Seattle recently from Cape Nome, carried fifty tons of beach gravel ballast. John H. Bullock, one of the managing owners of the vessel, speaking of the ballast, said: "It is true. Some of it is the ruby sand, which, we know, contains gold, and the rest is coarse gravel. We are taking it to San Francisco, where it can be treated cheaper and worked to much better advantage than at Cape Nome. But for the severe weather, which made it difficult to get the sand, we should have taken 150 tons. Our steamer *Albion* will probably bring 200 tons of this sand. She is en route from Cape Nome either to this city or San Francisco." Should the *Aloha's* venture prove profitable, the spectacle of a fleet of vessels taking sand ballast from the Cape Nome beaches next summer will be witnessed. Mr. Bullock stated that he believed the *Aloha* sand would assay $100 to the ton.



Framework in the Interior of the "Grand Palais."

Art and Manufactures Building.

Pay-Day on the Russian Force.



The Great Siberian Building.

General View of the Grounds.

THE PRESENT STATE OF THE PARIS EXPOSITION BUILDINGS.

Concerning the Sutro Library.

THERE is a gold mine of its sort, lying unworked in San Francisco. Probably few Californians know that one of the largest and most precious libraries in the country, indeed, in the world, lies inaccessible in their midst. When the Sutro library was brought together, much was made of it, and the few scholars who enjoyed the friendship of its owner made continual use of the valuab e books on its shelves. Then followed the period when the shadows gathered around the venerable owner, and the shelves in the musty old buildings were less frequented; then came his death, and the doors of the library were closed entirely To-day, the two hundred thousand odd books, such books as scholars and bibliomaniacs delight in, are as far away from the book-lovers of San Francisco as though they were still in their old monastic resting-places.

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It seems as though the present owners might make some arrangement whereby the scholars of the bay region, and particularly those of the two universities, could have some access to the shelves, even though the petitioners for permits were obliged to pay a small fee to meet the extra expense of hiring librarians to watch the shelves—a necessity where books of great value are concerned. The Sutro library is not one that appeals to popular taste. Not more than five per cent. of the total number of volumes would be of any use in a public circulating library. But to finished scholars, engaged in original research on their own lines, access to such books is a privilege beyond price. If the Sutro heirs mean to carry out the traditions of the family's philanthropic founder, they can best show their intention by opening this treasure-ground to those who can make use of it.

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A Gentleman of France.

JAMES HAMILTON LEWIS has returned to Seattle, and Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed with beard and mannerisms such as his. The mannerisms are the latest from France. The whiskers were born in this country. Jay-Ham as a self-advertiser is a wonder. He does not need a press agent. He had not been in the city two days before he succeeded in getting a write-up from the *Post-Intelligencer*, a paper that hitherto has fought him bitterly. It is rumored that this write-up was not so much for the benefit of Jay-Ham as it was to anger the men who have purchased or are about to purchase the paper. The present management of the sheet do not like the ex-Congressman, but they love him more than they do the men who are to take their places; and so the modern Chesterfield is having some free notoriety. It is a comedy situation, and it will be funnier by and by, when the new management gets down to work.

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The Football Situation.

BY THE time this issue is in the hands of its subscribers, the intercollegiate football game of 1899 will be settled one way or another. It would be superfluous, therefore, to comment here on the chances of the two elevens, except to say that, in spite of Stanford's brace, California ought certainly to win. This has been, on the whole, an encouragihg season. The game is just getting on a solid basis on the Coast; it has outgrown the days of faddishness, and is attracting less attention from society, which is a good thing for the undergraduate, however pleasant the old order of things may have been. The season's record for athletic purity was marred by two squabbles, the old one which kept the audience waiting for an hour at the Freshman game, while the managers argued on the eligibility of two Stanford Freshmen, and the difficulty, but lately settled, over the professionalism of Ellis. These shyster-like squabblings ought to have no place in the college game. They have outgrown them in the East; it is time that we were done with them in the West.

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The Northern Pacific and the Seattle Waterfront.

THE fight of the Northern Pacific Railroad for a terminal in Seattle is still on, and it now remains for the Council to decide whether it shall have the land it desires or not. As already mentioned in these columns, the company proposed to erect a depot to cost about $400,000, and also docks and freight houses. It secured possession of some of the most valuable land on the waterfront, and a good many citizens feared that the depot and other structures would interfere with traffic and give the railroad a monopoly of the city's shipping business. The request now before the Council is for the city to vacate several streets in the neighborhood of the proposed improvement. President Hill, of the Great Northern, objects to the city giving the Northern Pacific any such privileges, on the ground that the proposed location of the depot will cut his road in two and will prevent him running his cars to the yards and warehouses north of the city at Smith's Cove. The opposition made its objections so strong in the Seattle papers that the Northern Pacific has changed its plans slightly. It is now willing to build a subway for passengers across the railway tracks. While this is a good thing, it will not help the traffic of vehicles. There promises to be a very pretty battle before the Council when the matter comes up for final settlement.

Water Buffaloes, U. S. A.

THE three water buffaloes now at Glen Park are doing more work than draft horses. They give no trouble, except on warm days, when they paddle around in the creek. The water buffalo when he is overheated insists upon finding a pool of some kind wherein he can cool his hide; a fact that caused the wreckage of every watering

trough along Valencia street one Sunday morning. The Glen Park buffaloes are regular farmers. The city is a constant source of wonderment to them. When they see their reflected images in a store window, at once they want to fight and smash things. As the climate seems to agree with them, an effort will be made to raise the animals here.

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The Newsboys' Ball, and Other Matters.

THE newsboys of Seattle gave a ball recently, and the best lady waltzer got a ham. She got a cake, too, and hundreds of other people received presents of various kinds. The prizes were supplied by the generous merchants of the city. "Reddy" Gleason, who was chiefly responsible for the success of the affair, was praised by everyone. A great many went to the dance purely out of curiosity, but those who expected to witness a boisterous exhibition were very pleasantly disappointed. The heart of the public always goes out to the newsboy. This time the boys were aided by some of the best-known and most cultivated people in the city, in a hundred different ways. Enough money was made out of the ball to pay for a substantial Thanksgiving dinner.

BOSWELL, JR.

To the phlegmatic resident of Seattle the stories that are printed in the Tacoma and Spokane papers about the city are very amusing. Until recently Tacoma alone attacked Seattle, but now Spokane has begun it, too, and everything against the city that is published in Tacoma is republished in the Spokane papers. The Seattle journals have contented themselves with printing these articles without a word of comment.

Index, the Mining Center that will yet Rival Butte.

R. ALVIN WEISS

ABOUT forty miles almost directly east of Seattle and not over seventy miles from the city by the Great Northern railway, lies the mining town of Index, in the Cascade Mountains. It is unquestionably one of the most charmingly located camps in the state of Washington, and promises to rank with the noted mining centres in the United States. A scarcely perceptible difference in climatic conditions from those formed on the shores of Puget Sound is due to the 532 feet of elevation above sea level.

The Index mining district includes that portion of Snohomish county north of King county, embraced between the Sauk river on the east, Proctor Creek on the west and the Cascade summit, between Monte Cristo and Mineral City, to the head of Troublesome Creek, on the north. Within these limits are located all the mines and prospects from which the ores were taken which, at the recent Spokane Fruit Fair, won the first prize for copper in competition with western Montana, British Columbia, Oregon, Idaho and the rest of the state of Washington. The gateway to this wealth of mineral is Index, which, only a few years ago, contained but a single habitation. To-day, a bustling population of four hundred souls, with nearly one hundred buildings, enliven the scene. The surroundings all speak of the newness of the camp—the unimproved and muddy streets, the scant sidewalks, the unpainted buildings, with here and there the obtrusive canvas whitening the landscape, the numerous pack-trains with their heavy burdens en route to the different mines, the constant coming and going of tourists and strangers, from the capitalist intent upon legitimate investment, to the proverbial "drummer," and the hardy and sometimes ragged prospector, with his pockets full of rocks and his oft-repeated tale of the wealth untold in the claim just staked. Here, hopes are "a-borning" every moment of the long day and naught is needed but a few gun plays to liken it unto the typical mining camps of '49.

Topographically the district consists of a series of abrupt and rugged mountains, the precipitous sides of which, not infrequently, show faces of from 100 to 1,500 feet straight up and down. The general trend of these mountains is north and south with an altitude reaching in a few instances more than 5,000 feet, Index Mountain being 5,100 feet. An abundance of the finest timber clothes the hill-tops with a perpetual green, while never ceasing torrents dash their mad waters down the rocky channels, giving undoubted evidence of the power which can always be utilized in the development of the mineral resources of the district. For the economical mining and treatment of ores, Index may be equalled, but can never be surpassed. It is practically impossible to locate a mining claim three miles away from water power.

The general formation is a changed granite. Especially is this the case in the western and southern portions of the district. In the extreme east are formed quartzite and slate, while in the north granites, slates and limestone, with numerous dykes of diorite, syenite, etc., are discovered. The fissures are usually what are termed "replacement" fissures, and hold their course through the country with remarkable regularity, not infrequently the extension of a claim being formed by following the general direction of its ore-cropping with a compass.

Strange as it may appear, mining has been carried on in an indifferent manner in a portion of the Index district for more than ten years. The earliest work was done in the silver-lead belt, north of Galena, but with little success. Disheartened, broken in pocket, one after another of the original miners "pulled out for other diggings," until but a very few are left to tell the tale of the early days on Silver Creek. Among the pioneers were Joe Piersol, Frank Leslie, J. N. Scott, W. J. Caplin, Lockwood, Peabody and "Old Man" Hubbard. In 1890, Knute Anderson located several claims on Little Index Mountain and worked them for a couple of seasons. While arranging giant powder to get a mess of fish, he had a premature explosion, causing the loss of both hands. Some of his ground was restaked this last summer. In 1893, Merchant and Everson went to the head of Trout Creek and located what is known as the Merchant–Townsend group of copper claims. In 1894, the Gray Brothers, while hunting, discovered the *Copper Bell* and located nine claims the following spring. In 1895, the McCree Brothers located what is now popularly known as the Wilbur property. One brother was killed by a cave-in in the first development of the mine, and the other was drowned while crossing the Skykomish river with a boat-load of ore. In 1897, the Egbert Brothers, while holding down a timber claim near the mouth of Trout Creek, discovered the *Sunset* mine. Numerous prospectors have come into the district within the last three years and made many new locations, there being about two thousand mining claims now on record.

MINES AND CAMPS.

Sunset This group comprises thirteen claims and is probably the best known mine in the district. It is six and one-half miles northeast from Index, at an elevation of 1100 feet. The ore occurs in large bodies, chalcopyrite and bornite. The general average is six per cent. in copper, with small values in gold and silver. In the development so far it shows the vein to dip at an angle of ten degrees. There are 471 feet of tunnelling, 133 feet of a raise to the surface, and a shaft in the lowest level down five and one-half feet. At all the workings the vein is shown to be a "true fissure," holding its own in its general strike through the country rock. The average width of the ore body is 17.75 feet. There is $224,509 worth of ore blocked out and in sight. There has just been completed a suspension bridge, tramway and gravity tram for a total length of six and one-half miles, at a cost of $2,000 a mile. It can handle 100 tons or more daily, if desired. An air compressor and a 100-ton concentrator plant are to be added this winter, and when the plant is completed and operated this mine can pay a regular monthly dividend. There have been sorted and shipped to the smelter, at Everett, thirteen car-loads of ore, which gave a return of 8 5 to 16.4 per cent. in copper. There are at the mine accommodations for seventy-five men, only ten being now employed.

Merchant-Townsend. This group is at the head of Trout Creek, about three and one half miles southeast of the *Sunset* group, at an elevation of 2,800 feet, and contains thirty-four claims in all. The vein is a contact vein, between black slate and quartzite, and the float in the slide at the foot of the mountain shows it to be one of the big mines of this district. Some of the pieces of float weigh over five tons. A tunnel eleven hundred feet long has been run on this property. Within the last week the ledge has been crosscut and it shows a width of thirty feet, four feet being shipping ore, the balance good concentrating ore. On this property there is a two-drill air compressor; and there is a five drill compressor at the *Sunset* bridge waiting to be transferred to the mine and set up. There is in addition a fine set of cabins to accommodate the men, fifteen in all, and several more under construction. Mr Downs, who has the property under bond, is a mining man of several years experience in Montana and Colorado, and has shown his grit and faith in his judgment, and has not been afraid to back the same with his money. His success in finding the ore body and ledge means a great deal for the future prosperity of this district.

Haber Group This comprises sixteen claims, and is known as the German Syndicate property, personally belonging to some of the stockholders of the Great Northern Railroad. Mr. Haber is the mine representative. The group is located on the south side of the range, between Monte Cristo and the head of Troublesome Creek, fourteen miles north of Index, at an elevation of 2,500 feet. Less is known of this property than of any other in the district, Mr. Haber and his associates being very close about the affairs at the mine. There has been more work done here than at any other property in the district—1,000 feet of tunnels in all—there being seven different tunnels. Five are on the main mountain and two on a spur leading into the same mountain. It is claimed that one can walk on the outcrop of the fissure for over one and one-half miles. It is a gold and silver arsenical ore, the gold value predominating. There are two sets of cabins, the headquarters camp being located at the foot of the mountain and the other cabins at the mine, several thousand feet up the side of the mountain, where it was necessary to blast out a place to build them. Several trams skirt the mountain to furnish the upper camp with supplies. At present twenty-three men work at the mine, which is about one-half the force that was employed this summer. There is also a corps of Great Northern surveyors, thirteen men in all, at Galena, and from the best information that can be obtained they are at work surveying a railroad to this group of mines from Index.

Copper Bell. This group comprises nine claims in all and is located four and one-half miles due west of Index at an elevation of 1,200 feet. There are two distinct ledges on this group parallel with each other and about three hundred feet apart, known as the *Copper Bell* and *Jumbo* ledges. The *Jumbo* ledge is forty feet wide, being very highly mineralized with chalcopyrite that will pay to concentrate. Four feet will ship as it is now. There have been about four hundred feet of tunneling done on this group, and there are several hundred tons of ore on the dumps which will run from five to ten per cent. in copper, and, in instances, very high in gold. Mr. Gray, the president of the *Copper Bell* company, in conversation with the writer, said that it is his intention to build a tramway from his mine three-fourths of a mile to the Great Northern Railroad.

Calumet. This group comprises five claims, and is situated three and one-half miles northeast from Index, at an elevation of 2 500 feet. From information from the most reliable sources it is one of the coming mines of this district. The outcrop on the ledge is about two hundred feet long, being from four feet to ten feet wide and very highly mineralized with chalcopyrite. Samples taken from the vein have gone twenty per cent. copper. The upper tunnel, which was started on the vein, is in about eighteen feet, and all in ore. There are at present twenty men working on this property. Two sets of cabins have been built and 2,500 feet of tramway is under construction. The management say that they are going to ship ore before the snow flies.

Ethel and John D. These groups comprise thirteen claims in all, and are situated fifty miles northwest from Index, at an elevation of 1,800 feet. There are six distinct ledges on these groups, the main one being forty feet wide. At the present time five different tunnels, working twenty-five men, are being driven. There is under construction one mile of wagon road to the Index–Galena road on the west side of Excelsior Creek, and it is the intention of the management to install an air compressor at the mine on completion of this road; also, if possible, to construct a tramway this fall.

Lost Creek This company is the owner of two groups. One group of two claims, which includes the *Copper Queen*, lies west of the *Ethel* mine at an elevation of 850 feet, five miles from Index. There have been 350 feet of tunnels run on this property. In the upper tunnel it shows four feet of the richest chalcopyrite that has ever been found in this district. The other group is located at the head of Lost Creek, on Iron Mountain, three and one-half miles north of the *Sunset*, and comprises three claims. On this mountain is shown the biggest general mineralization of any section of the district. Small stringers of clean chalcopyrite can be found exposed on the surface almost anywhere on the sides of Iron Mountain.

Wilbur. This group of claims, five in all, is on the north side of Little Index Mountain, at an elevation of two thousand feet, three and one-half miles southeast of Index. Here is exposed in the vein fine bornite copper, a car-load of which was shipped to the smelter at Everett, and from which they got a return of thirty-three and one-third per cent. copper, forty ounces of silver, and

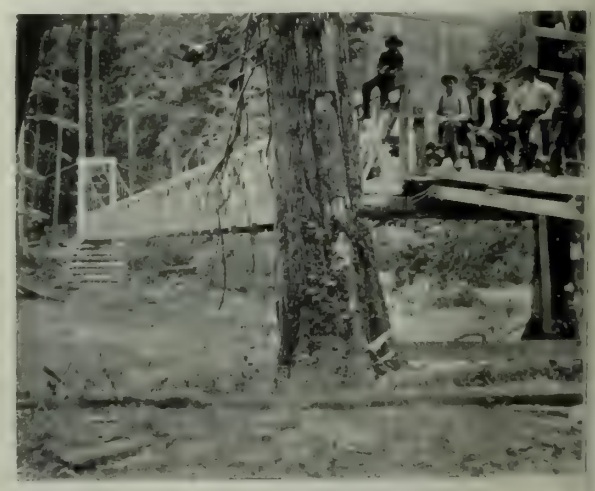
(Continued on Page 10.)

Index Anaconda Mine

Partin

The Copper Bell. *Homer, Photo*

Lowest Tunnel, 135-Foot Level, Sunset Copper Mining Co.'s Mines.



Sunset Co.'s Bridge over North Fork of Skykomish

Jumbo Tunnel of Copper Bell

Index Wilbur Mining Bridge

...w of Index

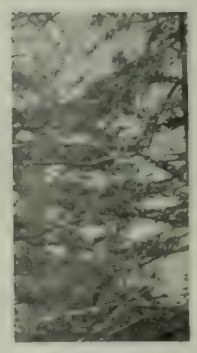
Lower Tunnel of Index Wilbur Mine

Headquarters Sunset Copper Mining Co., Trout Creek, near Index

A. I. Indredson's Corner

View of Calumet, Showing 200-Foot Surface Exposure

Lowest Tunnel, 190-Foot Level, Copper Queen Claim, Lost Creek Property



SOME PROPERTIES OF THE CO-OPERATIVE MINING SYNDICATE

1. Mono Tunnel No. 2, Showing Vein of Copper Ore 56 Feet in Width
2. Coal Bunkers of Sunset Coal Mine, Owned and Operated by the Co Operative Company
3. Flume Crossing Elliott River on the River Junction Placer Claims
4. Cabins at Rainbow Camp. The Rainbow Tunnel is 150 Feet Below
5. Bunk-House of Keystone and Phoenix Claims on Howard Creek near Index
6. Cabin and Tunnels Nos. 1, 2 and 3 at "Aces Up" on Miller Creek

(Continued from Page 7.)

$18 in gold. There are three tunnels, five hundred feet in all, on this property. A new bunk house has just been completed, capable of accommodating twenty men, and, as soon as the Great Northern Railroad builds a side track, shipments will be commenced and continued during the winter.

Index-Independent. This group comprises four claims and is located five miles east of Index, at an elevation of 1,500 feet. The outcrop on this vein shows the finest bornite that this camp has produced, and in one place is twenty feet long and from ten to sixteen inches wide. There have just been completed a couple of fine cabins, a bridge and a pack trail one and one-fourth miles long to the mine, at a cost of several thousand dollars Mr. Evans, the general manager of the mine, in conversation with the writer, says that he has struck the ledge in the lower tunnel with gratifying results.

There are other claims that have been worked to a limited extent, enough being done to demonstrate that with the application of money and practical knowledge of mining they will make mines.

This camp has had its drawbacks, but next summer it will see such a revival of the mining industry as was never seen before in the Cascade Mountains.

R. ALVIN WEISS.

The most curious street pavement in the world is that which has recently been put down in Lyons, France. It is of glass, the blocks being about eight inches square, each made up of sixteen smaller blocks The glass blocks are so tightly fitted together that water cannot pass between them. As a pavement glass is said to have greater resistance than stone. It is a poor conductor of cold, and ice will not form upon it.

THE CO-OPERATIVE MINING SYNDICATE

OF SEATTLE, WASH.

Among the great mining companies of the West, there are few that take precedence over the Co-operative Mining Syndicate of Seattle. This company has over twelve hundred stockholders, who pay into the treasury of the syndicate a stated sum on their stock subscription each month; it owns over forty mining claims in the Index and Miller districts, and operates at this time five different camps, besides a large coal property—the *Sunset*—in King County and a fine placer property in southern Oregon. Within the space of three years this syndicate has paid out fully $150,000 in development of its properties, and to-day possesses some of the most valuable mineral property in western Washington. The early completion of two railroads, which are being surveyed in the districts named (Index and Miller River), means much to this corporation, and a visit to their camps must certainly convince the most skeptical that they are conducting their development work in a way to command the confidence of the business world. We were very much impressed with the character of the work at each of the properties visited. The cabins are well built, and every inducement is given for the best class of miners to be contented. The tunnel work has all been done with a view of determining the value of the property, and at the same time in such a way as to be utilized for the future operation of it. The tunnels are well timbered and have plenty of air. The character of the ores is largely copper, as these districts run mostly to that metal, with more or less gold, silver and lead.

On Howard Creek, in the Index district, the syndicate possesses in the *Rainbow*, *New York*, *Howard* and *Phœnix* properties a group of claims that are of high value. There is here a system of parallel ledges, three of which have been partially exploited, the *Rainbow* proper having been developed beyond the prospect stage.

On Miller River the syndicate possesses in the *Aces Up* and *Mono* two properties which will soon give it a name in the mining world.

The *Mono* is an immense body of ore measuring in the upper tunnel over fifty-six feet in width, with the entire face well mineralized. The assays range from $4.40 to $12 22, with concentrates running up to $366.50 per ton on the surface croppings. A better concentrating proposition is rarely found, and we predict large returns to the syndicate from this property. They have recently installed a water wheel and fan for supplying air, and will soon have the dynamo in place for lighting the tunnel and cabins.

At *Aces Up* three tunnels have been driven to prove the value of the property, with a decided gain in the size of ore shoots in the lower tunnels. This property is an extension of the *Cleopatra*, and is apparently on the same vein. The completion of the new electric road will make this property an early shipper.

The officers of the syndicate are: president, Chas. E. Crane, manager Diamond Ice & Storage Co.; vice-president and attorney, Judge J. A. Stratton, of Stratton & Powell; secretary, A. Robinson, of the Seattle Land Co.; treasurer, A. Chilberg, of the Scandinavian-American Bank; superintendent, A. J. Wells; who, with Austin S. Burwell and Dr. Wm. Chapman, form the Board of Trustees. This board has the advice and counsel of a board of twenty of the stockholders, who pass on the purchase and sale of any properties before final action can be taken by the Board of Trustees, thus surrounding the funds of the syndicate with every protection possible. The syndicate is one mining company that has the confidence of the business men of Seattle, and its rule of paying on the 15th of each month every dollar it owes has created for it a high standard of credit. The plan of its operation gives to the small investor a valuable means of investment, and when it is considered that only 5000 shares are interested in all the properties named, the showing is remarkable for the time that the syndicate has been in existence.

THERE are two Chinatowns in San Francisco. One of them lies in the path of the inquisitive Eastener, and is much in the nature of a malodorous Midway. It is kept open for the out-of-town visitor, and is made as hideous as possible purposely to shock his five senses. In addition, the experienced guide may be counted upon to furnish his money's worth of sensations, where visible horrors fail. This daring Chinaman-baiter will begin by recounting the dangers of the trail. The visitor is solemnly cautioned against laying one forefinger upon the other, for it is a sign that the next person he speaks with is to be stabbed; and against brushing his left ear with the palm of his hand, for it is a sign that the person behind him is to be shot. Before he sets out he is supplied (if he is the right kind) with a pair of enormous pistols, with which to defend his life against the heathen. Sometimes he even carries a bowie-knife and belt. At every step he is made to feel the hazardous nature of his undertaking.

And then the descent begins into the depths. The wide-eyed old gentleman is led with great secrecy through pest-holes kept filthy especially for his nose. Mysterious passwords are exchanged at every step. He is shown certain marvelous highbinders with scarred faces, and made acquainted, if he will be careful whom he tells of it, with their crimson records. He is led past a succession of blood-stained Chinaman-traps, infernal passage-ways that end in bottomless pits, suspended weights with threads across dark doorways to release them upon the tong's enemies, knives, tomahawks, sandbags, guillotines, garrotes, electrocutory scaffolds, and various other pleasant devices for murder, until his head swims, and he steps high lest continually he should stumble over a freshly-made corpse. And after he comes through it all alive, he feels like the hero in one of Anthony Hope's novels. That is the Chinatown of romance.

The other Chinatown lies behind fifty-thousand sloping foreheads. It is a drama of changing relationships, in which the oldest civilization on earth, with all its laws, traditions, and ethical standards, is acted upon by the newest. The stage is set as often for comedy as for tragedy; and there are no visitors.

The Shadow of Quong Lung (J. B. Lippincott Co.), by Dr. C. W. Doyle of Santa Cruz, is the cause for these remarks. Dr. Doyle is a writer of great ability. His East Indian tales of a few months ago met with more than ordinary success. His latest book, therefore, consisting wholly of tales of the San Francisco Chinese, challenges attention.

Dr. Doyle's Chinatown is the Chinatown of romance, the Chinatown of the Sunday newspaper, of the guide-beridden evening visitor. It is a sort of fairy-land, peopled with all the familiar monsters of Visitors' Route, where everybody is coutinually killing everybody else. It seems to be populated chiefly by highbinders. Its Chinamen speak always in a quaint Quaker-English, as other Chinamen very curiously have been made to do by earlier writers. They always refer to Americans as "White Devils," as the earlier Chinaman did. They swear the good old oaths of the beheaded chicken, and do the other familiar "stunts." And the children—surely such little old babies never before existed outside of the ancient joke about the Boston infant—the children, too, talk like Quaker patriarchs reading a Chinese guide book.

This is the speech Dr. Doyle puts into the mouth of a four-year-old blind baby:

"Mother," he [the four-year-old] said, "I would have thee remember that the white *yee-sung* (physician) will expect us soon. Hasten, therefore."

"The passage is serious, my Lord," said Suey Yep [the babe's mother], and we shall scarce weather the storm—unless we order it safe."

"Order it safe; and proceed."

"How shall that be, my Lord Captain?"

"Throw Jonah overboard—he that the White Devils tell of at the Mission, where I go sometimes for the sweetmeats."

A precocious baby, that; but why should he be let speak of a *yee-sung*, when Dr. Doyle has taken the trouble to translate the rest of the sentence? Is it to display the author's learning? Other Chinese characters in the same way use isolated Chinese words, usually the same word over and over again. The Chinese word for "lady" is always translated into the English "lady"; but "gentleman" is always *sing song*, never "gentleman." Likewise the word for "tea."

"Canst see the light in the east, my little Lee Moy?"

"Yea, mother . . . . I perceive, too, the smoke of Pekin," said Lee Moy [still only four years old!].

"'Tis time, then, to drink more *tchah* ere we set foot in the Flowery Land."

Dr. Doyle perhaps owns a Chinese dictionary. It is too bad that he should know the italic word for "tea" and not for "smoke"; for "gentleman" and not for "lady."

As for the Quaker-English, doubtless it was intended to translate what in Chinese corresponds to the familiarity of German *du* and *dich*; but "thou" and "thee" in English have long since lost that sense. An Englishman does not say "thee" to his family or his servants. The effect is quite different. The effect is that of quaintness, but the quaintness of ages long past. It savors of England and the King James Bible. It certainly does not taste of burnt peanut oil and Chinatown, Chester Bailey Fernald and Francis Powers for precedent notwithstanding.

* * *

S. S. McClure, of the firm of Doubleday & McClure, has made a statement regarding the arrangements with Harper & Brothers for a merger of the interests of the two firms, now fallen through. Mr. McClure says:

"It is suggested in the newspapers this morning that some of the Messrs. Harper disapproved of the arrangements made with us last summer. This is a mistake. The facts are that in June we obtained an option on certain stock of Harper & Brothers. Part of the stock of each stockholder was included in the option. There were only seven stockholders, and each one was a party to the transaction and was present when the arrangement was made. About two weeks ago we informed Messrs. Harper & Brothers that we would surrender the option. This we did last week. We will carry out the plans for an encyclopedia and other enterprises which we hoped to undertake in connection with Harper & Brothers."

* * *

Kirk Munroe, who is some forty-three or forty-four years of age and lives in Florida, is again an author, this time as previously the book being a story for boys. He calls the tale *Forward March!* (Harper & Bros.) There is an abundance of action—boy readers delight in action,—and a good deal of bloodshed, together with rare accounts of personal bravery, narrow escapes, and so on, as is to be expected in a narrative whose hero is a member of Roosevelt's famous Rough Riders, sent through the heart of Cuba with a message to Garcia. This hero arrived before Santiago in time to participate in the land attack, and he also witnessed the great naval battle from a dispatch boat. The book is illustrated.

* * *

Three volumes of the new twelve-volume library set of histories by Francis Parkman are to hand, from the press of Little, Brown & Co., Boston. The first of these (vol. 5) is *Count Frontenac and New France under Louis XIV*, first published in 1877; the other two are the volumes, *A Half Century of Conflict*, first published in 1892. The edition is well bound and printed, and is upon good paper.

* * *

Another beautifully printed new edition, the first volume of which has just been sent out, is *The Life and Works of the Sisters Bronte*, with prefaces by Mrs. Humphry Ward. Harper & Bros. are the publishers. The "Haworth" edition will contain seven volumes, beginning with *Jane Eyre*, by Charlotte Bronte. "I will show you," said Charlotte on one occasion to her sisters, who were over-careful to keep their heroines beautiful, "a heroine as plain and as small as myself, who shall be as interesting as any of yours." And so she dared to make her heroine plain and small; but she carried her revolt against the neat and prim view of life still further, and made her heroine unconventional in other respects, and her hero, too; until the conjecture was advanced that if the author were a woman it was probably Becky Sharp taking revenge for her treatment in *Vanity Fair*, then appearing as a serial, by caricaturing Thackeray as "Rochester."

* * *

S. Baring Gould presents *Pabo the Priest*, an English historical novel of the time of Matilda and King Henry, to his American readers through the Fred'k A. Stokes Co., of New York. There seems to be no law of prevention that will reach the bread-and-butter work of clever tradespeople. A serial is wanted, not too expensive; it is constructed, say, in two months, and printed during another six. Or, it is placed upon the market at once as a book. The result is invested in—more bread-and-butter. From whence springs another book, and more bread-and-butter; perhaps even now and then a little cake. The book is not bad, or it would not sell. Neither can it be very good, for that would not pay. Result, the novel of commerce.

* * *

It is now said in Chicago that young Miss Margaret Potter did not write *A Social Lion*. It is stated that Miss Potter was the victim of a plot. The manuscript was first offered to Stone & Co., who refused it. The author then took the story to Miss Potter and filled her head with ideas about the prominence it would bring her and how she would become famous in the literary world. A publisher was paid in advance to bring out the book, and the public was "worked" by the secret leaking out that the pseudonym of "Robert Dolly Williams" was adopted by Miss Potter, a society belle and the daughter of a millionaire. When the wickedness of the book had been thoroughly exploited, Miss Potter's father gave orders to destroy the plates. Now it is impossible to buy a volume. An order stands that every book will be bought by the father at the sale price. It is safe to conclude that the Potters have had their fill of literary fame.

* * *

Mr. J. M. Barrie has completed the sequel to his *Sentimental Tommy*. It is to be called *Tommy and Grizel*, and its opening chapters will appear in the January *Scribner's*. Grizel has become a woman and Tommy is celebrated even as the story opens. The action takes place in London, and the most dramatic and picturescue scenes will be set off with illustrations by Bernard Partridge. W. J. N.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

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PACIFIC COAST DEPARTMENT
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I AM beginning, Diary dear, to lose the ability I evinced a month ago for wild enthusiasm. Leila says it shows the right spirit. You see, none of this year's buds are in the least degree enthusiastic. So, when a belle of two seasons loses her head over dances and dinners, it looks quite as though she was as Arthur always says a "bit of a back number." Still, in the depths of my heart, I do love it all, and cannot understand why my love is not shared by some of the others. Fancy not going out! The horror of it almost causes me to weep. One girl told me she was infinitely too well balanced to lose her head over gaiety. And then, that she had always "gone out" ever since she was a little bit of a tot. Still another, that she had seen too much of the world to even realize she was having a good time; and all the others, well—I suppose they have not the spirit to take anything really much to heart. I always have one of the girls stay all night with me after a party, and we talk until the wee hours. Leila even lets me cuddle up to her if there be no other, and at a time of that sort I find her most sympathetic and companionable. She and I of course swop experiences, and though when she was a society maiden she had more elaborate affairs at which she was entertained, still little Cricket chirps as gaily as though each party were a Queen's Drawing Room.

Monday night a lot of girls and fellows came to my house and we played "Being Authors." Each one personated some tremendous genius. Shakespeare, for instance, was given to one of the boys who stutters. He spoke of his plays, and anything else he happened to know of the great Bard, which not being very much was intensely humorous. It is an awfully jolly game, and each has such a splendid opportunity of bragging of himself, and what boy does not like that? The joke of it all was that before the evening was over all the authors from Chaucer down to Ella Wheeler Wilcox were discussing the great and glorious football game. Afterwards we wended our way down to the Palace Hotel supper room and forgot, in our desire for food, the appetite of him or her whom we happened to be personating. Actors, artists, or even kings and queens, are all equally good fun. Wednesday night Arthur and I went to the Carroll dinner. The table was most charmingly decorated in pinks, which were in large brass jars, and the odor from them was really delicious. I had a fine time, Gerald Rathbone being opposite me, Harry Stetson on one side and dear old Nat Wilson on the other. The girls all looked very well. Gertrude Carroll wore a dear, sweet confection, in which she looked her best. Therese Morgan, too, was stunning. I have never seen Fannie Loughborough look prettier, but she is most attractive even were she not a bit pretty. I increased my acquaintance with Azalia Keyes. She is a delight to me. I just love to talk to her; she is so jolly too, when one knows her well. There were several other girls and men, but I have forgotten who they were. The dinner was delicious and I hated to go home. As a rule a luncheon I do not mind particularly, but men add so very much to any kind of an affair. Friday afternoon I spent at Mrs. Crocker's receiving with the debutantes, and a few of the older girls. The house, I thought, was more prettily decorated than on any of the former occasions. It was done by the "Worn girls" I heard. I thought so when I saw it; one can always tell their work. All the debutantes received. Katherine Dillon wore a pink chiffon on this occasion and looked fine. I like her so much more in high necked gowns than in decollete; she has a fine neck too, but I think perhaps she needs color right up to her throat. Edith Preston also wore pink—there is no girl I am really fonder of than Edith. She is jolly and witty and so wholesome. Eleanor Morrow, too, looked very pretty. She has a beautiful head, on which her hair grows in really a most picturesque manner. Her face is most vivacious, and she somehow is always having a good time. Miss Kline looked very well; she has days on which I can see her future as being one of the superb women of our town. I do hope she will not marry some Eastern chap, for we need her type of girl right here in San Francisco. Leila Voorhies, who was beautiful afterwards at the cotillion when her color came and her eyes brightened with her fun and delight at dancing, was there, so was Azalia Keyes and Marie Josselyn and the two Stubbs girls, and a host of others who seemed to be having a fine time and enjoying themselves very much. We all stayed to an informal dinner and then skipped off to the Fortnightly, regretting that Mrs. Crocker's affairs had all passed. They were fine. She must feel that the buds of this year owe her a debt of gratitude for her kindness to them.

How I adore dancing! As soon as I saw Mrs. Salisbury I knew I was destined for the first set, so I was happy. Ed Sheldon and Lillian Follis led. I have never seen Lillian look more beautiful, and she was grace itself as a leader. It was a jolly affair. Addie Murphy was as bright and jolly as ever. She returned home last week. Frances Baldwin looked well, as did all the other girls. I was having such fun and my mind was on so many different things I can only remember that at the time I thought Leila Voorhies, Edith Preston and Linda Cadwalader were the prettiest girls there. Margaret Salisbury, Therese Morgan, Bernie Drown and Georgiana Hopkins also all looked very well indeed and had a good time. I had a very good time with Mr. Bulmer. He is on the *Iowa* and I believe I could get really fond of him. He is an excellent talker and very nice looking. The other night I came to the conclusion Cary Van Fleet was the best dancer in the room. He is like a bird, he seems to soar about as in a dream, and it is a dream to dance with him. Saturday noon, Mrs. Dutton gave a luncheon at the University Club. I went home to rest but could not I was so anxious to go to the Scott tea. I have never seen more beautiful flowers. There were just tables covered with all sorts of roses and violets and berries. In fact, it seemed as though it were a garden instead of being a house. It was a jolly tea, I think, but the tea part sinks into insignificance when I think of the dinner. Then, I really had the time of my life. Mrs. Scott is a hostess in a thousand. Though she had been standing all the afternoon she seemed as fresh and as capable of enjoying herself as any of the girls. The dinner was capital and so well served. Arthur and Leila have a great joke at my expense over well served dinners. It is just this way with me: no matter how interesting the men happen to be who are near me, unless the dinner is served quickly and in first-class order, it is all spoiled for me. Helen Hopkins looked really beautiful. I could not exactly say who was the belle. In fact, all the girls could have taken a prize.

Miss Hager is to have a reception in honor of Ethel on Saturday next and will afterwards be at home on Wednesdays in December. Though I am very fond of Ethel, for she is amusing and a girl who has really a versatile mind, my heart is still true to Alice, whom I have cared for for years. We are all anticipating the fun of a ball. Mrs. Winfield Scott Keyes is to give one to Azalia on December the fifth. This will be our first ball this year and I am just longing for it. I do hope some other girl will follow in her footsteps. I think Mary Belle Gwin the most fortunate girl in town. Fancy the fun of being married on the first day of the new century. I have begged Leila to hurry up her wedding and celebrate then, but she can't see why. I'd love to be married on that day though; it will be so interesting to tell one's friends about it sixty or seventy years hence. Mary Belle was telling me that Jim and she are going for a trip to China and Japan and do not expect to return here for at least six months. Della Mills will give a card party next week. The Huntington dinner and dance on Monday night was fine. They have a jolly big house in which to entertain and they do it royally. Of all the "mothers" I think Mrs. Huntington is the favorite; she is so keen and seems to enjoy life quite as much as any of the girls.

The University "La Jeunesse" is the talk of all the members. The first set with its Football Figure is to be a great change from what we generally see out here. I really can hardly wait for it to come. Think of it, I've had thirteen invitations to go to the football game, but the one man whom I really like has asked another girl, so I am going out to the Children's Hospital to tell stories to the poor youngsters. It is no fun at a football game unless one has one's best crush at one's side. Just fancy seeing him with another girl! This chicken won't, but she will tell you a number of new things next week.

MISS CRICKET.

FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

The variety of calendars and Christmas cards this year is gorgeous in the extreme. The local artists, too, encouraged by former successes, have added greatly to the productions and are rapidly driving Eastern competitors from this market. Messrs. Cooper & Co., the Art Stationers, have represented over 1000 different designs and their display of calendars and Christmas cards cannot be equaled anywhere.

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Added to the many pleasures afforded by its enchanting surroundings are FINE GOLF LINKS

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HOMES OF PLEASURE

THE PEERLESS CALIFORNIA RESORT

A Square Dance.

Characters: Captain Anthony Wilsford, Miss Madge Durrington.

Scene: A conservatory leading out of Lady Amesbury's ballroom. Easy chairs arranged among the flowers and plants. The place is lighted with Japanese lanterns and fairy lights.

Enter Captain Wilsford C from ballroom; he comes down R.

CAPTAIN (looking about)—Nobody here? If I'd only—I've a good mind to—I wonder if any one would smell it? (Lights a cigarette.) That's it. Now, if they would not play that beastly music I could almost fancy myself at the club.

(Enter Madge Durrington hurriedly from the ballroom. She comes down L.)

Madge—Safe at last! I thought I never should have dodged that ghastly Mr. Binks! Little bounder! There he goes, mooning about the room with his chin in the air—looking for me, I hope. I do hate a man who looks for one in that apologetic sort of way! (Sits L.)

Captain—There is some one talking in here. Hang it all! I don't want to be let into the confidences of these people. I don't see why I should go, though. They can't see me, and I can't hear them.

Madge—There's somebody smoking in here. I wonder who it is. I've a jolly good mind to peep through the branches and see if I know him.

Captain—I'll just have a look at them, and, if they don't look likely to shock me, I'll stop where I am and finish my cigarette.

Madge—Yes, I will. (Rises.) Of course, he is too much wrapped up in his cigarette to notice me.

Captain—(Rises.) Here goes for a reconnoitre! (Their eyes meet through the branches.) Miss Durrington!

Madge—Captain Wilsford! (Pause. Both come down front.)

Captain—How do you do, Miss Durrington?

Madge—Pretty well, thank you. (A pause.) Well?

Captain—Er—well? (Holding his cigarette behind him.)

Madge—Won't you go on with your cigarette?

Captain—I—oh, I'm awfully sorry! Did you notice that I had been smoking?

Madge—Oh, not at all! I thought it was you before I saw you!

Captain—I'm glad you still think of me.

Madge—You are easily pleased with my thoughts of you, Captain Wilsford.

Captain—It's some time since we met.

Madge—Is it? When did we meet last?

Captain—We have not met since we——

Madge (looking up quickly)—You!

Captain—Not since we parted.

Madge—Really? How very curious!

Captain—Don't you remember?

Madge—Not in the least.

Captain—It was one Thursday——

Madge—No, it wasn't; it was a Monday.

Captain—Ah, of course; you know better than I do!

Madge—Well, it was your fault.

Captain—It always used to be!

Madge—I am glad that you have the grace at last to confess that it was your fault.

Captain—I had better have said nothing.

Madge—I think we used to agree that was your best course.

Captain—I beg your pardon. I never agreed to any such thing.

Madge—You are doing yourself an injustice. You must have been polite enough to agree with me about something.

Captain—There was no question of politeness.

Madge—No! That's exactly it.

Captain—I'm sorry I looked through the branches.

Madge—So am I. I hoped I should see some one pleasant to sit out the dance with.

Captain—And you were disappointed?

Madge—Awfully! I might as well have had little Mr. Binks.

Captain—I daresay he's better suited to you than I am.

Madge—How curious it is that you can never talk for five minutes without getting into a rage!

Captain—Getting into a rage?

Madge—Yes. You're perfectly furious!

Captain—Not a bit! Not the slightest!

Madge—Oh, you'll be dreadful when you're an old man! You had much better have kept your curiosity to yourself, and not have peeped to see who I was. Go back to your seat and finish your cigarette; perhaps that will calm you. (He moves L.) No; I don't want you this side, not until you are better tempered. Go and smoke.

Captain—(going R.)—I'll never waste a cigarette again for a woman. (Sits.) And two months ago I was engaged to that girl! (Pause.) She is the prettiest girl I know, though; and the best sort—on her day. But it's deuced difficult to hit off her day! (Takes out cigarette case.)

Madge—What a temper he has got! I like to see him in a rage. It suits his scheme of color. I wonder if he's cooler now. (Aloud.) Captain Wilsford! (No answer.) Captain Wilsford! (No answer.) Are you smoking?

Captain—No!

Madge—Captain Wilsford!

Captain—Miss Durrington?

Madge—The lancers are nearly over.

Captain—I'm glad to hear it.

Madge—Yes, but you don't understand.

Captain—I do, perfectly.

Madge—People will be coming in here directly.

Captain—I've no doubt they will. Capital place to quarrel in.

Madge—And they will think it strange to find us sitting like this.

Captain—I don't see anything strange in it.

Madge—Don't be foolish.

Captain (aside)—Hello! (Rises.)

Madge—Only for the looks of the thing, you know. (He stops.) Please come. (He goes round L.) But are you going to stand like that? All the women will see at once that we have been quarrelling.

Captain—Well, so we have.

Madge—Come and sit here, and try to look as if you had been amusing yourself.

Captain—Have you any other commands? (He sits on the seat by her side.)

Madge—Take my fan and fan me. No, not so violently. That's better. We're only pretending, you know, so you need not look as if you were doing something disagreeable.

Captain—I assure you I am enjoying myself immensely.

Madge—Now that would have been all right if your voice had not absolutely contradicted your words. There, you may stop now. That was only a rehearsal in case any one should come in.

Captain—And what am I to do with this? (Showing fan.)

Madge—Oh, you can hold it! Do you really hate me so very much?

Captain—Why should I?

Madge—I thought you must, as I have not seen you for so long.

Captain—You told me you could not bear me and that I had better go.

Madge—Now, truthfully, weren't you fearfully angry?

Captain—No, not angry—hurt.

Madge—That's precisely the same thing. And you accused me wrongfully.

Captain—Indeed I did not. You could not deny that you had been flirting.

Madge—I won't be lectured as if I were a schoolgirl.

Captain—I have neither the right nor the wish to lecture you, Miss Durrington.

Madge—You are very horrid and unkind, and I hate you!

Captain—What, because I will not lectur you?

Madge—Oh! (After a pause.) Why do you object to girls flirting?

Captain—I would not give much for a girl who did not. I have not the slightest objection.

Madge (aside)—Oh, how obstinate he is! (Aloud.) Then why did you accuse me in that ridiculously jealous way?

Captain—You are different.

Madge—Why?

Captain—You were engaged to me.

Madge—Oh! (Crying.) It is very unkind of you, and I'll never forgive you—never!

Captain—Miss Durrington, I beg your pardon; I didn't mean what I said. Please look up.

Madge—Go away! (Sobbing.) I know now that you never loved me, or you would never have spoken to me like that—after staying away so long, too!

Captain—Miss Durrington? (No answer.) Madge! (She sobs.)

Madge (aside)—I do believe he's going. How dense men are! (Aloud.) There, I'm better now. Captain Wilsford!

Captain—Yes.

Madge—How could you be so horrid?

Captain—I apologize most humbly. Pray forgive me.

Madge (rising)—Do you mind taking me back to the ballroom?

Captain—There's no hurry; the dance has begun. Please say you forgive me before we go.

Madge—I don't know that I can forgive you. This valse has begun ever so long, and I saw my partner go by the door just now.

Captain—Oh, never mind him!

Madge—What shall I say if he comes to claim it?

Captain—Say? Say you are engaged.

Madge—Engaged? What, for his dance?

Captain—No, for always. Come, Madge, you are not angry with me. Please forgive me.

Madge—If you will be good.

Captain—And we are engaged?

Madge—Yes, if you insist on it.

Captain—And do you love me, after all?

Madge—I always have.

Captain—My darling! I've been miserable all this time.

Madge—So have I.

Captain—And you don't regret losing your dance with Mr. Binks?

Madge—No, indeed! I'm awfully glad——

Captain—Yes?

Madge—That I thought of coming out here to sit out A Square Dance.—*Sketch.*

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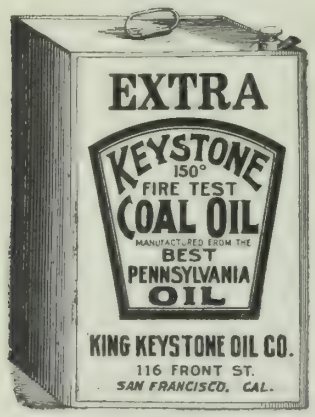

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THOMAS H. WILLIAMS JR., President.
R. B. MILROY, Secretary.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE —Could and Curry Silver Mining Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, Cal. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 22nd day of Nov., 1899, an assessment (No. 88) of Fifteen (15) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room No 6), Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 27th day of December 1899, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the 18th day of January, 1900, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors

ALFRED K. DURBROW, Secretary.

Office: Room No. 69, Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.

The Oil Industry.

THE Kern River district is just now the arena in which some tremendous financial battles are being fought for the possession of land in this wonderful oil district. Over eight wells have been sunk so far, and they have all reached oil in paying quantities. Canfield, the king of the Oil City field, is quietly picking up blocks of property in this country and A. G. Newton, a wealthy Eastern capitalist, has invested $150,000 here and begun active drilling operations. Several Eastern mining millionaires are making quiet investments in this field. Both the Southern Pacific and the Valley Railroads have decided to build spurs into this district and are arranging for tankage facilities. The Barker Ranch Co., the Petroleum Center Co., the Oil King and the Oil Queen Companies have all made contracts with the firm of W. F. Bryant and Co. for drilling, and that firm of experienced drillers is shipping in standard rigs as fast as possible and will push these wells to a rapid completion. Maurice V. Samuels and Secretary Crothers of the Barker Ranch Oil Co. recently paid another visit to the Kern River district and they are more enthusiastic than ever over the splendid prospects for oil development which they have found there. Work is already well under way on the first well of the Petroleum Center Oil Company, and the officers of that corporation say that on its completion, they will immediately begin work on their second well, and continue active developments until they have at least ten wells in the ground. There seems to be no question about their getting splendid producing wells, judging from the favorable discoveries made in their first hole, and they want to make a dividend payer out of their company inside of sixty days. Canfield will begin work at once in the Kern River field and with the success of the Imperial Oil Company in striking a 50-barrel well of fine oil at the outstart, and having already struck the first sand in their second well at eighty feet from the surface, there is no question but that the Kern River district will be a booming oil camp before New Years Day.

* *

There has been a good deal of quiet inquiry lately for properties in the Kreyenhagen district. Two oil sands ranging high in lubricating qualities pass through this district, and as this oil will readily bring $4 or $5 a barrel for refining purposes, the anxiety to capture real estate in this favorite section can be readily understood. There is also no doubt of the fact that the oil belt, which has made section 20 at Oil City famous, likewise passes through the Kreyenhagen country. The Kreyenhagen Oil Co. is well down with its second well and has already struck a fine flow of gas and oil. As an examination of the two oil sand outcrops reveals the fact that they converge on the lands owned by the Northfield Co., developments by this latter corporation are awaited with a great deal of interest by those identified with the oil industry. This point about the convergence of the oil sands on the lands of this company is one of the reasons why this stock has held its price so steadily in the market, for experts hold to the opinion that the Northfield will be a big producer for the seasons mentioned.

* *

Advices from the East contain the intelligence that the Standard Oil Company has advanced the price of crude petroleum two cents in the Pennsylvania field, and one cent in the Lima, Ohio, field, making the price of Pennsylvania oil $1.18 per barrel and that of Ohio $1 07. This advance is the latest of a series extending over a period of three months, during which time the Standard has increased the price nearly forty cents a barrel. The present prices are the highest in four years.

* *

Still another has been added to the long list of oil companies recently formed, with the name of the Oceanic Oil Company. The company incorporated with $150,000 capital, of which $75,000 has been subscribed. The directors of the company are Robert M. Bulla, C. H. Toll, Thomas Hughes, Lester L. Robinson, George P. Adams, Percy R. Wilson, Edward Strasburg, G. M. Giffen and R. D. Wade.

* *

There is a good deal of excitement at Arroyo Grande over the prospect of oil being discovered there. The Union Oil Company has a rig on the Beckett land in the vicinity of the Pacific Coast Railway and about 400 yards north of the Arroyo Grande depot. The work is going on rapidly and the well is already down 200 feet.

* *

The Summerland oil field is steadily coming to the front with an increasing production. Its output this month will amount to 15,000 barrels, an increase of 1000 barrels over the previous month. Plenty of wells are going down in this district, which lies mainly below tidewater, and they are all finding oil.

The Orignal Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

Messrs. Bilodeau and Redding have recently opened one of the best equipped Assay Offices and Chemical Laboratories on the Pacific coast. These gentlemen have had long experience, the former having been assayer and metallurgist to the Omaha and Grant Smelting Co., of Omaha, Nebr., for thirteen years; the junior member was formerly chemist to the Union Pacific Ry., and lately chemist of the Omaha and Grant smelter. They are prepared to practice assaying in all its branches and to make complete chemical analysis of minerals, ores, water, etc., and all commercial and agricultural products, They are also competent to examine and report on properties; and to advise regarding matting plants and concentrators. A view of their office will be found in this issue.

Roger S. Green, Pres. Austin E. Griffiths, Sec'y

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IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

City and County of San Francisco, Plaintiff, vs. James S. Angus, W. S. Goodfellow, Thos. E. Crothers as Executors of the last will of James G. Fair, deceased; and Charles G. Fair, Theresa A. Oelrichs, Virginia Fair, Phil. More B. More, and C. More Defendants, No. 67,877.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in the office of the Clerk of said City and County of San Francisco.

FRANKLIN K. LANE

City and County Attorney, Attorney for Plaintiff.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to: James S. Angus, W. S. Goodfellow, Thos. E. Crothers as Executors of the last will of James G. Fair, deceased; and Charles G. Fair, Theresa A. Oelrichs, Virginia Fair, Phil. More, B. More and C More, Defendants.

You are hereby directed to appear, and answer the Complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, within ten days after service on you of this summons—if served within this County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

The object of said action is to obtain a judgment and decree of said Court adjudging that plaintiff is the owner in fee of all the real estate hereinafter mentioned, and to quiet plaintiff's said title as against each and all said defendants, and to obtain other and further relief and costs, as specified in said complaint, which complaint is hereby specially referred to for further particulars.

The following is a description of the property affected by this action:—

All that certain piece, parcel or tract of land situated in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, bounded and described, to wit: as follows

Commencing at the corner formed by the intersection of the northerly line of Bay street with the westerly line of Fillmore street; thence westerly along said northerly line of Bay street two hundred (200) feet; thence at right angles northerly and parallel with said Fillmore street to a point at which the water of the Bay of San Francisco is twenty-five [25] feet deep at low tide, as the same existed April 27, 1863; thence at right angles easterly four hundred and sixty-eight 9-12 [468 9-12] feet; thence at right angles southerly and parallel with the easterly line of Fillmore street to the said northerly line of Bay street, at a point thereon distant two hundred [200] feet easterly from the easterly line of Fillmore street; thence westerly along said northerly line of Bay street two hundred and sixty-eight 9-12 [268 9-12] feet to the point of commencement.

And are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco State of California, this 20th day of March, A. D., 1899. WM. A DRANE, Clerk,

By WM. R. A. JOHNSON, Deputy Clerk.

INDEX

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THE THEATRES

It may be stated as a general proposition that an actor who is good for melodrama is rarely good for anything else and an actor who is good for anything else is rarely good for melodrama. Morosco's of the olden time, which is the invariable standard of melodrama for all good Californians, boasted a lot of Thespians who wandered from town to town playing in no other sort of production and aspiring to nothing else. Now it chances that the Frawley company, who have been brought up one and all to the traditions of society drama, labor heavily under this disadvantage in their struggles with "The Sporting Duchess." One can see at a glance that they don't take it seriously; one can imagine the untoned villain and the smooth villainess as impersonated by Harrington Reynolds and Mary Van Buren having a good laugh over their lines as they glide with a villainous glide behind the scenes. The regular melodramatic actor *feels* the thing; these society mummers, if they are the people of intelligence I take them to be, must realize the absurdity of the cross between a sporting melodrama and a society play in which Mr. Frawley has chosen to give them their first appearance in San Francisco.

* *

Comment on the actors is useless in view of these facts. The company could not show its strength. Miss Van Buren's acting as the villainess proved that the beauty of the company has more versatility than anyone suspected in her. It was Pearl Landers' first professional appearance in her own city, and made an impression more than favorable in the soubrette part. J. R. Amory's rendition of a light comedy role as the susceptible army doctor is worthy of mention.

* *

The horses which were set to impersonate racing thoroughbreds were plain supes, animals that lead a peaceful life on delivery wagons in the day time. One of them, a heavy-flanked beast with a long tail, was cast for the peerless English racer which brought the fabulous sum of fifty thousand pounds at auction. The best laugh the audience enjoyed on the opening night occurred when this beast was described by the auctioneer as "the greatest horse in all England."

* *

Any self-respecting dress-rehearsal would have been ashamed of itself if it had to face as scant an audience as was scattered about among the opera chairs at the Tivoli Monday night. I do not believe that so small an audience has attended a San Francisco theatre for years. And why? The reason seems obvious enough. The Tivoli has made an enormous mistake in discontinuing grand opera.

Now the productions of grand opera which we have heard of late have been surpassing. They have been a benefit to the listeners and a credit to the men who have produced them. Salassa had a place in our hearts and we were sincerely grieved to lose him. Then why in the world has the management thrown aside true art and palmed off on us that weary, flat, stale and unprofitable stuff they call comic (?) opera?

The San Francisco public was willing enough to swallow the Kreling dose of light opera straight as long as the Tivoli was the only house at which the drama was dispensed in a musical form. But times have changed. In the past few months the Tivoli has found a dangerous and successful rival in the Grand, where the principals are just as good, the girls prettier and the chorus infinitely better drilled. It is a compliment to local taste, I think, that the public has tabood such blatant vulgarities of Laskism as were portrayed in the amatuerish horse-play of the country band in Monday night's performance of "The Hoolah."

* *

"Shenandoah," too well known as a play to need any comment here, depends more upon spectacular features, supes from the Presidio and "200 horses" than upon the actors. This is a season of thrilling melodrama—and horses. The livery stables, between the demands from the California, the Alhambra and the Columbia, must be coining money working their steeds overtime.

* *

Attractions for next week are: "Mother Earth," at the Alcazar; "An Enemy to the King," at the California; "His Majesty" and a symphony concert directed by Henry Holmes, December 7, at the Grand; a good bill, headed by the old favorite, George Golden, at the Orpheum, and another run of "Shenandoah," at the Columbia.

W. I.

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HE WAS ACHAINTRE.—Charles Nodier, in search of books to complete his collection, chanced to see a Schrevelius, Leyden edition of 1671, upon a bookstall belonging to a little old man at the Pont des Arts. Taking the book carelessly in his hand he said: "Well, my good fellow, thirty sous for this rubbish." "Thirty sous!" exclaimed the old man. "Rubbish! This Schrevelius? Why, this edition, though less valued than the Amsterdam edition of 1684, is no whit less remarkable. I do not compare it with the Venice Aldines of 1501, but still——" Delighted at this unexpected learning, Nodier asked his opinion of a new edition of Juvenal, by Achaintre, the first Latinist of the day. The old man seemed confused. "Surely, monsieur," said Nodier, "you know of this monumental work, the envy and despair of philologists." "The fact is, monsieur," replied the little old man, with growing embarrassment, "the fact is that I am Achaintre."

x

WHAT TIM TOLD THEM.—Some weeks ago a bridal couple came in from Sacramento and put up at the Palace. The bridegroom was very sensitive, and so he told his valet not to tell any of the servants at the hotel that he was newly married. Notwithstanding all precautions, the young couple seemed to be the center of attraction. In the dining room they were ogled by the ladies, and in the corridors by the men. Finally they could stand it no longer. Calling his valet, the bridegroom said severely: "Tim, I thought I told you not to tell anybody that we were newly married." "Shure, sorr," was the reply, "an' I tould thim all you wuzzent married."

x

NOT TO BE INTIMIDATED.—One of Mrs. Langtry's former husbands, also named Langtry, owns some property in Ireland on which his tenants thought the rentals excessive. His agent wrote him that there were threats of shotgun justice. Mr. Langtry became very angry and swore that he would uphold his agent to the last; and then he sat down and wrote: "Dear sir: You may say to my tenant that I am not to be intimidated by any threats to shoot you."

x

HOW SHOULD HE KNOW.—Judge Gray, when on the Supreme Bench of Iowa, was called to Colorado by the death of his wife's mother. He bought his tickets and checked the coffin in regular form, but when he reached Iowa City the coffin was not on the train. The Judge was furious. Seizing a pen he dashed off a message to the general baggage agent at Council Bluffs: "Where in hell is my mother-in-law?" In a few minutes came the laconic return: "How should I know."

x

A PESSIMIST.—Laurence Gronlund, the famous socialist, who lived for many years in Seattle, died a few weeks ago in New York. He was that rare thing, a thorough pessimist. One evening, after a savage denunciation of the modern industrial system, a friend remarked: "It is not so bad as Russian despotism, is it?" "Not quite," he said. "The former is the worst possible; the latter the worst conceivable."

x

HIS HORN WAS SEA-SICK.—The humorist Travers dearly loved a practical joke. On one occasion, when a guest on James Gordon Bennett's yacht, he surreptitiously filled the horn of one of the musicians with clam chowder. When the musician blew, the chowder flew out, to the consternation of everyone. "S-s-s-ay," said Travers to the unfortunate man, "y-y-your horn s-s-s-s-seems to be s-s-sea-ick."

x

HE WOULD WAIT.—A Frenchman was out shooting with Philip D. Armour, of Chicago, when a pheasant ran into the road before them. The Frenchman took aim. "What, would you kill him when he's running?" asked Armour, horrified at the impending assassination. "Certainly no," said the Frenchman; "I will wait till he stands still."

x

A MODEL RETORT.—The story is told of Du Maurier that when a young man in Paris he was one day waited upon in his studio by a model, who later became famous for her great beauty. "What do you sit for?" asked the young artist, patronizingly. The model looked around the room and elevated her nose. "Oh," she said, "for anything you like, sir; landscape, if necessary."

x

SUDDEN FOR HIM.—This story is told of an Oakland broker who was noted for his leisureliness. Not long ago he died, and soon afterwards a citizen said to his son, "William, your father died rather suddenly, didn't he?" "We-e-ll, ye-e-s," said William, "sudden for him."

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All business matters pertaining to the Northwest should be addressed to Trevor Corry, Colman Building, Seattle, Wash.

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SAN FRANCISCO—December 9, 1899—SEATTLE

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EVENTS CURRENT.

The Fifty-Sixth Congress.

The Fifty-Sixth Congress, which has to settle greater and more weighty matters than any other National assembly called together since the close of the Civil War, assembled at Washington last Monday. As a rule, the opening sessions of Congress are devoted to matters of dull routine, and no business of interest to the country at large is transacted until after the holiday recess. In the present case, however, one or two matters of great concern come up in the opening sessions of the House. The first is already settled. A week before the opening, the Republican majority, in caucus assembled, voted as a body in favor of Reed rules for the government of the House of Representatives. This measure was rushed through in the first session; the Democratic minority, realizing the hopelessness of opposing the solid Republican side, made little opposition. The other matter requiring immediate attention is one of greater uncertainty as to outcome. Congressman-elect Brigham Roberts of Utah is a professed and open polygamist. Since his election there has been much agitation over his expected membership in Congress. Representatives of all sections and of all political creeds have been smothered with petitions. At the Republican caucus before mentioned, it was agreed that Roberts should be allowed to take the oath of office, but that the point of direct opposition should be his right to a seat. Accordingly, he was sworn in with the rest, and directly afterward a motion was made and carried that he be refused a seat pending the investigation of the charges against him. It is highly probable that he will be barred. There is little hope that any measures of importance other than those affecting the disposition of our new possessions will come up before this session of Congress. The Nicaragua Canal is clamoring for a hearing, but there is a strong probability that the questions arising directly from the war will absorb the entire attention of the Fifty-Sixth Congress.

Heavy Fighting in South Africa.

Interest in the Boer war the past week has been centered on General Methuen's advance on Kimberly. On Nov. 28, having already fought two bloody battles with the Boers, he engaged them at Modder River in the severest fight of the war. The fords of this stream were held by the forces of the Republics, and it was indicated in advance as one of the places where he was most likely to meet determined resistance. The battle was precipitated by an attempt of the British advance-guard to cross the river, and raged fiercely for a whole day. Early in the action, the Scots Guards tried to take a house surrounded by a stone wall, which seemed to be held by a small company of Boers. They were within a hundred yards of the place, when a regiment, which had been concealed behind the wall, rose up and drove them back by a terrible fire. For the rest of the day, the whole fight centered on this house. Toward evening, a heavy artillery fire was brought to bear on it, and the Boer fire died away. The British rested on their arms during the night, expecting a renewal of the fighting at daybreak, but the Boers quietly withdrew in the darkness and Methuen's army immediately made the passage. It was a victory, but a dearly-bought one. The total loss in killed, wounded and missing was 452. In the whole advance, Methuen has lost nearly a thousand men, making this movement one of the bloodiest of the century, and by far the bloodiest of the present war. The extent of the Boer loss is uncertain, but it is certainly much less, as they held the fortified position. Methuen will probably have one more battle before reaching Kimberly, as the Boers hold the passes in the hills about seventeen miles from the town. Interest in the relief of Kimberly has drawn attention from the main issue of the cempaign, General Buller's relief of Ladysmith. This advance proceeds with provoking slowness. Buller seems to have trouble in organizing his army and getting it under way. When it does move, however, the decisive battle of the war may be expected. It will probably occur not far from Calenso, where the Boers are massing troops. The third British division, the one dispatched to take and hold the headwaters of Orange River, has not been heard from on this side of the water. The press censorship is very strict, and it is probable that all reference to this movement is being cut out of the dispatches. Meanwhile, it is reported that the Boers have abandoned the siege of Mafeking, where Colonel Baden-Powell has been giving his besiegers all they cared to do. So far as is known Ladysmith and Kimberly are still holding out. The latest reports from the former place indicate that the bombardment is growing rather warm. There are continual and persistent reports, eagerly published by the sensational pro-Boer press of this country, that the Cape Colony Dutch are joining forces with the Transvaal. These rumors seem to bear the stamp of Dr. Leyds and his press bureau, and in every case lack confirmation.

Secretary Chamberlain Talks Too Freely.

There has been a suspicion in England for some time that Secretary Chamberlain was disposed to talk too much and too rashly in his public speeches. An address of his delivered at a public banquet last week has gone to confirm the suspicion and has brought down about his ears the opponents of his party in his own country and the journalists of the hostile Continent. Generally stated, it was an all too frank statement of the position and intentions of the Conservative party and a thorough grilling of England's enemies in her present struggle. The main part of the speech was taken up with an extravagant eulogy of the United States. It is noticeable that he used the word "alliance" rather freely, implying that there is more than a tacit understanding between the two Anglo-Saxon nations. Turning to the European question, he was almost equally eulogistic regarding Germany, "England's natural ally." There was more than a hint that he believed that the two Anglo-Saxon powers would eventually be forced to make alliance with Germany for mutual defense. On the other hand, his remarks concerning the recent attitude of France, and especially the late caricatures of the Queen in the boulevard sheets, were violent and unguarded in the extreme. As was to be expected, the Liberals, the anti-English section of the German press and the French journals in general have answered him in kind and criticized him and his party most severely. The remark with which he closed his denunciation of the French papers—"which may produce serious consequences if they do not mend their ways"—has been accepted by the French press as a natural gage of battle. The Conservative papers of England, more especially such strong administration organs as the *Daily Mail*, are supporting the Secretary with equal fervor, but throughout the wiser part of England there is the feeling that, however true his words may have been, they had better been left unsaid at a time when England has her hands full with her severe foreign wars.

The Week in the Philippines.

Interest in the operations in the Philippines is still centered in the question as to the whereabouts of Aguinaldo the slippery. The insurrection proper is broken to pieces; there is no organized opposition anywhere. It is stated on high authority that a company of American soldiers can now travel anywhere in Luzon. Such opposition as has been encountered has come in the way of slight skirmishes with marauding bands of insurgents. These encounters have, however, been frequent enough to bring the week's death-list fairly high. The most important operation of the week, and one of the most daring acts of the war, was the capture of Bayambong, a great insurgent stronghold, by fifty American troopers under Lieutenant Monroe of the Fourth Cavalry. The place was taken on a bluff. Over eight hundred natives held the position, when Monroe, attacking so as to make a great show of force, rode up and demanded its surrender. The natives were disposed to hesitate. The American commander thereupon laid siege to the place and waited for reinforcements. As these did not arrive in the expected time, he sent his men forward to the attack with a great show of force. The natives quickly surrendered the garrison, the town and a large quantity of supplies. General Young, with a flying column of cavalry, is pressing on into the mountains, hoping to catch Aguinaldo somewhere in the upper passes. Further details concerning the surrender of Mindanao would indicate that the action was brought about through a counter-rebellion against the Aguinaldo uprising. It appears that emissaries of Aguinaldo have been operating there in a desultory fashion all the summer and fall. Their rule became oppressive, and the native population arose, put down the insurrectionists, and handed the government over to Commander Very of the Castine. A friendly German got through the lines last week with a letter from Lieutenant Gilmore, who was captured, with a number of his men, last April. All are reported alive and well. It has also been ascertained that there are only five survivors of the *Unadetta* party; they, too, are held prisoners, but are not mistreated.

The Situation in the Democracy.

William J. Bryan is in Texas on a vacation, but he is still talking. His latest utterance for publication is a summing-up, from the Democratic point of view, of the late state elections in Ohio, Nebraska and elsewhere. Bryan holds that the results point to a splendid Democratic triumph next year. In Ohio, the President's own state, the Republican majority has been greatly reduced. Nebraska, he says, was won for the Democrats because the people of that section are awakening to the greed and faithlessness of the Republican Party, and not through any efforts of his humble self. On the absorbing question of the main Democratic issue for 1900, deponent saith not. In his remarks on the Ohio campaign, he hinted that his party was making its main fight against "militarism and industrial combinations," but when he talked of Nebraska he spoke strongly on the silver issue. There is little doubt that Bryan is watching the trend of the wind preparatory to swinging with it. Ex-Governor Hogg of Texas has been making speeches with Bryan along the line of march, and the Democrats of the state have started a small Vice-Presidential boom on his behalf. It is reported that Bryan himself favors him for running-mate. The Silver Republicans, assembled in caucus in Chicago, have started a movement which may have some effect in holding the Democracy to silver as a main issue. Briefly stated, their plan is to form a close alliance with the Anti-Imperialists of the Atlantic States and to use this alliance as a whip to hold the Democrats in line for silver and the 16 to 1 ratio. In case the Democrats shelve silver, they propose to break away and put in the field a ticket of their own.

Tenure of Office in Congress.

One of the complaints made by those who believe that the East as compared with the West has a preponderance of political power, has always been that the settled conditions in the older sections have caused a prevalence of long tenures in Congress, and consequently a more persistent and definite policy. A Washington correspondent of the New York *Sun* has been gathering statistics on this point, and shows figures to prove that the case is the reverse of the general supposition, and that the average length of term is, if anything, greater in the West. His statistics are not complete, however, and the completion of the figures may again reverse the facts. The terms of Senators for the five New England states in the middle West show that since 1819, the former have had 116 Senators and the latter 113, a small advantage for the West. Five Atlantic states show even shorter terms; they have sent up 120 Senators in the same period. These figures include all the Eastern states except Maine, which averages with the rest, and all the older Western states, and are, therefore, fairly conclusive. New Hampshire holds the record for the shortest average term, while Missouri is on the other end of the scale. In the case of Representatives, the correspondent admits that he has not made a formal comparison, as the varying number sent by the different states makes such a thing very difficult, but here again he is of the opinion that the East has the shorter term. It is noticeable that great cities, with the single exception of conservative Philadelphia, rarely grant long terms. The record tenure for the House is thirty years, yet no Representative from a large city ever served over twenty years. The complete statistics on this point will be awaited with great interest.

The Report of the Interior Department.

The annual report of Secretary of the Interior Hitchcock will be presented to Congress early in the present session. In a general way, it includes no features of very special interest. Present conditions under the pension laws call for rather extended comment. It appears that there are 991,519 pensioners on the lists, a decrease since last year of over 2000. It is expected, however, that the Spanish War will bring up the number. It is requested that Congress define more exactly the status of widows partially self-supporting as regards their title to pensions. The report also recommends legislative authority for biennial examinations of pensioners; legislation prohibiting the payment of any compensation whatever to pension attorneys and agents for any service in connection with any claim or proceedings under the pension laws, except as such may within certain limits be fixed by Congress. In addition, a report of the Nicaragua Canal Company is made public. There is nothing worthy of comment in this report, except a showing of the fact that the canal is a long ways from being built by this concern.

Report of the Secretary of War.

The first annual report of Secretary of War Root is out in time for the opening of Congress. It is rather a remarkable report, stronger in every way than any ever before submitted by the head of the army, and goes far, very far, in the matter of recommendations concerning necessary changes. The report begins with an apology for General Otis and a defence of his methods. Otis has been hampered by the inadequate size of the force under his command. Now that he has the men, the war may be expected to proceed with vigor. The Fall campaign is to include an advance in three columns, in order to hem in the insurgents, and to clear out the most important strategical part of Luzon. Notwithstanding the hostile criticism on this point, it is a fact that the health of the Philippine army has been good. The death rate, including those killed in action, has been only just over seventeen in a thousand, less than that of many large American cities. There is a brief outline of the work done in the civilizing of Cuba and Puerto Rico. Then follows the passage in which he presumes to criticize our law givers. The Sec. deals at great length with the problem of insular government. He recalls the fact that the treaty of Paris places in Congress alone the determination of the civil and political status of the native inhabitants of the territories ceded to the United States. He argues that this limitation completely deprives these people of the right to have the islands treated as states, or as territory previously acquired has been treated, or even to assert a legal right under the provision of the Constitution which was established for the people of the United States themselves. Nevertheless he assumes that the intention is to give them to the greatest possible extent individual freedom, self-government in accordance with their capacity, just and equal laws, an opportunity for education, for profitable industry and for development and civilization. And since, pending settlement by Congress, the army must hold the rule in our new possessions, he goes into a long discussion of the needs of our new possessions and of Puerto Rico in especial. In speaking of Cuba, he stops to compliment the conduct of the native population upon their orderly conduct during this period of transition. Spaniards have been given until April 11 to determine whether they will become Cubans or remain subjects of Spain; as soon as this is done, the census of the island, now under way, will be completed and the results classified. By far the most important part of the report, however, is that which deals with the reorganization of the army. It is pointed out that the old regime provided for a peace footing only. Under the changed conditions, the regular army should be placed on such a basis that preparation for war could be made more readily than was the case when the war with Spain found us unprepared. The Secretary does not presume to advise on the exact plan to be followed, believing that the experts of the army should confer over the matter. There should be some more systematic study by the higher officers of the science of war, involving preparation of theoretical plans for all possible contingencies. Then, the country should be continually prepared with a reserve stock of the munitions of war, in order to prevent such a contingency as we were forced to

face last year. The system of promotion should be so revised as to make merit the test rather than seniority. Then, there should be a permanent war board, something like the French general staff. It is recommended that the volunteer army, if ever called out again, should be equipped, armed and disciplined in the same manner as the regulars. In conclusion, the Secretary pays his compliments to West Point, which he believes to have paid for the government outlay in this one war alone, and asks that Congress take steps to enlarge the capacity of the institution and the number of its graduates.

Editorial Comment.

WHO OWNS A MAN'S OWN SPEECH?

A law case of peculiar interest to newspapers and public speakers is the one now being carried through the British courts by the editor of the London *Times* and the publisher John Lane. It is in the matter of the ownership of a speech that has been taken down in shorthand. Some months ago Mr. Lane, with the concurrence and permission of Lord Rosebery, determined to publish a collection of Lord Rosebery's public speeches. For that purpose, the shorthand reports that appeared in the *Times* were made use of for purposes of editing and abridgement. The book appeared so, and editor Walter at once brought suit for infringement of copyright, the *Times* being copyrighted as a whole. This suit was decided by Mr. Justice North in favor of the *Times*. The case was then appealed, and in the decision which has just been handed down, the Court of Appeal reverses Mr. Justice North's decision. And now another appeal is to be taken, this time to the House of Lords, the highest court in the land.

The question is an interesting one. Does or does not a man, when he makes a speech, own it? Does or does not someone else own it, if he report it? Who owns it? Who doesn't own it? Many will say that a newspaper has the best right in the world to the fruit of its own work; that when a man is paid for reporting a speech, he is paid for creating a property right. It is true that the *Times*, in reporting Lord Rosebery's speeches, did not do everything. It did not think of the speeches, did not deliver them. It was not even the only paper that reported them. All it did was to place them in readable form before its readers. But it may be said that Mr. Lane, who merely reprinted the *Times* reports without permission asked, given or refused, did very much less; and that, whatever the nature and value of these reports, those who spend their time and money in producing them ought to be protected against their unauthorized use.

What is a speech, anyway? Of itself the spoken utterance is as transient as the song of a Melba or a Patti. It is heard and becomes at once a memory. He that speaks can no more recall his words than he that hears. The speech is prepared, delivered, gives pleasure, and is forgotten. That is all there is to it.

And what is a newspaper report? It is the phonographic cylinder, the permanent record of fleeting impressions, the daily newspaper-man will say. It is also a multiplication table. A man speaks in New York to-night. His hearers hear him and straightway forget his identical words. But the newspaper reporter does not forget them, and the next morning the speech is repeated in every newspaper in the country, to be read wherever men read.

Three persons—the speaker, the reporter and the publisher—are chiefly interested in the question of copyrighted reports. The speaker's share in the transaction is not uniformly the same. Where he is an eminent personage with something to say and plenty of good English to say it in his share unquestionably is the greatest. But if his thoughts are confused and his language ungrammatical, the eminent man will find the next morning that he has had comparatively little to do with the fluent, clear-headed speech attributed to him. And if the report is not in the first person, but in the third, he will often enough find a well-knit summary of many things he merely suggested, or that he repeated over and over again. Is such a speaker in any real sense the author of the lucid and well-considered utteranse that appears over his name? And how, if not, can the line be drawn?

The reporter's work is regarded too often as a poor thing, not even his own. But it requires skill, experience, good judgment, education, quick apprehension and presence of mind, to take correctly language as spoken in public. The short-hand reporter's work may not be literature, but it is necessary, and it commands its price.

The third person—the publisher—pays the bills. He pays salaries to his reporters, along with the other innumerable expenses connected with daily journalism. From his point of view it would be unfair and unreasonable for one man to go to the expense of getting good material, when another man—his rival in business, it may be—is allowed to appropriate that material to similar use, without recourse.

Mr. Walter perhaps does not value the copyright in Lord Rosebery's speeches highly enough to expend thousands of pounds in its defense; but it seems that he considers the principle of the thing most dangerous. He considers the value of his daily copyright to be seriously impaired by the decision of the Court of Appeal. It is so because in England the daily press makes much greater use of verbatim reports than the press of America. In England, verbatim reports constitute a very considerable portion of any newspaper. The American newspaper condenses and rewrites. In England, interviews and speeches are given as nearly as possible in full, with very slight abridgement. That is why the American reporter, as a rule, does not know shorthand, and the English reporter, as a rule, does not know much else.

The reading public cannot be greatly affected by any decision whatsoever with regard to copyright ethics of this degree. Neither is the speaker particularly affected. He is usually glad to be reported upon any terms, and to have his words carry as far as they may. And the publishers—they are rich fellows, and no doubt consider it great fun and profitable advertising.

A TRAINING-SCHOOL FOR DIPLOMATS.

A new and important step has been taken by the management of the Columbian University at Washington in the establishment there of a School of Diplomacy. Among the instructors are named the Hon. John Foster, former Secretary of State under Harrison; Dr. David J. Hill, Assistant Secretary of State; J. L. M. Curry, former minister to Spain; Secretary Gage, and others of wide experience in matters of statecraft. Coming as it does immediately after the announced intention of President Angell of the University of Michigan that he will attempt such training at Ann Arbor, and of President Harper that he should like to try something of the kind at Chicago, the new policy is of peculiar significance.

The United States has long needed training-schools for its future diplomats other than the hit-or-miss consulate experiments. No doubt the succeeding administrations will afford these new departments every facility for increasing in usefulness, as far as instruction is concerned. What is needed is some system whereby trained men wlil have a guarantee of openings in the service. It is all well enough for young men to be given opportunities for study in diplomacy; but unless it be found that there is at the farther end of the effort some greater reward than a vellum diploma, the work is bound to fail. Bright young men—and commonplace men are of no use in diplomacy—will not be attracted merely by opportunities for mental training. They can have mental discipline in plenty of ways already.

What is needed is a National Academy of Diplomacy,open to students upon some such conditions as are our military and naval academies. A graduate of either of these institutions steps at once into the active ranks of the profession he has chosen, irrespective of his politics. So it should be with a school of diplomacy. Upon any other footing, any such school would have no official standing, and its graduates would as a matter of course be sidetracked in favor of after dinner speakers with a long political pull.

ABOUT FIRST EDITIONS.

How to Know Them When You See Them—the Time to Buy Them Cheap.

HAVING had several inquiries as to how first editions are to be distinguished, it has been thought best to prepare a short guide in the matter. American first editions are much easier to distinguish than are those of England, and yet, after all, there is no hard and fast rule, even for our own books. On the back of the title page will be found the copyright date, which should agree with the date on the title page itself. But, as all rules have exceptions, very often books published in the autumn are postdated,and while really first editions, in title page date will be a year later than the copyright date. This, however, was much more frequently done twenty years ago than now, and collectors of Whittier, Holmes, Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, and other of the early American writers usually consult a bibliography to make quite sure, as well as for data about certain books really the work of these men or which contain introductions from their pens, or were edited by them, which might readily be passed over without such aid, in many cases the author's name not being given.

There are many such bibliographies of separate authors, but to buy them all would be rather an expensive operation. Collections will often find references to *Leon's Prices*, which mean *Leon's Catalogue of First Editions of American Authors*, New York, 1885, remarkably good as far as it goes, but it shonld be remembered that the prices there given are those of fifteen years ago, and are not to be too thoroughly relied upon now. *First Editions of American Authors*, by Herbert Stuart Stone, Chicago, 1883, is another guide to the subject, which, from the fact that it has a charming introduction by Eugene Field, ranks among the desirable first editions itself. The latest authority on the subject is *American Authors*, by P. K. Foley, with an introduction by Walter Leon Sawyer, 1895. This book, however, is rather expensive, having been issued at $5 per copy.

The young collector will find that the catalogues issued by good second-hand book shops are very valuable aids, which may be had for the asking. For instance, Dodd, Mead & Co. issued in October, 1898, "Catalogue No. 50," which is entirely devoted to American first editions. It must be remembered that the catalogues of the best shops are prepared by expert bibliographical descriptions, and, being priced, are the best of guides as to what prices should be paid. Bibliographies of special authors have appeared in the pages of *The Book Buyer*, *The Bookman*, *The Times Saturday Review*, and other periodicals from time to time, which should be saved for reference.

Many publishers are adopting new and valuable aids in distinguishing editions; for instance, the Macmillans, who state on the backs of the title pages of all issues after the first edition the date when the book was set up and electrotyped, when reprinted, etc. The Longmans state on the title page itself that the book is a "new impression," while on the back of the title page of many other volumes will be found "eleventh thousand," or something to that effect. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. issue a certain number of their more noteworthy books in a special binding with paper label, and state on the title page that the book is of the first edition.

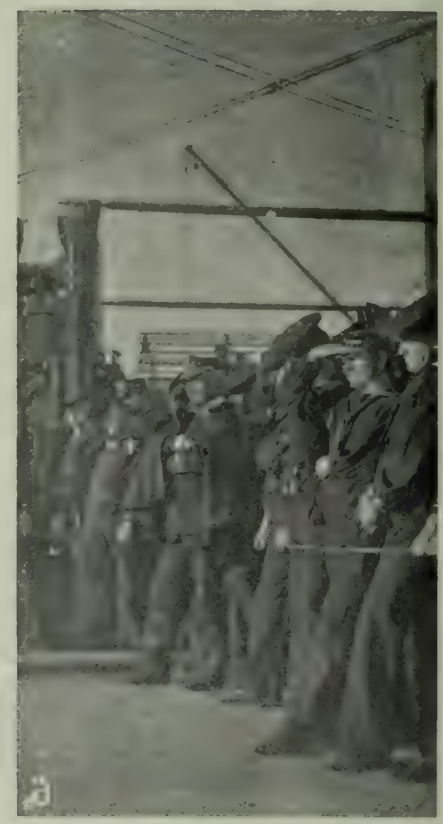
For English books the editions are, in most cases, less easily decided. The best guide on the subject, however, is Slater's *Early Editions*, but, unfortunately, this book is rather expensive. A very valuable little guide may be made by cutting from trustworthy catalogues and pasting in a blank book alphabetically and under the heading of authors the different books in first editions as found in catalogues from time to time. A friend of ours possesses such a catalogue, and also a thin blank book in autograph, with author, title, and date written in fine, the whole so small as to be easily slipped into a pocket and used to decide at once whether a supposed "find" is of the proper date. The first-mentioned catalogue will be found to contain not only all the necessary data as to date, but also a guide to prices.

Naturally, when one goes to a book shop like Charles Scribner's Sons', Dodd, Mead & Co.'s, or W. E Benjamin's, such knowledge will not be found so necessary on the part of the buyer, but it is well to remind young collectors that the prizes—the books to be "picked up" for little or nothing—are to be found in the little, out-of-the-way shops, to be pulled down from top shelves, and found in dark corners It is almost an axiom that the dustier and more neglected a certain corner may look the more chance will the patient searcher have of making there the lucky find for which he has been hoping.

One more bit of advice is that the young collector should insist upon having the ordinary book he buys from day to day in the first edition. It costs no more at the time, and later on may prove to be the treasure he must have at any price. But above all things he should read and reread, and file for reference, all good catalogues, reading them not once or twice, but as often as possible, for, quite as important as a long purse, and without doubt the best guide to collecting, is knowledge of what is the proper edition, knowledge accurate enough to recognize the prize when he finds it, and with such knowledge patience and zeal in making searches.—*N. Y. Times.*

The California Commissioners to the Paris Exposition have arranged for a headquarters outside the Exposition grounds. This will be apart from the California room in the American Building, and will be a club-house for the general use of visitors from the Golden Gate. A suite of rooms at No. 8 Place de l' Opera has been rented for the purpose. There is 2214 square feet of floor-space in the suite, enough, it is believed, for all purposes for which it is designed to serve. The Place de l' Opera is one of the choicest locations in Paris, and is close to the Exposition grounds and to all other points of general interest in the city.

Place de l' Opera, Paris. The California Headquarters are on the Second Floor of the Building to the Right.



1. First Heat in the Potato Race. 2. Captain Hawley Pays Close Attention to the Sports. 3. Finish of the 100-yard Dash. 4. Reserved Seats were High in Every Way but Price.
5. Finish of the 3-Legged Race. 6. Everybody Developed an Interest in the Boxing.

THANKSGIVING SPORTS OF THE HARTFORD'S BLUE JACKETS.

Photos for the Wave by Douglas White Copyright 1899

ATHLETICS AND TURKEY.

How the Hartford's Tars Enjoyed their First Thanksgiving Aboard Farragut's Famous Flagship.

BY DOUGLAS WHITE.

THERE may be people who suppose that an American man o' war's man never turns his back upon the study of the art of war. To these it would be a revelation could they see the "blue jackets" at play. Not the boisterous rough play which has been associated with sailors in the minds of many prejudiced and uninformed individuals, but the healthy man making recreation which accompanies each succeeding holiday on board one of Uncle Sam's warships.

Up at Mare Island there is a ship's company which is one of the most important that has ever sailed away from the shores of the United States. It is quartered aboard an historic ship, for each man bears upon his hat-ribbon the ledgend U. S. S. *Hartford*. Not a man among them but is an American by birth, and the *Hartford's* mission is to transform these landsmen into men competent to battle for "Old Glory" on any sea or in any clime.

What wonder is it then that when Captain John M. Hawley, who is in command of Farragut's historic flagship, gave orders that Thanksgiving, so typical as an American holiday, should be appropriately celebrated, that every man aboard the ship entered with more than ordinary spirit into preparations for the first holiday event since the *Hartford*, rejuvenated into the queen of America's training fleet and once more commissioned, flew the flag which had been hauled down in 1887.

From Captain Hawley down to the last recruited landsman each said that Thanksgiving should be a day to be remembered,and they kept their word. Chaplain Steele laid out the programme, which began, of course, with an elaborate dinner for all hands and was followed by a field day, in which there was a series of athletic events with all members of the crew eligible as starters.

A pretty sight indeed was the *Hartford's* decks when the tables, embowered in all manner of flags and banners, were finally set for the feast, which demanded the men's attention at high noon. For the whole of the previous night the ship's galley had been a scene of life and excitement. Each cook was striving to give to his respective mess a dinner which should outshine everything else aboard the cruiser. Turkeys by the dozen were brought to the proper shade of brown and bushels of salads developed, while the whole was flanked with an abundance of pies, puddings and delicate pastry until the ship looked like a whole village of New England kitchens rolled into one. Finally the mess call at eight bells told the hungry ones that it was time to fall to and enjoy the repast. It was a jolly, contented crowd which filled the *Hartford's* decks with its cheery banter as the work of the toiling cooks was wiped out in one short hour.

How in the world any one of the *Hartford's* athletes ever summoned enough vim to make a start at the sports is a mystery, for no one of them was sufficiently attentive to his training to turn his back upon the feast. Face the starter they did, however, and besides there was work done in the eight events which would do credit to many an athletic organization known as a developing-place for champions. Along the wall of the dry dock the hundred yard straight away was laid out and the ship's rigging served as reserved seats for hundreds of non-contestants, for through the effects of the ship-wright's strike at the yard, the *Hartford* is still receiving her finishing touches in the dock.

Commencing with the hundred yard dash, run off in three trials and a final, and closing with the immense tug of war between the port and starboard watches of the crew, the sports were particularly interesting and closely contested. There is plenty of good material among the youngsters who are yet to be given their first touch of sea life, and when they meet some other of Uncle Sam's ships on an occasion where sports are held let the older chaps look to their laurels. On the hard concrete wall of the dry dock, one of the youngsters ran the hundred in but a fraction over twelve seconds and besides he was carrying extra weight in the shape of a big turkey dinner. Novices who had never before had a shot in their hands made a record with the fourteen-pound weight of better than thirty feet and the winner in the event had thirty-four feet and two inches to his credit when the score was closed. Three pairs of boxers faced each other in a contest for points and their work hinted that there might be an undiscovered Sharkey in the fokesul of the *Hartford*.

But the howl-producer, the laugh-maker, and the most exciting event of all was the pie-eating match, a sport wholly confined to ship's athletics. No gala day of a ship's company is complete without a contest of this class, and, strange to say, there are always plenty of entries. The paraphernalia consists in a long bench, upon which is placed as many pies as there are starters and enough bits of line to securely bind each contestant's hands securely behind him. The ambitious pie eater is then placed before the bench and at the word go each attacks his individual pie and the first to consume the pastry is declared winner. There were nearly twenty of the *Hartford's* men in the contest, but it is evident that only one of them had made a study of the event, for he finished his share of the pie before many of the others had fairly started. The run for second place was a more even matter, the fortunate second man winning, as might be said, by a few mouthsfull. It may not be "au fait" to devour pie from a bench with one's hands tied, but it surely is productive of an unlimited amount of merriment.

The closing event was an immense tug-of-war between the ship's watches and there was a heap of rivalry as to which would win. Everybody had a place on the immense hawser, which passed through two sheaves at the stern and then forward along the deck on either side. The watches each manned the line, and when Executive Officer Sharpe gave the word the full strength and weight of more than three hundred sturdy lads was thrown against the straining hawser. For more than a minute it was an even thing and then the little mark began traveling to starboard. Slowly but surely it went to its goal and the first trial was in favor of the lads on the right of the ship. The second pull was even easier for starboard; the port chaps were either lacking in weight or strength, but they battled royally, and it was a gallant contest.

But what does all of these events prove? Simply that with every turn America's navy is moving a step further up the scale. The boisterous element has already sank into the minority and our ships are being manned by a class which avoids the pitfalls set for the sailor-man and takes enjoyment from the things of life which are far removed from dissipation and kindred evils. To such officers as the department has entrusted with the education of the several hundred recruits aboard the *Hartford* may the nation look for the advancement of the service by making it a profession where young men may not only be thoroughly taught the art of seamanship, but where their lives will be happy and surrounded by the best of influences.

On Jan. 1, 1899, the British Army was distributed thus: At home (England, Scotland, Ireland, the Channel Islands), 107,202; abroad (Egypt, the colonies, India), 122,825. Besides these, there were 5,666 "regulars" maintained by the various colonies, and 145,565 native Indian troops. Then there were also the reserves, 78,795; the militia, 113,539, and the volunteers (these last corresponding to our "National Guard"), 240,885. Great Britain has two full army corps in or on the way to Africa. It could raise probably 700,000 men in a short time, all of whom had received more or less military training. Great Britain is able, in theory at all events, to cope with any two other powers at sea, but not with three. She aims to keep ahead and does keep ahead of France and any other one country on the sea.

Perhaps none of the sad sights connected with our war in the Philippines has been sadder than the return of the transport *Victoria* to Seattle with her maimed and dying horses and mules. Those who saw these poor brutes unloaded were sickened by the sight of their dumb suffering. The storm which forced the steamer back to port was one of the severest of this stormy fall. The *Victoria* is a staunch craft, but no boat could have weathered the sea that she encountered without the pitching and tossing which beat the lives out of the unfortunate animals in her hold. It is to the credit of the quartermaster and his assistants that they handled their unfortunate charges as tenderly as though they had been human soldiers.

A Paint Brush Duel.

Moulin Rouge, Night of the Ball.

Coming Home at Seven a. m.

Aristide Bruant Reciting.

BOHEMIAN PARIS OF TODAY.

Something Near the Limit About Life in the Student Quarter, with Illustrations by Cucuel.

MR. W. C. MORROW has written a new book in an interesting way; a book about the Bohemian life of Paris without ever having seen it. This well-nigh impossible feat was accomplished through the assistance of Mr. Edouard Cucuel, formerly of San Francisco, who furnished the great mass of notes and drawings necessary to the making of *Bohemian Paris of Today*. Mr. Morrow cast Mr. Cucuel's material into literary form.

Mr. Cucuel's drawings are of the order called "spicy," both in matter and treatment; and Mr. Morrow's commentary follows—or leads—quite to the limit. With much art, too; for it requires considerable art to avoid calling a spade a spade, when spades grow on the bushes. The book depends very largely for its interest upon this playing with fire. It is not outright "wicked"; but it is not such a book as would be indiscriminately given away at Christmas. We reproduce elsewhere on this page some of Mr. Cucuel's drawings; and also some fair specimens of Mr. Morrow's prose. There are other pictures in the book, and specimens of prose, too, that it were better to leave where they are.

Here is a description of how Mr. Thompkins from the States, in company with artist Cucuel—apparently—and his room-mate Bishop, set out to visit the Moulin Rouge, the famous dance hall of the windmill arms. They arrived too early; and Bishop suggested that they had better kill a little time in heaven.

Mr. Thompkins looked surprised, but made no response. Presently we reached the gilded gates of Le Cabaret du Ciel. They were bathed in a cold blue light from above. Angels, gold-lined clouds, saints, sacred palms and plants, and other paraphernalia suggestive of the approach to St. Peter's domain, filled all the available space about the entree. A bold white placard, "Bock, One Franc," was displayed in the midst of it all. Dolorous church music sounded within, and the heavens were unrolled as a scroll in all their tinsel splendor as we entered to the bidding of an angel.

Flitting about the room were many more angels, all in white robes and with sandals on their feet, and all wearing gauzy wings swaying from their shoulder, blades and brass halos above their yellow wigs. These were the waiters, the garcons of heavens, ready to take orders for drinks. One of these, with the face of a heavy villain in a melodrama and a beard a week old, roared unmelodiously:

"He Sells Beer in Heaven."

"The greetings of heaven to thee, brothers! Eternal bliss and happiness are for thee. Mayst thou never swerve from its golden paths! Breathe thou its sacred purity and renovating exaltation. Prepare to meet thy great Creator—and don't forget the garcon!"

A very long table covered with white extended the whole length of the chilly room, and seated at it were scores of candidates for angelship,—mortals like ourselves. Men and women were they, and though noisy and vivacious, they indulged in nothing like the abandon of the Boul' Mich' cafes. Gilded vases and candelabra, together with bocks, somewhat relieved the dead whiteness of the table. The ceiling was an impressionistic rendering of blue sky, fleecy clouds and golden stars, and the walls were made to represent the noble enclosure and golden gates of paradise.

"Brothers, your orders! Command me, thy servant!" growled a ferocious angel at our elbows, with his accent de la villette, and his brass halo a trifle askew.

Mr. Thompkins had been very quiet, for he was Wonder in the flesh, and perhaps there was some distress in his face, but there was courage also. The suddenness of the angel's assault visibly disconcerted him,—he did not know what to order. Finally he decided on a verre de Chartreuse, green. Bishop and I ordered bocks.

"Two sparkling draughts of heaven's own brew and one star-dazzler!" yelled an angel.

The blasphemous and otherwise unquotable paragraphs that follow we are obliged to omit; suffice it to say that the play continued:

The royal cortege of the kingdom of heaven was now forming at one end of the room before a shrine, whereon an immense golden pig sat sedately on his haunches, looking friendly and jovial, his loose skin and fat jowls hanging in folds. Lighted candles sputtered about his golden sides. As the participants in the pageant, all attaches of the place, formed for the procession, each bowed reverently and crossed before the huge porker. A small man, dressed in a loose black gown and black skull-cap, evidently made up for Dante, whom he resembled, officiated as master of ceremonies. . . . The angel garcon now sauntered up and gave us each a ticket admitting us to the angel-room and the other delights of the inner heaven.

"You arre Eengleesh?" he asked. "Yes? Ah, theece Eengleesh arre verra genereauz," eyeing his fifty-centime tip with a questioning shrug. "Can you not make make me un franc? Ah, eet ees dam cold in theece laigs," pointing to his calves, which were encased in diaphonous pink tights. He got his franc.

Dante announced in his rasping voice that those mortals wishing to become angels should proceed up to the angel-room. All advanced and ascended the inclined passage-way leading into the blue. At the farther end of the passage sat old St. Peter, solemn and shivering, of it was draughty there among the clouds. He collected our tickets, gave the password admitting us to the inner precincts, and resented Bishop's attempts to pluck a feather from his wings. We entered a large room, all a glamor of gold and silver. The walls were studded with blazing nuggets, colored canvas rocks, and electric lights. We took seats on wooden benches fronting a cleft in the rocks, and waited.

Soon the chamber in which we sat became perfectly dark, the cleft before us shining with a dim bluish light. The cleft then came to life with a bevy of female angels floating through the limited ethereal space, and smiling down upon us mortals. One of the lady angel's tights bagged at the knees, and another's wings were not on straight; but this did not interfere with her flight, any more than did the stationary position of the wings of all. But it was all very easily and gracefully done, swooping down, soaring, and swinging in circles like so many great eagles. They seemed to discover something of unusual interest in Mr. Thompkins, for they singled him out to throw kisses at him. This made him blush and fidget, but a word from Bishop reassured him,—it was only once in a lifetime!

Bohemian Paris of Today morally is not the most healthful book in the world, at least not for Americans, being written quite in the French spirit of irreverence for moral conventions; it is not the most artistic book in the world; it is not even the best written book in the world; but it is interesting in its way, and will be read. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Co.

PRESIDENT WHEELER'S NEW BOOK.

Dionysos and Immortality: The Greek Faith in Immortality as Affected by the Rise of Individualism, by Benjamin Ide Wheeler. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

This is one of the "Ingersoll Lectures on Immortality," delivered once a year at Harvard University. The late founder of this lectureship—not the famous agnostic, but a namesake, probably of very different convictions—would hardly feel gratified could she know that a piece of purely historical investigation has, in this case, taken the place of the dogmatic harangue doubtless contemplated by her; but the general reader has no reason to complain of a *quid pro quo*, to which he owes a very readable and stimulating little work on a subject which must be fascinating to any one interested either in ancient history or in the history of religion. The author—who is the new president of the University of California—proposes to show the influence of the worship of Dionysos on the Greek belief in immortality. Dionysos originally represented the revival of nature in spring, and the productive force of nature in general. His cult consisted chiefly in certain rites leading up to an ecstatic condition, which was believed to bring the souls of the bacchic revelers in contact with the spiritual world. The later conception of Dionysos was mainly determined by this "holy madness" of the orgies. He became the god of spiritual elevation, the uplifter of men's minds to the region of the ideal. The essence of the religious faith connected with his cult was the belief that the human soul, being capable of ecstatic communion with the divine world, must be itself divine.

In this evolution two principal periods may be distinguished. In the older period man was indeed believed to be immortal; in fact the religious cult of the departed spirits formed a very important part of Greek religion; but the belief in immortality had little of the personal element in it; it did not lead the individual to entertain any definite notions of, or take a strong interest in, his own future existence. The change from this to the later conception of immortality, which was somewhat similar to that of Christianity, received its impetus from the great upheaval of the Greek world, which began in the eighth century with the extraordinary commercial and colonial expansion of the nation, and resulted in a new order of things political and social, in general quickening of the intellectual and spiritual life, and especially of the sense of individuality. Individualism led to dissatisfaction with the vague expectation of immortality, and to the need for a new revelation; and this need was satisfied by Dionysianism.

All this, and much more besides, Professor Wheeler treats of in the narrow space of one lecture. Naturally, he has to content himself with giving a summary outline of the subject, and can only indicate to a very limited extent the foundations on which his conclusions rest, which makes his argument less convincing than a full and detailed exposition might be. But there can be no doubt as to the value and interest of Professor Wheeler's study. I cannot conclude without drawing attention to one of the most interesting passages of the book; I mean the one where the author shows, in a very convincing manner, that Platonism (and consequently all the later forms of Greek spiritualism, including some of the most essential elements of Christian doctrine) is founded upon Dionysianism and upon its earlier philosophic formulation, Orphism.

ARTHUR ALTSCHUL.

THE INSANITY OF THE HORRIBLE.

Dracula, by Bram Stoker. Doubleday & McClure Co.

WHEN an Englishman, or, for that matter, anyone of Anglo-Saxon blood, goes into degenerate literature of his own sort, he reveals a horrible kind of degeneracy. The works of the French degenerates possess a *verve*, a Gaelic attractiveness, indefinable but yet definite, the same subtle quality which, in another line, makes every Frenchwoman, young or old, attractive with a charm that pertains to the soul and not to the body or the mind. Now it goes without saying that the Anglo-Saxon has no such quality. When he becomes degenerate, it is degeneracy of a terrible sort—coarse, brutal, unlovely, its only attraction the fascination of horror. The difference is that between Whitechapel and the Moulin Rouge. I make no doubt that the existence of a Moulin Rouge in its midst is a greater menace to a people than the existence of a Whitechapel, but between the relative attractiveness of the two there is and can be no comparison at all. Swift and Hogarth are two very horrible examples of the Anglo-Saxon method of treating those things which our modern conventionalities decree shall be hidden.

Dracula, by an Englishman who calls himself "Bram Stoker," is an awful example. Here is a man who has taken the most horrible theme he could find in ancient or modern literature, the tradition regarding ghouls, or vampires, the beings, neither living nor dead, who creep in by night to suck the blood and damn the souls of their victims. He has then gone on to carry the thing out to all possible lengths. The plain horror were enough, perhaps, but the author goes farther, and adds insane asylumns, dissecting rooms and unnatural appetites galore. No detail is too nauseating. In the first seventy pages, there are four cases of deaths caused by the preying of human vampires, one murder, one suicide, one lunatic with homicidal mania and a habit of eating flies, one somnambulist, one shipwreck, extent of fatalities not fully reported, one death by hysterical fright. Pleasant, isn't it? Well, these are only a sort of foretaste of incidents which I, being of a tender conscience, will forbear to harness on the imaginations of others.

There are two reasons for extended mention of this literary failure. The first is that the main cause of the failure shows so prominently as to furnish a beautiful object-lesson. This fault is the lack of artistic restraint. Stevenson, the century's greatest artist in fiction, happens to have used in two instances a theme like this one—in *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, and on the powerful short story *Olala*. And anyone who wishes the lesson should put these two masterpieces, where the horror is suggested, hinted at, written around except for the one moment of the climax when it is brought home with an added force derived from the very fact that it has been hidden so long against this systematic piling-up of all the unwholesome and unpleasant things in the world. The other thing which makes the book worthy of notice is the fact that, in spite of it all, it holds to the end. It is true that the fascination is the same as that which would be possessed by a dissecting room, but it is there nevertheless.

If you have the bad taste, after this warning, to attempt the book, you will read on to the finish, as I did,—and go to bed, as I did, feeling furtively of your throat. I.

From "American Girl" Calendar by courtesy of Dodge Publishing Co
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1. The U. C. Grand Stand.

2. Kaarsburg's Long Run.

3. Enter the Stanford Band.

4. The First Goal.

5. Murphy Passing

6. California's Aggressive Defence—The Line Stops a Pass.

7. Coach Reynolds Instructs the Stanford Backs.

SCENES AT THE THANKSCIVING DAY FOOTBALL GAME, SAN FRANCISCO.

AN INTERRUPTED DINNER..

AN interesting account of how a threatened touch of war wtll now and then break up a social function without warning is given by Oscar King Davis, correspondent ot the New York *Snn* at Manilla from May to December, 1898, in his late book *Our Conquests in the Pacific* (Fred'k. K. Stokes Co., New York). Admiral Dewey, on the evening before the surrender of Manila, was entertaining company at dinner, as were also some of the officers.

The men had been on edge for a good many weeks, what with the German complications, and other matters. "It appears," says Mr. Davis, "that the insurgent steamer *Filipinas* had asked permission of the Admiral to go out of the bay and it had been refused. Nevertheless, she got under way and stood out near the *Olympia*. The Admiral was at dinner, with M. Andre for his guest, and in the ward room the senior officers were entertaining some friends. There were guests, too, in the junior officers' mess, and all were seated about the tables discussing the possibilities of the next day. To the Admiral came hurriedly the officer of the deck and reported the *Filipinas* moving out. On the instant the Admiral answered:

" 'Call the men to quarters.'

Mess gear was spread and the red pennant was up, proclaiming to the world at large that the men of the *Olympia* were at there evening meal. It seeemed that if the officer of the deck had hardly left the Admiral's cabin, when the bugles began ringing through the ship. If you have never heard a bugle in your life, you know what that call means the instant you hear it. Alarm, command and haste are in every sharp staccato note. The first bar was not finished when the men were running to their stations. Spread mess gear was scattered again,and the crews jumped to their guns and cast them loose. In wardroom and steerage the officers leaped out of their chairs with sentences unfinished and food half swallowed. The astonished guests had hardly time to rise before the mess attendants were clearing the tables and preparing the rooms for war work. The jackies dashed through on the way to their guns. Officers jumped into their rooms, grabbed swords and belts and ran for their divisions For half a minute there seemed the wildest confusion. Then order emerged from chaos, and in just one minute from the first bugle call the *Olympia's* crew were at general quarters. That was long enough,however,for the crew of the *Filipinas* to see what was going on and to be very thoroughly frightened. They stopped their ship and sent away a small boat, in which Leybe, one of Aguinaldo's aides, came aboard the *Olympia*, Admiral Dewey received him with the cheerful remark:

" 'You had a pretty close call,young man. I had a good notion to sink you. I believe I ought to have sunk you.'

Leybe protested and apologized and went back to his ship, which stayed in the bay.

Mr. Davis in another place tells of a member of the First California he saw upon a tugboat, bound for home. "He was the only man on the upper deck," he says, "who did not have a commission. He was just a plain private, and really had no right to be in the place where the officers go. The attendants from the hospital had put him aboard just as the tender was about to start on her morning trip from Cavite to Manila. When he was with his mates at Palo Alto and represented Stanford in atheletics he weighed almost 160, but seven weeks in the hospital had changed all that. His eyes were deep black pockets in the tightly drawn faded parcnment skin that held together his brain rack. His legs and arms were like the slender bamboo stems among which his comrades had been fighting south of Manila. He lay flat on his back,wrapped up in the folds of the brown canvas uniform that fitted him once. His ridiculous shoes stuck straight up, except that now and then they wobbled a bit on the feet that no longer fitted them. Under his head was a pair of mouldy boots wrapped in his extra shirt. He wasn't very comfortable, but he was going back to his regiment to the boys once more, where there would be friendly faces and some one to talk to him,and,if his amagination could force itself far enough, something like the breath of home. It was the 'civilian person' who 'rated' a place with the officers that broke the ice with a cheerfully feeble question: 'Been sick?'

"Somewhere down in the black caverns the eyes responded with a suggestion of a twinkle. Then the voice struggled into audibility: 'No,' it said 'been fishing.'

" 'Oh,' said the civilian person. 'Thought you'd been in hospital.'

" 'Seven weeks,' answered the voice; 'but I'm going back to my regiment.'

"He tried to smile, but when the thin lips drew back he seemed to be afraid his jaws would fall apart, and gave it up."

The plan of oiling railroad beds to suppress dust has led to the construction of a peculiar machine for use on ordinary highways,and this is said to meet the requirements of the case quite effectively. A big tank mounted on four wheels drags a sort of tender-box supported by two wheels, into which are run from the tank supplies of oil; this box has a furnace beneath it which heats the oil, and, attached to it, is a drag resembling somewhat a hay rake. A number of curved rods or fingers go out from the bottom, and these being drawn through the dust and along the road, mark little furrows in the dust, and into these furrows, through a series of pipes, is discharged the oil. A second finger, or sort of thumb arrangement, fixed farther back, turns the dust over the oiled furrow, and the surface is then left to absorb, a process which requires about an hour to effect; a roller being now drawn over the oiled width, the first treatment is completed. One saturation will keep the road in repair during years succeeding the first treatments, and this application requires but twenty barrels to the mile.

THE WISDOM OF MR. DOOLEY.

The Sage of Archey Road Again Discusses the Grave Problems of Life and Living.

F. P. Dunne

THAT ubiquitous and able showman, F. P. Dunne, in the preface to his latest entertainment, *Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of His Countrymen*, says that "he has taken the liberty to dedicate the book to certain enterprising gentlemen in London who have displayed their devotion to a sentiment now widely prevailing in the music halls by republishing an American book without solicitation on the author's part." Mr. Dunne then proceeds to dedicate his book "to Sir George Newnes, Bart., Messrs. George Routledge & Sons, and other publishers who, uninvited, presented Mr. Dooley to a part of the British public." Mr. Dooley as shown in this book is the same wise old gentleman that became famous for his keen humor in the columns of the Chicago *Journal* last year. The Philippine problem has been engaging his attention. Hear what he has to say about "Expansion":

"Whin we plant what Hogan calls th' starry banner iv Freedom in th' Ph'lippeens," said Mr. Dooley, "an' give th' sacred blessin' iv liberty to the poor, down-trodden people iv thim unfortunate isles,—dam thim !—we'll larn thim a lesson."

"Sure," said Mr. Hennessy, sadly, "we have a thing or two to larn oursilves."

"But it isn't f'r thim to larn us," said Mr. Dooley. "'Tis not f'r thim wretched an' degraded crathers, without a mind or a shirt iv their own, f'r to give lessons in politeness an' liberty to a nation that mannyfacthers more dhressed beef than anny other imperyal nation in th' wurruld. We say to thim: 'Naygurs,' we say, 'poor, dissolute, uncovered wretches,' says we, 'whin th' crool hand iv Spain forged man'cles f'r ye'er limbs, as Hogan says, who was it crossed th' say an' struck off th' comealongs? We did,—by dad, we did. An' now, ye mis'rable, childish-minded apes, we propose f'r to larn ye th' uses iv liberty. In ivry city in this unfair land we will erect school-houses an' packin' houses an' houses iv correction; an' we'll larn ye our language, because 'tis aisier to larn ye ours than to larn oursilves yours. An' we'll give ye clothes, if ye pay f'r thim; an', if ye don't, ye can go without. . . . We'll threat ye th' way a father shud threat his childher if we have to break ivry bone in ye'er bodies. So come to our ar'rms,' says we."

Mr. Dooley then has a sly dig at Kipling, who writes "th' finest pothry in th' wurruld":

"What I like about Kipling is that his pomes is right off th' bat, like me con-ver-sations with you, my boy. He's a minyit-man, a r-ready pote that sleeps like th' dhriver iv thruck 9, with his poetic pants in his boots beside his bed, an' him r-ready to jump out an' slide down th' pole th' minyit th' alarm sounds.

"He's not such a pote as Tim Scanlan, that hasn't done annything since th' siege iv Lim'rick; an' that was two hundherd year befure he was bor'rn. He's prisident iv th' Pome Supply Company,—fr'resh pothry delivered ivry day at ye'er dure. Is there an accident in a grain illyvator? Ye pick up ye'er mornin' pa-aper, an' they'se a pome about it be Roodyard Kipling. Do ye hear iv a manhole cover bein' blown up? Roodyard is there with his r'ready pen. ''Tis written iv Cashum-Cadi an' th' book iv th' gr-reat Gazelle that a manhole cover in anger is tin degrees worse thin hell.'

Next it is hanging disnonest aldermen:

"'Tis har-rd to hang an alderman, annyhow. Ye'd have to suspind most iv thim be th' waist. Man an' boy, I've been in this town forty year an' more; an' divvle th' aldherman have I see hanged yet, though I've sthrained th' eyes out iv me head watchin' f'r wan iv thim to be histed anny pleasant mornin'. They've been goin' to hang thim wan week an' presentin' thim with a dimon' star the next iver since th' year iv th' big wind, an' there's jus' as manny iv thim an' jus' as big robbers as iver there was.

"An' why shud they hang thim, Hinnissy? Why shud they? I'm an honest man mesilf, as men go. Ye might have ye'er watch, if ye had wan, on that bar f'r a year, an' I'd niver touch it. It wouldn't be worth me while. I'm an honest man. I pay me taxes, whin Tim Ryan isn't assessor with Grogan's boy on th' books. I do me jooty; an' I believe in th' polis foorce, though not in polismen. That's diff'rent. But honest as I am, between you an' me, if I was an aldherman, I wudden't say, be hivins, I think I'd stand firm; but—well, if some wan come to me an' said, 'Dooley, here's fifty thousan' dollars f'r ye'er vote to betray th' sacred inthrests iv Chicago,' I'd go to Father Kelly an' ask th' prayers iv th' congregation.

"'Tis not, Hinnissy, that this man Yerkuss goes up to an aldherman an' says out sthraight, 'Here, Bill, take this bundle, an' be an infamyous scoundhrel.' That's th' way th' man in Mitchigan Avnoo sees it, but 'tis not sthraight. D'ye mind Dochney that was wanst aldherman here? Ye don't. Well, I do. He ran a little conthractin' business down be Halsted Sthreet. 'Twas him built th' big shed f'r th' ice comp'ny. He was a fine man an' a sthrong wan. He begun his political career be lickin' a plasthrer be th' name iv Egan, a man that had th' County Clare thrip an' was thought to be th' akel iv anny man in town. Fr'm that he growed till he bate near ivry man he knew, an' become very pop'lar, so that he was sint to th' council. Now Dochney was an honest an' sober man whin he wint in; but wan day a man come up to him, an' says he, 'Ye know that ordhnance Schwartz inthrajooced?' 'I do,' says Dochney, 'an I'm again it. 'Tis a swindle,' he says. 'Well,' says th' la-ad, 'they'se five thousan' in it f'r ye,' he says. They had to pry Dochney off iv him. Th' nex' day a man he knowed well come to Dochney, an' says he, 'That's a fine ordhance iv Schwartz.' 'It is, like hell,' says Dochney. ''Tis a plain swindle,' he says. ''Tis a good thing f'r th' comp'nies,' says this man; 'but look what they've done f'r th' city,' he says, 'an' think,' he says, 'iv th' widdies an' orphans,' he says, 'that has their har-rd-earned coin invisted,' he says' An' a tear rolled down his cheek. 'I'm an orphan mesilf,' says Dochney; an' as f'r th' widdies, anny healthy widdy with sthreet-car stock ought to be ashamed iv hersilf if she's a widdy long,' he says. An' th' man wint away.

"Now Dochney thought he'd put th' five thousan' out iv his mind, but he hadn't. He'd on'y laid it by, an' ivry time he closed his eyes he thought iv it. 'Twas a shame to give th' comp'nies what they wanted, but th' five thousan' was a lot iv money. 'Twud lift th' morgedge. 'Twud clane up th' notes on th' new conthract. 'Twud buy a new dhress f'r Mrs. Dochney. He begun to feel sorrowful f'r th' widdies an' orphans. 'Poor things!' says he to himsilf, says he. 'Poor things, how they must suffer!' he says; 'an' I need th' money. Th' sthreet-car comp'nies is robbers,' he says; 'but 'tis thrue they've built up th' city,' he says, 'an th' money'd come in handy,' he says. No wan 'd be hurted, annyhow,' he says; 'an', sure, it ain't a bribe f'r to take money f'r doin' something ye want to do, annyhow, he says. 'Five thousan' widdies an' orphans,' he says; an' he wint to sleep.

"That was th' way he felt whin he wint down to see ol' Simpson to renew his notes, an' Simpson settled it. 'Dochney,' he says, 'I wisht ye'd pay up,' he says. 'I need th' money,' he says. 'I'm afraid th' council won't pass th' Schwartz ordhnance,' he says; 'an it manes much to me,' he says. 'Be th' way,' he says, 'how're ye goin' to vote on that ordhnance?' he says. 'I dinnaw,' says Dochney. 'Well,' says Simpson' (Dochney tol' me this himsilf), 'whin ye find out, come an' see me about th' notes,' he says. An' Dochney wint to th' meetin'; an', whin his name was called, he hollered 'Aye,' so loud a chunk iv plaster fell out iv th' ceilin' an' stove in th' head iv a rayform aldherman.'"

"Did they hang him?" asked Mr. Hennessey.

"Faith, they did not," said Mr. Dooley.

And then it may be it is a cutting commentary upon some phases of American political activity, such as the following:

"What's this counthry comin' to, annyhow, that a man that's out f'r to be Prisident has to set up on a high chair an' be questioned on his record be a lot iv la-ads that hasn't had annything to do since th' carpet-beatin' season's ended?" said Mr. Dooley. "Ye'd think Big Bill was r-runnin' f'r chief ex-icutive iv th' Clan-na-Gael. First along comes a comity iv th' Sons iv Rest. 'Major,' says they, 'we're insthructed be th' organization to ascertain ye'er views on th' important, we may say all-important, question iv havin' wire matthresses put on th' benches in th' parks. Are we,' they says, 'goin' f'r to have to wear lumps on our backs into all eternity,' they says, 'an' have our slumbers broke be th' hot fut iv th' polisman?' they says. 'We demand an answer,' they says, 'or, be this an' be that, we wont do a thing to ye.' Well, maybe Bill has been down to th' corner playin' a game iv spoil-five with his old frind Coalsack, an' has paid no attintion to th' Sons iv Rest. 'Well,' he says, 'gentlemen, I'm in favor iv doin' ivrything in reason f'r the hoboes,' he says. 'Th' protection iv th' home hobo again the pauper can trade iv Europe,' he says, 'has been wan iv th' principal wurruks iv me life,' he says; an' he gives thim each a hand out, an' bows thim to th' dure.

"In comes a dillygation fr'm th' Union iv Amalgamated Pantsmakers; an' says th' chairman, 'Major,' he says, 'we have a complaint to make again thim pants iv ye'ers,' he says. 'What's th' matter with th' pants?' says th' future Prisident. 'I thought they looked all right,' he says. 'I paid four dollars f'r thim in Bucyrus las' year,' he says. 'They have no union label on thim,' says th' chairman. 'Do you know, sir,' he says, 'that thim pants riprisints th' oppression iv women and childher?' he says. 'D'ye know that ivry thread in thim seams means a tear an' sigh?' says he. 'D'ye know that ivry time ye put on thim pants ye take a pair off some down-throdden workman?' he says. 'Glory be!' says Big Bill: 'is that thrue? Thin what am I to do?' he says in alarm. 'Do?' says th' chairman. 'Wear pants that riprisints honest toil fairly compinsated,' he says. 'Wear pants that'll say to th' wurruld that Bill McKinley's legs are fair legs;' he says, 'that that they may bow at th' knees, but niver bow to th' opprissor,' he says; 'that niver did they wrap thimsilves in bags that bore th' curse iv monno-poly an' greed,' he says. 'An' where can I get thim?' says th' major. 'Fr'm me,' says th' frind iv labor, pullin' out a tape. 'Will ye have wan or two hip pockets?' he says.

Never has keener satire been levelled at the incongruities of American standards, manners and customs than by this grizzled old Irishman. Some day, perhaps, Mr. Dunne may be expected to do larger work even than this in the way of satire. Meanwhile *Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of His Countrymen* will be read by an enormous public, and its author may be enabled to judge something of the efficiency of his weapons where they strike. The book is published by Small, Maynard & Co., London.

A MEDICAL FOSSIL.

Views on Healing and Temperance Held in the Year of Grace 1596.

THE book I now engage to review is not of this year's crop. It was not sent in by the publishers with a "please return copy" notice on an impersonal printed form. Yet I am very probably its first reviewer, although the author is possibly not aware of it—for "The Haven of Health" by Thos. Cobden was published in 1596, when, as he himself states, the author was in his old age.

The title-page reads: "The Haven of Health, Chiefly Made for the Comfort of Students and Consequently for all those that have a Care for their Health, amplified upon five words of Hippocrates. Imprinted at London by Richard Field for Bonham Norton, 1596," etc., etc., in the style of the old formal title-page.

It is a transi ory book, a creature of its time, in curious old black-letter printing, which has drifted out to the collection of a San Francisco book-lover. Its only i terest in literature is the fact that the publisher whose name figures on the title-page "got out" some of Shakespeare's books and assured himself thereby the immortality which has come to everyone who had to do with that mysterious name of greatness. The little book is an exposition of the curious ideas on hygiene held in the days of Elizabeth. It partakes of the style of those "doctor books" of the present day, peddled in the country districts for the benefit of the rural population and displayed upon the parlor table with the family album and the stereoscope outfit. My learning on medicine in general and medicine of the sixteenth century in particular is so limited that I cannot determine whether Thos. Cobden is a quack or a learned physician according to the lights of his time, but if he is the latter, the medical treatises of the age of Shakespeare were the "Dooley books" of the time.

Science, with this author, is no barren upland, it is a path of pleasant ease. He walks easily into his subject, after the formal dedication to a noble patron, and ambles along diversifying his treatise with anecdotes, with quaint observations and even with "gags"; and back of it all you catch a picture of a genial, roistering doctor of the old school, a man fond of the good things of this life, as he proves by lingering lovingly over his receipts for the cooking of the good old English dishes of his day, and his championship of wine and all else that goes to make glad the heart. And above all, he is your true-born Britisher, convinced that in the beer and ale of old England lies the road to health.

Here is a sample receipt:

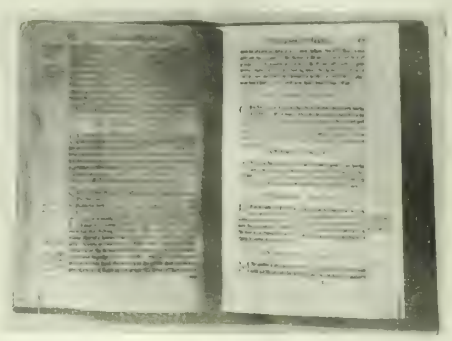
Floure Deluce is hotte and moiste in 3d degree. The roote is only used in medicine, the floures in adorning the house. One medicine I have read to be made with this herbe, which I set downe for the behoofe of students. Take a new laid Egge, pouring out the white, put into the yolke so much of the juice of the roote of Floure Deluce as was of the white, after set the same Egge awhile in hot embers, which being sufficiently warmed, sup off fasting in the morning, and the patient shall after be relieved of the Dropsie. Or else you may take a dram or two of the drie roote made in powder and drinke in whey clarified, for so it is good also to purge the Dropsie.

Here are a few views on nettle, and a bit of a joke thrown in; let me explain beforehand that his ideas on medicine are founded on Aristotle's idea that all things are made up of four elements, viz: hot, cold, moist and dry:

After all garden herbes commonly used in kitchens, I will speak somewhat of the Nettle, that gardeners may unders and what wrong they do in plucking it up for a weed. Whether it be colde or hot, may well be perceived by touching: for who so handleth it without some defence for his hand shall feele that it is hote in the third degree, and dry in the second, according as Aucien affirmeth. Cunning cooks, at the spring of the yeare when Nettles first burst forth, can make good pottage with them, especially with red Nettles, very wholesome to cleane the brest of flume and to break wind.

Fruit is a thing which the author cannot tolorate, perhaps because of his belief that good old roast beef is the food for Englishmen, and apples are his special bane:

But all Apples generally are unwholesome in the regiment of health, especially if they be eateu raw, or before they be full ripe or soone after they be gathered. For, (as Aucieu sayeth) they hurt the sinewes, they breede winde in the second diges-



tion, they make ill and corrupt bloud. Wherefore raw Apples and Quadlings are by this rejected, though unruly people through wanton appetite will not refraine them, and chiefly in youth when (as it were) by a natural affection they greedily covet them, as I have known in my dayes many a shrewd boy for the desire of Apples to have broken into other folkes orchardes. * * * And all manner of Fruit generally fill the bloud with water, which boyleth up in the body as new wine does in the vessel, and so prepareth and causeth the blood to putrify and consequently bringeth on sickness. But to avoid all inconvenience that may growe by the use of Peares, Apples and other fruits, Cordus giveth a very good caveat in this manner:

That Peares may not hurt thee, take out the coares,
Pare them, and salt them, and cast them out of doores.

And for such as can rule themselves, and refraine their appetite * * * it is best to forego both Apples, Peares and Peaches, together with all other things that engender melancholy.

Now behold his views on beef, and behold in them the true-born Englishman:

And because Biefe of all fleshe is most usual among Englishmen, I will first entreate thereof * * * insomuch as no man of honour or worshippe can be sayde to have good provision for hospitalitie unless there be good store of Biefe in readinesse. * * * Yea, that it bringeth more nourishment than other meates, may plainly be perceived, by the difference in strength between those that commonly feed of Biefe, and that are fedde with other fine meates. Notwithstanding, Galen affirmeth that Biefe maketh grosse bloud and engendreth melancholy, and Isaak Judaeas is of the same opinion. But all these authors (in mine opinion) have erred in that, they make the Biefe of all countries alike. For had they eaten of the Biefe of England, I suppose they would have thought otherwise.

The section on drink, however, is the point where our learned physician rises to his subject. The purpose of drink, he says, "is to cause the food to descend to the place of digestion." Of all drinks, water is, in his opinion, the most to be avoided. There are but two uses for water to the man who would reach the "Haven of Health." One is to cool the stomach in the morning after having "drunke somewhat too heavilie overnight," and the other is "to be taken but sparingly to cool the body at night for the furtherance of sleep." Indeed, great caution is to be observed in handling this dangerous stimulant. When wine and water are to be mixed, "as is sometimes necessary, let nothing let you that the water be of good quality." Wine is the most wholesome as it is the most pleasant of beverages.

For though small drinks or cold water seem to quench thirst better than Wine, because it moisteth and cooleth more, yet Wine being more agreeable with nature, and of more substance and operation, is forever drawn of of the members and consequently sooner satisfieth and filleth the veines, and so quencheth thirst without any great alteration of the bodie. And to old men, wine is as milk to young childred, and the strongest wines for then are the best. Yet I read in Arnoldus that surfeiting and drunkennessə is sometime expedient, and so sayth Arnoldus. *Happocrates Counsailth us to be drunke once in a month.* But I will not counsail thus to drunkennesse.

God giveth Wine unto those that love him. And those that obey not the commandments of God shall not drink Wine of their vineyards. Of itself, it is the most pleasant liquor of all other, and a special benefit and comfort of man's life: a restorer of all powers and actions of the bodie: and so cheereth and comforteth the heart. Wine engendreth joy, boldness, stoutness of stomach, and liberalities, and I think that Wine drunk moderately sharpeneth the wits. The reason is alledged by Arnoldus: Because of good Wine more than any other drinke, are engenddred and multiplied subtill spirites, cleane and pure. And this is the cause (sayth he) why the divines that imagine and study upon high and subtile matters love to drinke good wine: Wherein he erred not much in my opinion from the custom of the old clergy, for they loved a good cup of Wine as well as any man alive. But I advise all students, such as have feeble braines, if not by nature at least by study, to refraine from strong Wines, but such as have strong braines, not lightly overcome by the vapours and fumes which ascend from the stomach, may boldly drinke any kinde of Wine that they like, so they keep a measure, for otherwise they fall into drunkennesse: which vice, as it is odious to God and without repentance hindereth us from his heavenly kingdom, so it is most hurtful to our bodies. So that the excesse of Wine is to be avoided, and not the Wine. But so that you drinke in moderation and below the point of vomiting, be not let from good wine. For God gave it to make men merrie, and not to make men drunke.

I.

An Englishman declares that Dreyfus is surely about the only living person who would refuse an offer of $200,000 to write an account of his experiences. The Alsatian did not even respond in words to this offer of a British publisher; he merely shrugged his shoulders.

All Horses in the Republic Have Been Seized and Sent to the Front for Cavalry.

First-class Passage, Johannesburg to Cape Town—1000 miles.

Transvaal Crisisa—Pssengers Leaving Johannesburg in Coal Trucks for Natal.

Morning Market, Kimberley, S. A.

An Old Dutch Dwelling.

At the Johannesburg Station During Mobilization.

SCENES INSIDE THE BOER LINES, SOUTH AFRICA.

The Post-Intelligencer Deal.

THERE have been all sorts of rumors afloat since the first announcement of the sale of the *Post-Intelligencer* was made in Seattle. It was said that it had been declared off; that Dan Lamont was its new owner; that the Northern Pacific Railroad had advanced the money for the purchase, and that the old owners would not sell under any circumstances A few days ago, however, it was learned on very good authority that $100,000 of the purchase money had been handed over to the present owners of the paper. This, with the $50,000 that was originally deposited as earnest money, makes $150,000 that has been paid for the paper thus far. The rest of the money, and enough to bring the total to $350,000, will be paid shortly. The new owners will be in command about the first of the year, for there is little chance now of the deal falling through.

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A Question of Ethics.

Captain Murphy's appearance in the line-up of the Stanford team in the Thanksgiving football game involved a rather intricate question of sporting and personal ethics. As everyone knows, the captain of the Cardinal eleven went into the play with a leather harness over some loose ribs. It was Murphy's fourth and last year to play. He intends entering Harvard next year, and would have liked to be eligible for the team there. But the Eastern rules on eligibility bar a man who has played four years at any college whatsoever. Murphy knew that he lost his chance of an Eastern try-out by going into this year's contest, and he could easily and honorably have refused to play, as the coaches left the decision practically in his hands. He chose to enter the forlorn hope and do his best. That best was not much; it became apparent as soon as he was carried from the field that he had, in his crippled condition, been a drawback to his eleven, but he proved, at any rate, his willingness to sacrifice himself for the honor of his cause.

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Fakirs, Foreign and Domestic.

CALIFORNIA people should be on the lookout for a dusky, sad-eyed gentleman with suave manners and a princely little title. A. A. Advani, a Hindoo Prince—of fakirs—has finished a prosperous run in the North and is said to be heading South. He came to Seattle with unsavory stories about his Chicago operations preceding him, yet he had not been in the Queen City a week before he made his first catch. He began by taking quarters in a leading hotel and getting himself interviewed. His was a sad story. He had been frightfully abused everywhere. The sympathetic fellow with the fat pocketbook who makes it a rule never to give to beggars appeared, and the Prince plucked him. But the fakir had a large capacity for disposing of money and he was soon out of funds. Then he managed to get another story printed about himself. His father had forgiven him and had sent several thousand dollars to Vancouver B. C. A little cash was needed to carry him down the sound. He got it from sympathetic acquaintances. He visited Vancouver. Alas, the draft was not there, but he needed more money. He gave a bogus draft to a steamship company for a passage to Australia and then came back to Seattle and traded the ticket for jewelry. He bought more jewelry on the credit he had secured by associating with men of standing; then he gave a few checks that are not worth the paper they are written on. This brought him to the end of his tether in Seattle; his victims hesitated to prosecute for fear of notoriety, but they made the town too warm for him, so that he invaded Olympia. Here, the citizens were "keener" or better warned, for they refused to be duped, and packed him off, bag and baggage, southward. The moral of this story lies in the immortal words of Barnum: "The American people love to be humbugged."

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Advani Sahib is not the only fakir who has had prosperity in Seattle of late. As the Klondike population multiplies, the harpies, male and female, who are in wait for their easily-won gold increase in number week by week. The latest feature has been the number of quack doctors, who are doing a huge business with the sick and injured swarming in from the hard summer clean-up. I remember that when Manitou, Colorado, first jumped into fame as a health resort, quacks invaded the place so thickly that some of them found it necessary to solicit business on the streets. Something of the sort may come to pass in Seattle if measures are not taken to suppress this traffic in human lives.

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Women as School Commissioners.

THE newspaper discussion of the California Club's appeal for a woman School Commissioner has died away, as it becomes more and more certain that Mayor Phelan has no intention of making a departure so radical. It is well, perhaps, that the matter came up for discussion, because there is but little doubt that the change will come in the end. It is doubtful if it would be advisable at present, because, whatever else can be said of California women, it is certain that they are hardly educated up to civic responsibilities. In most states and cities wherein women sit on school boards, female suffrage on men and measures affecting the schools has been the rule. It is my humble opinion that, if the change is advisable, it should come from this end first.

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The Condemnation of Whatever Is.

IT'S "dommed of ye do an' dommed ef ye don't." The daily San Francisco press has it in for the street-car fenders now. The other night some one on Mission street—why do these people all live on Mission street?—stepped squarely in front of a Mission car that happened to be in motion. The man was knocked down, but the fender kept him from the wheels. And now every morning paper in the city is clamorous for the removal of "the murderous fenders." Only a few months ago the same papers were clamorous for their adoption. It is too bad that everyone cannot be satisfied in this busy world; but then, where would the professional opposition be, if they were?

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The Thanksgiving Game.

THE score in the Stanford–Berkeley football game, Thanksgiving Day, while it furnished a very just measure of the relative strength of the two teams, hardly expressed the potential difference between them. Even when California was walking over the defeated eleven in the first half and the score promised to mount up somewhere above 40–0, there was a jump and action in the misdirected individual play of the Palo Alto men, which showed that they had it in them to play the game did they only know how. That this belief was well grounded was shown by the rally of the second half. Two or three reasons have been given to explain the exact nature of California's superiority. The U. C. captain has it that his men had a better knowledge of the finer points of the game; certain Stanford partisans assert that the trouble lay in the case of stage-fright brought on nine green players called upon to face a team of long prestige and an audience of 16,000 people. Although both these causes entered into the result, I believe that the chief cause was Stanford's weakness in the second line of defense—the backs. In the modern defensive game, the half-back or the line-breaking quarter is the logical man to "nail" the runner. The end and tackle smash the interference, catching the runner if they can, but in two cases out of three, in elevens which have good team work on defense, one or another of the backs makes the dive that brings down the man. Time and again I saw Stanford's strong tackles smash open the interference opposite them and leave wide holes—holes which good defensive backs would have used on the instant, but which the Stanford trio, all weak on the defensive, failed to utilize in every case. This was the weakest spot in the Stanford game, and explains, in my opinion, the size of the score.

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An athletic feat almost without a parallel for the "story in it" was the drop-kick by which "Johnny" Poe, the fourth brother of the famous family of Princeton athletes, won the game against Yale this year. Princeton entered substitutes early in the game, so that, as the second half drew to a close, there was no experienced kicker left on the field. Fifty seconds before the call of time, Princeton was on Yale's thirty-yard line, with her only chance to score the slim hope of a goal from field. Poe, as the coolest man on the team, was called on to try it. Although he had never before dropped a goal in game or practice, he sent the ball squarely between the posts for one of the prettiest goals ever seen in this country. Poe is the man who won last year's Princeton–Yale game by a 95-yard run through a scattered field. These two great feats by the last of the Poes recalls the fact that the greatest run recorded in the history of American football was made by a Princeton man—Lamar, who, in the early eighties caught a punt and dodged through the whole Yale team for a touchdown, winning his game by a margin of one point. As was the case with Brokaw, the best-known athlete who ever attended Princeton, Lamar came to his death by drowning while he was attempting to save life.

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A Patron of the Arts.

THOMAS B. CLARKE, who has taken up Charles Rollo Peters in New York, is noted as a backer of artistic "long shots." George Innes, Homer Martin and others were taken up by him when they were young, obscure and ridiculed, and had their first start toward success as a result of his championship. He has always bought for merit when others were buying for signatures; the result was s own in cold figures when he sold his collection in New York last fall. He had paid, all told, less than $50,000 for the paintings then sold at auction; they brought over $325,000, His adoption of Peters' cause, therefore, means something more than that the rising Californian has found a champion.

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The Return of the Klondike King.

Less than two years ago, Professor A. T. Lippey was a poor man, earning his living as secretary of the Seattle Y. M. C. A. Now, thanks to a happy recovery from his case of Klondike fever, he is one of the wealthiest men in the city, with titles to some of the richest claims in the gold district. All his life Lippey had worked hard, and upon his return he started in to enjoy life. He differed from most returning gold-hunters, however, in that his ideas on "enjoying life" involved doing something for other people. His house built and his money invested, Mr. Lippey gave his attention to the Y. M. C. A. The organization had a fine building in Seattle with all the things that go to make it an attractive place for young men. It also had the usual debt and the interest on it was a source of worry to the officers of the association. Mr. Lippey knew about this and he started to work to clear off the debt. He made a substantial donation himself and then organized a movement to have the city thoroughly canvassed for subscriptions. In less than a week $25,000 of the $35,000 needed was raised and the rest will undoubtedly be secured soon. Mr. Lippey has done other things since he returned from the Klondike. He had always taken an interest in politics and he knew all the bad points and the reforms that were necessary. In a very quiet manner he organized a society having for its aim purity in politics. Members of all parties joined it and it now has a very large membership roll. It was hinted that Mr. Lippey would be nominated for mayor of the city next spring, but he announced soon after the report was circulated that he would not be a candidate.

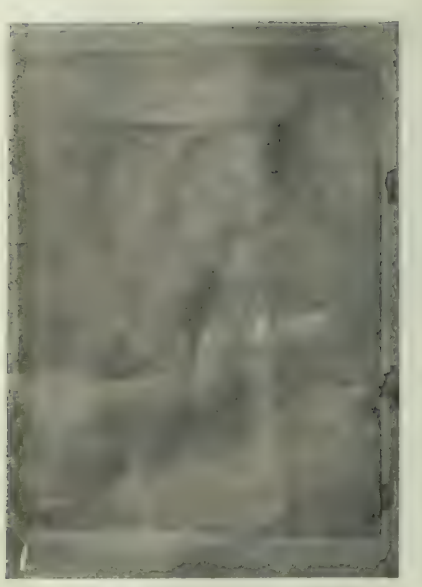
BOSWELL, JR.

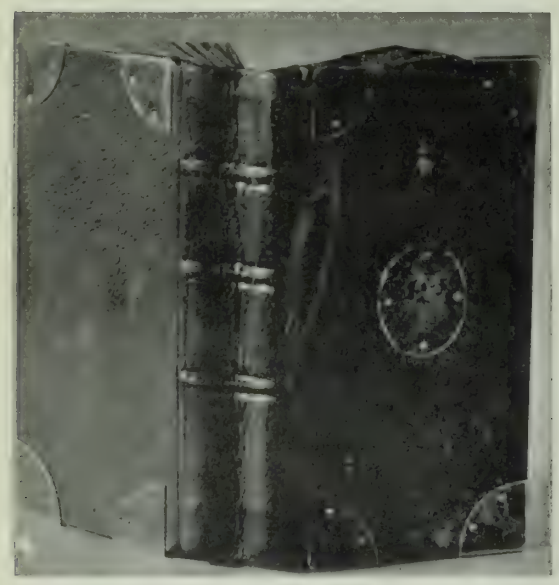
Free Public Reading Room.

An Evening Class in the Gymnasium.

"The Arch," Gymnasium.

THE SEATTLE Y. M. C. A. BUILDING.





1. Early Venetian Stamped Work. 2. Spanish Mass-book, Brass Ornaments, XVII Century. 3. French Lady's Missal, XVI Century. 4. Cavalier Testament, Silver Mounting.
5. Psalm-Book of James II, Carved Wood, Brass Clasps. 6. Italian, XV Century, Vellum over Wood, Stamped. 7. Venetian, XVI Century, Showing Early Tooling. 8. Early German Stamped Work.

Photographed in the Sutro Library, San Francisco.

SOME OLD EXAMPLES OF BOOK-BINDING.

COVERS QUAINT AND FAIR.

William Doxey Discourses on the Revival of the Art of Bookbinding.

I MET once a vendor of stoves. He was of genus of peddler who travels through the country regions setting up ranges in the kitchens of rural housewives, and on his ambling way from Pescadero to Redwood City, he gave me a "lift." As we swung along the road, he discoursed to me of stoves. It was almost the most interesting talk that was ever poured into my ears. You could see that the ancient peddler had made his vocation his avocation; the "Inglenook" range was the passion of his life, that was plain. It was the very poetry of stoves.

The connection between mine ancient peddler and my interview with William Doxey upon the revival of the art of binding may not be as plain to him "who lights upon this line," as to me, now trying to put my impressions upon yellow copy-paper. But the resemblance comes in this point; each is a man who has put his life into one thing, who has made his vocation his avocation until his being is so filled and crammed and shot with the subject that when he speaks you must needs follow. It was not hard for Doxey to interest me, who have within me the love of the quaint and the beautiful in books, but I am convinced that he could have won the veriest bumpkin who has no covenant with books, just as my peddler interested me, who have no covenant with stoves.

"The thing which has saved binding to the arts," said Mr. Doxey, "is the fact that it has been hard to bring machinery to bear upon it. In the Middle Ages, any manufactured article whatsoever was turned out by hand and bore the imprint of the individuality of the maker. Each artisan was an artist in those days. When machinery came in, and one machine would turn out a thousand articles exactly alike, it was the death of art in industry. You pick up a shoe, a sword, a dagger of the Middle Ages; it is unlike any other shoe or sword or dagger in the world—as different as one painting is from another. The artisan may have been a bad artist, making the work crude and unbeautiful, but there was always the possibility of art in his work.

"The first bindings were of vellum; then they used vellum and pigskin stretched over wood. These bindings came in about the time of the first printed books, and were not decorated, except, perhaps, by painted illumination on the outside. Then, there began in Venice the custom of stamping designs on the covers with a metal die. The designs were very elaborate, but it was machine work, after all, and each one was like the other. The individual work in the books of this style lies in the beautiful metal clasps. The custom of stamping with dies exists to the present day, but it has never been brought to such perfection that the work can be otherwise than cheap in appearance. This fact is the salvation of art in bookmaking.

"It is not certain just when or where bookbinders began to use the 'tooling' method, the process of stamping on the details by separate metal dies. It was done in Venice rather early, although not to any extent, but the art came to perfection later, and in France. The French binders have always been supreme artists. The German work, both in the Rennaisance and in more modern times, has never amounted to much, and in England artistic leather binding dates from the last century. Somewhat earlier than that, the nuns of Little Gidding were making embroidered book-covers, beautiful work never since equalled. But in France, the art never deteriorated; the great French bookmen have come down in unbroken line of succession.

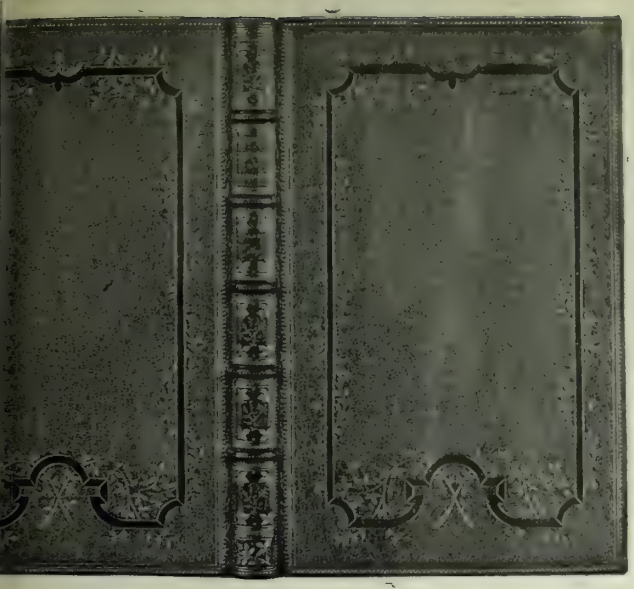
"As the trade and art of binding is now practiced, there are three separate processes, each essential to a good product. First comes sewing, the fastening of the loose pages. In this, great care must be taken to get the work neither too tight nor too loose. If it is sewed too tight, naturally it won't open; if too loose, the book has a 'sloppy' appearance. Then comes the process of 'forwarding,' which means fastening the boards of the cover to the loose strings employed in sewing, and of covering with the skin, a process requiring great delicacy of handling.

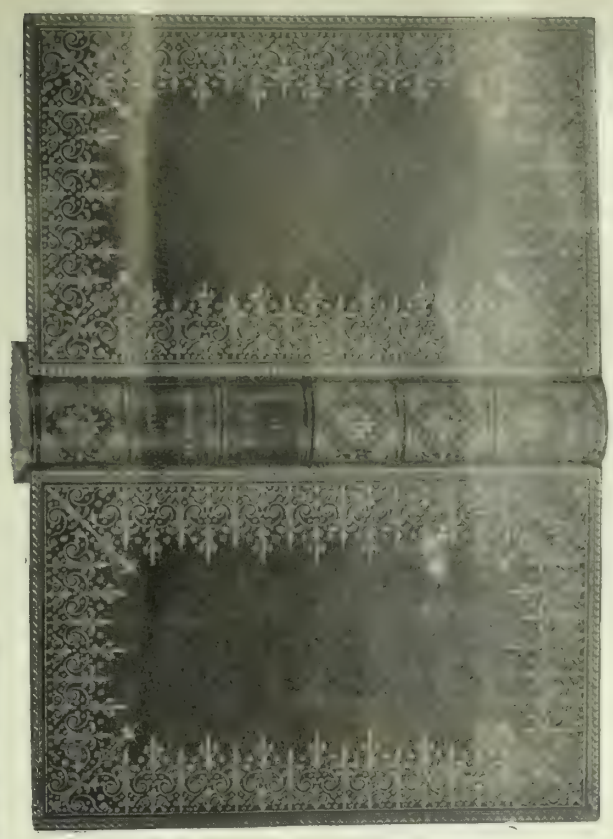
"So far it is only a matter for the artisan; art doesn't come in until you reach the final stage, finishing. At this point, the binder has to use all his artistic sense. He must plan the decoration, always keeping its character in harmony with that of the contents of the book, and he must carry it out with a skill of hand which is just as exacting as the skill required in printing. Look at this—"

He drew from a recess in his "Knockery" a flat, green book—Riviere's first edition of Kate Greenaway's *Marigold Book*.

"I could tell you a great deal of the history of this book. It is one of the best examples of modern binding. It was gotten out in the eighties to sell for about a dollar; its value is now twenty-five dollars and still rising. But what I wanted to show you was the tooling and line work. You see these lines just inside the cover? Notice how straight and firm they are, and how they are exactly parallel. You would think, from the accuracy of the work, that they were set there by machinery. Not at all. They were graved there by a tool, and the workman had only his eye and his skill to guide his hand. These six marigolds set at regular intervals on the cover illustrate the same point. If you will take a rubber stamp and try to make the impression exactly parallel with a ruled line, you will have an idea of the amount of skill necessary to set the tool in the right place and in harmony with all the other impressions.

"In even the most intricate conventional designs, comparatively few tools are used. Here is Zaehnsdorf's *Last*





1. Work of Chambolle-Duru, Paris, Carmine Inlaid in Blue.
4. *Paul et Virginie*, Zaehnsdorf.

2. A Dainty Book from Tout, London.
5. A California Example. Designed by the Misses Ripley, San Francisco.
Courtesy William Doxey, San Francisco.

3. From Zaehnsdorf, London—Blue and Gold
6. English Early Nineteenth Century.

SOME ARTISTIC MODERN BINDINGS.

Days of Pompeii. Notice the involved tracery on the cover. Well, that is all done with just five tools.

"The greatest English bookbinders of to-day are Riviere, Zaehnsdorf, Tout and, greatest of all, Cobden Sanderson. Sanderson is an amateur; in fact, some of the best work being done in the world just now comes from amateurs. It is a good proof, I think, of the fact that binding is an art, that so many people of independent means have gone into the work for the love of it. He is beautifully independent. He will never take an order at any price unless he has an interest in the book. Even then, he will make no agreement about price, because he takes the right to judge for himself whether the decoration shall be simple or elaborate.

"Another set of amateurs making something of a stir just now is the 'Woman's Guild of Binders' of London. In fact, the best book-work done in the world all comes from London. Chambolle-Duru is the leader in France, but even he does not compare with the best of the English. To return to the women, they are not only going in for leather books, but they are attempting to revive the art of embroidered covers, which has been lost since the time of the Nuns of Little Gidding. The two women of this group who have produced the strongest and most individual work are Miss Bartholemew and Miss Firth." I.

THE DESIGNING OF BOOK TYPES.

ONE of the most difficult problems met with by the modern art printer has been the designing of the printing types that make up his page; for he has to concern himself with the shaping of minute elements that come together in relationships impossible to foresee. Almost imperceptible thickenings and thinnings of line, bendings of seriph, heightenings and shortenings of stem, roundings and flattenings of curve, tell with surprising and decisive effect when built up into the page. Shapes agreeable enough in a single letter will set up disastrous patterns combined with others. And so it is that the personal element can safely be allowed to play only within the narrowest bounds.

The accepted forms of type represent an immense store of wisdom. Devices and avoidances won from experience are exemplified in every stroke of the letters. Such logic will not be meddled with. A few shapes remain not yet satisfactorily determined, and these are still flexible; but the most of the characters in our roman type flowered once for all near perfection in Nicolas Jenson's stricter version of the matrices used by John of Speyer. Founders since then have introduced their stiff and clumsy innovations—innovations that were to become conventions, and prevail during a hundred years—but today the tendency is wholly toward a return to the approximation of the classical forms once familiar.

To William Morris, more than to any other one man, is due this modern tendency in the art of printing. When Morris turned his attention to typeforms he found the designers busy upon imitations of the last century Caslon founts. It seemed to him regrettable that such a degradation of the shapes should have taken place, insensibly or by intention. He regretted the whittling away of the more solid line in the Venetian exemplars, and the compression of the squarer shapes. His love of a richy colored page would not permit him to accept any of the faces then offered. And so, magnifying the type of Jenson and others by a scale of five, he re-drew the letters—with excellent judgment, for the most part—made selections from competing forms, and tentatively advanced some ideas of his own, all with a bias towards thickness, squareness and strongly marked detail. The result was his "golden type," which, when set up in page, is certainly rich in color. Although a little stodgy in effect, a little heavy-headed and heavy-footed, it misses only by infinitessimal differences the sweetness and elegance of the originals.

Handicapped by the difficulty of recapturing consciously a perfection in all the elements of printing that came as the flowering of a continuous growth, the printer of modern English has to contend also with certain distinctively modern peculiarities that render his task harder. Our multitude of particles crumbles the text, w is too wide a letter, y has not been solved, and both are fairly common; the upright s, too, has been lost, a letter that adds much variety and charm to old type. These are merely examples of the many differences.

In the building up of his type Morris reverted to the earlier usage, composing unbroken blocks in place of short paragraphs. Here there must be a certain conflict between two aims of the printer, that of giving lucidity to the thought by the shape of his sections and that of preserving the decorative ideal of a serried unbroken page. This conflict becomes more acute in modern printing because the shapes of thought and speech have altered, have become more short-winded. Moreover, whatever he may do with prose towards minimising breaks, the printer as designer must always find his material rebel and pass out of control when he comes to print verse. The reason is that the rhythmical structure of verse is not exactly echoed in the symbols of printing; lines that, as spoken, are of the same length, come out of different lengths when printed. Devices for concealing this raggedness, such as printing verse as if it were prose or filling up the breaks with little sprigs and ornaments, deduct more from lucidity of design than they add to decorative uniformity. After all there is something pedantic in the dread of those breaks, as if type were a kind of paint, to be applied uniformly to the whole page, instead of a drapery following the anatomy of rhetoric. The same criticism applies with special force to the printing of title-pages and the like, where the eye should be able to gather the facts clearly with less close attention than in reading the page.

GOVERNOR ROGERS ON LIFE.

New Book of Essays by the Chief Executive of the State of Washington.

GOVERNOR John Rankin Rogers, already known as the author of *Looking Forward, The Irrepressible Conflict*, and other works, has added a little volume of four essays to his autorial shelf, with the simple lettering *Life* upon the covers. The chapters are headed, "The individual Life," "The Kingdom of Hope," "The Law of Advance and the Gospel of Work," and "The Progress of Man." Governor Rogers seems to be thoroughly in sympathy with the modern idea of the necessity of individual endeavor if man would progress. Conflict is inevitable under the conditions existent upon this earth. Life—worthy life—is a continual battle. It is the philosophy of evolution in its widest and most intimate bearings.

Such doctrine is both healthful and necessary in the present day. It is the doctrine of hope for them that toil, for them that strive, for them that would be victors. "The dog that will not strive for his master's favor is no dog at all. The bullock that does not horn his fellow from the food—if he can—will never lay on fat and therefore does not serve the purpose of his existence. The man who does not struggle to acquire that which might help him on his way fails in his life, has indeed lost the true sense of things and resigned himself—having first taken leave of hope—to an untoward end and a desperate fate. For every man who hopes, and has thereby become an inhabitant of the Kingdom, is ever ready, as a good soldier, to do battle in its defense. And this animal desire for betterment, although from it comes the reign of tooth and claw, of avarice and greed, is yet the breeding ground and starting point of all improvement. It is the filthy mud, the slimy ooze from whence springs the pure white lily of hope. We struggle to obtain, we live to acquire. And why? Why indeed but for the fact that we have hope in the future; that somehow, somewhere how we cannot say, where we do not know, that for which we strive shall aid us, shall make us wiser, better, stronger, wealthier or more powerful. . . .

"There are those who would have us believe that some day man will outgrow and outlive this primitive and fundamental desire, this constituent part of his nature entering into the very warp and woof of his being, extending from his first desire as an infant to reach his mother's breast on and on and up until it embraces that hope not made with hands which enters into the supremest mental comprehension of the sage and saint. In its cruder and more material beginnings this basic instinct of man is ofttimes unlovely and repulsive, and yet even here it is a vital necessity of existence. . . .

"Thus, necessarily, the life we lead becomes a struggle, a fight we cannot refuse. And this, being a rule of our lives and a law of nature, is in harmony with all other rules and laws of nature. In every department motion is the law of life; when motion ceases life is at an end. Stagnation means decay and death. Morally and mentally, too, the moment we cease to advance, that moment we begin to recede, to lose whatever has been previously gained, to fall back in the struggle. The stream of time must be constantly breasted with resolute stroke. If but for a moment we cease our struggle with the tide of things, instantly we are carried down the river, mere drift upon the current.

"Contest and conflict is the law of life. The apostle tells us that our life is a warfare, and he speaks the truth. We all know men well qualified by acquired knowledge and well appointed, as it would appear, for the work of the world who yet utterly fail simply because the combative element is lacking. They do not, will not, or cannot, force their knowledge into effect upon other men. And knowledge is useful only when brought into use among men. It cannot be imparted to things.

"Take two men, each equally qualified. Inspire both with the heaven-born spirit of philanthropy, with a sincere desire to benefit their kind. Give one a combative, willful disposition. Let the other possess all the loveliness of disposition which we may suppose characterizes the angels; let him have a disinclination to offend and a willingness to be turned aside from his chosen methods by appeals made to his good nature; then note the result; and the difference. The first will impress himself and his methods upon men, largely, at the time, against their will. This man will end by becoming a benefactor. The other will weakly wish well to all, but not having the stomach for a fight, not wishing to oppose and destroy the plans of men who stand in his way, will really do nothing of value, and end in being—if he lives long enough—simply an object of pity.

"So much is contest and conflict the law of our nature that one does not need to invade the region of hyperbole to say that it is nearly all of life to us. You listen to a famous man only to compare him favorably or unfavorably with what has gone before. A contest is thus instituted in the mind; indeed we can acquire knowledge in no other way than by comparison of thoughts and in the conflict of ideas thus instituted. The prima donna pleases you only if she excel some other singer. If she fall below you vote your attendance at the opera a mere waste of time. You watch with intense interest the horses at the race track. Who can tell the cause of your interest in the triumph of the black over the gray? You do not even know yourself why you thrilled and shouted at the success of the colt you had never seen until he came around the turn bravely struggling with every nerve employed in the effort to win a victory. You cheered because your nature bade you cheer, and because in every form of conflict we see ourselves as possible contestants. Should two dogs engage in a fight there is something wrong in the make-up of the man who does not exult in the victory of what appears the weaker party. And should the smaller, the under dog in the fight, after dogfully doing his best seem to lack a fair chance for his life, I have little love for the onlooker who will not interfere to save a brave fighter.

"But it is useless to repeat the story known to all. With every successful man in whatever field engaged, life is divided, it has been well said, into three parts; each a conflict. The first third is spent in struggling; the second in obtaining a foothold; and the last third in defending what has been gained; and every step of the long and toilsome way has been taken with hope as the incentive and mainspring of action."

These extracts are taken from the paper entitled "The Kingdom of Hope," and will give some idea of the contents of the book. Published by the Whitaker & Ray Company, San Francisco.

There is a school of historians and biographers, among whom Motley is the best-known example, who study the novelist's art of making character attractive, and who strive to present their work in such form that its highest praise shall be: "It is as interesting as a novel." Your dry-as-dust scholar will add to this "and about as true," but the cynic may retaliate in his turn that the matter is one of pure guess-work anyway, and that one school is as likely to "hit it" as the other.

To the "novelist" school of biographers belongs Constance Hill, author of *The Story of the Princess des Ursins in Spain*. The subject of the biography is one of the least-known of those uncrowned queens who ruled Europe in the days of Louis XIV. It is the history of a brilliant Frenchwoman who held the "trump cards" for a time during the stormy period of the Spanish succession, and is presented in such a manner as to make the notables of that time very real to the reader. The easy, vivid style in which it is written calls for special commendation. The book-work, including a frontispiece and a dozen line portraits, is excellent. From the house of R. H. Russel.

Mary Cholmondeley's new story, *Red Pottage* (Harper & Bros.), is distinctively a British novel, in which the general English society (limited) of the mother island holds sessions with itself until something happens. Strong situations abound. The characters are the usual run of peers, ecclesiastics and army officers—people who are found in their moral and social entirety only among the leisure classes of England. In plot, however—or rather in idea—this story possesses some features unusual among the traditions of English fashionable life.. At least it would seem unusual when a proud peer of the realm, goaded to desperation by the flagrant indiscretions of his young and frivolous wife with one of her old admirers, who makes no effort to shield her from scandal, coolly proposes to the destroyer of his peace to cast lots with him to determine which of the two is to commit suicide within four months. The proposal is accepted and the lot falls to the lover, who lacks the courage to pay the penalty. In the end my noble lord sacrifices his own life by stepping in front of a moving railway train. Such a method of quieting a family scandal may be quite English, but it does not seem quite reasonable.

SONNETS.

I

Unto the errant moon I sadly spake,
The new moon, fortune-bearer, looking down
A golden sailor on a sapphire lake,
Upon my prison in the smoky town.
"When next across the sceptre firs ye see
The vales enchanted and the peaks long-spired
That brought the visions of mine infancy,
Say I will come again; as children tired
Creep home at even, as a lecher old
For that one heavenly spark that in him lies
Comes back unto the bosom, chaste and cold,
Of her who smiled above his baby eyes,
So shall I come, sweet Earth, unto thy breast,
And ere anew I journey be at rest."

II.

They worship none the less who see and kneel
And make no sound; the watchers of the dawn
No less are thrilled and awed, no less they feel
Its holy beauty, as the old Earth's brawn
Takes to its lover's arms the warm, white air,
Because their voices lift no choric hymn
Unto the coming King; it is the prayer
That dies upon the lips in murmurs dim
Which reaches unto Heaven; love of mine,
Let other singers laud thy heart of fire,
Let others sing those honied lips of thine,
Each to his own, each heart to its desire;
I, who am all thy love and know thy will,
Love most, because I worship and am still.

San Francisco, 1899. *W. H. Irwin.*

Cobden Sanderson, the greatest book-binder in the world, takes no work unless he is given *carte blanche* as to price. In one case a western millionaire sent to him a fine set of sixteen old books, asking him to put them in a binding "not to exceed eight guineas a volume in cost." Sanderson sent back word that he could only put the books in plain bindings at that price, since he could not say beforehand whether he would decide, when they were bound up, to make the decoration and tooling simple or elaborate. The millionaire responded by giving Sanderson permission to take the work at his own price. The great binder did this, using his own judgment in every way, and rendered a bill for seven guineas the volume for the completed work.

The Circle of a Century is the title of a double love story, by Mrs. Burton Harrison, just published by the Century Co. One of there stories deals with a life in New York during the period just after the Revolution, the other with New York of today. The two stories are linked together, as the rich young hero of the second story is a decendant of the heroine of Washington's time. The second tale ends with the Spanish war, and the hero, wounded in the taking of an Juan hill, recovers and gains the love of the girl of his heart. Both stories are admirably told.

Lafacadio Hearn long ago gave us the picturesque side of the West Indies; now, William Dinwiddie deals with one of these fairy islands, that one our first foreign possession, from the practical side. *Puerto Rico, its Conditions and Possibilities*, (Harper & Bros.) is in the main a treatise on the commercial possibilities of the island. The author was the correspondent of *Harper's Weekly* during the early days of the American occupation, and most of the chapters of this book appeared originally as correspondence to that periodical. The author's view of Puerto Rico as a field for Americans is a most encouraging one. The investors of large capital have a wide field in the cultivation of sugar, coffee and tobacco; and small farmers may find profit in the culture of fruit and "garden-truck." Indeed, he believes Puerto Rico will come to be "the market-garden of the United States," and that most of the fruit consumed in the Eastern States will come from this region. Rather a hard prospect for Pacific Coast fruit-growers! It is to be suspected that the view of Mr. Dinwiddie is a little rosy, but he presents figures to support the contention, and we will believe, in charity, the old fiction that "figures don't lie."

Edwin Markham will reside hereafter in Brooklyn, instead of Oakland. It is said that he is to lecture next year for the McClure Lecture Bureau.

Illustration from "Oliver Cromwell." "Frontispiece," by Louis Loeb. From "Autobiography of a Grizzly." Lime House Basin, Ea

FOUR DRAWINGS FROM THE CHRISTMAS "CENTURY" MAGAZINE.

New Publications.

A Season's Sowing, by Charles Keeler, with decorations by Louise Keeler, is in the manner of the William Morris style of book-making, and the Omar Kayyam style of verse. It may be said that the decorator has been more successful than the poet, although she may have erred by losing the text in a wilderness of margin. The thought of the verse is better than the technique. Mr. Keeler lacks the singing voice, but two or three times in the book he has hit on an unadorned idea which convinces one that he is a poet, "in spite of his verses turning state's evidence against him." Yet withal, the ensemble pleases, which is encouraging to that rather limited circle of people who admire artistic book-work and desire to see the art furthered on the Pacific Coast. Published by A. M. Robertson.

The Dodge Publishing Company, San Francisco, for the Christmas trade offers an effective "American Girl" calendar, comprised of six drawings by Gertrude Partington and Edward Mayer, either on Japan proof or bristol board, one of the drawings for which is reproduced elsewhere in this issue. They also offer a calendar containing six darky drawings by H. F. Reck, on Japan or bristol; a "Madonna" calendar, two sizes; a "California Missions" calendar by William H. Bull; and a "Barrie" calendar, black and white and orange, by Edward Mayer.

The Frederick A. Stokes Company will shortly present a new volume by Gelett Burgess. It is a sort of modern fairy tale, and will be called *The Lively City o' Ligg*. Among the most lively dwellers in this decidedly up-to-date town are Pert Fire Engine, the Very Grand Piano, and the Lazy Lampposts.

The Century Co. has just brought out a new edition of Mrs. Burton Harrison's *The Anglomaniacs*, with the original illustrations by Gibson. The story was first published in the *Century Magazine* nine years ago, but the point of its satire on the aping of English ways by a certain set of New York society has not yet lost its force. The book is so handsomely gotten up that it may be included among the holiday volumes.

Archibald Clavering Gunter, he of the lurid English and many editions is still with us. He has been less heard from since *Mr. Potter of Texas* had its day, but he has been turning them out with great regularity. The latest is a tale of the days of the Carlist uprising, and is called "My Lady's Banner." The heroine is one of those dark-eyed, jealous, "hotty" ladies of Latin blood whom the sensational novelists love. Gunter's books will not be featured in the Histories of American Literature of the year 1999, but he has the art of holding and interesting the reader. Home Publishing Co., New York.

A Queen of Atlantis, by Frank Aubrey (J. B. Lippincott Co.), is a story of advantage of the H. Rider Haggard sort. A number of voyagers on an American vessel are driven into the midst of the Sargossa Sea and discover there the lost Island of Atlantis, peopled by a race of demi-gods. There are the wars, intigues, fights with sea-monsters and encounters with semi-mythological ichthyosauria common to all books of the sort. It is an interesting book of its kind, and worth the reading of those who have their delight in Haggard and his school of fiction.

The "Biographies of Eminent Americans" series, now being published in convenient pocket size by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston, has had added to it a biography of *Aaron Burr*, by Henry Childs Merwin, and a life of *Nathaniel Hawthorne*, by Annie Fields. Both volumes are furnished with chronological tables for handy reference. They are at once compact and complete, and will be found useful in many ways to students.

The Evidence of Immortality, by Jerome A. Anderson, M. D., is a discussion, from a theosophical standpoint, of the well-worn thesis that man is immortal. He uses a few unfamiliar terms (unfamiliar to the Gentile) such as "the mighty Creative Will of their Cosmocratores"; otherwise the book does not stand out from its kind.

Jeremiah Curtin, known among scholars as an authority on mythology among primitive and savage races, is still exploiting the mythology of his own land. Some of his latest research is embodied in a good-sized book entitled *Creation Myths of Primitive America* (Little, Brown & Co.). It is already used as a book of reference in some of the American universities, and it is, because of its charm of style and story, more popular among lay readers than such books ordinarily are wont to be.

Among the late additions to Cassell's National Library series (10 cents) are the *Voyages and Travels of Marco Polo*, being a reprint of John Pinkerton's edition; Pope's *Essay on Man*, *Moral Essays and Satires*; Carlyle's *Heroes and Hero Worship*; Milton's *Paradise Lost* (in two sections); *A Christmas Carol* and *The Chimes*, by Charles Dickens; Bunyon's *Grace Abounding*; *Selected Poems* from Wordsworth; *Table Talk* (selections), by Martin Luther; Macaulay's *Essay on Lord Bacon*; *As You Like It*, with *The Tale of Gamelyn*; and Sir Thomas wne's *Religos Medici*.

iftwood, a book of verse by Mrs. Addie L. ïou, has recently been published by the Hicks-Judd Company. The book represents its author's poetical activities during a period of thirty or thirty-five years, including occasional, newspaper and magazine verse.

John Lane has just got out a neat edition of *Shakespeare's Sonnets*, with illustrations by Henry Ospovat. Printing, paper, binding and pictures are good.

In *The Rainbow's End: Alaska*, Alice Palmer Henderson tells of our northwest possessions, with especial regard to native life, and the conditions under which the white gold seeker must labor. Published by Herbert S. Stone & Co.

The Hacienda on the Hill is a tale of the Spanish war by Major Richard Henry Savage, who was in command of the first troops into Havana after the signing of the protocol. A feature of the book is the "story of the *Maine*." Weyler, Gomez, and other notables figure prominently in the plot, which is a love story. Home Publishing Co., New York.

Selections from Carlyle, Ruskin, Amiel and Charles Kingsley have been compiled into a little volume by Jeanne G. Pennington, under the title, *Philosophcc Nuggets*. Fords, Howard and Hurlbert, New York, are the publishers.

A new four-bit edition of *Prue and I*, with illustrations and an engraved frontispiece of George William Curtis, is out from the Harpers for the holiday trade.

Diet in Illness and Convalescence is the name of a useful book by Alice Worthington Winthrop, in which there is a mass of information that everyone ought to know. The book, besides being a repository for recipes and directions, is a more or less complete manual for the care of the sick. Published by Harper & Bros.

Each Life Unfulfilled by Anna Chapin Ray is a book that begins with the promise of telling an interesting little love story. But before the end we find that we have been deceived—that the two people we met in the first chapter, who were manifestly intended for one another, are forced apart and the tale ends in gloom. It is published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

He, She and They is the title of a humorous sketch by Albert Lee, with illustrations by H. B. Eddy. It is the kind of book a man will rest himself over when he is tired out. There are born entertainers among books as among people, and they are quite as agreeable, in their place. Published by Harper & Bros.

Paolo and Francesca, the poetical drama by Stephen Phillips which is now much talked about in London, will be published this week by John Lane. At the same time will also be presented Owen Seaman's *In Cap and Bells*, a book of verse, and the first volume of *Flowers of Parnassus*, which is a series of famous poems selected and arranged under the editorship of F. B. Money-Coutts. The first volume is devoted to *Gray's Elegy*.

The author of *Quo Vadis* has made his debut as a writer for American magazines. He has a prose-poem in the December *Century*, translated by Mr. Sienkiewicz's authorized translator, Mr. Jeremiah Curtin. It is called "The Judgment of Peter and Paul on Olympus."

Julia Marlowe in Barbara Frietchie is the title of a pictorial souvenir that R. H. Russell has added to his list. The souvenir is composed of twenty-six attractive photographs and drawings, by C. Allen Gilbert, of Miss Marlowe in the best scenes of the play. The pictures are printed on heavy plate paper, with cover design in colors.

Sugar-Pine Murmurings, by Elizabeth Sargent Wilson and J. L. Sargent, is dedicated to their parents, and published "for the authors" by the Whitaker & Ray Co., San Francisco. The book contains nine short stories, chiefly of Pacific Coast life.

One of the best illustrated Yukon books of the season is Frederick Palmer's *In The Klondyke*, including an account of a winter's journey to Dawson. Mr. Palmer originally intended to accompany the Government relief expedition, which was mobilized at Dyea, but which never went any farther because it was not needed. And so he went in alone. He gives an account of his trip down the river on the ice, with his dogs and his two comrades; and an intelligent account of what he saw at Dawson and thereabouts. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

MRS. JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

San Francisco is one of the places that labor under the misfortune of losing all the best in literature, art and music that she has created. A few years ago we all thought we appreciated Mrs. Cheney and her music sufficiently to keep her in our midst, but when the people of Chicago invited John Vance Cheney to the Newberry Library there, it meant, of course, that we must lose one of our most valuable musicians. Since Mrs. Cheney left here she has founded a school of life and expression in Chicago. This school was formed in the endeavor to inculcate an old doctrine into the minds and hearts of the people, this doctrine being that we are all born equal; that each one of us has the same power to rise as his

neighbor. This was Christ's doctrine as he originally preached it.

Things have, however, now reached the crisis when we all crave for the higher and better life. Until we realize how to live we can never develop our characters. Mrs. Cheney has made a study of this idea. First teaching herself the lesson, she studied the human mind and heart and now, while she claims to teach nothing new, she feels that she has systematized the thought and applied its principles until she is capable of helping both men and women, rich and poor, as she says, "to be good-natured."

Mrs. Cheney is giving a series of lectures in Oakland, and will also talk to the prominent women's clubs in this city during the four weeks she is to remain here.

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GERMEA

The Ideal Breakfast Dish

A book of children's verses has been made up by R. Brinley Johnson from the fugitive and other work of W. B. Rands, under the title, *Lilliput Lyrics*. The quaint illustrations by Charles Robinson, of which there are many, could hardly be improved upon; and they and the text combine to make an acceptable Christmas offering for the children. John Lane, publisher.

Public Notice.—This is to state
That these are the specimens left at the gate
Of Pinafore Palace, exact to date,
In the hands of the porter, Curlypate,
Who sits in his plush on a chair of state,
By the gentleman who is a candidate
For the office of Lilliput Laureate.

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A Philippine Romance

Private Sevenspot, of Company Y, 'Steenth United States Infantry, sat in a carved mahogany rocker beneath the portico of the company quarters at Jaro, in the Island of Panay, and honed his razor. His eyes blinked, dazzled by the glaring sunlight, when now and again he paused in his task to stare across the plaza.

"Just luck at th' sun-baked counthry, will yez," said he, gesticulating with the razor. "Av th' town were a mess av Philadelphia scrapple, it could not be done browner. Luck at th' wades an' brush in thot desert av a plaza. An' luck at th' toy min, av yez call thim min. I call thim brown rats. Shure, we should be arrumed with pop-guns. Faugh!"

A little brown woman—she was a woman, although she weighed no more than the average American schoolgirl of twelve—shuffled barefooted down the street. To unaccustomed American eyes she was a mere caricature on womankind. A couple of yards of bright-red calico were gathered tightly about her waist, and reached to her knees. The makeshift garment was wound snugly about her, outlining every curve and showing the motion of every muscle as she moved. Her brown legs and feet were bare. A white shirt waist was caught over one shoulder and had slipped off the other, exposing bared neck and bosom. A white towel with bright-red edging served as a sunbonnet. As she shuffled along she puffed a large cigar, that in color, length and circumference matched her naked forearm. And the lips that poised the cigar were stained bright red and green from chewing betel nuts and leaves. But Margarita was a shapely little dab of femininity. Her face was saucy and fascinatingly impudent, Her eyes were alluring, and she chattered pigeon-English vivaciously, with graceful little gestures of babyish brown hands and pretty puckerings of betel-stained lips. And the poise and movement of her little head was birdlike.

"Now, luck at thot!" exclaimed Sevenspot. "Just tell me phwat in th' divil does Big Bill want av a brown-skinned pocket-pace loike thot. Sure, av she wanst got lost in th' tall grass av th' plaza there. Bill couldn't foind hur with a tiliscope. Av he'd dab her well with flour an' carry her under his arrum, he'd resimble wan av thim Eyetalians phwat peddle little statooaries in New York. Think av a six-futter loike Bill, snakin' off an' violatin' rigilashuns by marryin' a little brown imp av a woman no bigger than a cheeno cigarillo. Faugh!"

Along the southern boundary of Jaro there ran a stream, during the rainy season a river, during the dry season a rivulet. Along the southern bank of the stream there was a narrow strip of scattered woodland; beyond that a three-mile stretch of rolling prairie, and then a ridge surmounted by another bit of timber. Five miles beyond the ridge on a little eminence clustered the town of Santa Barbara. It was an insurgent stronghold, and its assault and capture were the first work of the autumn campaign cut out for the little detachment of American troops quartered at Jaro. The American outpost No. 7 was on the Jaro bank of the stream. Just as a faint streak of light illumined the eastern sky one morning two privates clasped hands with the pickets on No. 7, listened to a last word of caution from an officer, and then silently waded the stream and disappeared in the timber on the opposite shore.

It lacked an hour of midday. A mile to the south of Jaro, in a slight dip in the rolling prairie, two men in khaki uniforms wriggled cautiously through the tall sun-crisped grass. The sun directly overhead volleyed white-hot arrows that pierced them through and through. They reeked with perspiration; their faces were thorn-torn and dust-smeared. The horny right hand of each was wound in a blue handkerchief to protect it from the blistering heat of the rifles they dragged along the ground beside them. They moved by inches, their faces flattened to the ground. After gaining each foot or so of ground they rested side by side, their cheeks flat to the earth. They panted, and their tongues lolled like those of heat-spent dogs in August. Thus slowly, arduously, they progressed for another mile. Then one of them lifted himself cautiously to his knees and glanced first forward and then to the rear. Then he flattened out again, and, panting, whispered:

"We're two-thirds of th' way from timber to timber."

"Sight any Kakiach pickets?" asked the other.

A shake of the head was the answer, and again the two men panted and stared in each other's eyes. Their lungs labored huskily. The animate earth seemed in a dizzy, strangled silence for lack of air.

"Sevenspot," finally gasped the larger man of the two, "if you were in the Waldorf-Astoria right now, what would you order?"

Sevenspot lapped a swollen, dust-rough tongue along his cracked lips.

"Domned av I know," he whispered, "but av I were in Dolan's I'd order corned bafe an' biled cabbige an' a keg av cool beer."

"Bill," continued Sevenspot, after a breathing spell, "pwhat putt a college-man loike you in th' regulars?"

Bill hesitated, under pretense of moistening his lips with a moistureless tongue. Then he whispered vehemently, fiercely: "Back in the States, in time of peace, an enlisted man is a dog, isn't he?"

Sevenspot nodded.

"But now——"

Sevenspot nodded again.

"But now," continued Bill, passionately, "and he wouldn't step aside to kick the shins of the feather-bed men who look down upon him in the States, would he? The feather-beds back there wonders what a fool soldier on $15.60 finds to be proud of. If one of them could be in my boots right now and could feel like I do in here, right now, he'd know, wouldn't he?"

Bill atruck his breast with his clenched fist, and Sevenspot nodded.

"And then," said Bill, less vehemently, "there was a——"

He came to a full stop. Sevenspot waited and then finished the sentence for him: "a woman in it! Not a brown, but a white Margarita! An' ye think she'll weep a wee bit whin she sees your name among th' did heroes? An' you're married to a betel-chewin' brown wan."

"Sevenspot," began Bill, "have you ever noticed——"

With his rifle barrel Sevenspot listlessly poked a tarantula that was coming his way and headed it in the other direction. It would have required an effort to lift the rifle and smash it.

Sevenspot shook his head. Then he said: "But there's an ondacint lizard, about two feet long, pwhat roosts in th' timbers over me bunk an' shouts in his slape. An' there's another that clatters all night loike a sewin' machine. Maybe he do be a singer."

The big man paid no heed to this witticism.

"Did you ever hear a woman sing on this island?" he asked.

"Never," said Sevenspot, "but Margarita, that swate Kakiack wife av your's. Bill, she called me something th' yestherday. Pwhativer it may mane, it sounds uncomplimenthary."

"And is so," said Bill, "and did you ever hear a man sing on this island?"

"Niver," said Sevenspot, "onless ye ca singin' when Beno Brown gets spifflicated an' howls 'woe is me, with no whiskee.'"

"Sevenspot," persisted Bill, "Did you ever hear a girl laugh on this island?"

Sevenspot shook his head.

"'Tis toime," he said, "that we moved on a bit av we are to make that ridge an' get th' lay av th' land th' avenin' an' back by mornin'."

They wriggled ahead to the crest of the next swell of the prairie. As they rested Bill asked: "Or a boy whistle?"

"Niver!" exclaimed Sevenspot, suddenly yanking his rifle up beside him and working the lever, "but I think both av us heard that bullet whistle an' I'm thinkin' that putts a bloody period to this scoutin' thrip, bad luck to th' sharp eyes av th' brown divils!"

"He were a rale man, were Big Bill!" said Sevenspot, holding forth in quarters that evening, "Avin' av he did consort with a brown woman. Shure, whin he volunteered for th' scoutin' thrip with me, I misliked it at first because av th' thought av that Kakiack wife av his. But all th' mornin' he were notin' down th' lay o' land as cool-loike as county surveyor at home. An' thin, whin the brown divils began boom-boomin', he squatted there on wan knee an' worked th' lever av his krag as methodical as if he were a machine gun an' wound up for all day. Whin th' bullet wint through him, he wint down on wan ilbow, with wan hand on his chist, an' luckin' up at me, who was puttin' down me krag to help him, sez he:

"'Kape poompin', Spot, kape poompin'. I'm done for annyway, an' ye must thry to kape thim back till th' byes come out for yez.'

"An' seein' th' blood comin' in spurts through his fingers an' th' film in his eyes, I knew he spoke thrue. So I wint on with me rat-shootin', kapein' wan eye on Bill. His ilbow wint slippin' out th' red-wet grass under him, till his head nodded down in th' crook av his arrum loike he were drowsy an' droppin' off to slape. The bloody hand on his chist fell lump-loike beside him. Thin he opened his eyes sleepy-loike wanst, an' muttered loike he

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AN AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY IN THE EAST END.

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The Drawing by Phil May, Illustrating "The East End of London," by Sir Walter Besant, begun in the December CENTURY MAGAZINE

PRINTED IN TINTS.

The Christmas "Century"

is one of the most beautiful Christmas numbers of a magazine ever issued; full of features of special interest at the Christmas season, including a capital story by Jacob A. Riis, "The Kid Hangs Up His Stocking"; a very striking story of the judgment of the heathen gods on Mt. Olympus by Peter and Paul, written by the author of "Quo Vadis"; Dr. Weir Mitchell's poem "King Christmas and Master New Year"; "A Provencal Christmas Postscript," by Thomas A. Janvier; "The Christmas Tree," a full page picture by J. Alden Weir, etc., etc.

An important feature of the number is the first of a series of articles by Sir Walter Besant, author of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," on "Life in the East End of London," with Pictures by Joseph Pennell and Phil May. In this first article Sir Walter takes a single creature out of the two millions in East London, and shows her young life in childhood and maidenhood.

In February will begin a series of articles by Richard Whiteing, author of "No. 5 John Street," describing "The Paris of To-day," with illustrations by Andre Castaigne, whose pictures are now attracting wide attention.

This Christmas *Century* contains the second installment of

THE CROMWELL HISTORY

SUPERBLY ILLUSTRATED,

which will be the leading historical feature of *The Century Magazine* for the coming year. It opened in November, and is continued in the Christmas number, with chapters from Dr. Weir Mitchell's "Autobiography of a Quack," Mr. Seton-Thompson's "Biography of a Grizzly," and Captain Slocum's "Sailing Alone Around the World."

NEW SUBSCRIBERS to *The Century*, subscribing after the issue of the December number, and who begin their subscription with that number, are entitled to receive the November number free of charge, if they ask for it at the time of sending in their subscription. Price $4.00 a year. *In 1900 The Century will be unsurpassed in interest and beauty by any periodical in the world.*

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In 1900 there will be an important historical serial of Colonial Life in America by Elbridge S. Brooks; ten long stories by Ruth McEnery Stuart, Mary Mapes Dodge and other well-known writers (each story complete in a single number); serial stories by the authors of "Master Skylark" and "Denise and Ned Toodles" and other popular books for young folks; a serial story for little children, "Josey and the Chipmunk"; contributions from Theodore Roosevelt Ian Maclaren, John Burroughs and other well-known writers; several new departments, etc., etc., including "The St. Nicholas League" and "Science for Young Folks," with fun and frolic in rhymes, pictures, stories and puzzles. *Everything in* ST. NICHOLAS *is illustrated.*

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were half-dreamin': "'Tis a woman singin'!'

"Thin he shut his eyes an dropped off aisy. An I wint on with me rat-killin'. Thin I heard th' mountain-guns barkin' behind me an' th' fire from th' front slackened. I could hear you min thramplin' through th' dry grass. An' here I am. But Bill—he were a man—Margarita or no Margarita."

It was evening of the day after. The men of Y were leaning listlessly out on the casements of the big casa where the company was quartered to catch a breath of cool air. Across the street there was a native thacthed shack. Under its projecting roof the forms of a man and woman were dimly visible. The woman gently touched the strings of a guitar and just the suggestion of a plaintive melody floated across the way.

"Shure," said Sevenspot, "thot little brown divil, Margarita, tuck it har-rd when we putt away poor Bill th' mornin'. Whin' th' bugle sounded taps, I shure thought she'd wape herself into nothing but a pint av wather! I misdoubt me I may have misjudged th' brown wimmen."

The banjo across the way gave forth a louder thrum-thrum and then to a moaning, wailing, heart-breaking melody, a deep-chested alto chanted sadly, monotonously in the native tongue. The woman's voice rose and fell vibrantly in a wierd chant full of tears and moans and broken hearts and then died away in a hopeless sob. Sevenspot drew a long, shuddery breath.

"Tis th' first native I iver heard sing," he whispered. "Who is she?"

"Bill's Margarita," said Smithie, Company Y's authority on Kakiach lingo and customs.

"Bill's Margarita!" exclaimed Sevenspot. "Shure, thot explains it! 'Twas thot voice, not th' brown woman, thot Big Bill married! 'Twas an echo an a mimory thot he wedded, poor lad!"

Smithie nodded and puffed his cigar.

"Poor little brown Margarita," continued Sevenspot. "Av I could sling the lingo 'tis meself would go an' thry an' say a kind worrud to her. 'Tis th' death song av her love she were singin'. 'Tis sad me ould heart is for th' poor little brown divil, left all alone-alone."

Smithie threw back his head and laughed aloud.

"Phwat!" exclaimed Sevenspot turning fiercely. "Pwhat do you foind so funny in a brave soldier's widow, be she brown or black?"

"Sevenspot!" said Smithie putting a restraining hand on his friend's threatening arm. "Don't get sentimental in this climate. At least, don't get that way 'till you know the ways and lingo of the Tags. That was no death song. 'Twas a love song. And 'twas the poor little brown devil, Bill's Margarita, singing to her new husband. She married him this afternoon. He is the wealthy Cheeno banker at Iloilo. Savey? If Bill's white Margarita in the Sammies was a ditto girl too, he surely lost out against the love game."

Just then the guitar across the way thrummed again, and again a deep-chested alto began to chant a mournful song full of tears and moans and broken hearts. Sevenspot leaned far out of the casement and drew a deep breath. His big chest rose and swelled until the arch of it touched his chin. Then he roared, and the candle lights of all Jaro went out as if by the wind of his bellows.

"Shut up! Shut up! caramba! Shut up, before I come and pull the pie-shack about your ears! Ye female tarantula!"

The alto voice quivered and stopped. The dimly outlined figures of a man and woman disappeared stealthily and catlike within the door of the thatched shack. Across the plaza the bugle sounded taps plaintively. The town was silent and far-winged dreams of home and a white Margarita hovered over the casas of the soldiers, to be disturbed now and again by the crack of a Kakiack's Remington or the bark of an American's krag, as the outposts took sly pecks at each other through the night.—*New York Sun.*

A CALIFORNIAN SUCCESS.

Another Californian prophet, without much honor in his own country, has come into his own in the East. Charles Rollo Peters has "hit it" in New York, making such a bound into success as comes to few painters in this country.

When Peters left the Coast for the East, he was comparatively unknown outside his own city. Here, his work had been "appreciated"—by commendation rather than by money. His career in San Francisco had been a long struggle with adverse fortune and mild and unremunerative approval. His "Night View of Camp Merritt," shown last year at the Hopkins exhibit, was his first startling success, and on the strength of it he invaded the East.

The first battle was fought in Chicago, and was an artistic victory, although not a financial one. Mr. Peters then went on to New York, arriving too late to exhibit in the regular manner. This, as it turned out later, was a piece of great good fortune. The painter went to East Hampton, Mass., where he worked and sketched for a short time and returned to meet his fortune. Thomas B. Clarke, the noted patron of art, the man who discovered George Innes, Winslow and Homer Martin, gathering paintings for the first fall loan exhibition, was persuaded to look at the work of the unknown Californian, and fell in love with it. In his own words:

"Mr. Peters, I came here on advice of Mr. Redding. I expected to find one or two canvasses worthy of our exhibition. I frankly tell you that I am stunned. And we offer you the whole exhibition!" This giving of a whole exhibition to one man is a thing never before done by the Union League Club.

It is years since the captious critics of New York have been so kind to a new painter or the newspapers have given up so much space as in the case of Peters. There is not room here even for a summary, but the following extract from the *Mail and Express* typifies the whole:

"A new star of some magnitude has arisen in the local art horizon, in the person of a California painter, Charles Rollo Peters. Until a group of twenty-six of his pictures were put on view at the Union League Club yesterday afternoon, his name was practically nnknown here. Although comparatively few persons will have a chance to see these canvasses in the club gallery, as they are to be there only until Sunday night, soon after which time they are to be sent to London, it is safe to predict that Mr. Peters's reputation here as a landscape painter will be established from now on. It is stated that he has devoted himself chiefly to the study of night effects during the past three years, but there are indications, in the canvasses shown as the result of his work during that period, that Mr. Peters is more than a specialist along this line and that, if so disposed, he could paint full sunlight.

"Of the twenty-six canvasses, a majority deal with California subjects, and there are also, besides the Long Island pictures, some Brittany scenes. In all of them Mr. Peters has sought and obtained legitimate results. Not a single painting (and they range from the lyric to the strikingly dramatic) exhibits aught but reasonable, sane handling. Results are secured by purely artistic methods, the spectacular or the eccentric having no place in Mr. Peters's scheme of work.

"It is as a colorist that Mr. Peters presents the strongest claim to consideration. He can be economical of color and obtain variety from different textures of nearly the same tint, as in the remarkable "Rainy Moonlight," or he can spread with generous hand, as in the curiously forceful and dramatic "Moonrise" (No. 17), in which he achieves a genuinely striking result. There is a wide discretion about his choice of color for a given composition, a just balance between restraint and profusion. Again, his color is solid, yet vibrant; full and decided, yet never obtruding itself without a reason. Mr. Peters has, moreover, a keen sense of values; his color proportions seem almost invariably well chosen; red, where used, is not too strong for the accompanying green or blue or yellow.

"In composition, Mr. Peters is as adaptable and liberal as in the treatment of color. In fact, there is little suggestion of the use of a set formula of any sort in his work. Fond of subtle and delicate lines and surfaces, he can still swing large curves and cover broad expanses when the subject invites such treatment. There is a feeling of depth and stability in all that he shows at the Union League gallery. The groups of trees and houses are well spaced, and there is a real and perceptible atmosphere about and between them.

"The addition of Mr. Peters to the ranks of American artists of whom New Yo kers know is a pleasant event. He is a man who says interesting things in a personal, distinctive and admirable manner."

Charles Rollo Peters in his Studio.

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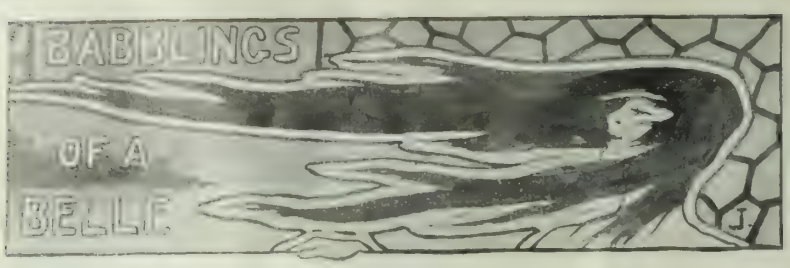

THANKSGIVING week this year, my dear Diary, has been one in which every moment of my time was spent wondering. So many invitations poured in to poor little Cricket's letter box, that at times she really felt her increasing popularity might cause a dissimulation in her tiny brain. Mama argued with me as to the foolishness of trying to do so much, but what can I do? If I stay home from a party, next day I spend at the telephone trying to explain my absence; for each person interested in me rings me up. On that account, I feel better when I am out.

Monday of last week Anna Voorhies gave twelve of us a luncheon. Chester Murphy had given her a football so she had Stanford U. C. colors adorning the table. We had a jolly time, and forgat in our enthusiasm over the approaching game the fact of its being a girl's luncheon. Honestly, I am being so rushed by so many different men, I have really no chance to devote myself to my "steady." Men are so fickle, I feel in the rush that he may fall into a back seat, and I do not wish that at all. I never can imagine why it is, but a girl's "steady" always manages in some way or other to feel he is in an uncertain position. That causes much sorrow in the girl's innermost feelings, but with the hundred and one things of real importance she has to do, in a day or two, she never manages to find time to tell him he has nothing to fear. I told you last week a little of the Huntington dinner, and dance, but the more I think of it the better I realize the perfectly fine time we had there. If only more people would, when building, add a ball-room to their homes the pleasure they could give to their friends would be wonderfully great. There is nothing on earth greater sport than one of these informal dances. We had the "German" you know, and got a tremendous amount of fun out of it.

Mrs. St. Goar on Wednesday gave a progressive luncheon to twenty-four girls in honor of Anna Voorhies and Katherine Dillon. The table decorations were violets arranged in large silver dishes and strewn all over the table. We all simply went wild over her silver. It is that of the old St. Goar family and of most original design. I do wish nowadays our silver could be wrought by hand, and made to look as though it were hundreds of years old. I am thinking seriously of going abroad to marry some fellow with a fine old family, and splendid silver so I can have it on my table. We had a jolly time, and I shall have spent the entire afternoon there, but I felt it my duty to help the Doctor's Daughters distribute their Thanksgiving Dinner. To see the gratitude evinced by these poor people repaid all of us girls who worked so arduously in the Doll Show the week before.

On Wednesday evening thirty of us went to Mrs. Maurice Casey's house to rehearse for the football figure at "La Jeunesse." They have a fine big ball-room with a splendid floor and I really believe the success of the football figure Friday night was due to this rehearsal. We all got a great deal of fun out of it, and I for one, hope we may have more of the same sort of rehearsal before every dance.

In all my experience of Thanksgiving days this was the very jolliest. Of course being a member of the Girls' Auxiliary of the Children's Hospital I went out there in the morning to help the other girls give the children their turkeys, mince pies and plum pudding. Therese Morgan, Caro Crockett, the Hopkins girls, were all there working as though their lives depended upon it. We auxiliary girls do a tremendous amount of good in our own little way. If you could only see how these dear "Little Jim" children love to see us coming, you would think we were angels in disguise.

Afterwards, there was the football game. Twenty-three of us went together—a mixture of Stanfords and Berkleys, and did we not have sport! It is so good to be able to give way to all one's extra enthusiasm, and shout with joy at the smallest advantage of either side. Of course being on the winning side I felt very happy, but I do think the Stanfords showed their grit in a manner that made me feel proud. Those boys never for a moment showed the slightest signs of discouragement, and took their loss in a truly Spartan manner. I have quite lost my heart to Mr. Chamberlain; he is the dearest of fellows; I do wish he were going to remain out on this coast a little longer. He is a splendid coach too, I believe, and can return to be welcomed by all the people I know here whenever he likes. In the evening though I was so tired, I went to see Hiram Bingam's burlesque at the Grand Opera House. It was most amusing, and as Hiram is as good a dancer as he is a playwright I have a soft crush on him—a crush with great possibilities.

Tuesday evening twenty of us were invited to dine with Mr. and Mrs. Thomas. The dinner was given in honor of my dear Edith Preston. She did look so well too, and was so interesting that we all again lost our hearts to her. I am simply devoted to Edith and only wish she did not live out of town. Clara Hamilton also looked very pretty. You know I am so fond of Mr. Thomas. I think he is so much nicer than the average father. He seemed young too. Helen sang for us, and I wonder really how she does it so well. Her voice would make a name for her on any operatic stage, I am quite sure.

Friday night was "La Jeunesse." It was the most wonderful success I have ever seen. The enthusiasm was tremendous, and I never saw so much blue and gold and red in all my life. I went to Mrs. Maurice Casey's to dinner. Katherine Dillon gave it to sixteen of her debutante friends. It was a football dinner, and the table decorations were all carried out in honor of the two teams. There was a football of violets and gold cord, and the rest of the decorations were red pinks and red berries. The name cards were blue and gold ribbons attached to violets for the U.C. people, and red ribbons attached to red roses for the Stanfords. It was a very jolly affair, and the football tied with scarlet ribbon was sent down by Mrs. Casey to the "La Jeunesse" to be used in that special figure.

I never have seen the girls looking nicer nor the hall more prettily decorated. One side was entirely given up to blue and gold, the other to the red. I have come to the conclusion, red being a more effective color, that next year I shall be a Stanford girl. Any number of the girls wore the colors of the University, but Edith Stubb and Katherine Dillon were the only two who really carried it out entirely. Edith Stubbs wore the sweetest little gold colored organic trimmed with violets. I have never seen her look so bewitchingly pretty before. In her soft brown hair nestled one red pink and I could not help wondering what Stanford fellow she really liked. Katherine Dillon wore a red Paquin gown. It was a sort of net with outlines of red satin baby ribbon on the waist, and bow knots on the skirt. I think she looked her very best. No matter how charming a home gown is, there is something about one that hails from Paris that no one out here can touch at all. Owing to her having twisted her ankle that morning she was not able to dance. Elizabeth Huntington was unable to dance owing to the same cause. Anna Voorhies, Florence Parks of San Jose, and Charlotte Ellingwood were the three prettiest girls in the room. I really believe they are generally conceded to be so at whatever party they may happen to be. The others I noticed that looked particularly well were Miss More of Santa Barbara, Miss Havens of Oakland, Miss Latham, Josephine Kane, Clara Keyes, Lulu Voorhies, Alma McLuny, Miss Kline, Margarite Cole and Miss Chapman. The man in whom I was really interested was Chester Murphy, who dances like a dream. It was absolutely the poetry of motion to see Bennie Brown and Chester dance. It quite reminded me of the sort of thing one hears one's mother speaking of as the dancing that is grace itself. I wish that some of the other fellows would try to follow in his footsteps. Will Foster, Charles Field, Laurence Scott, Emory Winship, Hiram Bingham and Jack O'Brien all gave me a very good time, and are all good dancers and nice fellows to keep as steady partners. The football figure was the chief feature of the evening, and its success is due to the indefatigable energy of Mrs. McClung and Will Foster. It was most picturesque marching under the goal of smilax and the football, and I think will be one of the pleasantest of our memories of the last football game of this century. Gerald Rathbone gave a theatre party on Friday evening to Georgia Hopkins and Ethel Hager. He was very much missed at the "La Jeunesse," especially by me I feel that something is lacking, unless I have just one dance with Gerald.

There was a tremendous crowd at St. Luke's fair Saturday afternoon. I never saw a prettier lot of things for sale in my life. I bought dolls and all sorts of cute things to use as Christmas presents. Every girl, I think, I know was there selling something, and it was really almost as much fun as the teas I went to afterwards. First of all to the Timothy Hopkins', given in honor of Georgina Hopkins. They live in the McLain house on the top of Pacific Avenue and have one of the most superb views in town. The house is wonderfully adapted to big entertainments, and looked like fairy land with its berries and flowers and lights. The music was so good, and when I was there I did have such a jolly time. There was a very large crowd and Mrs. Hopkins really looked beautiful. After leaving I went over to the Hag Emily and Ethel were doing the honors and both looked very well. Emily is a most gracious hostess and I think one of the greatest favorites in San Francisco. Mrs. Nuttall, Virginia Jolliffe, Mary Scott, Mary Josselyn and I all helped to receive and we had a merry time of it all. This house, too, looked exceedingly pretty.

In fact I notice any house, if one wishes to take the trouble of having it decorated, can be made a veritable garden; for we have now so many artistic decorators in town no house need be aught but beautiful.

We are all very much excited over the Golf Ball to be held on the Saturday before Christmas at three o'clock in the afternoon. Everyone will appear in golf costume, and I think it will be unique and awfully jolly. Just think of the marvellous bliss of being able to have a really good dance in a wise short skirt. The Keyes ball, the Mills' card party, the Crockett luncheon, the Voorhies dinner are all of the fetes of this coming week.

The vaudeville entertainment, given by the Sorosis on Monday evening, is to be a great affair I believe; I am most interested in it, and am sure it will be a tremendous success.

I think possibly in my next I shall be able to tell you of the engagement of one of the very prettiest girls in town to an equally nice university graduate.

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The Oil Industry.

THE Los Angeles *Record* has the following to say in regard to an asphaltum find at San Pedro: "The well was dug four by four feet to a depth of fifty feet. It was sunk fifty feet farther by boring a three-inch hole. At a depth of ninety-six feet from the surface, a deposit of asphaltum was struck. Two feet of the asphaltum was penetrated when the drill stuck in a rock crevice, from which the borers were unable to extricate it. Five or six gallons of the asphaltum were taken out. It burns freely. When exposed to the sun it melts into a thick liquid, but when left in a cool place it hardens."

Some capitalists who own the adjoining land are investigating the quality of the asphaltum and if it proves of value they will set about boring for it.

* *

Clark and Bryan have a regular bonanza in the Los Angeles field, which, is now yielding from 100 to 150 barrels of oil per day. The well is only about 350 feet deep and is barely twenty-five feet into the oil sand, which is there supposed to form a stratum fifty feet thick. The well started out as a gusher but gradually settled down to a first class pumper. The owners think that when the oil sand is wholly penetrated they will have a record breaker. This strike has done much to stimulate prospecting for oil in Sunset field. The owners of the tract will set to work immediately to cover it with wells and so get the greatest possible output from their property.

* *

It is only a question of months now, untiseveral large refining plants will spring up along the bay adjacent to this city. Quite a number of wealthy capitalists both here and in the East, are likewise figuring on the construction of a pipe line which will tap all the oil fields in the San Joaquin Valley. There is big money in pipe line enterprises,as has been demonstrated by the great financial success of the tidewater line of the Standard Oil Company in the Eastern fields.

* *

The California Oil Company recently made a big strike in section 19 of the Coalinga district. After reaching the oil sand, which was accomplished at a depth of 1500 feet, the pressure became so strong as to force the tools out of the hole and cause the casing at the bottom of the well to give way. This incident is of much importance to those who have property in this district, as it indicates that the oil sands extends westward from section 20.

* *

An English company has recently been formed for the purpose of investigating the oil prospects at Del Mar. A quantity of land has been leased and the company will spend $15,000 for development purposes. By the terms of the lease, the owners of the land are to receive one-tenth of all of the oil produced. The company is headed by John Dottiel of Hemet.

* *

The sinking of a well at Summerland recently led to the discovery of an asphaltum bed about 100 feet under the Oxnard Oil Company's wharf. The asphaltum is perfectly pure and is in consequence valuable, but it will be difficult to get at, as it is under water. The well as being bored about 400 feet from the shore.

* *

The Kern River Oil Company recently made a big strike in the McKittrick district, on the south-east corner of the north-west quarter of section 13-30-31, which has caused a good deal of excitement among those interested in that territory. It is the intention of the company to go yet deeper into the oil sand if possible.

* *

There has been a good deal of trouble ovel claim-jumping in the Bakersfield district, and the oil men of that locality have determined to put a stop to it. To that end, they are planning to form an organization which will oppose trading with any firm which backs claim-jumpers.

* *

A newly formed company consisting of W. R. Jones, E. Woenne, T. H. Curley of San Francisco and Senator Morehouse of San Jose has secured about 600 acres in the Punta de Laguna and Tyler ranches, and will begin development as soon as the proper machinery can be put in place.

* *

A new well is going down on the Nelson and Cody land at Summerland,its projectors being Messrs. Thompson and Steele. Work is also progressing rapidly on the fifth well on the new Duquese wharf with the prospect of striking a large flow of oil.

* *

The Home Oil Company has purchased a portion of section 20 in the Kern River district, immediately adjoining the property of the Gray Eagle Oil Company and will immediately begin drilling operations.

* *

The Gray Eagle Oil Company will put down two wells on section 30 in the Kern River district, aa soon as the rigs for which they have contracted with a Los Angeles firms are on the ground.

* *

Now that there has been an asphalt trust formed the price of that product is steadily advancing. This means renewed activity among the owners of asphalt beds in this state.

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Rates. San Francisco to Tanforan and return, including admission to Grounds, $ .25

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

City and County of San Francisco, Plaintiff, vs. James S. Angus, W. S. Goodfellow, Thos. E. Crothers as Executors of the last will of James G. Fair, deceased; and Charles G. Fair, Theresa A. Oelrichs, Virginia Fair, Phil. More B. More, and C. More Defendants. No. 67,877.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in the office of the Clerk of said City and County of San Francisco.

FRANKLIN K. LANE
City and County Attorney, Attorney for Plaintiff.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to: James S. Angus, W. S. Goodfellow, Thos. E. Crothers as Executors of the last will of James G. Fair, deceased; and Charles G. Fair, Theresa A. Oelrichs, Virginia Fair, Phil. More, B. More and C More, Defendants.

You are hereby directed to appear, and answer the Complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, within ten days after service on you of this summons—if served within this County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

The object of said action is to obtain a judgment and decree of said Court adjudging that plaintiff is the owner in fee of all the real estate hereinafter [illegible] and to quiet plaintiff's said title as against [illegible] and to obtain other and further relief and costs, as specified in said complaint, which complaint is hereby specially referred to for further particulars.

The following is a description of the property affected by this action:—

All that certain piece, parcel or tract of land situated in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, bounded and described, as follows to wit

Commencing at the corner formed by the intersection of the northerly line of Bay street with the westerly line of Fillmore street; thence westerly along said northerly line of Bay street two hundred (200) feet; thence at right angles northerly and parallel with said Fillmore street to a point at which the water of the Bay of San Francisco is twenty-five [25] feet deep at low tide, as the same existed April 27, 1863; thence at right angles easterly four hundred and sixty-eight 9-12 [468 9-12] feet; thence at right angles southerly and parallel with the easterly line of Fillmore street to the said northerly line of Bay street at a point thereon distant two hundred [200] feet easterly from the easterly line of Fillmore street; thence westerly along said northerly line of Bay street two hundred and sixty-eight 9-12 [268 9-12] feet to the point of commencement.

And are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 20th day of March, A. D., 1899. [SEAL] WM. A DRANE, Clerk,
By WM. R. A. JOHNSON, Deputy Clerk.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.—Could and Curry Silver Mining Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, Cal. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 22nd day of Nov., 1899, an assessment (No. 88) of Fifteen (15) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room No 69, Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery street San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 27th day of December, 1899, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the 18th day of January, 1900, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the cost of advertisng and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

ALFRED K. DURBROW, Secretary
Office: Room No. 69, Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.

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[INCORPORATED]

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THE THEATRES

It was "up to" Francis Powers to prove himself in "Mother Earth." He had made an unqualified success of a short piece in "The First Born" and had scored an equally unqualified failure of a long drama in "When Greek Meets Greek." It was felt that this new piece was to be the final test, and all Bohemian and artistic San Francisco, with a sprinkling of society, was at the Alcazar to judge the finish.

It would be easier to criticize "Mother Earth" had it been unqualified either as a success or as a failure. But it was neither. Perhaps the best and most charitable judgment would be to make no judgment at all, but to wait and let Mr. Powers try it again. If, however, I were called upon to venture a present opinion on the facts as presented, I should say that he fails as a playwright through lack of capacity for sustained work, that bits of the First Born order limit the extent of his power of production. The stage is full, to-day, of actors who can rise to the height and power of a Booth or an Irving in short, fragmentary passages, but lack utterly the power to sustain their acting on the heights. Something of this sort seems to be the trouble with Powers' writing. There were bits in his second play and first failure which, taken by themselves were great; this third attempt has passages of like value, but the indispensible factor of unity is lacking. As in "Greek Meets Greek," the first act gives promise of great thing; then with the rise of the second curtain it all goes to pieces and "like the bascless fabric of a vision" fades into absurdities. And yet—so great are some of the bits of which this whole is compounded, that one wonders if Powers cannot pull himself and his work together and make it yet.

* *

And now the elegant Frawleys have abandoned the roaring melodrama of "The Sporting Duchess" and donned the hose and ruffles of romantic drama. They have attempted, before the San Francisco public, to do two kinds of acting which require one to let oneself loose, to act unconsciously, spontaneously, and they have fizzled dismally in both for the reason that it is not in them to forget their stage presence and their dress-suit airs.

I do not mean to say, however, that last night's production of "An Enemy to the King" was so badly done as the "Sporting Duchess." The courtier of old, gay France with all his sheen and polish, in some slight degree resembles the broadcloth knight of modern times, whom the Frawleys have been schooled to copy; yet he is not the same thing—or not in the world's eyes. The present production is a shade better than the last, and only a shade. Mr. Frawley's portrayal of Ernanton de Launay was an exhibition of preposterous insincerity; and Mr. Frawley only set a lamentable pace for the whole caste. Poor enunciation and bad French conspired to mar the general effect.

* *

The bill at the Orpheum this week is rather poor. George Golden, verily the prince of monologue artists, is the relieving feature. To one who can endure her metallic, tin-pan voice of the true concert-hall quality, Camille D'Arville would not be so bad; myself, I am not such a one, and I thank Heaven therefor.

* *

Frederick Warde, supported by Mr. and Mrs. Clarence M. Brune, will follow "Shenandoah" at the Columbia in a repertoire of the old, familiar "heavies" and a new play "Fortunes Fool."

* *

The Tivoli, for the first time in many years, is dark this week, owing to the need for repairs. Next week, the ever-popular Ferris Hartman opens the winter comic season in "The Tar and the Tartar."

* * *

"The Fatal Card" will be the next week's bill at the California. I.

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Dated San Francisco, December 5th, 1899.

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in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

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New Stories Re-Told.

x x x

CHANGED HIER NI.—A Yorkshire couple had been courting for several years. The young man one day said to the woman: "Sall, I canna marry thee." "How's that?" asked she. "I've changed my mind," said he. "Well, I'll tell what we'll do," said she. "If folk know that 't's thee as has given me up, I shanna be able to get another chap, but if they think that I've given you up then I can get another chap. So we'll have banns published, and when the wedding day comes the parson will say to thee: 'Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?' and tha must say, 'I will.' And when he says to me: 'Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?' I shall say, 'I wiuna.'" The day came, and when the minister said: "Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?" the answer was given, "I will." Then the parson said to the woman, "Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?" "I will," she replied. "Why," said the young man furiously, "you said you would say, 'I winna.'" "I know that," said the young woman, "but I've changed my mind."

x

BRING ME YAN TEE.—James Russell Lowell was a great student of dialect. One day while in England he entered a South Shields restaurant, and sat down opposite a barefooted Shields yokel. He had been walking and his feet were tired. "Waiter," he said, "bring me a steak and fried potatoes." The yokel leaned his elbows upon the table. "Bring me yan tee," he said. "Bring me a cup of coffee and rolls," continued Lowell. "Bring me yan tee," said the yokel. "And John, you may bring me a bootjack." "Bring me yan tee," added the yokel. "Why, what on earth can you want with a bootjack?" asked Lowell, surprised into asking the question. The retort nearly took his breath. "Gan to h——, ye bugga," said the yokel; "ye think I canna eat a bootjack as well as ye?"

x

COULD NOT COMMUNICATE HIS ORDERS.—A distinguished English politician some years since became first lord of the admiralty. Full of the importance of his office, upon his first visit to the fleet he wore the full uniform of the lord high admiral, and his flag went up at the mast-head. Soon afterwards one of the officers politely saluted. "If you please, sir, what are your orders?" he asked. "Orders? What orders?" "You are in command, sir." "But I don't understand it at all." "Sir, your flag is flying, and you are in command of the fleet. Will you communicate your orders?" The great first lord became crimson with vexation, and his flag was promptly hauled down.

x

HIS OWN TEAM.—The late millionaire Alfred Sutro upon one occasion was unable to hire a team in a country town because he "was not a responsible party." "How much do you want for your team?" asked Sutro. "Five hundred dollars, and I will buy it back at the same price when you return," was the reply. The money was paid over, and the capitalist drove off. In a week he returned, had the rig examined, and received back his five hundred dollars. "Hold on," said the proprietor; "you owe me thirty dollars for the use of the team." "Never pay for the use of my own team," replied Sutro as walked away.

x

NO FURTHER COMMENTS.—Commodore Vanderbilt was not so aristocratic in his tastes as some of his relations. On one occasion he was sitting on the crowded piazza of a fashionable hotel when a lady approached. The Commodore rose and talked affably with her, while his wife and daughter raged. "Father," said the daughter, "don't you remember that vulgar woman as the one who used to sell poultry to us?" "Certainly, my dear," responded the old man heartily, "and I remember your mother when she sold root beer while I peddled oysters up in Jersey." The ladies made no further comments.

x

A KIND-HEARTED AUTHOR.—Thomas Bailey Aldrich, who is kind to literary apprentices, is said to have received not long ago from an ambitious young author a volume of forbidding length "for him to read." For a moment he was staggered; but then a happy inspiration seized him, and he made this delightfully ambiguous reply: "My dear Mr. Smith: I have received your book and shall lose no time in reading it."

x

NO DAY FOR WHISTLING.—Dr. John Watson (Ian Maclaren) tells of a sober-minded Scotch minister who was on his way home from the kirk one bright Sunday morning, when the Baroness X. asked him to whistle for her dog. At once he assumed his severest solemnity of visage. "Woman," he said; "woman, this is na day for whustlin'."

x

HIS GREATEST ENEMY.—A good anecdote is told of George the Fourth. When the news of Napoleon's death reached London, some official announced it to the king in these words: "It is my duty to inform your majesty that your greatest enemy is dead." "Is she, by ——!" said the king.

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THE WAVE

VOL. XX. No. 25 SAN FRANCISCO — DECEMBER 16, 1899 — SEATTLE PRICE 10 CENTS

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Photo by Oscar Maurer.

THE WAVE

Is published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal., and Colman Building, Seattle, Wash.

Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months, $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in al union) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

The trade is supplied by the San Francisco News Company 342 Geary street; east of the Rocky Mountains by the American News Company, New York.

The Wave is kept on file and is for sale at Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France; 31 Union Square, New York City; 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.; and 206 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

For advertising rates and on all other matters pertaining to city business, address The Wave, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

All business matters pertaining to the Northwest should be addressed to Trevor Corry, Colman Building, Seattle, Wash.

THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY

PROPRIETORS

SAN FRANCISCO—December 16, 1899—SEATTLE

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EVENTS CURRENT.

Terrible Catastrophe in a Washington Mine.

On last Saturday occurred one of the greatest calamities ever known in the Northwest. By an explosion of coal-gas, followed by a rush of black damp, over thirty miners lost their lives in Carbon Hill coal mine No. 7, at Carbonado, Washington. Just how the accident occurred is not known, and probably never will be. It is probable that some of the miners killed in the explosion tapped a large body of gas which, rushing on some unprotected light, was set off. At any rate, about noon of that day the whole town was shaken by a series of terrific subterranean explosions proceeding from mine No. 7, which has its tunnels directly under the village. About eighty miners were at work at the time. A number of those in the higher levels rushed to the surface at once and organized themselves for rescue. They were unable, however, to make much headway, as the black damp arising from the explosion drove them back. The first list of the missing numbered thirty-four, but nearly a day later two men who had been groping their way through the wreckage came out alive. Twenty-three bodies have been recovered so far. It is thought that the other missing men cannot be alive, as the deadly black damp has choked up every level of the mine. Besides the dead and missing, there are a number of men seriously burned. The citizens of Carbonado have issued an appeal for the relief of families bereaved by the accident.

The War in the Philippines

The uncertainty surrounding the operations of our guerilla war in the Philippines is almost equal to that prevailing in South Africa. The entire American army is scattered into small divisions, each pursuing some section of the vanishing native army. In most cases, these squads have wandered so far afield that reports come in not more than once a week. Even at that, there is reason to believe that the army censors at Manila are holding back information concerning the operations of the forces chasing Aguinaldo. Interest in this country is, of course, centered upon the flight of the rebel chief and his pursuit by General Young and his cavalry. Unless the officials have some later information, nothing has been heard from the old Indian-chaser for over a week. His latest full report, dated November 29, states that his men were then in straits for provisions and supplies. They were living off the country and had only such ammunition as was in their belts. The day previous, he had divided his force, leading one-half against General Tino, who vanished before our advance, and pushing on the remainder against Aguinaldo himself who, with a body-guard of 400 men, was reported to be at Cervantes, in the mountainous country of the peaceful Ilocos. This column marched for thirteen hours without rest or food, to find that the bird had flown. The insurgents hampered this advance by leaving in the road snares and pitfalls which they had forced the Ilocos to dig for them. On the approach of the conquerors, the inhabitants were equally amiable to them, removing the pitfalls, smoothing the road and assisting in the search for provisions and fodder. These people described the mood of the rebel chief as cheerful. It appears that he still hugs the hope of salvation through the American Congress. In fact, his late proclamations, discovered along the line of march, announce that Congress will certainly recognize the Filipino Republic in December. It is believed by some that Aguinaldo is trying to swing around into Cavite province, where the rebellion is showing some signs of activity. Outside of this chase, the operations have been confined to slight skirmishes. December 9, by a concerted action of the army and navy, the region around Subig Bay was cleared of the native forces. There is an unconfirmed rumor that MacArthur has captured General Alexandro and a large force of his men. The most extensive fight was a battle between Major March's battalion of the Thirty-third and the forces of General Pilar. With a loss of one man killed and six wounded, the Americans killed seventy natives and scattered the force. On rather doubtful authority, it is reported that Pilar died in the fight. Guerilla skirmishing is reported from Negros. The officers in charge on that island are afraid that the insurrection may blaze up there before very long.

Another British Reverse.

When this record closed last week, it was expected that a decisive battle was coming in South Africa. At that time, General Methuen's forces, having gained the crossing of the Modder River at the expense of three bloody battles, was expected to press on and engage the Boers in their last stronghold before Kimberley. General Buller, supposed to be moving on to Ladysmith, was thought to be on the point of advancing against the Boer forces at Colenso. Neither engagement has taken place. General Methuen seems to be resting his army, which must be terribly shaken by the bloody encounters they have had on the road to Kimberley, but the reason of Buller's inactivity is shut up among the secrets of the British war office. Meanwhile, the third column, that advancing to take possession of the Orange River country, has suffered the worst reverse the British have sustained in the whole war, not excepting White's disaster at Nicholson's Nek. December 10, General Gatacre, commanding a division of General French's army, ran into an ambush at Stormburg and was forced to retreat. The British lost about six hundred men, most of them being taken prisoners, and three guns. The disposition in London is to blame Gatacre for permitting himself to be led into such a trap. As in former engagements, the most serious damage done to the British was inflicted by the deadly machine guns of the Boers and by their accurate fire from cover. The most serious aspect of this calamity is the effect it is likely to have on the Cape Colony Boers. True to the mercenary character of their race, they have been wavering between their sympathy for their compatriots across the border and their fear of offending the winning party. Now, it is possible that this reverse to British arms, strengthening as it does the hopes of Boer sympathizers, may convince them to revolt. From the official statements of the British war office, the following estimate of losses has been made. As it does not include the loss at Mafeking and Buluwayo, concerning which no figures have been returned, it may be considered as an underestimate of the actual truth:

	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.	Total.
To November 28—Officers	44	118	63	225
To November 28—Non-com. officers and men	385	1,315	828	2,528
Modder River, November 28	76	386	...	462
Ladysmith, Lombard's Kop, December 8	4	17	...	21
Stormburg, December 11	1	25	599	625
Scattering since November 28	14	36	25	85
Grand Totals	524	1,897	1,515	3,946

No estimate of the Boer losses is given, but they must be very much less. Considering that the British are not yet over the enemy's border, these figures would go to prove that the war will be in very truth the bloodiest of the century in proportion to the numbers engaged.

The Week In Congress.

Interest in the opening sessions of Congress has been centered on four contest for seats. In the House, Representative Roberts, the polygamist member from Utah, is fighting, almost alone, for his place in Congress. Quay of Pennsylvania is being opposed on the grounds of irregular appointment, and Clark of Montana, together with Scott of West Virginia, will have to answer charges of corrupt methods in obtaining office. The case of Roberts seems almost hopeless. He is placed upon the horns of a dilemma by the proposed action of the proposed committee before which he is making his fight. If he admits on oath that he is guilty of polygamy, they intend to give him no chance to defend the case but will recommend his expulsion. If he denies the charge under oath, they will send a committee of investigation to Utah to ascertain the true facts. Such an investigation could result in only one way; Roberts himself admits that he has lived in polygamy. If he refuses to take an oath on the subject, they will take the position that the refusal is an admission. It is said that, in the probable case of his being refused a seat, Roberts will fight the proceedings in the courts. The case has occupied the special committee during the entire week. In the senatorial fights, Quay's case seems to be the most desperate. A straw ballot, which may or may not have been accurate, was taken by a newspaper correspondent early in the session. It showed Quay a winner by six votes. Since then his case has been weakened by a change in the personnel of the Committee on Privileges and Elections. Allen of Nebraska has retired and Harris of Kansas, an anti-Quay man, takes his place, making the majority of the committee opponents to the Pennsylvania man. In the cases of Clark and Scott, the outcome is more doubtful. The Clark contest is an aftermath of the old senatorial fight between him and Marcus Daly. It is sure to be fought bitterly on both sides, but the battle has not yet opened. Eight hundred bills were introduced into the Senate at the fecond session. Most of them were "old stagers," but a sew were of national importance. One, fathered by the Anglophobiac members, called for resolutions of sympathy with the Boers. It came up for debate on Tuesday and was the occasion of a brilliant, if prejudiced speech by Mason of Illinois. As being a matter too delicate for ordinary procedure, it was referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations, where it is certain to be shelved. The Financial Committee of the House of Representat ves is considering the Republican Finance Bill which appears to be a sure winner.

The Defense of Mormon Roberts.

In a recent article in the New York *Times*, Representative Roberts, the member of Congress from Utah whose seat is now being contested on the grounds of polygamy, makes a spirited defense of his position. He admits, as he has admitted all along, the fact that he has been living in plural marriage, but declares, also, that he is opposed to polygamy as a principle and that he is in favor of the application of the United States law on the subject. His explanation of this seemingly anomalous position is that he married his three wives under the old conditions, before the law forbidding plural marriage was applied by the church in Utah, and that he would now be dishonorable did he repudiate these women and brand their children as illegitimate. Disrupting the polygamous marriages made under the old regime was no part of the compact made between our government and the Mormon Church when Utah was admitted as a state. In the convention which made the nomination and in the subsequent campaign, polygamy was not made an issue at all. High Mormons were both for and against him in the fight, and the question of church influence was not brought up on one single occasion. "It is falsely charged," he says, "that the congressman from Utah was elected to represent polygamy—that if he is seated and retains his seat it will mean that Congress indorses polygamy, and that there will be an immediate revival of the Mormon plural marriage system in Utah. In the name of all that is consistent, I would like to know how the Mormon people could hope to base a revival of the practice of plural marriage—even if they had the disposition to do so—on the fact of the representative from Utah taking and retaining his seat in the House. Does the House of Representatives indorse the individual views of all the men it admits to membership? Surely my enemies give the Mormon people and even Congress little credit for common sense when they trump up such a charge as this. I don't go to Washington as a representative of polygamy." The newspapers of the country at large, which are arraigned against the seating of Roberts, generally give him credit for his stand in refusing to cut his family adrift, but nevertheless oppose seating him in Congress on the ground of its bad moral effect.

Summary of the President's Message.

The President's message never has a great deal of influence on the action of Congress and seldom, if ever, gives out anything new concerning the policy, actual or projected, of the Administration. It is simply a conservative statement of his policy, which is generally known to the individual members of Congress and to the country at large long before it is put on paper by the Chief executive. President McKinley's message to the Fifty-Sixth Congress kept up this tradition. There was very little in it that could not have been prophesied beforehand by those who have followed the policy of the Administration in the lively times since the close of the last Congress. Following are the most salient points: After a proper reference to the death of Vice-President Hobart, the financial situation is discussed and pronounced most satisfactory. Our foreign trade for 1899 exceeded by over a billion dollars that of 1870, and, in spite of the war, the treasury shows for this year a surplus of $40,000,000. The payment of the public debt has been resumed. Redemption of greenbacks in gold is recommended. Late reductions in our foreign-carrying trade make it imperative that Congress adopt means to encourage American shipping. On the subject of trusts, the message is very brief; the hope is expressed that Congress "will discover a way to deal with them effectively." With respect to the Interoceanic Canal, the President refers back to his message of a year ago, saying that the reasons then urged for its construction are now stronger than ever. The report of the "Isthmian Commission" is likely to be delayed for some time. The section devoted to foreign relations is as non-committal as a "speech from the throne" in England. Germany is treated with especial courtesy and care. The neutrality of the United States in the South African War is given special emphasis. With reference to the late lynching of Italian subjects, it is recommended that offenses against aliens be referred to the jurisdiction of the United States Courts. Turkey is the only nation which comes in for unfavorable comment; our relations with the Sultan's people "are not so friendly as might be desired." It is hinted that Turkey has been discriminating against our products. The assent of the Senate is asked for the conventions framed at the late Peace Conference. Medals of honor are recommended for volunteers who remained in the Philippines at the expiration of their term of enlistment. Further increase of the Navy is strongly favored. The postoffice department should be made self-supporting by a revision of classification for mail matter. Regarding our new possessions, the President takes the expansionist position fairly and squarely. As to the Philippines, we cannot abandon them, we cannot give them independence under our protectorate. The matter of permanent government is left in the hands of Congress, but the President intends, pending this action, to establish local municipal governments essentially popular in their character. He is considering the advisability of sending members of the Philippine Commission to aid in this work. The main reason for refusing to grant independence is that it would be a breach of faith, involving the deliverance of the more peaceable island tribes into the hands of Tagalos, and for whose acts we would be morally responsible should we give up our check upon them. In Porto Rico, the time has come when the military government should be superseded by a civil regime. As it is at present, the inhabitants have been deprived of the advantages for trade they enjoyed in the markets of Spain and Cuba and have no other outlet for their goods. All customs tariffs between Porto Rico and the United States should be at once abolished. As soon as the Spanish residents have declared their intentions regarding citizenship, a thorough system of municipal government will be established in Cuba. Meanwhile, we should give the island's commerce every possible encouragement. In regard to Hawaii the difficulties of administering the government do not pertain so much to internal administration or intercourse with the United States—both of which were satisfactory before annexation—as to judicial questions, especially with reference to the disposal of what were formerly 'crown lands," but now belong to the United States; the status of Chinese; the register of vessels; copyright and patent matters; and similar subjects which, owing to the wording of the resolution of annexation, are left in an unsettled state. The President recommends the creation of a judicial district in the Hawaiian Islands and the passage of the law creating the "Territory of Hawaii," which was introduced in the last Congress but failed. At all events, the President advises that the political status of the Hawaiian Islands be immediately settled upon a permanent basis.

Theodore Mommsen, at the age of 82 years, has published a new work, a *Roman Criminal Law*, as a companion to his great *Roman Conststutional Law*. It is a volume of 1,078 closely printed large octavo pages.

Bjorntsjerne Bjornson lately saw for the first time the statue of himself set up before the National Theatre in Christiana. He turned red in the face, and demands that it be removed as it is a libel on his personal appearance.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

Mercy That is Murderous.

WALTER ROSSER, a medical student of Stevensons, Alabama, on Sunday night shot and fatally wounded Fred S. Slater in the Madison Square Garden, New York. Rosser was in attendance upon the sprint-races, and turned to Slater, an entire stranger to him, with the offer of a bet on one of the races. The money was put up and lost; and then Rosser turned to Slater and shot him above the heart. It was as cowardly and wanton a murder as was ever committed.

This Walter Rosser is the same murderous fellow that shot Henry Hildebrand in this city when the Tennessee regiment was here, last fall. It will be remembered that he entered the Spreckles market on the afternoon of September 13th, walked through the building as far as the stall of A. W. Fink, called for some one to wait on him, and, when Hildebrand stepped forward, drew a revolver and shot the clerk dead. He also shot at a cash boy but missed him. People who were in the market testified at the trial that Rosser then walked through to the Stevenson street entrance and out upon the sidewalk, revolver in hand, where he was met by Policeman Jones and arrested. It was with great difficulty, and only by the promptest measures on the part of the police, that a lynching was averted then and there. Rosser was brought to trial, and was acquitted in the Superior Court by a jury of intelligent citizens on the ground that he had been drugged and was not responsible for what he had done. In reality he was acquitted because his broken-hearted and white-haired father won the sympathies of the jury.

This brief trial and extraordinary acquittal aroused considerable mild indignation at the time, and it has since been thought that much of the lawlessness on the part of the volunteer soldiers can be explained by the small estimate they placed on the administration of justice in this city. Certain it is that San Francisco's reputation in the East was distinctly lowered by the fiasco, if not among the soldiers at the Presidio. Both North and South the case was widely commented upon. This, said press and people, is the justice of the Golden Gate.

It does not sound well in print to say that there is a city in the Union in which a man can walk up to an unsuspecting stranger and shoot him down upon a mere murderous impulse; that he can do this with impunity; that a jury composed of intelligent citizens—friends and neighbors of the murdered man—will acquit such a murderer for the asking, upon any absurd and flimsy grounds that may be brought forward. Yet that is what was said of San Francisco; and the sting of it is that it is in part true.

The jury is to blame for deciding that Rosser had been drugged; it is to blame for giving him free quittance; and not only it, but the great class of sentimentalists from which it was drawn is to blame. It is nothing short of a crime to unleash a bloodthirsty monster upon society, knowing him to be what he is. The blood of young Slater, Rosser's latest victim, rests upon someone's head. He might have been saved from the murderer's bullet had good citizens done their duty. He ought to have been saved from it. It is mistaken mercy to save a murderer's life out of pity for his old father. Someone else's father kneels beside his dead son and curses the sentiment that did it. There are other mothers to consider, besides murderers' mothers.

It is not likely that Rosser will get off so lightly from a New York jury as he did in San Francisco. He will probably be hanged. But there are other murderers in this city, and some of them, perhaps all of them, are going to be acquitted, just as was Rosser, on practically the same sentimental grounds. It is a pity.

The Fifty-Sixth Congress.

THE Fifty-Sixth Congress will be Republican by a good majority in both houses. The Senate will comprise 52 Republicans, 26 Democrats, 4 Populists, 2 Silverites, and 2 Independents, and the House of Representatives, 185 Republicans, 164 Democrats, 5 Populists, and 3 Silverites. In the preceding Congress the Republicans had a majority of two in the Senate and fifty-six in the House. The Republican party is in absolute control of the government this year, and will be held responsible for all legislation enacted. It will also be held responsible for failure to enact legislation.

There are many significant changes in the personnel of the two Houses. New York sends Chauncey Depew, who is perhaps the best-known new Senator. Indiana presents Mr. Beveridge, a young orator of much promise. Senator W. A. Clark, of Montana, is the copper king whose sensational fight for election will be remembered. He resides in New York and is a great patron of art. In Illinois, eight of the twenty-two Representatives are new; in Indiana, three of the thirteen; in Iowa, five out of eleven; in Michigan, four out of twelve; in Ohio, four out of twenty-one; in Pennsylvania, thirteen out of thirty; in New York, nineteen out of thirty-four; in New Jersey, two out of eight; in Alabama, two out of nine; in Kentucky, four out of eleven; in Louisiana, two out of six; in Missouri, three out of fifteen; in Tennessee, one out of ten; in Virginia, four out of ten; in West Virginia, two out of four; in Maryland, four out of six; in California, four out of seven; in Kansas, five out of seven; in Montana, one out of one; in North Dakota, one out of one; in South Dakota, two out of two; in Oregon, one out of two; in Utah, one (Brigham Roberts) out of one; in Washington, two out of two; in Wyoming, one out of one. Almost a brand-new delegation comes from the Northwest and the Pacific Coast, out of thirty-two districts twenty-one returning new men.

In the South it is interesting to note that the old practice of continuing Senators in public life, and of filling vacancies in the Senate from the ranks of the Representatives, has been abandoned. Twenty out of thirty Southern Senators are serving their first terms. Of the nine who have served more than six years, Lindsay of Kentucky is sure to be retired by the Goebelites in 1901, and the seat of Morgan of Alabama is threatened by the new element. This peculiar political situation is the result of a revolt of the masses against the old-fashioned Southern Democracy, whose leaders were the aristocrats of forty years ago. It is also the expression of a protest against what is regarded as a betrayal of the party by men like Arthur P. Gorman. The masses with this grievance have turned from free trade to the doctrines of populism—from their old leaders, Carlisle, Wilson, Caffery, Wade Hampton, and John B. Gordon, to new leaders like Tillman and Marion Butler. The result is that the South, which, by its policy of returning its ablest men to the Senate, maintained its influence during so many decades of national history, has lost a large part of its influence in the councils of the Republic.

New England continues to be represented by men like Senators Hoar, Lodge, Hale, Hawley, Platt and Aldrich, while of her twenty-three Representatives only five are new men. In the New York delegation to the House are Sereno E. Payne, James W. Wadsworth and James S. Sherman—all men of a good deal of influence. Mr. Payne will be titular leader of the House. On the Democratic side, Congressman Sulzer is the most distinguished Representative from New York, although he is not rated high. Mr. Croker has put him forward for the leadership of the minority—an interesting fact as showing Croker's appearance in the arena of national politics. From New York City there is not a Representative that would be missed, and the New Yorkers in the last Congress were quite as inefficient. Pennsylvania has Galusha A. Grow, who was Speaker in 1861, and John Dalzell; otherwise very few of her Representatives would be missed. Dalzell is the real leader of the House, although Payne is slated for the chairmanship of the Ways and Means Committee. Intellectually he is said to be the strongest man on the floor. He and Moody of Massachusetts are considered the only men from the East who would rank with Reed and Dingley.

In the Middle West there are Senators Spooner of Wisconsin, Allison of Iowa, and Davis of Minnesota, who stand somewhat above their fellows. Senator Mason of Illinois, who has been extending his sympathy to the Boers through the medium of the *Congressional Record*, is an orator of the florid type. He threatened to resign because of expansion, but didn't do it. Hitt and Cannon of Illinois, and Henderson of Iowa, are prominent Representatives. The most accomplished orator in the Senate is Wolcott of Colorado; and his colleague, Senator Teller, will still talk for silver.

Take it all in all, the Fifty-Sixth Congress will be composed of a larger percentage of new men than almost ever before; and it looks as though there would be plenty of talking to each square yard of work cut out for it. Firm and wise leadership, however, ought to simplify matters.

WASHINGTON lumber men are not at all pleased with the recent purchase by an Eastern syndicate of valuable timber lands in the State. These lands, belonging to the Northern Pacific Railroad, are stocked with enough wood to supply the world for many years. The purchasers are Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan capitalists and men who have acquired fortunes in the lumber business. It is their intention to put in new mills and open up vast tracts of forests. In Washington their advent is taken to mean that the lumber reserves of the great lake states are playing out. This is scarcely probable, but it is very possible that the Eastern men have recognized the value of Washington timber and are preparing themselves for a rainy day. There is also an intimation that the newcomers have their eyes on the trade with Asia and the Philippines. But no matter what their intentions may be, they will add to the activity of the industry and will furnish employment to any number of men. There will probably be some difficulty in securing men, for at the present time there are few idle lumbermen. Although the East has been scoured for woodmen, even tie-choppers are scarce.

A series of monographs on the great musical composers is being prepared by the British Museum authorities, with lists of all their works and all books about them that are contained in the library.

Famous Publishers in Trouble.

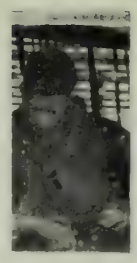
IT WILL rejoice the American reading public that the financial difficulties overshadowing the ancient publishing house of Harper & Bros. are in a fair way to be lifted, through the reorganization of the corporation. Mr. George B. McClellan Harvey, during the past six months editor of the *North American Review*, becomes president through the purchase of a controlling interest, and he and J. Pierpont Morgan, who holds paper to the extent of over $3,000,000 against the house, have already put the business on a sounder financial basis. Mr. Harvey's first official act was to reduce expenses some $85,000 per year by consolidating old departments. He also caused the entire text-book business, involving thousands of titles familiar to educators, to be sold, assigning to the American Book Company all the plates, copyrights, good will and stock on hand of this famous department. Mr. Harvey, although only thirty-five years of age, has nevertheless had a brilliant career as a business man and journalist. Besides holding high editorial positions on the New York *World* and the Newark *Journal*, he has become widely known by his management of one of the Staten Island electric railway systems, and by similar enterprises at Long Branch, Asbury Park and Havana. It is said that the *North American Review* during his six months' incumbency as editor, more than doubled its circulation. It is understood that S. S. McClure had the refusal of the same block of stock that Mr. Harvey takes, and upon the same advantageous terms, but could not see his way clear to the financing of the allied houses.

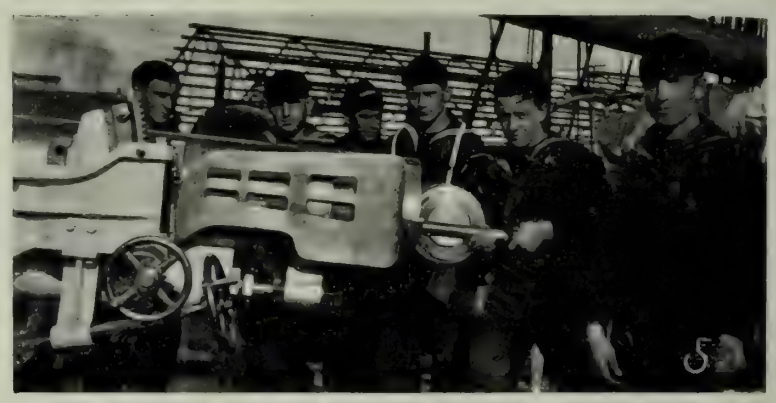
The old Harper building is almost lost today among the shadows of New York, what with the sky-scrapers, the Brooklyn Bridge and the smoke of the elevated road. It was built after the disastrous fire of 1853, when *Harper's Magazine* was only three years old, and long before the *Weekly* had begun its career. Even today it is a large building, larger than its Pearl street front would suggest, for it stretches back through the block to Gold street, and includes acres of floors on both sides of an interior courtyard, the wings being connected with one another by flying bridges at various giddy heights. These bridges open on a wonderful spiral staircase inclosed in a sort of feudal tower—a stern reminder that the Franklin Square building dates back before the days of elevators.

In the days before the Civil War this old building was one of the sights of New York. Country visitors were always taken around there to be impressed. Office boys used to be posted in the big office on the first floor, into which the swinging doors open at the head of the ugly flight of iron steps under the statue, for the purpose of acting as guides over the place. Perhaps a few of them might be found there yet. The tour of the building included the editorial rooms now on a level with the elevated road, where the country readers could be awed by the spectacle of the editors editing. It proved to be very good advertising indeed.

The art department is on the same floor, as it was in the old days, although then it was known as the engraving department. Everything then was done on wood, the illustrators, as a rule, drawing directly on the block. It was in these rooms that Thomas Nast made his reputation, and Jewell, too. There the illustrations of western life sent in by J. Ross Browne—who was a sort of Remington in his day—were copied by hand on the wood, together with the Virginia mountain character sketches of D. H. Strother, who signed himself "Porte Crayon." Charles Parsons, now an old man, was in charge of the engraving rooms, and directed the engraving of the war sketches sent in by Theodore Davis, William and A. R. Waud. Strangely enough Nast's caricatures influenced even the serious work of this early art department, and the Southerners were always given big noses. That big Harper war nose was an obstacle to the circulation of the magazine in the South down to within very recent years. Parsons later collected around him a group of young men as brilliant as any in the history of magazine illustration. Edwin Abbey was "discovered" by him, and A. B. Frost and Charles Reinhardt worked behind the same Pearl street second floor windows. John W. Alexander began his career as an office boy here, worked his way up through the illustrating rooms, and thence made his way to Paris and to fame as a portrait painter. T. D. Thulstrup, after losing his position on the *Daily Graphic*, was gathered in by Parsons and achieved a notable reputation. It was a veritable art school where students could obtain their training and at the same time make a living.

When the advance in American art since 1860 is considered, more especially with regard to magazine illustration, it is hardly too much to say that the Harpers have done more for art than for literature. There was more to be done. Writers like Henry J. Raymond, George Ripley, Lewis Gaylord Clark, Charles Dudley Warner, down to W.D. Howells, John Kendrick Bangs and Henry M. Alden, would have become famous if they had never been connected with the Harpers. Most of them were well on their way to fame before a line of their work was printed in these publications. But with the art of magazine illustrating it was different. And with the publishing of books it was different. America is indebted very materially to the house of Harper for her National development along these lines.





The Hartford as She Appears Today in the Mare Island Dry Dock 2. The Maxim-Nordenfeldt One-Pound Automatic 3. At the Hartford's Wheel—The Original Wheel Which has Steered Her Since 1858
4. One of the Hartford's Signal Boys 5. Drill at the Five-Inch Gun on the Hartford's Forecastle
Deck of the Hartford During the Battle of MobileBay. Admiral Farragut is Shown on the Bulwarks Outside the Shrouds.

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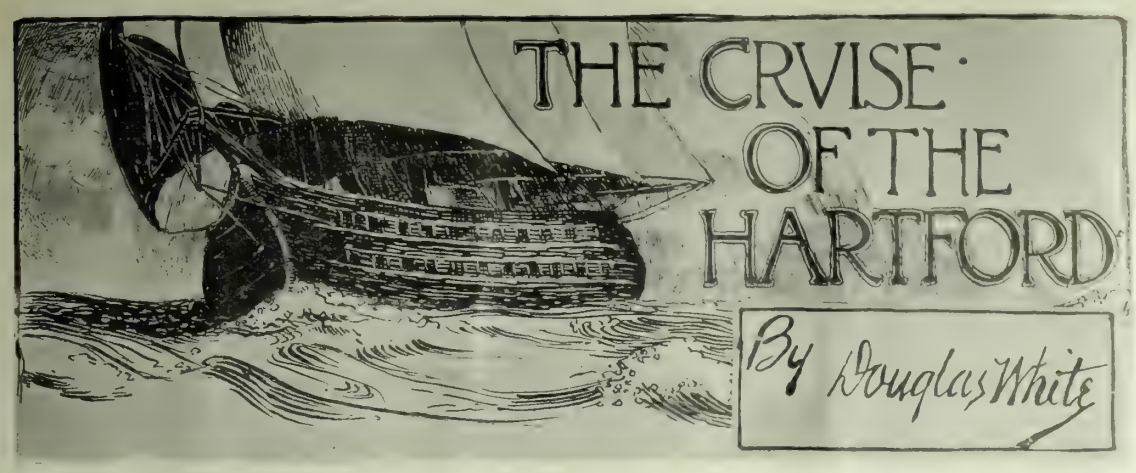
SOME SCENES AND SAILORS ABOARD THE "HARTFORD," FARRAGUT'S FAMOUS FLAGSHIP.



UP AT the Mare Island dry-dock an immense force of shipwrights is applying the finishing touches to the rejuvenated *Hartford*. In the ship's reconstruction there has been little retained save the hull of Farragut's famous flagship, and as she now lies hemmed in by the massive walls of the dock it is easy to understand from her graceful lines how in the early 60's she was far and away the Queen of Columbia's navy.

Above deck she has been materially changed by the alteration of her former full ship rig into that of a bark. Her interior is all absolutely new aud her batteries are made up of the latest models in modern ordinance. As a principle battery the *Hartford* carries thirteen five-inch quick-firing guns, six of these being mounted in each broadside and one on the forecastle. Her secondary battery contains six six-pounders, four one-pounders and two of those latest developed engines of destruction, the Maxim-Nordenfeldt automatics, either of which is capable of delivering a hundred one-pound shots per minute. With this equipment the remodeled cruiser is in every way except speed the equal of any unarmored cruiser in the Navy. Though still classed as a ship of wood, she would be as dangerous an enemy as anything afloat of equal tonnage.

When in 1887 it was decided that this ship, which had borne the flag to victory in some of the greatest naval battles of the century, should be relegated to "rotten row" the people rose and demanded that she be repaired sufficiently to be retained in commission. Congress listened favorably, and the Navy Department agreeing, plans were drawn for the expenditure of more than a half million on the ship which for years had been the grandest vessel over which "Old Glory" waved. With these alterations, which included new machinery and modern armament, the *Hartford* was transformed into a modern cruiser, though still retaining her sails, as well as steam power.

Until last March it was a question as to what use would be made of the reconstructed *Hartford*. Then a necessity arose which called for her services in the development of material with which to man her sister ships. At that time the shortage of seamen which was found to exist in every ship's company became a serious matter with the Department and one that must be met without delay. There was already the training school for apprentices at Newport in successful operation, and the institution at Yerba Buena Island, San Francisco Bay, was under construction, but even with these two training stations turning out sailor men to their full capacity it was evident that a shortage would still exist.

Commander John M. Hawley had for nearly three years been in charge of the Navy's Recruiting Bureau and to him was referred the question of how to bring about a quick but at the same time capable increase in American's sea-going fighting force. Commander Hawley had already studied the situation and his ideas were direct and to the point. "We have gone ahead with enlistments a few at a time, and have so far been successful in transforming these landsmen into competent seamen. The result has proven its efficiency, in small numbers; let's try the same system and see if we cannot make sailor men by the wholesale," was the gist of the suggestion which the Commander offered. Commander Hawley's system demanded first of all proper ships on board which the training might be had. These, he believed should be primarily sea-going ships, for the Commander does not believe that sailors can be made while a ship is at anchor or even while its journeys are limited ones. Next, they must be ships with complete rigging. Not that it is absolutely necessary for the modern man o' war's man to be a sailor in fact as well as in name, but the training which comes from the handling of a ship under sail is the best possible method by which to key up a man and render him fit to meet any possible emergency.

In the *Hartford* the Department possessed the very craft to do this work. The details of her reconstruction called for the latest pattern of ordinance; she possessed both steam and sail and could be finished in a few months. All that was required, therefore, to render Commander Hawley's plan practicable, was the quick recruiting of three hundred landsmen to form the bulk of the *Hartford's* company. To some this did not seem possible, but these doubters were silenced when inside of four months the full number of landsmen was not only recruited but transported to Mare Island to await the commissioning of the new *Hartford*.

Among the three hundred there were none who were not Americans, and besides they came from the very center of the country where the interest in the Navy is generally supposed to be weakest. One hundred were recruited in Chicago, fifty at St. Louis, sixty at Cleveland, fifty at Cincinnati and forty at St. Paul. Either Chicago or St Louis would have furnished the entire complement had all applications been accepted, but no more were taken from each city than the original allotment. So far the plan for the quick making of sailor men had progressed without a hitch. To Commander Hawley as the originator of the idea was assigned the command of the *Hartford*, and on October 2nd he raised his flag aboard the ship which had done so much in the making of American history.

The commissioning of this ship is the beginning of a movement which will not only advance the already greatly improved personnel of our Navy, but it will if carried out on the lines laid down give to every one of our ships a company which is distinctively American. "American ships manned by American seamen" is the watchword of the officials who have the matter in charge and the success which the officers met with in their recruiting for the *Hartford* proves that this is not only a possible condition, but one which it will be remarkably easy to attain.

The people are beginning to understand that in following the sea on board of an American warship a young man is adopting a calling which entitles him not only to consideration but to respect. Under these conditions, it is not a hard matter to convince a superior quality of young men that the Navy is a good place for them. The general possession of information regarding the operations of the service is rapidly removing those objections which in times past have existed on the part of parents and guardians against sons and proteges taking up the life aboard a fighting ship.

That this condition does exist, is clearly proven by the short time in which the *Hartford's* company was recruited, and better still by the personnel of the men secured. There never was a better-appearing lot of lads aboard one of Uncle Sam's ships than that which accompanied Commander Hawley when he formally took over his present command. It is not so many years ago since any one would have scouted the idea of securing such material for the Navy, but there they are, a ship's company of bright, intelligent American boys who have entered the Navy because they know that it offers not only a good training from which to develop sturdy manhood but more than that, it is a profession which, if followed rightly, is not only pleasant but profitable. In no walk of life is attention to duty and a desire to advance recognized so quickly or rewarded so certainly as in the American Navy of to-day. There are a great many people who consider that the man-o'-war's man is poorly paid. It does not take an extented computation to show that the "blue jacket's" financial condition is, in many instances, preferable to that of his fellows on shore. For example, take these lads aboard the *Hartford*. They are enlisted at sixteen dollars per month to begin with. Besides this, they are furnished with their rations and are quartered aboard a comfortable ship. The sanitary conditions which surround them are most carefully looked after and in case of sickness hospital facilities with the highest possible grade of medical attendance are provided. There is no such thing as a good man losing his job in the Navy; in case of illness his pay continues and his place is ready for him when he is again fit for duty. But owing to the strict attention given to the minor conditions which assist in keeping men healthy, there is a minimum of sickness aboard every one of our warships. To take the *Hartford* as an example, there has never been a time since she went into commission with her present crew when there has been more than three per cent. of her company on the sick list and the majority of these were being treated for some trivial complaint which it was necessary to check in order to prevent its becoming more serious.

One of the features of a life in the Navy which causes it to be decried by many is the discipline, generally considered to be at times extremely irksome. Here is another idea which modern naval methods sweep aside at once. Naval discipline means nothing more than faithful attention to the duties assigned. To the man who desires advancement and profit from the knowledge he may acquire aboard ship, attention to duty is extremely easy; it becomes a second nature. Now in this man's case what is the result? Before he has been aboard ship many months he is rated as a "special first-class." With this rating he is allowed shore liberty *ad lib* when that shore liberty does not interfere with his duties aboard ship. This means that he is free for at least half his time. Rather a good showing when compared with the restrictions placed on many employes of establishments ashore.

"But does he never get more than $16 per month?" is the question which many will ask. Every three months there is an examination for advancement in rating. The successful man is not only advanced in rating, but is gradually advanced in pay up to $25 per month for seamen, with an increase at each re-enlistment. Then every seaman is open for a promotion as a rating of a petty officer. This advancement means a salary ranging from $30 to $70 per month. Beyond this lies the rank of a warrant officer, which can be reached by study and close attention. If a seaman gains this position he is but one remove from a commissioned officer and his pay runs from $100 to $150 per month. All of these rewards are within the reach of capable, attentive men, and while they are being sought for the aspirant is paid a good salary, is well fed, comfortably housed, attended in sickness, and if retired for disability developed while on duty he is provided with part pay during life.

There is a heap of ambition already apparent among the lads aboard the *Hartford* and as Commander Hawley is delegated by the Department to recommend for advancement it is practically certain that many promotions will develop among these young sailors before their terms of enlistment have expired.

All the officers in command of our warships constantly struggle to make their ships as much a home for the men as possible. In some instances they are extremely successful. In the case of the *Hartford* Commander Hawley and his officers are bound to succeed. From the very first the recruits have been taught that nothing will be left undone which might add to their comfort and enjoyment. They are also led to consider the record of the ship as something in which they possess a personal interest. The result is plain, for during the time this new crew has been together the first case of intoxication has yet to be brought to the attention of the officers and the record of the men's behavior aboard ship is far above the average.

Taking everything into consideration it seems that nothing can prevent Captain Hawley's experiment from developing into a permanent system of Naval education. During the coming cruise, which will extend around the coast of South America to the North Atlantic, and thence to the French coast, these three hundred youngsters will be transformed into thoroughly competent seamen, many of whom will gain advancement in the service and all of whom will be a credit to the Navy. Those officers who accepted the methods to be tested by the *Hartford's* cruise gambled strongly, yet safely on the capabilities of American youth.

So certain is the Navy Department of the success of this experiment, that the ship *Lancaster* and converted cruiser *Prairie* are being fitted out for like cruises, starting from the Atlantic Coast.

With these three ships in commission, and all of them following out this new system of recruiting and training men, it will not be long before there will exist a Navy manned with Americans, unequalled by any fighting force which sails the seas.

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THE DOUBLE TURRET BATTLESHIPS.

THE most radical change made in the construction of American warships in recent years is the adoption of the double-turret system on the new battle-ships *Kearsarge* and *Kentucky*, sister ships. Nothing, not even the proposed slow cruisers now finally adopted by the Navy Department, has caused so much discussion among naval men and mechanics.

Reduced to its lowest terms, the question resolves itself into a conflict between those who favor strong, offensive power at the expense of defense, and those who take the view exactly contrary. At first the largest of the guns were mounted in single turrets on the decks in such a manner that they obtained the greatest possible radius of fire. Supposing a theoretical case, the greatest possible radius of fire would be obtained by a single turret rising from a ship's decks above all obstruction from smoke-stacks, masts, etc. Guns placed in such a position would be able to fire in any direction. Some such result is still obtained in vessels of the monitor class. But in ordinary warships where there are a great number of cannon of various calibres to be placed in such a manner as to give to each the greatest possible firing-radius, the problem of disposal and placing becomes extremely complex. As soon as we begin to place the guns in separate turrets or casemates, we begin to sacrifice the arc of fire through which they can be trained, until such of the guns as are situated in the broadside batteries are capable of use through an arc of not more than ninety degrees. No problem in naval designing has caused more perplexity to constructors throughout the world than the question of obtaining radius without sacrifice of defensive power.

The largest guns on each vessel, as being the most effective for use in battle, have always been given the position of greatest effectiveness—the turrets. The guns next greatest in power and range have been relegated to barbettes or to turrets obstructed by those containing the largest guns, or placed in the broadside. When the *Kearsarge* and *Kentucky* were first planned, Lieutenant Joseph Strauss proposed that the one of the eight-inch gun turrets be placed on the roof of each thirteen-inch turret, thus insuring an equal arc for both sets of guns. Although opposed by some officers and nearly all the construction department, the plan was adopted by the naval authorities, and the two new ships were modeled on the two-story plan.

Two strong points have been urged in defense of this change. The first and strongest is the increase in firing radius already pointed out. The second is less obvious to the layman, but appeals to the expert. It is claimed that the risk of disablement for the eight-inch guns is lessened by the fact that in place of the thinly armored turning-gear, unprotected base and light ammunition-tubes of the old system, these guns have now the protection afforded by having the massive turret armor of the big guns beneath them. A minor point is the simplification of the ammunition supply system, since the two sets of guns may now be supplied by the same hoists.

As for objections, they are numerous, but most of them relate to minor points. The one which carries the greatest weight is the claim urged by many practical officers that the main armament of the *Kearsarge* might be disabled by one shot from a heavy gun. The two thirteen-inch rifles, the heaviest on the ship, are massed close to the two guns of next highest calibre. In other words, the new system violates that fundamental principle of battleship design which holds that the main armament should be as widely distributed as possible so as to localize the injury resulting from a well-placed shot. This is the principal and best-grounded objection. Another, which will carry weight with practical gunners, is the firing of one gun of the four is sure to disconcert those aiming the other three. In two-gun turrets, the pieces are fired alternately, so that the shock of the recoil may not disturb the crew of either piece; in the new system, the timing of the fire from the four guns so that one shall not conflict with the other adds to the already complex problem of firing while in action.

Still another difficulty was discovered when the new double turrets were tested on the completed *Kearsarge*. It was discovered that while the machinery moving the heavy double-deckers was strong enough to start them into motion, they could not be stopped so readily, that, in fact, it took considerable time to train the fire on any one point and hold it there. The navy men in charge admit this, but assert that improved adjustment will remedy the defect. How much bearing these drawbacks will have upon the working of the ship in action can be told only after the practical gunnery trials.

Pope Pius IX's private library is offered for sale at a Roman book auction. Many volumes are in artistic bindings, bearing the late pope's arms.

Schliemann's palace on the Phidias street in Athens has been bought by the German government for the use of the German Archæological Institute. The price paid was $60,000.

A Novel Boycott.

THE citizens of Seattle have taken a rather novel method of enforcing their demands for better street-car service. The agitation began some months ago had been successful in bringing three of the lines to terms, but the fourth was obstinate. At a mass meeting held to determine ways and means, it was resolved not to pay fares unless seats were furnished. The first battle occurred the following night, when seventy-eight people were crowded into a car with seating accommodations for just twenty-two. Those frozen out on this deal declined to pay their fares. The conductor, not being able of his unassisted might to eject fifty-six people stopped the car and refused to proceed unless the fares were forthcoming. Thereupon, the passengers organized an impromptu vigilance committee and forced the carmen, by threats of violence, to go on to the terminus. The agitation has had the effect of attracting some attention from capitalists, and an Eastern syndicate, organized by Jacob Furthy, President of the Puget Sound National Bank, will shortly purchase and improve four of the city's tramways.

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The Captain of the Hartford.

THE coming cruise of the *Hartford* is the development of ideas supplied to the Navy Department by Commander John M. Hawley. It is therefore not a matter of surprise that he should be given command of Farragut's historic flagship during her first work as a training ship for the rapid development of American seamen. Commander Hawley has for three years been at the head of the navy's recruiting department and during that time has learned much regarding what can and cannot be done in the way of quickly making sailormen out of landsmen. Based upon his experience Commander Hawley contends that insomuch as it is possible to take a small number of men and successfully train them for naval duty it is also possible to follow out the same system with an entire ship's company, it being understood that among that company there shall be enough experienced men to work the ship and take the position of instructors. If he is right in his ideas, there will be no trouble in supplying to the American Navy a full quota of native born "Blue Jackets" who will be competent in every way. Commander Hawley has long possessed a reputation for his success in the handling of men, his ability to control his charges being several times put to a severe test. At Samoa, during the great hurricane which proved fatal to two of the three American ships then stationed at Apia, the *Nipsic*, of which Mr. Hawley was Executive Officer, was the only one which escaped destruction on the cruel reefs of that peculiar harbor. Comfort and contentment are two things which Commander Hawley asserts are necessary to the development of first-class man o' war's men. Nothing has been left undone to bring about these two conditions on the *Hartford*, the Commander himself giving his personal attention to their development. It is safe to predict that when the cruise is ended she will furnish to the Navy such a company of men as shall fully establish the feasibility of her Commander's suggestions.

ART LURED BY BOHEMIA.
By R. AITKEN
From the Bohemian Club Winter Exhibit

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Newspaper Changes in the Northwest.

TWO and perhaps three new newspaper managements will begin operations in Washington by January 1st. The sale of the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer* has already been mentioned here. The Tacoma *Ledger* is now reported to have changed hands. Who are the purchasers no one seems to know, but many strongly suspect the Piper brothers, former owners of the *P. I.* Others hold, on what authority is not known, that the *Ledger* has passed into the hands of an Eastern newspaper syndicate. The price paid, it is said was $75,000, and the new owners are to take charge on the first of the year. Spokane, also, is to have a new daily before many months. This demand for newspapers at high prices, always a sure indication of prosperity, is a measure of the tremendous activity now going on in Washington.

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Throwing Baseballs at Each Other.

ALTHOUGH the California Baseball League season has barely ended, and was none too profitable financially, a baseball war is threatened for next year. The Mechanics' Institute owns the grounds at Sixteenth and Folsom streets, and is very desirous of making them a regular athletic field. Negotiations have been under way to lease the grounds to Bonnet, Harris and others interested in the California League. These negotiations have almost fallen through, and the two factions are preparing for war. The Mechanics' Institute has recently added a $5,600 grand stand to the improvements on the lot, not including the temporary stand put up by the football people. Robert Neal, of the Institute, offered the Bonnet-Harris people a lease of the grounds for the baseball season of seven months, though he insisted that the season should end in time to let the grounds to the football people next fall. His offer was refused. A second proposition was also refused. Neal asked, in lieu of a stated rent, that he be given 20 per cent. of the gross receipts and all the score card, bar and other privileges. The rival baseball magnates are now discussing a third compromise proposition. The California League people want the grounds, and at the same time they have no use whatever for them. The Institute would like to rent the grounds, and at the same time would rather not. So there you are.

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A New Era in Football.

THE DECISION concerning football of the Faculty Athletic Committees of Stanford and California brings a great change in the condition of amateur sport on the Pacific Coast. No more Eaastern coaches; no more games in San Francisco, at least after next season; no more Thanksgiving Day games A good outlook for the purity of sport at the two universities, but a bad one for San Francisco, which is a city as jay in matters athletic as she is reputed to be in matters theatrical. The annual Thanksgiving game has been the greatest amusement feature of the year, drawing the greatest attendance and attracting the most attention. Now, it is to come off on a Saturday early in the month for a year or so, and to be transferred from the city entirely after that. The audience of 16,000 people, which witnessed the spectacle this year is likely, therefore, to hold the city's record for many years to come, since the Saturday games to be played before the final transfer to the college campus will not have the drawing power of games played on a legal holiday.

* * *

Of the three radical rulings, two are wise, the other doubtful. It is an assured fact that the effect of publicity on the undergraduate, at the susceptible and growing stage of the early twenties, is pernicious. This is the strongest argument for the restriction of this and every other college sport to the campus. The evils arising from the annual city pilgrimage, notably the tendency of the undergraduate to drink a little too freely in the allurements of a wide-open town, formed another reason which probably carried much weight with the committee who framed the rules. Nevertheless, the main consideration was, as it should have been, the destruction of football "hero-worship," particularly that form of devotion which had its shrine in the Sunday supplement. The second clause of the agreement, the one shortening the season, is equally commendable. In a climate where an athlete can endure but very little training, we have been accustomed to a longer season, beginning earlier and closing later, than that prevailing in the East. Under the new agreement, coaches and trainers may drive their men without fear of sending them "stale.'

* * *

It is the ruling regarding Eastern coaches which must come in for the most criticism. Were the game brought up to Eastern standards as to team-play, "snap" and ethics, were the two universities possessed of a body of alumni who had played both East and West and who could be relied on to teach the game as it is played where they have really learned it, the change might be deemed desirable. But we have neither the Eastern perfection of play nor the men to teach it. The warmest defender of Pacific Coast football has never dared the opinion that our college teams play as they do in the greater Atlantic universities. Our colleges have had men, they have them now, who could probably "make" any of the big teams, but they have never approached the Eastern standard in team-work, "snap" and general interest. This year, for the first time in the Bay region, California showed a game approaching the "ginger," drive and co-ordination of Harvard, Yale or the others of that ilk. And now, just as we are learning, the whole thing is set back and made provincial. It is all right to get out of leading-strings, but not before you are old enough to steer.

* * *

THE HOODOOED TOTEM POLE.
Which has Brought Lawsuits Galore on Seattle.

The new territorial law passed by the last Congress which places a tax on all corporations in Alaska, is being vigorously fought in the United States Court at Juneau. Nearly every one of the concerns in the territory have united to have the act declared unconstitutional. The main contention is that it is class legislation. A test case is now being heard. If the law is defeated, the government will loose thousands of dollars in revenue and the interested companies will gain just so much. BOSWELL, JR.

Kaiser Wilhelm is at work on an improvement of Weber's Oberon. He has set Major Lauff, his private dramatist, to rewrite the libretto, a Vienna decorator will rearrange the scenery and costumes, and a Weisbaden Kapellmeister will correct Weber's music.

THE WHIRLIGIG OF TIME.

He sent a little poem to a monthly in the city;
He thought the lines were neatly turned, he felt that they were witty;
And when they were accepted, he was nearly wild with joy;
This bookish, homely, awkward, honest, clever, country boy.

But though he waited many moons, this monthly in the city
Deferred the printing of his lines—he thought it was a pity;
But went on writing and his verse soon found a ready mart.
He won a well deserved success; his songs came from the heart.

He was a country lad no more, he dwelt within the city
Where he had sent his pristine lines; those lines he still deemed witty.
The editor who'd taken them had long since passed away.
He wished he'd sent it somewhere else, that clever first essay.

At last he was an editor; that monthly in the city
Chose him to shape its destinies. . . . He found the lines so witty;
He read them through; he tore them up; he cried aloud "Good lack!
If I had been that editor I would have sent them back."

Charles Battell Loomis, in "Just Rhymes."

Crew of a Machine Gun

Light Marching Order.

Bluejackets Skirmishing.

Loading the Belt of a Machine Gun.

VIEWS OF THE BRITISH NAVAL BRIGADE, NOW FIGHTING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

DRUG HABITS AMONG PHYSICIANS.

WIDESPREAD USE OF OPIUM, MORPHINE AND COCAINE IN THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

"IT would surprise you to learn the extent of narcotic habits among physicians" said a nerve specialist the other day. "In my position as chief surgeon of a sanitarium where such cases are treated, I have been at some pains to gather statistics on the subject. The liquor habit has, I think, less hold among doctors than among men of other professions. The fact that a doctor drinks is usually enough to spoil his practice. People will not trust their lives with a man whom they know to be intemperate. But morphine, cocaine and other drugs of the same sort are used in secret and the use may be so artfully concealed that no one but a nerve specialist can detect the fact. Therefore, those physicians of diseased nerves who would, were they in other professions, use liquor, take to opium or cocaine as a matter of prudence.

"A practitioner working in my line has taken some statistics on the question. He wrote to 3000 physicians in the Eastern and Middle States, asking them to tell him, under the seal of professional secrecy, the truth about their use of narcotics and alcohol. Such a system of inquiry would have been impossible with any other class of men than doctors, but they are accustomed to this sort of thing, and they answered him most frankly. The result showed that 6 per cent. of the whole number were habitual and confirmed takers of morphine, opium and cocaine. Another man, who has made a study of city physicians alone, has stated the proportion among them at 10 per cent. I have no statistics on the number of drug fiends among other classes of educated men, but your common sense will tell you that it is very much smaller.

"The reason for this spread of the habit is not hard to guess. You yourself will admit that in your own profession there are a large number of drinking men. The long and irregular hours and the hard work required of newspaper men creates in them the longing for stimulants, and they, being less directly responsible to the public for their conduct than physicians, take to alcohol. A physician's life is one of constant strain, and, if he has a conscience, of worry. He can call no hour of the twenty-four his own; his service comes in starts and spots. This creates the longing for stimulants, and the physician usually turns to his own tools—drugs.

"Morphine-taking is the most common habit; it is used, in nineteen cases out of twenty, with the hypodermic needle. Opium in the tincture and in the gum is also used, but much less commonly. As a layman, you perhaps do not appreciate the difference between the symptoms produced by the wo forms of the same drug. The opium-eater gives fewer igns of his condition. He is generally calm, serene and houghtful in demeanor, and inclined to be lazy. The effect i+s working inside him, and shows in time in a general break-g-down of the memory and in the paralysis of the moral sense. On the other hand, a 'hypo fiend' is fitful and freaky, at times unnaturally lively and talkative and again unnaturally depressed, wit1 periods of great intellectual brilliancy. There is the same loss of memory and of the moral sense as in the opium-eater.

"In physicians so afflicted—I use this word 'afflicted' with malice aforethought—the effects take peculiar turns, especially in the case of the morphinomaniacs. Generally, the first stage shows itself in irregularity of conduct. The victim's work is uneven and unreliable. At times, he makes brilliant diagnoses or performs astonishing feats in surgery. Then follows a loss of self-respect, a childish habit of mind and foolish egotism. Often there is added to this a carping, critical spirit. One physician of my acquaintance suddenly developed a savage disposition for slander which ruined his social position and his practice and finally landed him in jail. It was only when he was arrested for libel that his habit of needle-using was discovered. He was put under treatment and eventually cured. Whenever I hear of an eccentric physician, I suspect morphine at once. The last stage before the victim becomes a total wreck is a sort of cunning, subtle insanity, coupled with an absolute disregard for truth-telling and morals of any sort. Often, too, there is a wild desire to invent and introduce into practice new and strange methods. I need not tell you that such a healer is a danger to any patient he is turned loose on. The danger is reduced by the fact that the physician who has reached this stage has generally lost all his practice. The list of symptoms I have given does not, of course, apply to every case, but it represents the average pretty fairly.

"The hypodermic mania has some queer variations. I will not confuse you with the scientific names of the side-tracks on which those sick with nervous disorder have a way of running. It is is enough for me to say that in many of these disorders there arises a sort of fetichism, a mixing of an action with the real sensation. In this way, many 'hypo fiends' become mad over the use of the needle. It is the prick of the needle and not the effect of the drug which gives satisfaction to their tricked nerves. It is common for them to keep up the use of the hypodermic syringe after the drug is abandoned. One remarkable case in my books is that of a physician who used the needle with water, supposing it to be morphine, for two years. His partner, knowing his condition, was making the substitution all that time and the victim never knew it. Another somewhat queer outcome of the mania is the fact that nearly all physicians who have it become cranks over the use of the needle in their ordinary practice. One and all, they administer drugs by this method whenever it is possible. This is another means by which the experienced specialist detects the habit. Two medical authors of influence, who were enthusiasts over this form of medication, died from the use of the drug. Still another freak is the unnatural brilliancy of a few morphinomaniac physicians. For a parallel, you have De Quincy, who would never have done his best work in letters but for drugs. I lately cured of the habit a man who had been a brilliant medical writer during the period in which he was held by the habit. His work was sometimes distorted and disproportioned, but it was valuable for all that. He has not written s single line since his cure.

"The cure is always retarded by the fact that the physician is 'on to' all the tactics of the profession, and doesn't take things on faith like an ordinary patient. Since the treatment has to be largely mental, this is a serious drawback. It taxes all my ingenuity to devise means for deceiving them into the required mental condition. This is furthur complicated by the egotism which I have mentioned as a symptom and which makes most of them believe that they know a great deal more about their own condition and treatment than the man who is working with them. 'Physician, cure thyself,' doesn't work in this case."

The fame of Mrs. Hamlin Garland, who is the wife of the author but a short time, does not depend entirely upon the distinguished name her husband bears. In the world of sculpture she was as prominent, as Zuleme Taft, as her husband is in the world of letters. Mrs. Garland comes of a scholarly family. Her father, Professor Don Carlos Taft, of Hanover, Kas., has international fame as a geologist in the University of Illinois. Her brother is Lorada Taft, the artist, and her sister is Mrs. Frances Browne, of Chicago, widely known as a woman of rare talent. A leaning toward art was developed in Mrs. Garland while she was a child. Her first work to command attention was her colossal masterpiece, "Freedom Breaking Her Chains," exhibited at the World's Fair in Chicago. After the World's Fair Mrs. Garland spent four years in Paris, studying under Collian and Merson. The tastes of Mrs. Garland and her husband are similar. They are both products of the West. Since attaining prominence in the literary world Mr. Garland has made New York his home to all practical intents and purposes and it is likely that with his wife he will continue to live there.

William Morris founded his added decoration on that in one or two books such as the *Appian* of Ratdolt, where borders enclose the text with limbs in a certain proportion and are filled by a twining floral pattern. The effect of these, in general color and richness, is like that of the text, very fine; otherwise they are not of high rank. This growth that doubles round a couple of right angles must be very ingeniously managed to bear scrutiny. Morris's growths are a somewhat commonplace improvisation, whose structure is made less apparent by an accompaniment of small secondary patterns. The "Chaucer" pages are an imposing statement of an elaborate ideal of decoration, but they are faulty in proportion, and disappointing in detail. Their type,however,a revived gothic,is,but for its capitals, excellent. In some respects the designer Ricketts, who has followed Morris in emulating old models, surpasses him; in others not. He is more various and more strenuous in his decoration than was Morris. His lower-case s seems to be better than Morris's, which looks as if it had got mixed up with z. But some of his other letters are not so good; and this directly in proportion as he has departed from the older models. Other disciples of Morris also have done extremely good work in this field.

The Casket Was Borne to the Hearse by Eight Capitol Policemen.

Honorary Escort Marching to the Family Service.

The Crowd Along the Streets

The Procession—U. S. Senators in the Foreground.

THE FUNERAL OF VICE-PRESIDENT HOBART.

THE TRIAL OF THE NATIONALISTS.

I HAVE dwelt until I am weary of it on the theatrical quality inherent in the French people. They are never happy, it seems to me, unless they are taking part or think they are, in some great, stupendous world-drama. Half of the joy they got out of the Dreyfus case arose from their conviction that they were mixing in the fall of thrones and of states. Now, they have two new toys to play with—the trial of the Nationalist conspirators and the "fall of England," otherwise the Boer war.

It is to be confessed that the first of these two events is not stirring up any great amount of excitement. French agitation is a fire of rushes which blazes up without heat and as suddenly dies out—soon hot, soon cold. The Dreyfus agitation exhausted, for the time being, most of the French heat over the affairs of their own land. The great, noisy, court-room, with twenty centuries of statued history looking down on the National Senate holding trial on two bawling demagogues and a dozen of their pliant tools, seems perturbed and agitated enough to an outsider, but to one who passed through the stormy days of the Dreyfus agitation, when it seemed as though these "toy people in a painted town" were going to let their imaginations deceive them into making their play riots a real revolution, the whole thing is forced and tame. And outside the court-room and of those connected with the long and involved trial, there is only a languid interest. This in spite of the fact that the issues involved are more real, more vital to the life of the Republic and the nation than those involved in the *affaire Dreyfus*. Nevertheless, the persons intimately involved keep up that show of emotion which is necessary in a French trial; witnesses, counsel and prisoners embrace, kiss, swear by their honor and appeal to justice and the Republic in a manner to make glad the heart of Mr. Dooley.

It is the Boer war which acts as the safety-value for French hysterics at this stage of the game. Not that they love the Boers more, but Albion less. Those nasty little boulevard sheets which had the republic fallen three times a week during the crowded days of this summer have been incredibly vile in their comments and caricatures and extremely wild in their statements.

As you must know in America, there have been any number of absurd and unjustified rumors abroad on the continent regarding the South African situation and the weakness of England's position. I understand that most of these are laid, in England at least, to Dr. Leyds, the Transvaal agent in Europe. I do not believe that he has had much to do with the matter. Mostly, they can be traced back to the insinuations of these yellow journals of Paris, whose policy is and has ever been to make the news fit the wishes of their readers. It is an art not unknown in America, but it has been brought to perfection in France alone.

THE DAY OF THE DEAD.

The "Day of the Dead," All Soul's Day on the Church calender, has passed these three weeks, but the memory of it is still strong within me, which I consider to be a wonderful thing for a visitor in Paris, where the memory of the observer partakes of the mercurial character of the thing observed. It happens to be the first time that I have witnessed the spectacle, and it has bred within me great charity for the French! Ordinarily, one sees in Paris only the degenerate, the vicious, the surface side of France, the side which shows in her unspeakable society, her tangled and corrupt government, her spectacular streets. But on that day, and that alone, one sees the honest and virtuous, who make no show the rest of the year, but who furnish the stable basis which makes it possible for such a state and such a people to exist. The great redeeming characteristic in the French nature is the reverence every Frenchman, no matter how degenerate, pays to those of his own line and especially to the mother who bore him. And among those of the race who are not degraded, this quality assumes a beautiful sweetness and dignity. As I wandered from church to church and from cemetery to cemetery, watching the throngs gathered to do reverence to the one thing Paris holds in reverence, I had hope for France. It is when Paris is trying to be gay that she is saddest. "These feelings constitute the only moral patrimony France retains. It is toward the past that she should look if she would feel a thrill of glory." It was no rabid British Gallaphobe who penned this, but the leader-writer in *Gaulois*.

TWO ANECDOTES.

An incident which is amusing Paris occurred at the first night's performance of *Robinson Crusoe*, Ernest Blum's new spectacular piece. It was, by the way, the first staging of Defoe's masterpiece in France; it scored a tremendous hit. The author was called before the curtain, as usual, and made a droll little speech. Then, after congratulating one by one the actors and musicians, who came on the stage to hear out his speech, he gravely turned to the various animals who figured in Crusoe's retinue, and felicitated them. The goat and the parrot heard him with calm indifference, the dog—a Coquelin of his race—was more responsive, but the monkey, who had displayed a bad temper all the evening, flew at his throat and had to be subdued by force. When the scrimmage was over, M. Blum turned to the audience and said with the greatest gravity, "I have no wish to take a mean revenge on a comedian who shows so little respect for an author, but I shall never cast that monkey again for a part in one of my plays!"

Another story which has just come to light has England for its scene but the main actor is French. In the sixties and seventies, Twickenham was full of deposed royalties, French and Italian in especial. Louis Philippe owned a house near that place, and a short distance away was an inn, "the Crown," famous in the old coaching days. The host was a gay old dog, and on excellent terms with the ex-king. One day, after a long absence, Louis met mine host on the road and stopped for a chat. "And where are you living now?" asked His Majesty. "At the 'Crown'" said the inn-keeper. "I still keep 'the Crown,' you know," "You are a more fortunate man than I" answered Louis, "'Tis more than I can do."

Prof. Pelmann, who has been investigating alcoholism, officially announces facts concerning the lives of 700 out of 834 decendants of a female drunkard and vagabond named Ada Junke, who died in 1740. From this woman sprang 106 illegitimate births, 142 beggars, 64 parish paupers, 181 prostitutes, and 76 convicted criminals, among whom were 7 murderers.

THE "MAINE" ENTERTAINMENT.

TO ME, there is always something terribly incongruous about a society performance for sweet charity. Laces and jewels, graces and airs, those who have it in their power to give being wheedled, by the promise of amusement, out of the means to alleviate suffering, social strugglers making the cause of the poor an excuse to further their own ends, and underneath it all those struggling in very truth for life and the means to sustain it—the contrast is a grim appeal to that part of the sense of humor which lies too deep for laughter.

If this is true of charity functions in general, it is doubly true of the performance the American colony in London society gave last week for the hospital-ship *Maine*. It was a great and gorgeous affair, such a costume turn-out, such a millinery show as I have never seen even in gorgeous London, and it was all for poor Tommy Atkins and his foe, Jan Ten Brock, struggling over the desert country of South Africa, torn with lyddite and dum-dums, or broken with fever and hardship. It is wrong, and cynical and all that, I suppose, to look at it as I do; I should think on the other side, and moralize on the universal brotherhood and quote "kind hearts are more than coronets," and do the other things one expects of a fashionable preacher or a complacent newspaper correspondent, but I cannot but think how little effort this sop to patriotism costs our gilded princelings and how dearly his shilling a day and keep costs Tommy Atkins.

To cease moralizing and return to the tale, Mrs. James Brown Potter, the head and front of the whole affair, scored a great success. It was an American woman, Mrs. Alfred Peget, who organized and carried through the Charity Bazaar, by far the smartest function of last year; so, now, it is an American who manages London's most elaborate entertainment of the present season. And of the praising of our American "go" there is now no end in London. Mrs. Potter issued a decree at the beginning of the affair; none but Americans were to take part, and of those, none but the very best. To guard against any charge of self-conceit, she ruled herself off the program. First of all, there was the entire "Belle of New York" company. Then, De Wolf Hopper, the theatrical success of the year, sang, danced and made fun. Lady Frances Hope, May Yohe that was, sang the original "coon" songs that won her way into society and a title. Besides, there were Maxine Elliott, and Ellen Beech Yaw—who is finding more favor abroad than she did in her own land, by-the-way—and Frank Lincoln, with some new stories, and a dozen other less known at home. For a concluding number, "the entire strength of the company" brought the audience to their feet by singing the national anthem and the "Star-Spangled Banner." And, crowning feature of all, Tod Sloane sold programs!

FRILLS AND FURBELOWS

But to the gowns, which is the feature that draws at a society entertainment, when all's said and done. Mrs. Potter's costume was unique—flowers and small American flags over a foundation of white. The Duchess of [illegible] borough was in a white plush costume with toque to match. Miss Enid Wilson, lately engaged to young Lord Chesterfield, was in a green cloth gown trimmed and festooned with guipire lace. The skirt had a double box plait at the back, stitched down on either side four or five inches below the waist, and trimmed, from knee to edge, with the festooned lace. The front had a tablier of velvet, in a lighter shade than that of the cloth, and was spotted over with applique sprays of lace. The cloth bodice, made in bolero form, opened over a waistcoat of velvet, and the revers were edged with sable. Lady Winston Churchill wore a rather extraordinary frock of ivory white cloth embroidered with chenille and yellow velvet applique. The bodice fastened on one side with three large gold buttons and was finished at the throat by a yellow velvet collar, with a lace tie falling in a knot.

THE BEST DRESSED WOMAN.

Watching the parade pass in and out, I fell to pondering and debating with myself over the question: "Who is the cleverest dresser in London?" For the day when a woman gave herself to a fashionable modiste and was done with it, is past. The best-dressed woman, nowadays, is she who invents for herself and leaves the details to the *modiste*. First and foremost, I would place the Duchess of Sunderland. She it was who recently won a prize for dress-designing, and she quite deserved it, too. She is committed to no special style of dressing; her costumes range from severe tailor-made tweeds, woven on her own estates, to the filmiest tea-gowns, but each one is supremely tasteful and artistic. Her two sister [illegible] Countess of Warwick are a respectful distance below her in originality. The latter, however, does something startling and almost *outre* now and then. She amazed London last season, by a wine-colored ball-gown festooned with purple grapes. At the first Drawing-room of last season, she was gowned in deep yellow brocade with touches of black and festoons of varigated roses. Princess Louise is the only royal lady who shows much originality in dressing. The Princess of Wales and the others leave it all to the *modiste*. Lady Granby has a cult of her own, the "picture" style of gowning. She affects narrow, trailing skirts, old yellow laces, barbaric jewelry, quaint hats, fluffy muffs. She has the beauty and the poise to do it without seeming outlandish—which is more than I can say of some of her imitators.

Take notice that these grand dames can afford to ignore the fashions in little matters. Here, it is said that only the middle-class cherish the frantic desire to be in the mode; a slight, individual departure from current fashions is the mark of the *grande dame*.

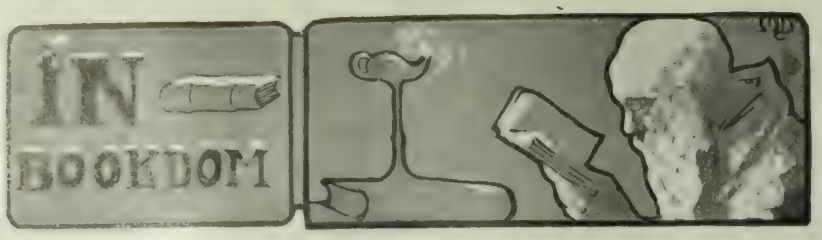
KATRIONA.

London, Oct. 26.

Rontgen photographs have proved of great value in the treatmeat of certain diseased growths. Ricketty children have by means of these rays the prospect of a more certain cure, as the Rontgen pictures show exactly the favorable spot for an operative attempt, while formerly this could only be determined with much trouble and some uncertainty. Examination by means of Rontgen rays teaches further that it is better not to extract shot, as these foreign bodies, strange to say, rapidly heal up and remain in the human body without causing discomfort. The extraction of bullets, as is proved by the Rontgen rays in old cases of healed bullet and shot wounds, is much more dangerous, as this operation generally demands deep and dangerous incisions.

1 M. Bernard, Public Prosecutor 2. President Fallieres 3. Greffier Sorel, Chief Clerk 4. Lawyers for Defense in Semicircle, Beginning with M. Falateuf
5. Witnesses for Defense Howling and Singing 6. M. Guerin 7. M. Deroulede 8. The Senate, Sitting as a High Court

SECOND SESSION, TRIAL OF DEROULEDE, GUERIN AND THE CONSPIRATORS, AT PARIS.



THE reading public seems never to lose interest in the story of the country boy who goes to New York or London, and wins out against the world in fair competition with the world's brains. "Brains" in this case means literary talent. The youth in the story almost always aspires to be a writer, seldom a merchant or other useful person. He always expects to have a hard time of it in the beginning. He thinks he has a hard time of it, and the reader thinks so, too; but neither of them knows. Usually the hero gets down to his last dollar, and then he sells a story, which is a great convenience. In real life the dollar would be a nickel, and he would not sell the story. Usually, too—almost invariably—the young story-book hero ends by becoming the most brilliant literary success of the century. Yet, although his master the author of the book advertises him as such, this poor young man would never be recognized as a Milton from anything he says or does at any time. If there is a fool hidden among the pages—and there always is at least one—it is invariably the literary hero. Sometime he is going to lose his tag, and then—

Mr. Brander Matthews is not a young writer. He is almost fifty years of age, and some of his literary productions date back nearly three decades. His work of today is very well done indeed, as it ought to be. His books are not of the class that escape observation. He is a writer of experience who knows how to write books worth the reading. And so I have included his latest novel, *A Confident Tomorrow* (Harper & Bros.), in my list of the year's notable books about country-boy heroes who come to the city and turn out to be literary geniuses. Last year I counted seven of these books, besides one in which the hero became, strangely enough, not a Shakespeare but a plain man of scissors. Two of these heroes turned out to be poets of the first rank, one a dramatist, and four, great novelists—all plainly labelled. And doubtless there were dozens of superlative literary geniuses that escaped observation, owing to the youth and modesty of some odd half-dozens of authors.

Mr. Matthews is at his best when he succeeds in getting his characters into a drawing-room. Society small talk is his specialty. His dinner-table studies are good, always; he can hit off the parlor to perfection; his evening-dress club lectures are unexceptionable. Nothing that he says ever jars upon the sensibilities of the cultivated reader. His young women are always young ladies in fact. His young men are cut off from the old bolt of New York broadcloth, and all of them are deucedly clever, you know—when they're not deucedly stupid. Pretty sentiments, nicely phrased; plots that will not always hold water, and are never called upon to do it; characters that, although not convincing, are never uninteresting—these are the colors upon Mr. Matthew's palette. And as he does not pretend to do more than to entertain, the equipment suffices. Young men and young women, as Mr. Matthews paints them, are as far from being the passionate, impulsive, hot-blooded young human animal of the larger novel as the moon is from being the sun. Foils, not convenient fists nor the vulgar club; delicate lines of electric sparks, play and counterplay, blade following blade, until the appointed time; and then the hero nods his head, and he that is loser from the beginning drops his guard and is promptly run through.

The author of *A Confident Tomorrow* has very queer ideas about human nature, or else the human nature he knows has skipped a cog or two. Frank Sartain, who was educated at Brown University, sang in the Glee Club, was more or less familiar with Boston and New York, and owned a dress suit, is made to manage a newspaper in Topeka, Kansas, for three years, and then to come to New York. While in New York this young genius—he is a novelist—has an absurdly hard wrestle with the commonest conventions of life. For instance, he is made to acknowledge an evening invitation upon a postal card; he buys an outfit of clothes of a ready-made Jew; he wounds his hosts and hostesses time and again by his brutal rudeness; he is shown as disadvantageously as possible in repartee; in short, he is a stick and a boor—the author's idea of a Topeka gentleman, presumably. And yet this unpleasant fellow has two beautiful girls in love with him clean through the book, and takes his choice of a wife at the end.

* * *

William Doxey, at the Sign of the Lark, publishes an interesting edition of *Mandalay* for the Christmas trade. Robert Edgren is the illustrator of the black-and-white pages, and there is a very effective cover by Porter Garnett. The edition is issued in plain black-and-white; black-and-white with two water-colors; the same on ivory paper, two water colors; and edition-de-luxe on ivory paper with water-colors throughout. It might be said that Mr. Edgren's work is not what should be expected from a man of his reputation; but when it is remembered that his reputation is that of a clever newspaper illustrator, and not that of an imaginative interpreter of great or small poetry, the disappointment will not be unbearable.

* * *

John Lane offers *Osbern and Ursyne*, a new drama in three acts by John Oliver Hobbes, for consideration by this department. The play is in blank verse. It is placed A. D. 1098, in England, and is a tragedy. "Mr. Hobbes," however, has not gone so far back as that for her literary tone. She seems rather to have had the modern—and un-Saxon—Maurice Maetterlinck in mind, as represented by the symbolism and mannerisms of his earlier work. As the Belgian poet has lately repudiated his earlier philosophy of art, because of its aloofness from life and its narrowness, the author of *Osbern and Ursyne* can now say that she follows no living model. May she reap good wheat from her sowing.

* * *

The late Grant Allen had many specialties. Among other things he was a delightful writer upon natural science subjects and did much to make popular the modern systematic study of nature. His *Flashlights on Nature*, published last year, evidently has gone into further editions, for a new copy is to hand from the Doubleday & McClure Co. for the holiday trade. The book is one that will delight young people, and instruct them, too. It is profusely illustrated.

* * *

The Maude Adams edition of *Romeo and Juliet*, paper covered, is to hand from the press of R. H. Russell, New York. Its chief interest lies in the stage directions and the stage "cuts," all of which were done under the direction of Manager Charles Frohman. Miss Adams seems to have a new gown for every picture, and a new picture every once in a while. The gowns appear to me to be very splendid in the star scenes that are pictured in this play, but I should like to hear a woman's verdict in the matter.

* * *

Anna Alice Chapin has added another to her expository books upon Wagner, under the title, *Wotan, Siegfried, and Brunnhilde* (Harper & Bros) The work is an attempt to translate music and musical motifs into the language represented by word-symbols. Such translations of necessity are never quite successful. Music is wholly sensuous. It acts directly upon the sense of hearing, just as does a a painting or piece of sculpture or beautiful building upon the sense of sight, or a sweet-scented garden rose upon the sense of smell. Its effects lie in the emotions, quite outside the range of words. Just as no man can translate St. Peter's at Rome into a poem or a book of poems, or translate the Medici Venus into a magazine article, no man (or woman) can translate the music of Richard Wagner into the conventions of sentence structure. Language is one form of self-expression, music another, painting, sculpture, architecture, landscape gardening, still others. And they are by no means interchangeable. We can say that a chocolate caramel, which speaks to the soul directly through the sense of taste, is sweet; and by virtue of memory and imagination we can affirm that we understand. But if we had never tasted anything that was sweet, Shakespeare himself couldn't make us understand that particular peculiarity of a chocolate caramel. We should have to taste one. By the same sign, all the books in the world will not make music understandable to him whose soul understands not music. And he that understands already, why should he bother with inadequate—not to say presumptuous—interpretations of what he has felt and known in the original? WILLIAM NEIDIG.

In connection with the Holiday Book number of the *Wave*, acknowledgements are due to Mr. Luther Cary of the American Tract Society, to Mr. William Doxey, and especially to the Sutro Library, for favors conferred.

"I am the mother of four children," writes Mrs. Euphemia Falconer, of Trent, Muskegon Co., Mich. "My first two babies were still-born, and I suffered every thing but death. My friends all thought I could never recover. I was reduced to 109 pounds. When I was three months along for my third child I was taken with hemorrhage or flooding and came near having a miscarriage from female weakness. For two months I was under the care of our doctor, but was getting weaker all the time until one day I happened to come across one of your little books and I read it through, and the next day I sent and got three bottles of 'Favorite Prescription' and one bottle of 'Pellets.' I improved so fast I continued to take your medicine until baby was born, and he is healthy and all right. My health has been good ever since. I now weigh 165 pounds."

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A. B C. Bohemian Beer, dozen quarts	2 30
" " " dozen pints	1 50
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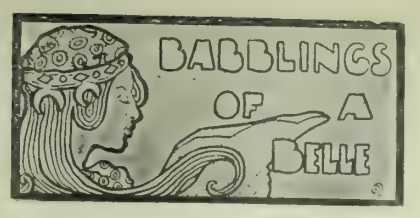

I CAN hardly wait, my dear Miss Cricket, to write to you. I am just overflowing with delight and rapture. Papa will return at the end of the week bringing Leila's true, and she says now, only love with him. Think of it, his name is John, and all his life they have just called him "J." Leila does too, and I think it sufficient to make him almost succumb at some time to a "Greater Inclination." It has been a dreadful awakening to poor, dainty, little me. Leila is already assuming a dictatorial air to our dear brother Arthur, and becoming the true big sister to me. Still, as I have always said, there is a great deal of good in Leila. How I shall love to have a sister married in New York, and be able to go to spend a few months with her each year. That does mean so much to a girl of my temperament. I am so excited about it all, I can hardly tell you of the ordinary social affairs of the week. On Monday night Arthur took me to the Sorosis Club entertainment. There were about three hundred people waiting to be amused. They were too. Mrs. De Greer got up the entertainment, and used her usual judgment. First of all we had a young fellow called Riley amuse us tremendously by telling the most inconsequent things about Washington and a cherry tree and a small boy. Then he told us about the girl who did not. More fun. Then Camille D'Arville sang, gave us a regular Orpheum number. It was all by invitation, too. Then Mr. Herrick, personated a great man who had, he thought, histrionic ability. Afterwards, Ella Bender entertained us by telling us of the Gadsby and Linda. Pritchard, who really looked lovely, sang some Spanish songs. It all ended by a dear fellow to whom I quite lost my heart, drawing on sheets of paper the follies and evolutions of woman's head-gear. There was a jolly fine supper and such intellectual people that I felt quite uneasy at first. They, however, treated me nicely, so I had a fine evening. All Tuesday morning I played golf. I really did not play so much as I talked of the game and the cotillion we are going to have such fun at. So few of the dear boys I know have suits. If they have the knickerbockers, they are ashamed of the lack of development below the knee. So we gentle maids with small ankles wonder how it will all turn out. Mary Scott looks better than any other girl I know on the Links. She is really at her very best on the green, but whether she will look as charming on the twenty-third in a ball-room remains to be seen. I've wept about it, but neither Mama nor Aunt Leila sympathize. They say it will be tremendously interesting and are most anxious to be "lookers on." Little Cricket quite sees her finish. Tuesday night the Mills invited a lot of us to play euchre. Such a fearfully embarrassing thing happened to me. You know we girls were given the name of a book or poem and the author of it was to be the partner. Fancy my feelings, I picked out the "Man With The Hoe," and began searching the room for David Starr Jordan, thinking he wrote it. I searched in vain and at last met Clarence Carrigan and said to him, "Clarence, for heaven's sake tell me who is Professor Jordan?" "Jordan," said Clarence, "why, what have you got?" I showed him my paper and he is still laughing. He had Edward Markham's name on his paper. He thought it so funny. Arthur said a girl asked him "Did not Mark Twain write the 'Christian'?" He thought it was Ian Maclaren, and we have not yet found out who did. One would need to be a real librarian to remember all the writers of this present day. Why, I have a cousin who writes stories for *Munsey* all the time, and I never remember their names, so it is absurd to even think of remembering authors whom I do not even know. After that, however, we had a fine evening and just lots of fun. If I had known more about the game, I might have gotten a prize, but I had a good time out of it all. Wednesday afternoon Mama and I went to the Bohemian Club to see the pictures. I always resent affairs at the Bohemian Club. One always hears some man wish it were not "women's day." It paralyzed me honestly to hear lots of fellows, I have always respected most highly, growl just because the bar was closed. It did not make a bit of difference to me; I can't imagine why they cared, there are so many saloons in the vicinity. I saw so many people I knew I forgot to look at the pictures. When we got home, Mama began criticising them. I could not recall one, so I quietly went upstairs, and looked at the prices At dinner I just talked about the expensive ones, knowing, of course, they must be the best. Aunt Sybil said to me afterwards, "Cricket, dear, you are a sweet little girl, but your art lectures last year were a sad waste of time." I have not yet quite made up my mind what she meant. I suppose she is one of the people who prefer colored photographs to paintings. I do to some, myself.

Talk of a great success these days and everyone says simultaneously "The Keyes' Ball?" Well, of course. It was the sort of thing that John Lane Allen would have to describe. I have not enough of the poet in me to tell you how beautiful it all was. Every bit of the hall was covered with bunting and green stuffs until it seemed as though one was dancing in a most lovely garden of ferns and rare trees and flowers that exuded the most delicious odors. It was really a pleasure to dance in so exquisite a place. When I say I consider it the most successful entertainment since I made my debut, I only reiterate what each person there said. Oh, how I wish I could have it all over again! Azalia Keyes, Mrs. Salisbury and young Mrs. Alexander Keyes cannot be too highly complimented on their management. It was splendid. Arthur says, and he is generally pretty correct, that I was the prettiest thing in the room. All the others looked nice, too, I admit, but as Arthur says I went so well with the background of beautiful decorations. Therese Morgan, Leila Voorhies, Charlotte Ellinwood, Katherine Dillon, Margaret Salisbury and Alma McClung all looked fine, but lots of the others were just as lovely. I was being so rushed by so many fellows I did not get a chance to notice any of their clothes particularly. I had a very good time with Mr. Stowell from Boston. He is such a clever, interesting fellow, and has the prettiest hair imaginable. A man with pretty hair can always have me whenever he likes. Freddie Poett's smile to me is the most winsome thing in the world, so is "Nelly" Kelly's. I just dote on those two fellows. Another fellow on whom I have an awfully bad crush is "Duck" Bulmer. He is on the *Iowa* and alas! is to leave us soon. With the departure of the *Iowa* we lose Mr. Winship who is such a really fine fellow, all our fathers and mothers say; "Duck" Bulmer and dear Mr Jensen. The *Philadelphia* takes from our midst Admiral and Mrs. Kautz, Jack Babcock and David Sellers. I met David in San Rafael, and came to the conclusion he was to be a good friend of mine this winter. He has, however, been very busy editing a book so I have not seen him. If what I have heard is true he has a great deal of literary ability. In fact, almost as much as Winston Churchill, with whom he was a classmate. Thursday there were several luncheons in town, two I believe at the University Club, one at Charlotte Field's and I went to one at the Crockett's. It was deliciously served, and the decorations were beautiful. There were fourteen of us. Looking around the table I came to the conclusion Molly Thomas was the belle. She had on her dear little fur hat that looks bewitchingly pretty on her. Some of the girls thought Linda Cadwalader was prettier, but I have not yet quite made up my mind. Any number of us managed to get into the Symphony Concert before it was over. There was a huge crowd there, but the music was too deep for me. I went to the Orpheum in the evening and had much more fun listening to Camille D'Arville and others who sang to my level. My level I notice too, is the thing that counts. The Orpheum is crowded every night, and they cannot make symphony concerts pay in San Francisco. Friday night we went to the Fortnightly. There was a large crowd and the girls looked very well. So many of the older men were there. These men one must be nice to, for they are eligibles, So far as I am concerned the detrimentals are those who like me the best. The girls I noticed particularly were Ruth McNutt and Edith Preston. They both wore white and looked radiantly beautiful. Therese Morgan suggested Mrs. Langtry to me. She was in dead black and looked fine. I really admired her tremendously. The three Santa Barbara girls, Kate Stow, Miriam More and Bessie Cooper had a deal of attention. The afternoon I called on the Morgans. There were any number of people there. Carrie Taylor, Mary Scott, the Hopkins girls and Caro Crockett helped to receive with Mrs. Morgan, Ella and Therese. Georgiana Hopkins looked so pretty in a sort of blue gown with applique of White. That girl has such soulful eyes I just love their green drawing-room.

I saw all the girls I know at the Fillmore tea on Saturday afternoon. In the evening I had a good dance at Mr. Brighams. It was an informal affair, but I am beginning to like that sort the best. We had delicious refreshments and altogether it was most successful.

MISS CRICKET.

Mrs. Valentine has sent out cards for a large tea at her home in Oakland on Dec. 16th. A surprise dance is to be given to Carl Howard by Mrs. Charles Webb Howard on Dec. 13. Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Moontrose sent cards out for a reception on January the first.

Miss Lillian Slinkey has returned from Pacific Grove to her Sutter Street home.

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IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

City and County of San Francisco, Plaintiff, James S. Angus, W. S. Goodfellow, Thos. E. Crothers as Executors of the last will of James G. Fair, deceased; and Charles G. Fair, Theresa A. Oelrichs, Virginia Fair, Phil. More, B. More, and C. More Defendants. No. 67,877.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County of San Francisco.

FRANK J. K[illegible]
City and County Attorney, Attorney for Plaintiff.

The People of the State of California send greeting to James S. Angus, W. S. Goodfellow, Thos. E. Crothers as Executors of the last will of James G. Fair, deceased; and Charles G. Fair, Theresa A. Oelrichs, Virginia Fair, Phil. More, B. More and C. More Defendants.

You are hereby directed to appear, and answer the Complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California within ten days after service on you of this summons if served within this County, or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

The object of said action is to obtain a judgment and decree of said Court adjudging that plaintiff is the owner in fee of all the real estate hereinafter mentioned, and to quiet plaintiff's title thereto as against each and all said defendants, and to obtain other and further relief and costs, as specified in said complaint, which complaint is hereby specially referred to for further particulars.

The following is a description of the property affected by this action:—

All that certain piece parcel or tract of land situated in said City and County of San Francisco State of California, bounded and described as follows to wit

Commencing at the corner formed by the intersection of the northerly line of Bay street with the westerly line of Fillmore street; thence westerly along said northerly line of Bay street two hundred (200) feet; thence at right angles northerly and parallel with said Fillmore street to a point at which the water of the Bay of San Francisco is [illegible] low tide as the same [illegible] at right angles east- [illegible] feet, thence at right angles southerly and parallel with the easterly line of Fillmore street to the said northerly line of Bay street at a point thereon distant two hundred [200] feet easterly from the easterly line of Fillmore street; thence westerly along said northerly line of Bay street two hundred and sixty-eight 9-12 [268 9-12] feet to the point of commencement.

And are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco State of California, this 20th day of March, A. D., 1899. [SEAL] WM. A. [illegible], Clerk.

By WM. R. A. JOHNSON, Deputy Clerk.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.—Gould and Curry Silver Mining Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, Cal. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 22nd day of Nov., 1899, an assessment (No. 85) of Fifteen (15) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room No 63, Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery street San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 27th day of December 1899, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction and unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the 18th day of January, 1900, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors
ALFRED K. DURBROW, Secretary
Office: Room No. 69, Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT—OCCIDENTAL CONSOLIDATED MINING COMPANY.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Silver Star Mining District, Storey County, Nevada

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors held on the 29th day of November 1899 an assessment (No. 34) of five (5) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary at the office of the Company, Room No. 69 Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 3rd day of January 1900, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Wednesday, the 24th day of January, 1900, at 1 p. m. o'clock, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.
ALFRED K. DURBROW, Secretary.
Office—Room No 69 Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.—CHOLLAR MINING Company. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the ninth day of December 1899, an assessment [No. 50] of ten [10] cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 79, Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the eleventh day of January, 1900, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Wednesday, the 31st day of January, 1900, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.
CHAS. E. ELLIOT, Secretary.
Office—Room 79, Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

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The End of the Show.

"BLESS 'er, she's going to be a little serio!" said Mrs. Wilfred Gurney, known to her admirers as Nita Neville, speaking of the future of her only child. Mrs. Wilfred Gurney was standing in front of the glass, carefully applying the sticky tip of her black pencil under her eyelashes; a quantity of red-gold hair was gathered at the back of her head in a big untidy knot, strained away from behind the ears, so that her friend had the satisfaction of seeing the unmistakable dark brown at the roots; her loose, cambric dressing jacket was pushed away from her beautiful throat and shoulders. She wore several short silk underskirts, a smart grey walking dress, a big grey hat, a lace cape, a pair of white gloves, and a bunch of roses were flung in a heap on her basket.

The hot little room was heavy with perfume. The gas was flaring; the walls were hung with a profusion of fantastic clothes half covered by white sheets, and several pairs of high-heeled satin shoes were scattered under the dressing table. Mrs. Wilfred Gurney was famous for a peculiar form of entertainment, known as Male Impersonations. Her crush hat and eyeglass were ready for use on one side of the table; several costly rings, a gold watch, and bracelets were plentifully scattered with powder as she threw down the puff and dropped into a chair for the dresser to put on her shoes.

She had been a very handsome girl, tall and graceful, and even at thirty-eight—in spite of the over-brightness of her golden hair and the loss of a perfect outline in face and figure—there was a frank, exuberant beauty about her.

"Yes, I've made up my mind for Tip to go into my own line," said Nita Neville, "and if Will don't like it he can lump it!"

"What's Gurney doing now?" asked the friend.

Nita pulled on her satin coat with an angry jerk.

"Oh, he's gettin' thirty bob a week at the same old shop."

When Nita reached home, she found her husband in his usual easy-chair, smoking. He was a tall, spare man, with delicate features, and an expression of supreme boredom and indolence.

Tip was reading, but she rose from her chair with a look of dutiful kindness as Nita came in, and offered to take her cloak and hat.

You are earlier to-night, mother," she said.

Nita kissed her, and answered, with a glance over the supper-table.

"Confound that fool! She's forgotten to get another syphon. Pull the bell, Tip!"

Mrs. Gurney rested both elbows on the table, and looked at Tip with a gleam of pleasure. She knew of such a sweet little song for her to learn—according to the Pagoda standard of sweet songs—and she already heard the applause of the first night.

"Well, it's all fixed up at the Pagoda, Tip," she began. "I spoke to Montague to-night, and you're to have your preliminary canter at the end of the month."

This was very definite. Wilfred Gurney laid aside his book with a troubled glance at his daughter, who was staring at Nita with the color fading and flushing in her face.

"You'll have to buck up a bit, my dear, before then," her mother continued. "When I was your age I should have jumped out o' my skin at such a chance! You just sing that thing as I show you and it'll go immense!"

"Of course you are joking, Nita, but I scarcely see the point," said Wilfred Gurney. "There is no necessity for Tip to earn her little living at the Pagoda, charming as it undoubtedly is."

"Why, it ain't the beastly money I'm after!" cried Nita, getting more common as she went on. "You'll be proud enough yourself when she's made a splash!"

"At the Pagoda? I think not!" answered Gurney.

"What's the matter with the place?" his wife half screamed.

"If you *will* have the truth," Gurney continued, "I tell you frankly I loathe the thought of it. I would rather see Tip doing the hardest, roughest work. No, no, we can't help ourselves, Nita; we have lived our lives"—he became cool again, and dropped back into his chair—"but we mustn't sacrifice the little one, my dear."

"I've set my soul on it," Nita answered, with a deep, fierce earnestness, "and I'll see you and your rotten twaddle——look here, Tip! She took a quick step towards her daughter, her beautiful eyes flashing, and Tip rose and confronted her. They looked full at each other. It was a supreme moment.

"You've just got to choose one thing or the other." Nita laid her hand heavily on the girl's shoulder. "You've always been set up to oppose me since you were a mere kid. But I warn you—I warn you, Tip, if you go against me now and cut the Pagoda I'll never speak to you again!"

Tip suddenly drew herself proudly together; she looked fearlessly into her mother's eyes, and said: "I have already chosen! I agree with father—I have only been to the Pagoda twice, but I hate it, hate it, hate it!"

Nita turned away. She caught up her cloak and hat, and hurried across the room.

"Do what you like! Go where you like! I've done with you!" was all she said, and her daughter's face was a mirror of the scornful passion in her own.

The months and years passed by. Tip and her father, after travelling far and near, sometimes making a quiet home in one place, sometimes in another, at last wandered as far as America.

When Tip returned to England at last, it was not with her father, but with her husband—an Englishman who had proved that a younger son could win fortune in the new world.

It was in a crowded Liverpool theatre, only two nights after landing, that Tip laughed aloud to see her husband's boyish pleasure in the buffoonery of a pantomime.

"We never had a decent show to go and see where I lived for six years, dearest," was his excuse for taking her.

They had missed the opening scene; as they took their seats a dazzling crowd of girls in scarlet were trooping down to the footlights to the strains of a loud march. The crowd saluted, divided, and formed into a long line on either side. And then, sparkling from the tip of her cap to the point of her shoe—handsome, daring, self-assured—entered the Principal Boy, with a free, swinging step, and a glance that flashed from gallery to pit, boldly demanding her burst of applause.

Tip's heart throbbed. She dared not look at the stage again; she felt that those brilliant eyes would find her out, even in the darkness of the house.

As soon as the last scene of the pantomime was ended, Tip and her husband left their seats, and hurried round to the stage door.

The name was sent in to Miss Nita Neville, and Tip waited in the crowded little entrance, wondering what she should do and say. She left her husband, and was taken alone to her mother's room.

"Come in, my dear!" said Nita's loud voice. Tip found herself face to face with the resplendant Prince Charming.

They had both changed. There was a start of surprise and a little nervousness even in Nita's face, but she recovered herself directly, and flashing a smile at the pale, anxious girl, her quick eyes looked her over from head to foot as she came forward, laughing.

"Well, you're a stunner, Tip!" she exclaimed, and then—"Better not kiss me, my dear; you'll get yourself covered with grease paint. Well, how's the hubby? Didn't your father tell you I was here this Christmas? But I haven't written lately. Sit down."

She swept the blue velvet cloak of Prince Charming off the chair opposite her own, and sat down herself in front of the glass, crossing one knee over the other, talking rapidly and fidgetting with the things on the dressing-table.

"So you're married, Tip? Gracious, it only seems last week you were a bit of a kid, hanging on to your father and squalling at me!"

She laughed again, and taking off her curly wig, loosened her hair and rubbed her head all over with both hands.

"Well, my dear, you find me at the same old game. How long do you and your hubby stop here?"

"We intended to go to-morrow," Tip answered, with a touch of the old shyness and fear. "But now that I have found you——"

"Better go, my dear!" interrupted Nita emphatically, "I've got two shows to-morrow, and I shan't be up till it's time to come down to the theatre."

"Do you want me to go?" asked her daughter quickly.

"Well! It's no use making any bones about it—but I should if I were you!"

There were a few more questions asked and answered, and then Tip, disappointed, hurt, unhappy, put out her hand and simply said:

"Good-bye."

Nita smiled, gaily wished her joy, and they turned away from each other. As the girl's shaking fingers touched the handle of the door, she heard her own name, spoken hoarsely. She turned, and, with a little cry, threw herself into the arms stretched out to her; and the next second she was sobbing on her mother's breast.

It was a long time before Tip would loosen her clasped hands and lift her face. Nita smoothed her hair back from her eyes, and talked to her brokenly.

"There! There! Don't you cry, dearie, there's nothing to be worried about. Your dad was right for once! You were always more his than mine. But I was awful fond of you, too! Don't cry, Tip! My child!"

They parted at last, and Tip turned again and again to look at her mother as she stood looking down on her. And then she drove away with her husband.—*M. A. P.*

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New Years Edition of the Daily Pacific Builder.

On January 1, 1900, *The Daily Pacific Builder* will issue a special illustrated number consisting of twenty pages 10x14 which will contain a review of the building operations of the Pacific Coast for 1899, with timely articles and some special features of interest to the building community. This special issue will be an entirely new feature in building trade journalism on this Coast.

Interiors of homes photographed; oil paintings copied; trade supplied with California, Chinatown and Mexican photographs; enlargements of same at resonable prices. Oscar Maurer, 220 Sutter street, San Francisco, care Passavant Printing Co. Telephone Black 1191.

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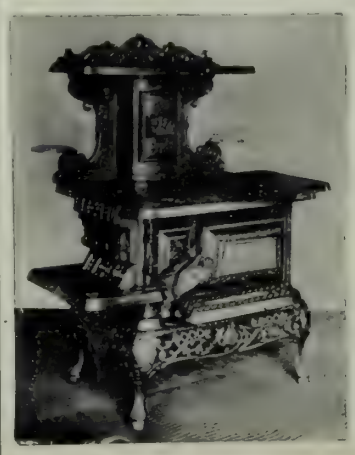

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The Oil Industry.

THE recent extensive land-jumping excitement in the Kern river district has caused a great deal of justifiable indignation among the oil men. Quite a number of saloon men, hotel keepers and others in Bakersfield are charged with being back of many of the land-jumpers, and the oil men are talking of instituting a sweeping boycott against these individuals. There has been such a concerted movement in the matter of land jumping in this particular district. that there seems to be good grounds for the suspicion that there is an occult scheme underlying this movement to throw land titles in this district into disrepute. It is charged that the Standard Oil Company has concluded to go into the oil business in this State, and has picked on the Kern River district as one of the most favored sections to begin operations, and it is further alleged that they want to knock out all of the men who want to develop the district and then come in at the eleventh hour and gobble up the territory for a song. The people of Bakersfield, if they want to see the Kern River district develop in the near future, should take prompt action. A public meeting should be called and steps taken to nip this nefarious scheme in the bud. A good dose of tar and feathers would be the proper caper to stop this land jumping business, and there are plenty of public-spirited people in Bakersfield with the interests of the growth of the community at heart, who will doubtless be ready to act when the time comes. There is no place for the professional land jumper in the oil business in California, and it is time for the people of Kern county to take decisive action.

* *

Word has been received from Washington that action is to be taken in the land grabbing cases going on in Kern, Tulare and Fresno counties. Telegrams have been flowing into Washington about these performances. Representative Needham was appealed to. He saw Land Commissioner Hermann in regard to the difficulty and Mr. Hermann promised that he would immediately investigate entry in these counties. Mr. Hermann has already issued a sweeping order suspending from entry all lands about which complaint has been made through Mr. Needham, who represents that the oil men are being harrassed by persons undertaking to jump the mineral lands under the forest reserve act. The homesteaders and the oil men are having much trouble over the pre-empting of public lands, claimed as agricultural lands by some and as mineral lands by others. Excitement runs high, especially in Kern county, and the enforcement of any ruling may precipitate trouble.

* *

The day is not far distant when a pipe line will be constructed from the Bakersfield district through McKittrick, Kreyenhagen, Coalinga and other districts to a point on San Francisco Bay. Already quite a number of Eastern capitalists are figuring on this proposition and there is every indication that they mean business. They propose to provide ample storage facilities by the construction of immense tanks in the different oil districts. In connection with this pipe line immense refining plants will be constructed at different points on the bay for the distillation of the higher grades of California oil, thus materially enhancing its value. The building of this pipe line will mean an immense saving in the cost of transportation of the oil from the wells to a market.

* *

The oil excitement is growing more intense at Arroyo Grande, and oil locations are much in demand, as is proved by the fact that more than forty notices of location were filed with the County Recorder in one day. The prospect for striking oil in that locality well back from the coast seems to be very good. The Union Oil Co. has its well down over 700 feet. The drill is now in oil sandstone and the prospects for a big strike are unusually favorable. The reports of conditions existing in this well tend in no small measure to increase the desire of capitalists to invest in land in this locality.

* *

When the Coalinga Water Co. has its pipe line completed from the plains to Oil City, there will no longer be a lack of water in that locality, and those companies which have been obliged to suspend operations through a scarcity of that fluid, will be able once more to resume operations. The pipe line when finished will be five miles long. Two miles are already completed.

* *

A new schooner rigged barge, designed especially for the oil trade, has just been completed at Eureka. The capacity of the barge is about 8000 barrels. It is intended to take the place of the George D. Loomis when that vessel is laid up or the company is forced to use her to fill contracts.

* *

In a short time the Virginia Oil Company will begin operations in the McKittrick district, in the vicinity of the Shamrock property. The rig is already on the ground and will be in place in a few days.

Three companies which will soon begin drilling operations in the Kreyenhagen district are the N[illegible] and the Crown Oil Companies. All three of these companies own exceptionally good tracts of oil bearing land and [illegible] begun, there will undoubtedly be a lively movement in the [illegible] portant news item [illegible] developed, is the announcement of the analysis of the Kern River district oil. This has been made public by Mr. J. J. Mack, the leading banker of Bakersfield and a gentleman who has done more to develop the Kern River district than any other one man. This analysis reveals the extraordinary fact that the Kern River oil taken from well No. 1 of the Thirty-Three Oil Co., contains not less than 65 per cent. of lubricants—a showing that is almost unparalled. The analysis is asfollows:

Specific Gravity .9628 (or 15.5 deg. Beaume).
Fractional distillation.

water 225 to 250 deg. C		a trace 8 per cent.	
25[illegible] to 3[illegible]	C	[illegible]	[illegible]
Over 300 deg. C 65 per cent.	A	13	light yellow fluorescent
	B	52	" dark red fluorescent
Coke residue and loss		11	"

The distillation began at 225 degrees centigrade, nothing appearing before that temperature was reached. The fractional distillation shows it to be absolutely lacking in light oil; deficient in burning oil (a total of 21 per cent.); but containing a considerable amount of lubricating oil (i. e. the 65 per cent. over 300 degrees C.) The oil is quite clean and free from sand and other mineral matter. The real significance of the above analysis is apparent, when the fact is made known that lubricating oil after being clarified and fortified will sell at prices ranging from 25 cents to 35 cents per gallon. Assuming that 28 gallons is 65 per cent. of a barrel of 42 gallons and putting the price of this lubricating oil at the exceedingly low figure of 30 cents per gallon, there will be a cash return of $8.40 for the lubricants in a barrel of Kern River oil, and 14 gallons or ⅓ of a barrel of fuel oil remaining to be sold say at 25 cents, making the gross returns per barrel of this oil, $8.65 In other words, a 50-barrel well in the Kern River district of this oil, should be equal to a 500-barrel well of gas oil of lighter specific gravity.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that contain Mercury.

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury and is taken internally acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and is made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

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Paid-up Cash Capital	$1,000,000.00
ASSETS	26,499,822.74
Liabilities,	22,708,701.82
EXCESS, 3½ per cent. basis,	3,791,120.92

GAINS: *6 Months, January to July, 1899.*

In Assets,	$1,184,380.28
Increase in Reserves (both dep'ts),	1,478,549.62
Premiums, Interest, Rents, 6 Months,	3,782,423.85

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Reserved Seats 25c.; Balcony 10c.; Opera Chairs and Box Seats 50c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday.

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Matinees Saturday and Sunday
Reappearance of the popular actor
ERNEST HASTINGS
In the great laugh provoker

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The Brightest, Funniest and Wittiest Comedy of the Season,
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Repertoire including
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"FORTUNE'S FOOL,"
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No increase in prices.
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Commencing Sunday Afternoon, December 17,
The Big Rag Time Sensation from the East

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Presented by forty of the leading colored Singers, Dancers, and Comedians of their Race including
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The ideal winter race track of America. Patrons step directly from the railroad cars into a superb Grand Stand, glass-enclosed, where comfortably housed in bad weather they can enjoy an unobstructed view of the races.
Trains leave Third and Townsend streets at 9:00, 10:40 and 11:30 A. M., and 12:15, 12:35, 12:50 and 1:25 P. M., returning immediately after the last race and at 4:45 P. M. Last cars of all trains reserved for women and their escorts. No Smoking. Valencia street ten minutes later.
San Jose and Way Stations. Arrive at San Bruno at 12:45 P. M. Leave San Bruno at 4:00 and 4:45 P. M.
Rates. San Francisco to Tanforan and return, including admission to Grounds, $1.25.

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Winter meeting, 1899-1900, beginning MONDAY, Dec. 18 to Dec. 30, 1899.
OAKLAND RACE TRACK.
Racing Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday. Rain or shine.
Five or more races each day.
Races start at 2:15 P. M. sharp.
Ferry-boats leave San Francisco at 12 M. and 12:30, 1, 1:30, 2, 2:30 and 3 P. M., connecting with trains stopping at the entrance to the track. Buy your ferry tickets to Shell Mound.
Returning—Trains leave the track at 4:15 and 4:45 P. M., and immediately after the last race.
THOMAS H. WILLIAMS JR., President,
R. B. MILROY, Secretary.

THE THEATRES

In "The Fatal Card," the Frawley Company had a chance to show just what was in it. The plays of the two opening weeks—"The Sporting Duchess" and "An Enemy to the King"—were singularly unfitted to the cast. The first, one of those horribly English melodramas which fail to convince anywhere out of sound of Bow Bells, is an unnatural thing and requires actors who have been bred to the absurdities of melodramatic conventionalities, which was not at all the case with the Frawleys; the second, a wooden immitation of Stanley Weyman was nearly as far out of their line. Now, they have come to their own in a play which, although Brirish and melodramatic in the extreme, is yet near enough to nature to permit of sincere interpretation.

Of "The Fatal Card" as a play it would be superfluous to say much. It holds its place among the half-dozen best English melodramas of the century. Faulty as it is in a technical way, it has one or two scenes and situations of great power. The climax where the son begs for forgiveness outside the door while his father lies murdered within is unexcelled in its line. So, too, the author has succeeded in creating a villain who has the sympathy of his audience, a rare feat in melodrama. If the construction is loose the action is nevertheless rapid; it holds from beginning to end.

I cannot quite accustom myself to beholding the stately Mary Van Buren, made by heaven to be made love to in society drama, in the role of the villianess. The surprise is not that she does not do it any better, but that she does it at all. Harrington Reynolds, in the part of the villian with a conscience, was at his best, which is extremely good. I should suggest that he might lighten the oppressive heaviness of the part by throwing in, now and then, a touch of grim humor. Be this as it may, his impersonation is a great credit to his power and his artistic sense. Wallace Shaw, as the "low villian," the unmitigated scamp with murderous tendencies, was repulsive enough to be hissed by any audience. In the comic relief, Pearl Landers in the soubrette part carried off the honors. This actress is too young, as yet, to show what is really in her; at present, she lives up to all that could be expected of a young soubrette. It is a good play, well handled.

* *

This country and the West especially owes a debt of gratitude to Frederick Warde. An actor of no great power and certainly of no subtlety and finesse, he is yet as truly devoted to the best in his art as a Booth or an Irving. He has resisted the temptation to eke out his mediocrity with cheap methods; his Shakespearian presentations have taste, proportion, art—everything but that divine fire of genius for the lack of which he is not responsible.

In this dreary period for the lovers of "heavy" drama, when there is but one passably great tragic actor in the world and none in America, Warde alone has made it possible for us of the "provinces" to bathe our souls, occasionally, in Shakespeare. He is only a fair actor, but fate has made him a great educator.

The Warde combination brings a good company to the Columbia this time. Mrs. Brune, whom the press-agent has had rising from Woodward's Gardens to the legitimate, is still a recruit, but gives good promise. Mr. Herman, the "second lead," is one of the best tragic actors of the American stage in a limited range of parts. I remember, a few years ago, that he played *Cassius* in "Julius Cæsar" to Warde's *Brutus* and James' *Antony*, and quite out-starred the stars. He was passing young then, and full of promise, but he has stuck a little too closely to Warde since that time, and has copied the latter's faults rather than his excellencies. Thrown into another influence, there may be hope yet for Mr. Herman, but he has learned a little too much of what Warde has to teach him.

* *

The annual Thanksgiving football game wasn't a marker to the noise and enthusiasm which greeted Ferris Hartman, known endearingly as "Teddy" on his reappearance as leading comedian at the Tivoli. Flowers, curtain-calls, a speech by the star and an excellent performance made "The Tar and the Tartar," by which the Tivoli opens after its long rest an occasion to be remembered.

* *

This afternoon and evening the Frawleys will give thier last performance of "The Sporting Duchess," and in order to prepare for a big Christmas production they will devote all of next week to rehearsal. Beginning Sunday afternoon, "The Hottest Coon in Dixie" will run for ten days. The company includes the original "Clorindy" chorus.

* *

La Sylphe, a sensational Parisian dancer, is the star of an excellent bill at the Orpheum next week.

Jesse Moore Whiskey has been the Kentucky standard with which all others have been compared since 1853.

THE SYMPHONY.

Henry Holmes is a great conductor. In him exists the capacity of bringing out the very best in his musicians. They were well placed, and each put as much of his own soul into his work as he could. In fact, the whole was so complete that even the individuality of the conductor was quite forgotten.

Brahm's symphony in E Minor was the least admired of the numbers. It is, however, one of the greatest of his masterpieces, but needs to be known to be truly appreciated. The exquisite phrasing in the andante moderato showed the knowledge Henry Holmes has of this delicate movement. That it was not quite perfect in its rendition merely goes to show that our musicians do not yet thoroughly understand Brahms.

Bach, though not so great a favorite in San Francisco as in other places, was delightfully rendered. The Forlane (Danza Venegiana) Minuetto and Bourrie were really perfect and gave Mr. Holmes an opportunity to show his skill in phrasing. Wagner's "Siegfried" was generously applauded. Being Wagner, it was more truly appreciated than either Brahms or Bach.

The orchestra was at its very best, however, in Beethoven's "Leonore." Perhaps Holmes, too, was the conductor at his best. Beethoven is all soul, and in "Leonore" the feeling is so intense it penetrates to the very core of those who have the slightest musical conception.

I think if Mr. Holmes can be induced to remain in San Francisco and give us a little more Brahms and Bach, he may attain the place so long felt in our midst. He is the typical intellectual conductor, that gradually brings his audience to love the true harmonies of the great masters.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

In purchasing diamonds do not fail to call at Oolonel Andrews' Diamond Palace, 221 Montgomery street, before purchasing elsewhere, as you will find it greatly to your advantage, Everyone knows that diamonds have gone up at least 70 per cent., and will before long reach 200 per cent. The Colonel has bought heavily in diamonds the last year, as he predicted that they would go up to very high figures. Now he is giving his customers the benefit of the rise until after the holidays. He has the grandest stock ever seen on this Coast, It will be a great saving to those purchasing gems if they will remember this and call at the Diamond Palace. He also has an immense stock of silver novelties of the finest quality, which he is selling at the same prices that you buy inferior goods at. The store will be kept open every night.

LOCAL ART IN EVIDFNCE.

Callendars that are strictly Californian are always preferable and this year the array is so extensive that they have nearly driven the Eastern publishers from this market. Cooper & Co., the Art Stationers on Market street show a bewildering variety and report sales in excess of any previous season.

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SAN FRANCISCO

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x x x

HE PLANTED THE SEEDS.—Meissonier, the painter of miniatures, had a gardener who could not be fooled about plants, and his master was always trying to trip him up. "I have got him now," said Meissonier one day, showing some friends a package of dried fish roe. He sent for his gardener. "Do you know these seeds?" he asked. "Oh, yes," said the gardener; "that is the seed of the *clupea harengus*, a very rare plant indeed." "And how long will it take to come up?" "Fifteen days," said the gardener. "Very well," said Meissonier, "you may plant them." At the end of fifteen days the assemblage was once more gathered about the table, and the gardener was again called, "How about those very rare seeds?" asked the artist. "The plants are above ground," was the reply. All went out into the garden to behold the wonderful plants. The gardener carefully lifted a glass bell, disclosing three rows of red herrings with their heads in the air. "There are your rare plants, monsieur," said the gardener.

x

NOT QUITE FRESH.—The waiter in a San Francisco grill room will admit to nothing that he does not keep in stock. If it be a request for a slice off the moon he will say "yes, sir," and go to fetch it, returning with the information that unfortunately he is "just out." Robert Louis Stevenson one day was explaining this trait to a friend at dinner, and to illustrate it called the waiter. "A double order of broiled behemoth," he said. "Yes, sir," replied the waiter; "will you have it rare or well done?" "Well done," said Stevenson. Pretty soon the waiter returned. "I am very sorry, but we are just out," he reported. "What! no more behemoth?" asked the novelist, in feigned astonishment. The waiter lowered his voice. "We have some more, sir," he whispered confidentially; "but the truth is, I would not give it to you, as it is not quite fresh."

x

THE MAN WITH THE HOE.—Gen. Benjamin F. Tracy, who returned from the Venezuelan Boundary Commission in Paris just in time to testify before the Mazet committee as to what he knows about the Ramapo grab, gained quite a reputation as a wit during his sojourn abroad. One day he was engaged in a discussion with another American on Prof. Markham's much talked-of-poem, "The Man with the Hoe." An Englishman who was listening to the argument asked who the man with the hoe was. "The Man with the Hoe?" said the General. "Why, that is the newspaper man." Somebody had to hammer a treatise on printing presses into the Englishman's head before he saw the point.

x

HOW THE JAILOR KNEW.—Lieutenant Morris, when he was shown through the old Spanish prison at Manila, noticed a small opening through a brick wall. Upon asking its use, he was told that prisoners were placed in a cell behind it and walled up alive. "You see, senor," said his guide, "as long as the prisoner lived his food was handed in on a plate, and he handed the empty plate back; but when he handed the plate back with the food on it untouched, then the jailor knew he was dead and didn't give him any more."

x

A GOOD PICTURE.—Ex-Governor Budd, while on a fishing trip in the high Sierras, one day came upon a traveling photographer and had his picture taken. Upon his return to Stockton he exhibited the likeness with considerable pride, asking his friends who crowded around him if they did not think it a remarkably good one. General Barnes, who happened to be present, caustically remarked: "Yes, governor; it is a perfect picture of you. But who is the fellow holding you by the bridle?"

x

WHAT AILED HIM.—Henri Rochefort, the anti-Semitic agitator, was principal in a duel not long since. When he came to the battle-ground he found excuses awaiting him, instead of a rapier. A few days afterward Rochefort met a lady, a friend of the weak-kneed duellist, and asked her how he had got on since the duel. "Not too well," said the lady; "he is still suffering somewhat." "Poor fellow," remarked Rochefort pitilessly; "I suppose his apologies have re-opened."

x

WHAT HE DIED OF.—Senator Perkins of this State has a very ready wit when he chooses to give it rein. A few weeks ago Senator Hanna was speaking of a character named Taylor. "Oh, that Taylor's dead," remarked some one; "he died last year in the receiving hospital." "And what did he die of?" "Don't know, I'm sure." "Why, he died of a fit of course," said Perkins at once. "What else could a tailor die of?"

x

NO BEAUTY INVOLVED,—One of California's young lawers was arguing a case before Judge Ross at Los Angeles. For a half-hour he had been making irrelevant remarks. "Your honor," he said, "I'm a pretty young practitioner, but—" "A young practitioner," corrected Judge Ross, languidly. "Stick to the evidence, sir."

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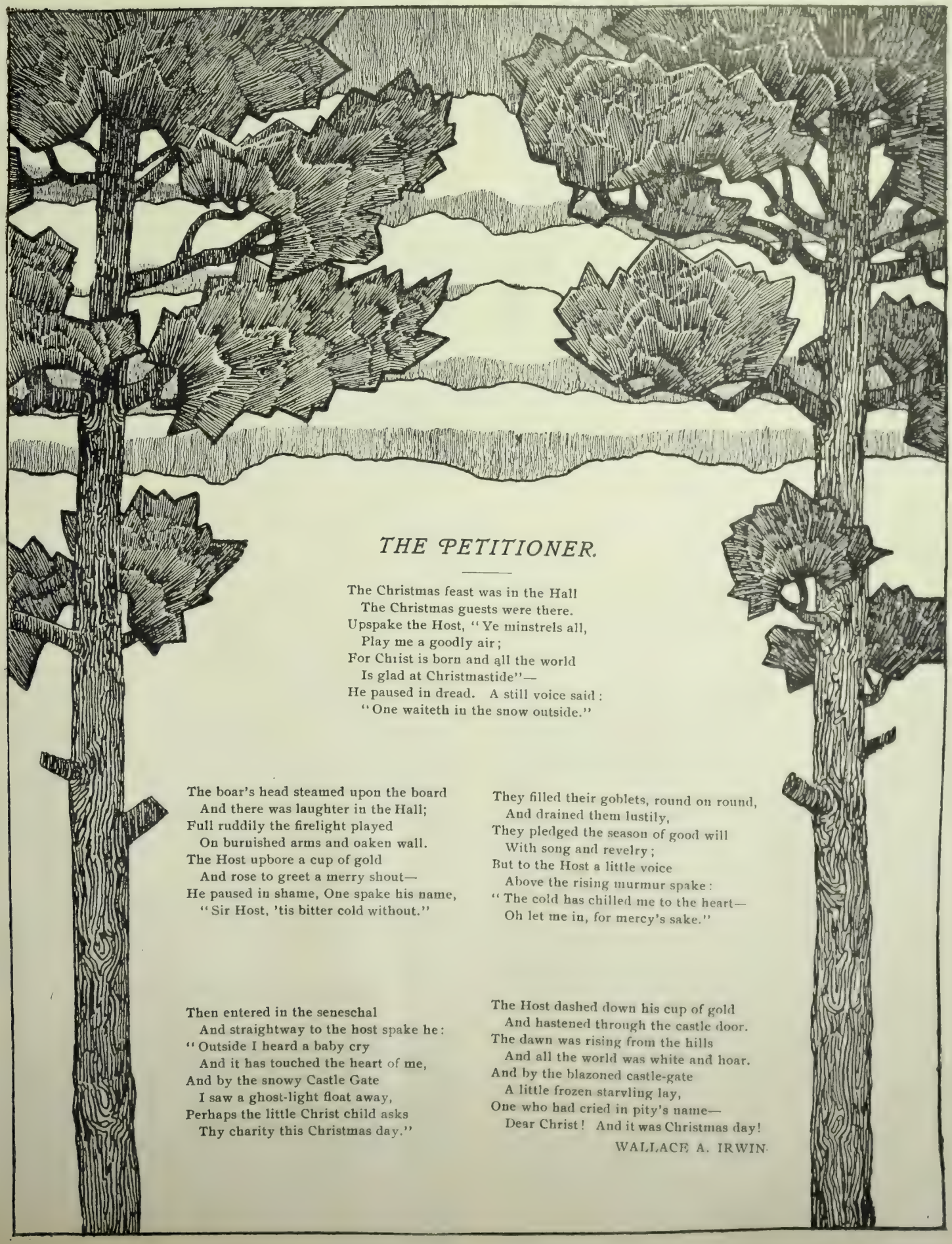
THE CHRISTMAS WAVE



THE PETITIONER.

The Christmas feast was in the Hall
  The Christmas guests were there.
Upspake the Host, "Ye minstrels all,
  Play me a goodly air;
For Christ is born and all the world
  Is glad at Christmastide"—
He paused in dread. A still voice said:
  "One waiteth in the snow outside."

The boar's head steamed upon the board
  And there was laughter in the Hall;
Full ruddily the firelight played
  On burnished arms and oaken wall.
The Host upbore a cup of gold
  And rose to greet a merry shout—
He paused in shame, One spake his name,
  "Sir Host, 'tis bitter cold without."

They filled their goblets, round on round,
  And drained them lustily,
They pledged the season of good will
  With song and revelry;
But to the Host a little voice
  Above the rising murmur spake:
"The cold has chilled me to the heart—
  Oh let me in, for mercy's sake."

Then entered in the seneschal
  And straightway to the host spake he:
"Outside I heard a baby cry
  And it has touched the heart of me,
And by the snowy Castle Gate
  I saw a ghost-light float away,
Perhaps the little Christ child asks
  Thy charity this Christmas day."

The Host dashed down his cup of gold
  And hastened through the castle door.
The dawn was rising from the hills
  And all the world was white and hoar.
And by the blazoned castle-gate
  A little frozen starvling lay,
One who had cried in pity's name—
  Dear Christ! And it was Christmas day!

WALLACE A. IRWIN.

FIRST·LOVES

His.

THE night he met her for the first time was also the night of his first dress suit. It had been sent up that afternoon and he had tried it on,gibing at his own satisfaction and grateful for his mother's worshipping eyes, reminding her too, with mocking tenderness, of the tears which had wet his first long trousers—hers of course—he himself had been rather indifferent, for this young man (his name by the way was Pierce Fairfax) was never altogether common-place even in his most callow days.

Instead of his usual seat at his mother's left hand, he was placed at the table that night next to a languid, graceful woman, whose violet and silver brocade gave out a sweet, unfamiliar perfume whenever she swayed toward him, or sank back in her high carved chair. He wondered, his mind filled with the sense of her presence, what the subtle enticing perfume was, and how long she would be in Lemonville. He meant to ask her, but when she turned towards him, after a long murmur with the man on her other side, he forgot everything in watching the lazy, reluctant parting of her red lips in a slow smile as she said softly.

"You don't like dinner-parties?"

"I like this one—now," he had replied. "Its been charming ever since Marvin finished telling you all he doesn't know about golf."

She had talked very little to Marvin after that. Perhaps she preferred luminous gray eyes with black shadows in them to pale blue ones with red rims; perhaps it was the new dress suit. At all events she smiled at Pierce Fairfax a great deal, leaning towards him the least little bit in the world and throwing a look of sweet, shy interest into her violet eyes.

When the women rose two pair of eyes were turned simultaneously upon him, the one, affectionate, maternal, questioning; the other tender and languorous. The boy saw only the last and dropped back into his chair faint with joy in it, his whole body suffused with vague, rapturous yearning, his soul floating out the broad doorway after the silvery gown slipping so softly across the hall's oak floor.

Later on in the drawing room his father showed an appreciation of Mrs. Innis, (that was her name, Madeline Innis), which raised him in his son's estimation though it troubled all the man in the youngster, and might have disconcerted Mr. Innis himself if that gentleman had not been dead. What could she have in common with a man of his father's age! When he was 45 he hoped he would know it!

"Your father's business interests compel us to invite rather strange people sometimes," his mother said slowly when she kissed him good-night. Pierce evaded her searching eyes. He felt instinctively that Madeline Innis figured in her mind as a strange person, and a tiny flame of wrath burned in him, but he quenched it and returned her caress silently. "It's because she loves me," he thought.

This was only the beginning. Two weeks later Mrs. Fairfax noticed that pale grayish envelopes addressed in a neat elaborately shaded hand, appeared in Pierce's mail. They appeared very often and were always pocketed hastily to be read in private.

"My son, too," said the poor woman to herself bitterly.

It was not long before a cloud hovered over Pierce's face. Having studied her husband for nineteen years, his mother recognized it after one or two false scents,as born of bills and empty pockets. Questioned,he admitted that he had spent his allowance for the two next months and owed—well, rather a neat little sum for a boy.

Flowers every day, candy and other more substantial trifles cost money you see.

Mrs. Fairfax opened her purse quietly. She was dressed for the street and Pierce noticed her neatly mended gloves, her worn but trim, well-kept suit and familiar, too familiar, bonnet. He flushed as she placed a little pile of gold on the table and tried to hide the flatness of her purse from him.

"I ought not to let you—it must be the last time," the boy said shamefaced and grateful.

"My son, you are all I have in the world," she returned gently, her eyes moist and on her pale lips one of those faint, tender smiles which come from a mother's heart of hearts and shadows forth dimly the peace of God.

Neither of them slept much that night. The mother lay very still and stared into darkness, thinking of the day when her nest would be empty, her boy gone.

The son tossed and turned in the fever and agony of youth when it tastes life and finds it bitter. Now and then the thought of his mother would cross his seething mind like wintry sunshine and the thoughts which tormented him would then slink away for an instant to flock back again, bringing with them a wild longing for the freedom which years and money give.

Oh, to be a man! Oh, to be independent, to be free to love when he would, and give what he would! And so through the long night, his soul clamoring for those taudry things which deck our goal—even in old age.

"I think you are quite right," Mr. Fairfax was saying when his wife entered the breakfast room the next morning. She paused enquiringly, scenting evil. Her son looked straight into his plate while his father explained.

"Pierce want's to get to work, to give up college. It isn't as if I were a rich man," he added tentatively, fingering a package of household bills. Mrs. Fairfax looked at her son and then back to her husband.

"I thought it was settled that he was to study law," she said.

"Mr. Fairfax waved his hands deprecatingly as he rose and left the room. "My dear, he is old enough to choose for himself."

Pierce put one of his long arms around his mother and drew her to him.

"Don't worry mother, dear—don't. I'm tired of being a useless hulk," he said, adding mentally, "and father's tired of supporting one."

He felt that she was conscious of his father's weariness, that this fact was for her the bitterest, most hopeless point in the situation, but neither of them referred to it.

So it came about that Mrs. Fairfax, like many other mothers, was forced to fold her hands and watch her son take the wrong turning in his life. Knowing that he lacked commercial cleverness, the position his father found for him seemed to her absolutely without future. Success in it meant, at best, a place where only his third-rate talents would be exercised. His sure-footedness among words, the quickness with which he could grasp and make the most of a situation, all the charm of his mind would be subordinated to such cheapness as clear handwriting and rapidity in figuring.

In spite of philosophy and prayer her heart ached as the days went on. Pierce grew more cheerful. His salary was very small, but the first money a boy or a girl earns is very wonderful metal.

Moreover, it was springtime with him and with the year and in the little cottage on the hill where the great white lilacs leaned softly on the veranda, she of the violet eyes greeted him with eager, out-stretched hands and warm lips that dumbly courtedkisses. On that veranda in a hammock swung where the lilacs' sweet tufts brushed it lightly and shrouded it in shadow he often waited for her coming, while the katydids called to one another in the moonlight and the old elm by the gate seemed to listen with friendliness to the rapid beating of his heart. Oh, buoyant young heart so joyously beating! How soon, how very soon, the bloom of love is brushed away forever and we know the thing for what it is; looking with eyes in which there is no rapture, no surprise.

The lilacs were still blossoming on the starlit night of Pierce's last visit. He was not expected, and thought tenderly of her pretty, surprised greeting as he approached the open door of her sitting-room—the tiny lavender room where she had so often clung to him—the scent of the lilacs about them—whispering that it was his and hers alone.

Through the doorway streamed a soft panel of light which stretched across the veranda and turned the green leaves of the lilac bushes to gleaming silver. Pierce paused as he reached it, for once in his life as undecided as a sheep, for a man's hat lay on a chair in full view of the door and from a hidden corner of the room Mrs. Innis' low, honey-sweet voice floated out to him.

"Yes," she said to her companion, and Pierce knew she was smiling one of her lazy smiles. "Yes, he sends them every day, the dowdy little flowers—I have always felt contemptuous of men who sent me violets. Why don't you take him in hand and tell him a thing or two."

Laughing, they moved forward into the light.

"Must you go?" she added plaintively, a half pout on her entreating lips, and with outstretched detaining hands.

The boy grew sick at the pretty, familiar gestures. Gestures he knew and loved. He tried to speak, but only made a harsh guttural sound in his throat. The pair started apart. The woman, endeavoring to smile, came hurriedly towards him as he stepped into the room.

"Your father congratulates us on our engagement," she said, each word sounding clear and detached in the stillness which had fallen on the room.

"For to-morrow?" Pierce inquired, sinking his colorless face in a ceremonious bow. "I must ask you to excuse me I had forgotten a prior engagement with—with my mother. Permit me, Mrs. Innis, to relieve you now of these dowdy flowers," (pitching the violets out the window,) "and, incidentally of my fatuous self."

Mrs. Innis turned her back to his.

"The water from those violet stems," she said to Mr. Fairfax, serenely examining her amber-coloured train, "has spotted my dress."

Hers.

BOTH her father and mother were city born and bred. After their marriage they had lived in small hotels and boarding houses until Madeline began to be charged full rates; then they tried housekeeping in an ugly cramped little place on Mason street. By going further away from the shops and theatres a better house could have been got for less money, but Mrs. Walker was insistent in her talk of the car-fare saved by a down-town home and her husband spoke vaguely of being "near the office." So, down town they lived in the thick of the city's worst air and clamor, where it cost nothing to join the five o'clock parade and where Mr. Walker, by turning the corner, could watch the Tivoli empty itself every night if he chose—and he generally did choose.

Madeline went to the convent near by or stayed at home according to her

father's good or bad luck in his swell ventures. Sometimes for months at a time she would do nothing but read novels (those tucked behind the parental bed) and wander about the streets alone or with some young girl friend. Mrs. Walker asked few questions so long as the child kept her dresses clean, used "dear" and "please" freely and did not beg for money. Madeline knew very few boys—though she looked wistfully at all of them, and had never been to a child's party in her life.

She was fourteen—a pretty, modish, young creature, when she discovered Chinatown. Of course she had often swept through it on the cable cars, but it cannot be said that one has really discovered Chinatown until he has felt its barbaric mysteries and heard its elusive, ominous spirit calling, calling—a spirit which at once allures and repels.

To have felt it to the full you must have wandered through its dark alleys by night letting your soul stray aloft among its crumbling balconies where strange, half-lit forms crouch and move among the softly glowing lanterns and confused gutteral sounds float down to you, with somewhere in the distance the hard-clipped sob of the tom tom. Your spirit must have hurried along with its dark figures (guessing and dreaming their primative dreams,) which, rising suddenly, flit by you afar down the dim street and are swallowed by some gray doorway or sink into the ground and disappear.

Madeline had grown bold enough to cross the old plaza and stand gazing into the dusky shops beyond when she saw the hand.

The man's body was in shadow and half hidden by a small embroidered screen which made a glittering background for the window's show. She could see nothing distinctly but a hand and an arm bare to the elbow, where slender, copper-colored fingers caught up the broad silken sleeves and kept them free of the tiny vases and ivory goblins with which the window shelf was strewn. The hand was within an inch of a sky-blue vase when it arrested her eyes. The next instant the steady taper fingers gripped about the mouth of the heavy jar and lifted it out of sight. The ease with which that small, dark hand had tipped the base of its heavy burden in mid-air and guided it out of the labyrinth, its quiet, unexpected strength fascinated her.

She stood still, gazing with unseeing eyes at the spot where the vase had stood—her mind a mere photograph of the copper-colored hand with its slim, round, steady fingers. She saw the slow swell of the muscle on the under side of the wrist, as the jar was lifted, and the long, curved, almond-shaped nails, which had flushed a deep purplish red as they were pressed against the vivid blue. How supple and gracefully strong the whole movement was. There was something cruel about the hand—(it was not called cruel in her nebulous little brain)—which attracted her, for shallow, sensual women are often attracted by a suggestion of brutality. It had a sleek, tigerish look that she admired but did not analyze.

The next time she crossed the plaza, a girl older than herself was with her, a girl who shivered at the leering, inquisitive eyes which glided by them. They entered the shop of the blue vase and the beautiful, remorseless hand. It was very quiet there; presently a soft step sounded in the dark, far end, and a suave voice said in very fair English:

"Someting I can show you, ladies?"

Madeline's eyes followed his easy, light movements as he placed several bits of satsuma on the long glass case with his smooth dextrous hands. She had recognized them instantly and realized that they were in entire harmony with the rest of his very symmetrical body. She had, heretofore seen none but the peasant class of Chinese and looked in surprise at his brilliant, dark eyes, his arrogant mouth and the stern line of his high nose.

White or yellow, the transmission of admiration is electrical. A little look of comprehension, satisfaction and contempt crept into the Chinaman's eyes. Madeline's heavy lids drooped until her long flaxen lashes swept her pale cheek and she let her arm brush his as she pointed to the cup she wished.

O'MALLY PRESSED HIS HELMET AGAINST THE WINDOW PANES.

Again and yet again she returned to this store, each time accompanied by a different girl who generally bought some trifle. One day the man offered each child a silk handkerchief, "a lill lememblance," he said, smiling. Madeline's was the more expensive. Violet, too, like her eyes, embroidered in the pale gold of her hair and in the pinkish white of her oval cheeks; held aloft by one corner so high as it could be raised by her slim, young arms, it still swept the floor. She instinctively hid it from her mother and father and said nothing of these excursions into the unknown.

At last the hour came when she approached the plaza alone. O'Mally, the policeman, who, most of the time, kept a sleepy eye upon that part of the world, saw her halt in the middle of the diagonal walk and falter.

This was long ago. The same worn, brooding old oaks still raise their dusty leaves to the sky and struggle against the blustering afternoon winds, but the Stevenson monument with its brave, sober words, now stands on the spot where her little feet paused irresolute, and then went on to the gloomy, silent shop. Her slender figure in its long blue coat had become familiar to O'Mally. As she closed the creaking door he pressed his helmet against the dusty window-panes for an instant, and then continued his walk reluctantly.

"You lunderstan Chinese Joss," asked the Mongolian after a long and unfruitful search for a style of vase which both he and Madeline knew could never be found in a Chinese bazar. Madeline neither understood nor "savvied." So the attributes and duties of a joss were explained with oriental floridity; likewise the especial excellence of joss sticks burnt under his nose. This, it was argued, must be seen to be appreciated. They were standing at the dim far end of the long, narrow bazar. The Chinaman's eyes were shiny and gluttonish. From the high shelves distorted faces leered, sneering, diabolical. In the black corners where uncouth bronze monsters lurked, as if waiting for prey, vague mutterings rose; the wind wailed at the street door.

FROM THE HIGH SHELVES FACES LEERED.

"Come, I show you joss, velly fine joss," said the Chinaman stepping into a recess where the gloomiest shadows hovered and opening a small door.

Across the entrance a dark curtain hung, reserved, non-committal, telling nothing of the dank pit yawning behind. The girl took one short step forward and then stopped, sudden horror protruding her eyes and whitening her thick lips. She turned and would have rushed madly towards light and human touch, but the thing beside her clutched her with a grip like steel and thrust something knotted against her parted lips. It seemed some other poor flaccid creature who struggled weakly, saw the man's savage face close to her own and felt his breath. Some other poor creature, whose heart as the door opened, stood still and then leaped high at the sound of blessed English words.

As a heavy step advanced down the room the Chinaman released her and moved forward to meet it, hiding the gag in his blouse as he went. The girl leaned against the wall, limp and nerveless, in her wrists that intense languor and weakness which we sometimes feel when drowsily stirring after deep sleep on a sultry afternoon.

The white man and the yellow met in the middle of the room.

The yellow man lifted a pale impassive mask to the Irishman's red aggressive face. "How your lil boy likee the fire clackers I sent for him?" asked the mask, smiling superficially.

The policeman hesitated: "They were all right," he replied. "Where's that girl gone?"

"Here" Madeline tried to shout, but the word was almost inaudible. "She look see big gong," interrupted the Chinaman hurriedly as he edged towards the street door. "She heep likee big gong."

O'Malley peered into the recess. Above her dark cloak the girl's chalky face stood out in the gloom like a severed head hung against an ebony wall.

"Are you all right?" he asked.

She nodded.

As O'Malley moved closer to her the open door caught his eye. He drew the curtain back, then taking her hand he gently led her towards the aperature. Steps so steep as to be little more than a ladder plunged down far out of sight. They smelled of evil, were rank with filth and putridity.

"You see?" he said, looking deep into her eyes.

Madeline shuddered and clung to his arm. He picked up her little dirty white gloves and led her to the street.

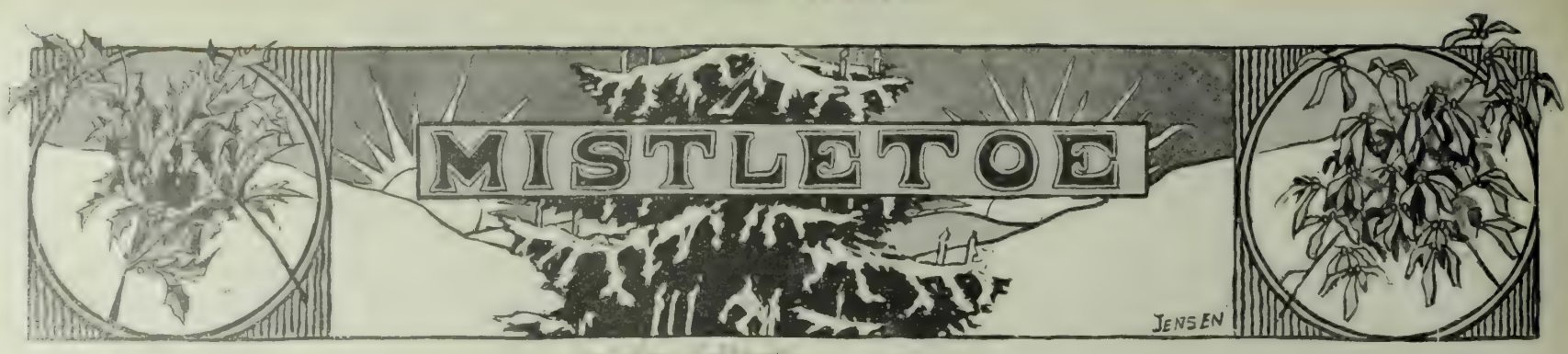
"Clear out, my child," he said with winning gravity and tenderness; "go home to your ma."

HELEN BORDEN.

THERE are not over thirty men left in the big dormitory for the holidays. These, like myself, are wanderers on the face of the earth, with no homes in reach of vacation trains, or are "perpetual brokes" at the end of their allowances. We have fed high this day. In the morning, division, on the communist plan, of the three or four Christmas boxes which came our way; in the afternoon a Christmas dinner, eaten with a great appearance of jollity, covering much real "sourbawl." Now, we are in the throes of a stag dance. A huge tackle, in a 'varsity sweater, is leading off the first set of a Virginia reel to the accompaniment of two mandolins, a guitar, and an abused piano. The despised Freshmen, in a small set of their own, are dancing in a subdued fashion in a lower corner. Not so with the head set. It is a football game put to music with them. At "All around and London bridge," the two lines rush down the hall in lock-step and smash into one another in a glorious tangle of legs and arms. They straighten out somehow and go on without a stop, the "gents"—in sweaters—on one side, the "laydies"—with handkerchiefs around their arms by way of distinction—on the other. "Head lady and foot gent forward *and* ba-ack!" The big tackle charges down the floor and picks the head lady off his feet, whirls him around twice and hurls him back into place. Thirty lusty sets of lungs howl in chorus; thirty pairs of hands pat in unison. Even the despised Freshmen dare to join the chorus in shrill, treble voices. This fact is not lost on the head set. The cue is passed along the line. "Head couple lead off and around!" The two lines, instead of passing under London Bridge, rush together in a flying wedge, and smash into the Freshmen. The infants rally and come back at them with a will, and the whole mass comes down on the floor in a bunch. They straighten themselves out with much laughter and pretended wrath. The musicians, deeming that the occasion has reached its height, break into a waltz, and the "gents" in sweaters whirl their rumpled "ladies" to seats.

The big tackle stands on the piano-stool and pounds for silence.

"Dearly beloved brethren," he says, "I am requested to announce that two Freshmen have just come down the line with something that was missing in the Christmas boxes. The thirsting-bee will open at once in my bou oir. There is a bunch of genuine California mistletoe on my gas fixture. If any lady here present wants to get his face spoiled, he can try it on me."



New York, 1878.

I.

A SMALL farm-house in the Genesee Valley, with the snow rushing and beating about the eaves and banked up to the windows without. Every pane streams with light, and a composite sound of talk, music and laughter bids fair to tear apart the walls. Inside, there is a Christmas-tree by the door, and the rag-carpet, lineal descendant in make and pattern of the one the first mistress of the house wove out of homespun in the days when Madison was president, is trodden under the feet of four generations. The tables in the big living-room have been cleared away and the three younger generations are essaying a dance. I, who am five years old and in the last link of the line, am above all such foolishness. My attention is divided between the new jumping-jack in my hands and the Christmas-tree in the corner; it is a long time to wait until they finish their noise and get to the really important part of the program.

Over the door that leads into the hall hangs a heavy spray of green boughs. The elders are having much to-do over this, running and dodging back and forth, and making a most disgusting exhibition of themselves, whenever a man grown-up catches a girl grown-up coming through. Presently, I find myself in front of the threshold with Cousin Grace just in front of me. She appears to be waiting for something; the awful truth dawns upon me. She is there for the purpose of being kissed! It is to be forgiven in her, perhaps, for she is only four and a girl, but my wrath is terrible against those grown-ups who are abetting her in her stand, and who form a laughing circle around me in order to push me on to my disgrace. There is no escaping. I close my eyes; the deed is done.

"It will come easier to him after a while," says an uncle who has been my chief persecutor.

Impossible! I weep at the disgrace that has come upon me, and will not be comforted until they grant me, by special favor, a private view of my exhibit on the Christmas-tree.

II.

Rifle Creek, 1892.

SNOW again, and more of it. It lies drifted twenty feet high in the gulches; it is blown in hummocks along the roads; it hides fences, barns, watercourses. The spare cotton-woods which line the creek are bearded with icicles, shining in the moonlight, and are banked, on the windward side, to half their scrubbed height. They have cleared out a space in the yard before the ranch-house, and here the overflow of horses from the crowded barns stand haltered and blanketed, heads toward the center, tails to the wind. Now and then, an obstreperous broncho, his slight temper spoiled by the weather, raises a disturbance with his neighbor, and the whole press joins in for the joy of moving to keep warm. A cowboy shuffles out of the house, when the noise of these combats becomes unbearable, and beats the agitators into order. Some of these hairy little savages have carried their masters and mistresses thirty miles of magnificent distance to this crowning festivity of the social season on Rifle Creek—the Christmas dance on the P. L. ranch.

The same functionary who disciplines the horses must keep order within. He is called by courtesy "floor manager," but his duty is more like that of a "bouncer." Being deputy sheriff of the district, he has a legal right to preserve order and to determine when any of the dancing men of Rifle Creek have had enough out of the flasks which are continually circulating in the dark corners. He judges the matter with nice discrimination and administers the remedy impartially.

If it is a "jolly drunk" he leads him out with fair words; if the culprit is disposed to argue the case, he lures him to a secluded spot apart from the refining influence of the ladies, where two assistants tie up the offender with a riata and bear him to the room upstairs reserved for just such cases. Considering the amount of whisky contained in the male portion of the assemblage, the appearance of respectability is remarkable. Now and then, the high priest of order makes a mistake on a case of rapid development, and there is a small disturbance, but the fiddles never pause and the dancers whirl on without a stop. Noticing the failings of one's fellow-beings is bad form in Rifle Creek society.

CHINESE NEW YEAR—BY ARNOLD GENTHE

The hands of the clock are on the stroke of twelve, and the dancers are just sinking to exhaustion from the chase of "Old Dan Tucker," when the floor manager holds up his hand for silence and stands forth at the head of the hall resplendent in his gorgeous tie and massive watch-chain. He carries a heavy mass of green boughs, which he waves in air to command attention. Then, with an impressive flourish, he hangs it up above the door.

"Having no mistletoe, ladies and gents," he says, "Bein' that it don't grow in these heathen parts, I've got a substitute here that ought to do in observin' the season. Step up, ladies, who'll be the first—ah, there!" A ruddy belle has come too close—unintentionally of course—and receives the honor of the first embrace from no other than the master of ceremonies.

Presently, I wander in that direction myself. The daughter of Jim Sterritt of the Bar Z outfit lingers at the threshold for just a moment on her way through the door. Just a moment—but it is enough. The despised uncle of long ago was right. It *has* come easier. And I wonder, as my plainswoman breaks loose with much show of modest shame, who is doing a like service,

Continued on page 16.

Portrait of a Lady—by Arnold Genthe.

The American Campaign in the Philippines.

THE Philippine revolt has passed into history. A great body of federal volunteers is chasing a few scattered bands of natives over the jungles of Luzon from the sea to the mountains. The insurgent leader is stringing himself through forty unpronounceable provinces, dropping a manifesto at every jump. In this one short year, we have added more of the picturesque to our national history than in any previous quarter century; for this, we have to thank our slippery friend, the good Senor Aguinaldo.

In spite of the sensational features of this new and lively foreign war, there has been a strange dearth of readable material in the great mass of correspondence which has come back to us from the hundred-and-odd thousand Americans who participated in the invasion. It is passing strange that among them no one has possessed the seeing eye and the speaking voice which would enable him to give us an account worthy to be called literature. Here is an island of fairy beauty, peopled by races with an unexploited history, rich in the romance of the bloody three hundred years of Spanish occupation. And there, in the past twelve-month, has been fought a war unique in history. Yet our newspaper men and camp-followers write back simply descriptions of military maneouvres or, at the most, chatty and fragmentary accounts of native life. The nearest attempt at literary portrayal is an army story from the pen of General (erstwhile Captain) Charles King, and this is simply one of the old lot put on with Philippine scenery. The color, the sense of national life, which Lafacadio Hearn gives to his descriptions of strange places and savage peoples, the lively and vivid portrayal of events in which Richard Harding Davis excels, the art, of which Steven Crane is the master, of bringing close and near the horror and hardship of war as it really is—all these are lacking in any account we have. Perhaps among the columns now toiling painfully through the mountains, there is someone who will do for the American army what Kipling has done for the British Tommy Atkins in India. If there is, he has made no sign.

Meanwhile, we have been obliged to fall back, for our conception of the islands, the island people and the campaign, on that accuracy which is not art—photography. This has been a war of cameras. It seems to one connected with an illustrated paper as though as many cameras as rifles were carried by the old State volunteers. Of course, most of the views obtained by these amateurs are worthless. It takes an expert to make and develop even passably fair photographs. Some of the best of the negatives from the thousands which have come into the office of the *Wave* during the past year, are presented in this issue.

The view of the "Bridge of Spain in Gala Attire," and of "Spanish Soldiers at Mass" ought to be run in series, because they are connected by a story which throws light on Spanish methods. The bridge, built to resist hurricanes and earthquakes, spans the Pasig River and is successor to a bridge put out of commission by an earthquake in 1863. It was twelve years building, being opened for traffic in 1875. Meanwhile, a suspension bridge did service. This was closed when the new structure was finished. A few years ago, the regular bridge was proved to be insufficient to the great volume of traffic which passes between the two quarters of the city. It was proposed to reopen the suspension bridge, but the authorities were uncertain about its safety. To test it, an engineer proposed that two regiments of soldiers be marched over in step daily for a month. If the bridge stood the strain, this genius deemed that the king's property might be risked on it. The plan was carried out, and the bridge survived the test. In spite of these hazy views on the lives and rtghts of private soldiers, the Castilian commanders had mass said daily in each regiment. The Spanish mind seems to be worked on the principle of the Irishman's who drowned the new convert so that he might "die in the faith, begob!"

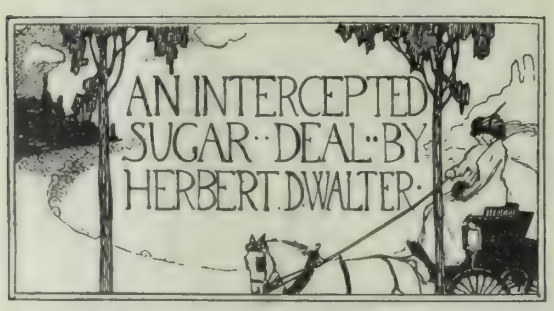
The picture, "The Red Cross Corps at Work," is rendered valuable owing to the fact that there is a prejudice throughout the army against permitting photographs to be taken of our own dead and wounded. Almost all such views were made surreptitiously. This feeling rests on a logical basis, officers and men alike realizing that the publication of these horrors is not only undelicate but bad in its effect upon the people of the United States, and that it gives ammunition to the "Antis."

The burden-bearers of the Philippines are also shown as among most primitive peoples; the women of the islands carry their loads, when not too heavy, on the head. This custom has given them the same free, erect carriage that marks the women of Egypt. Even the oldest crones are rarely stooped. They need this charm, for, to an Anglo-Saxon eye, the full-blood Filipina is no beauty. As among the Latin peoples of Europe, the morning gathering at the public fountains of Luzon takes the place of sewing-circles and five o'clock teas in our effete civilization. No true Filipino is ever in a hurry, and the fetching of water by women power in Luzon is calculated at the rate of one one half-gallon an hour per hundred pounds of woman. This rate, however, is rapid beside the gait of a true and genuine water-buffalo, which is the most leisurely member of the brute creation. He has many virtues to make up for this defect. He is docile, intelligent and affectionate beyond all other members of the bovine family. The characteristic water-buffalo is a family pet, the support of the parents and the plaything of the children.

The view of a street in Tando shows a fair sample of the native. Except for the business district and the foreign section, which ocupies less proportionate space in Manila than the Chinese district in San Francisco, the whole city is made up of just such dwellings. Whatever else has been said of the Filipinos, no one has slandered their family life. They love their children devotedly, keep the marriage tie sacred, and have that virtue set next to godliness in a degree surprising for a people of their primitive habits.

There has been a great deal of "faking" about war photography. Firing-line pictures are looked upon with grave suspicion by newspaper people, who have learned that most of these views were posed to order far out of shooting distance of the native army. So, too, the captions on war photographs are generally adjusted to suit the tastes of the readers. An amusing example was shown in a San Francisco newspaper at the time the California Volunteers came back. The paper in question printed a half-tone purporting to show "the Californians Fighting at Caloocan." It happened, however, that the squad shown in the view was armed with Krag-Jorgensen rifles—carried, at that time, by regulars only.

The view on page 8, represents genuine intrenchments, and genuine California Volunteers, although the writer is not willing to guarantee that the poses of the soldiers is entirely unconscious. The shutter was snapped on this group at San Pedro Macati early in February, and while the Californians were holding that town after the big fight of February 5th and 6th.



Mr. James Jethro, broker, smiled to himself with the air of a man triumphant over his foes as he carefully closed his office door and stepped into the elevator. This was the more remarkable since Mr. Jethro, being the practical joker of the Stock Exchange, kept to the traditions of the funny man and smiled seldom or never. Did the nervous Bayard or the Teutonic St. Bull say "69" on 'change when he meant "79," Jethro would rasp out the mystic "Takum" with a suddenness which would cause the victim to jump; the rest of the board would grin visibly as Jethro forced the unfortunate to rectify the quotation and apologize, but the joker would grant pardon with the gravity of a Chesterfield and depart with the air of a man who is concerned about his soul. This seriousness of demeanor sat him well enough in a business way; his "front" had carried him through many an emergency. Those who had been through the Lightning Consolidation excitement or the big panic of ninety-blank knew that Jimmy Jethro kept his wits about him just as well in the board-room in the flurry of a wild meeting, as he did in his little, low-wheeled piano-box in a driving finish on the speed-track behind Our Bob, his pacer, the swiftest bit of horseflesh between the Ferry-slip and the Cliff House.

His short walk down the street was a pleasant one. He had them in his grasp. Jacob Filman and the Aloha Plantation had to come to his terms. Not that he had anything especial against Filman or his company, except that they had been disposed to despise him as young and light-minded, which gave a flavor to the sweetness of victory. He had done it all by one daring, perilous stroke. They had forgotten—Filman and Company, when they organized the Aloha Plantation Company to buck against the splendid return she had made with the Panaama Plantation Company—that both properties depended on irrigation and that both derived the supply for their ditches from the reservoir of the Manoa Water Company. Forgotten? Well, if they had not, had they perhaps seen fit to look upon the suggestion that young Jethro would aim so high as to aspire to its control as absurd. But he had aimed and he had hit it; the control of the Water Company was in his hands. Now, he was going to make Filman squirm.

As Jethro stood grinning at the door marked "Jacob Filman, Private," the head of the firm himself appeared on the threshold. "Oh! It's you, Jethro! Come in," said he.

Jethro accepted this invitation, and, as he entered, a lady arose from one of the large, leather-covered arm-chairs peculiar to business offices.

"Allow me to introduce my daughter, Helen——, Mr. Jethro," said Filman.

"Charmed," said Jethro, much in the same tone that he would have said "twenty at forty-seven and one-eighth," for his mind was over on the Aloha plantation and he was wondering how low he could force its stock.

But Helen Filman held out her hand, compelling Jethro to look at her and as he did so he promptly forgot all about sugar plantations and stocks.

To begin with, there were the eyes, great, wonderful, brown eyes of the same deep tone as the hair; then there were delicate features, not one of which matched the other particularly; a small, well-poised head and a slight figure in a black tailor-made suit. A voice sweeter than a dividend announcement said something or other and Jethro's stock had dropped twenty points in his own mental market.

Filman was closing his desk. "Can't talk business to you now, Jimmy. Going to take my daughter to lunch at the Ladies' Grill. She wants to go to the Doll Show. Tell you what, join us and we two can talk things over afterward."

Basely did Jethro yield to temptation, and from that moment his hope of triumph was gone, and, what was more, he knew it. Howe ver, his appetite did not seem to suffer, for he ate a very healthy lunch, and relinquished Miss Filman to the charms of the Doll Show after having received an invitation to call.

On the way back to Filman's office Jethro spoke of several minor deals. Of the sugar stock, there was never a word. He knew that he could practically wreck the Aloha Plantation Company, but there seemed to be no pleasure in that now. Somehow, he could not consider Filman and Company, or even the Aloha Plantation without thinking of a slim little figure in a black tailor-made. So the announcement of his victory to the vanquished was postponed indefinitely; there was no necessity for informing any one how matters stood until the annual meeting of the Panaama Plantation Company early in January.

In the meantime Jethro had "taken a flyer" in orchids eivdently on a "light market," but he had gotten beyond the figuring stage. He wanted to express his thanks for the luncheon at the Ladies' Grill and orchids were about the only permissible thing—at least, so he persuaded himsel .

Then he called, and then he remembered that as a member of the Harmony Club it was his duty to go to the ball which was about to come off, also it occurred to him that he had been neglecting his social duties, and Jethro once more became a caller, a diner-out and a dancing man, all of which capacities he had concluded he had outgrown some two years past.

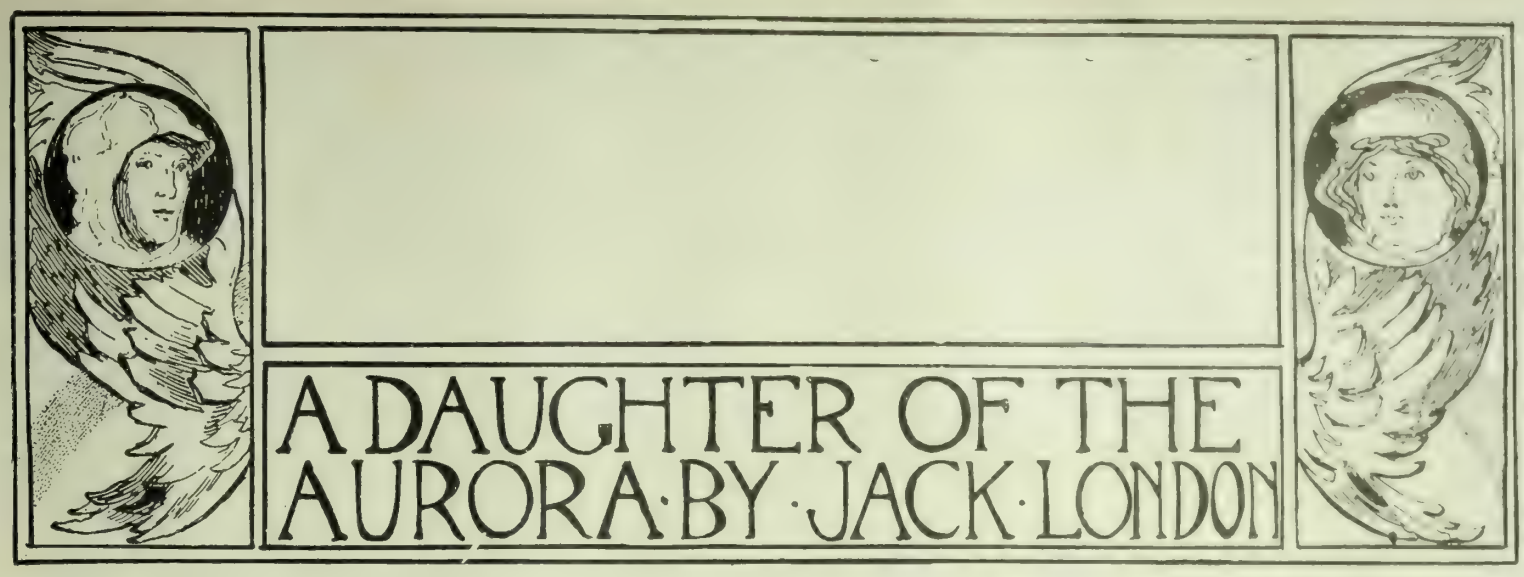
This sort of thing continued until well along in December some three months after that memorable encounter with Miss Filman. It happened that one evening at a dance he accidentally overheard a conversation between two of that peculiarly youthful class who prove that out of the mouth of babes shall come even the wisdom of society.

He had not regarded Helen Filman in the light of a very pretty girl, she merely happened to strike his fancy and he had somehow conceived the idea that he was alone in his infatuation. With the judgment of experience, he saw that it was time to bid.

Continued on Page 22,

THE AMERICAN FLAG ON THE PARAPET, FORT ANTONIO

TRENCH ON THE ROAD BETWEEN GUADELOUPE AND SAN PEDRO MACATI



A DAUGHTER OF THE AURORA·BY·JACK·LONDON

"YOU—what you call—lazy mans, you lazy mans would desire me to haf for wife. It is not good. Nevaire, no nevaire, will lazy mans my hoosband be."

Thus Joy Molineau spoke her mind to Jack Harrington, even as she had spoken it, but more tritely and in his own tongue, to Louis Savoy the previous night.

"Listen, Joy ——"

"No, no; why moos' I listen to lazy mans? It is vaire bad, you hang rount, make visitation to my cabin, and do nothing. How you get grub for famille? Why haf not you the dust? Odder mans haf plentee."

"But I work hard, Joy. Never a day am I not on trail or up creek. Even now have I just come off. My dogs are yet tired. Other men have luck and find plenty of gold; but I — I have no luck."

"Ah! But when this mans with the wife which is Indian, this mans McCormack, when him discovaire the Klondike, you go not. Odder mans go; odder mans now rich."

"You know I was prospecting over on the head-reaches of the Tanana," Harrington protested, "and knew nothing of Eldorado or Bonanza until it was too late."

"That is deeferent; only you are — what you call way off."

"What?"

"Way off. In the — yes — in the dark. It is nevaire too late. One vaire rich mine is there, on the creek which is Eldorado. The mans drive the stake and him go 'way. No odder mans know what of him become. The mans, him which drive the stake, is nevaire no more. Sixty days no mans on that claim file the papaire. Then odder mans, plentee odder mans — what you call — jump that claim. Then they race, O so queek, like the wind, to file the papaire. The — what you call — the winnaire, the first mans, him file the papaire. Him be vaire rich. Him get grub for famille."

Harrington hid the major portion of his interest.

"When's the time up?" he asked. "What claim is it?"

"So I speak Louis Savoy last night," she continued, ignoring him. "Him I think the winnaire."

"Hang Louis Savoy!"

"So Louis Savoy speak in my cabin last night. Him say, 'Joy, I am strong mans. I haf good dogs. I haf long wind. I will be winnaire. Then you will haf me for hoosband?' And I say to him, I say ——"

"What 'd you say?"

"I say, If Louis Savoy is winnaire, then will he haf me for wife.'"

"And if he don't win?"

"Then Louis Savoy, him will not be — what you call — the father of my children."

"And if I win?"

"You winnaire? Ha! ha! Nevaire!"

Exasperating as it was, Joy Molineau's laughter was pretty to hear. Harrington did not mind it. He had long since been broken in. Besides, he was no exception. She had forced all her lovers to suffer in kind. And very enticing she was, just then, her lips parted, her color heightened by the sharp kiss of the frost, her eyes vibrant with the lure which is the greatest of all lures and which may be seen nowhere save in woman's eyes. Her sled-dogs clustered about her in hirsute masses, and the leader, Wolf Fang, laid his long snout softly in her iap.

"If I do win?" Harrington pressed.

She looked from dog to lover and back again.

"What you say, Wolf Fang? If him strong mans and file the papaire, shall we his wife become? Eh? What you say?"

Wolf Fang pricked up his ears and growled at Harrington.

"It is vaire cold," she suddenly added with feminine irrelevance, rising to her feet and straightening out the team.

Her lover looked on stolidly. She had kept him guessing from the first time they met, and patience had been joined unto his virtues.

"Hi! Wolf Fang!" she cried, springing upon the sled as it leaped into sudden motion. "Ai! Ya! Mush-on!"

From the corner of his eye Harrington watched her swinging down the trail to Forty Mile. Where the road forked and crossed the river to Fort Cudahy, she halted the dogs and turned about.

"O Mistaire Lazy Mans!" she called back. "Wolf Fang him say yes — if you winnaire!"

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But somehow, as such things will, it leaked out, and all Forty Mile, which had hitherto speculated on Joy Molineau's choice between her two latest lovers, now hazarded bets and guesses as to which would win in the forthcoming race. The camp divided itself into two factions, and every effort was put forth in order that their respective favorites might be the first in at the finish. There was a scramble for the best dogs the country could afford, for dogs, and good ones, were essential above all to success. And it meant much to the victor. Besides the possession of a wife, the like of which had yet to be created, it stood for a mine worth a million at least.

That fall, when news came down of McCormack's discovery on Bonanza, all the Lower Country, Circle City and Forty Mile included, had stampeded up the Yukon — at least all save those who, like Jack Harrington and Louis Savoy, were away prospecting in the west. Moose pastures and creeks were staked indiscriminately and promiscuously, and incidentally, one of the unlikeliest of creeks, Eldorado. Olaf Nelson laid claim to five hundred of its feet (linear, not square), duly posted his notices, and as duly disappeared. At that time the nearest recording office was in the police barracks at Fort Cudahy, just across the river from Forty Mile; but when it became bruited abroad that Eldorado Creek was a treasure house, it was quickly discovered that Olaf Nelson had failed to make the down-Yukon trip to file upon his property. Men cast hungry eyes upon the ownerless claim, where they knew a thousand thousand dollars waited but shovel and sluice box. Yet they dared not touch it; for there was a law which permitted sixty days to lapse between the staking and the filing, during which time a claim was immune. The whole country knew of Olaf Nelson's disappearance, and scores of men made preparation for the jumping of it and for the consequent race to Fort Cudahy.

But competition at Forty Mile was limited. With the camp devoting its energies to the equipping either of Jack Harrington or Louis Savoy, no man was unwise enough to enter the contest single-handed. It was a stretch of a hundred miles to the Recorder's office, and it was planned that the two favorites should have four relays of dogs stationed along the trail. Naturally, the last relay was to be the crucial one, and for these twenty-five miles their respective partisans strove to obtain the strongest possible animals. So bitter did the factions wax, and so high did they bid, that dogs brought stiffer prices than ever before in the annals of the country. And, as it chanced, this scramble for dogs turned the public eye still more searchingly upon Joy Molineau. Not only was she the cause of it all, but she possessed the finest sled-dog from Chilkoot to Bering Sea. As wheel or leader, Wolf Fang had no equal. The man whose sled he led down the last stretch was bound to win. There could be no doubt of it. But the community had an innate sense of the fitness of things, and not once was Joy vexed by overtures for his use. And the factions drew consolation from the fact that if one man did not profit by him, neither should the other.

However, since man, in the individual or in the aggregate, has been so fashioned that he goes through life blissfully obtuse to the deeper subtleties of his womenkind, so the men of Forty Mile failed utterly to divine the inner deviltry of Joy Molineau. They confessed, afterward, that they had failed to appreciate this dark-eyed daughter of the aurora, whose father had traded furs in the country before ever they dreamed of invading it, and who had herself first opened eyes on the scintillant northern lights. Nay, accident of birth had not rendered her less the woman, nor had it limited her woman's understanding of men. They knew she played with them, but they did not know the wisdom of her play, its deepness and its deftness. They failed to see more than the exposed card, so that to the very last Forty Mile was in a state of pleasant obfuscation, and it was not until she cast her final trump that it came to reckon up the score.

Early in the week the camp turned out to start Jack Harrington and Louis Savoy on their way. They had taken a shrewd margin of time, for it was their wish to arrive at Olaf Nelson's claim some days previous to the expiration of its immunity, that they might rest themselves, and their dogs be fresh for the first relay. On the way up they found the men of Dawson already stationing spare dog teams along the trail, and it was manifest that little expense had been spared in view of the millions at stake.

A couple of days after the departure of their champions, Forty Mile began sending up their relays — first to the seventy-five mile station, then to the fifty, and last to the twenty-five. The teams for the last stretch were magnificent, and so equally matched that the camp discussed their relative merits for a full hour at fifty below, before they were permitted to pull out. At the last moment Joy Molineau dashed in among them on her sled. She drew Lon McFane, who had charge of Harrington's team, to one side, and hardly had the first words left her lips when it was noticed that his lower jaw dropped with a celerity and emphasis suggestive of great things. He unhitched Wolf Fang from her sled, put him at the head of Harrington's team, and mushed the string of animals into the Yukon trail.

"Poor Louis Savoy!" men said; but Joy Molineau flashed her black eyes defiantly and drove back to her father's cabin.

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Midnight drew near on Olaf Nelson's claim. A few hundred fur-clad men had preferred sixty below and the jumping, to the inducements of warm cabins and comfortable bunks. Several score of them had their notices prepared for posting and their dogs at hand. A bunch of Captain Constantine's mounted police had been ordered on duty that fair play might rule. The command had gone forth that no man should place a stake till the last second of the day had ticked itself into the past. In the Northland such commands are equal to

Jehovah's in the matter of potency; the dum-dum as rapid and effective as the thunderbolt. It was clear and cold. The aurora borealis painted palpitating color revels on the sky. Rosy waves of cold brilliancy swept across the zenith, while great coruscating bars of greenish white blotted out the stars, or a Titan's hand reared mighty arches above the Pole. And at this display the wolf-dogs howled as had their ancestors of old time.

A bearskin-coated policeman stepped prominently to the fore, watch in hand. Men hurried among the dogs, rousing them to their feet, untangling their traces, straightening them out. The entries came to the mark, firmly gripping stakes and notices. They had gone over the boundaries of the claim so often that they could now have done it blindfolded. The policeman raised his hand. Casting off their superfluous furs and blankets, and with a final cinching of belts, they came to attention.

"Time!"

Sixty pairs of hands unmittened; as many pairs of moccasins gripped hard upon the snow.

"Go!"

They shot across the white expanse, round the four sides, sticking notices at every corner, and down the middle where the two center stakes were to be planted. Then they sprang for the sleds on the frozen bed of the creek. An anarchy of sound and motion broke out. Sled collided with sled, and dog-team fastened upon dog-team with bristling manes and screaming fangs. The narrow creek was glutted with the struggling mass. Lashes and butts of dog whips were distributed impartially among men and brutes. And to make it of greater moment, each participant had a bunch of comrades intent on breaking him out of the jam. But one by one, and by sheer strenght, the sleds crept out and shot from sight in the darkness of the overhanging banks.

Jack Harrington had anticipated this crush and waited by his sled until it untangled. Louis Savoy, aware of his rival's greater wisdom in the matter of dog-driving, had followed his lead and waited. The rout had passed beyond ear-shot when they took the trail, and it was not till they had traveled the ten miles or so down to Bonanza that they came down upon it, speeding along in single file but well bunched. There was little noise and less chance of one passing another at that stage. The sleds, from runner to runner, measured sixteen inches, the trail eighteen; but the trail, packed down fully a foot by the traffic, was like a gutter. On either side spread the blanket of soft snow crystals. If a man turned into this in an endeavor to pass, his dogs would wallow perforce to their bellies and slow down to a snail's pace. So the men lay close to their leaping sleds and waited.

No alteration in position occurred down the fifteen miles of Bonanza and Klondike to Dawson, where the Yukon was encountered. Here the first relays waited. But here, intent to kill their first teams if necessary, Harrington and Savoy had had their fresh teams placed a couple of miles beyond those of the others. In the confusion of changing sleds they passed full half the bunch. Perhaps thirty men were still leading them when they shot onto the broad breast of the Yukon. Here was the tug. When the river froze in the fall, a mile of open water had been left between two mighty jams. This had but recently crusted, the current being swift, and now it was as level, hard and slippery as a dance floor. The instant they struck this glare-ice Harrington came to his knees, holding precariously on with one hand, his whip singing fiercely among his dogs and fearsome abjurations hurtling about their ears. The teams spread out on the smooth surface, each straining to the uttermost. But few men in the North could lift their dogs as did Jack Harrington. At once he began to pull ahead, and Louis Savoy, taking the pace, hung on desperately, his leaders running even with the tail of his rival's sled.

Midway on the glassy stretch their relays shot out from the bank. But Harrington did not slacken. Watching his chance when the new sled swung in close, he leaped across, shouting as he did so and jumping up the pace of his fresh dogs. The other driver fell off somehow. Savoy did likewise with his relay, and the abandoned teams, swerving to right and left, collided with the others and piled the ice with confusion. Harrington cut out the pace; Savoy hung on. As they neared the end of the glare ice, they swept abreast of the leading sled. When they shot into the narrow trail between the soft snow banks, they led the race; and Dawson, watching by the light of the aurora, swore that it was neatly done.

When the frost grows lusty at sixty below, men cannot long remain without fire or excessive exertion, and live. So Harrington and Savoy now fell to the ancient custom of ride and run. Leaping from their sleds, tow-thongs in hand, they ran behind till the blood resumed its wonted channels and expelled the frost, then back to the sleds till the heat again ebbed away. Thus, riding and running, they covered the second and third relays. Several times, on smooth ice, Savoy spurted his dogs, and as often failed to gain past. Strung along for five miles in the rear, the remainder of the race strove to overtake them, but vainly, for to Louis Savoy, alone, was the glory given of keeping Jack Harrington's killing pace.

As they swung into the seventy-five mile station and Lon McFane dashed alongside, Wolf Fang in the lead caught Harrington's eye and he knew that the race was his. No team in the North could pass him on those last twenty-five miles. And when Savoy saw Wolf Fang heading his rival's team he knew that he was out of the running, and he cursed softly, to himself, in the way woman is most frequently cursed. But he still clung to the other's smoking trail, gambling on chance to the last. And as they churned along with the day breaking in the southeast, they marveled in joy and sorrow at that which Joy Molineau had done.

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Forty Mile had early crawled out of its sleeping furs and congregated near the edge of the trail. From this point it could view the up-Yukon course to its first bend several miles away. Here it could also see across the river to the finish at Fort Cudahy, where the Gold Recorder nervously awaited. Joy Molineau had taken her position several rods back from the trail, and under the circumstances, the rest of Forty Mile forebore interposing itself. So the space was clear between her and the slender line of the course. Fires had been built, and around these, men wagered dust and dogs, the long odds on Wolf Fang.

"Here they come!" shrilled an Indian boy from the top of a pine.

Up the Yukon a black speck appeared against the snow, closely followed by a second. As these grew larger more black specks manifested themselves, but at a goodly distance to the rear. Gradually they resolved themselves into dogs, and sleds, and men lying flat upon them.

"Wolf Fang leads," a lieutenant of police whispered to Joy. She smiled her interest back.

"Ten to one on Harrington!" cried a Birch Creek King, dragging out his sack.

"The Queen, her pay you not mooch?" queried Joy.

The lieutenant shook his head.

"You have some dust, ah, how mooch?" she continued.

He exposed his sack. She gauged it with a rapid eye.

"Mebbe—say—two hundred, eh? Good. Now I give—what you call—the tip. Covaire the bet."

Joy smiled inscrutably. The lieutenant pondered. He glanced up the trail. The two men had risen to their knees and were lashing their dogs furiously, Harrington in the lead.

"Ten to one on Harrington!" bawled the Birch Creek King, flourishing his sack in the lieutenant's face.

"Covaire the bet," Joy prompted.

He obeyed, shrugging his shoulders in token that he yielded, not to the dictates of his reason, but to the charm of her beauty. Joy nodded to reassure him.

All noise ceased. Men paused in the placing of bets.

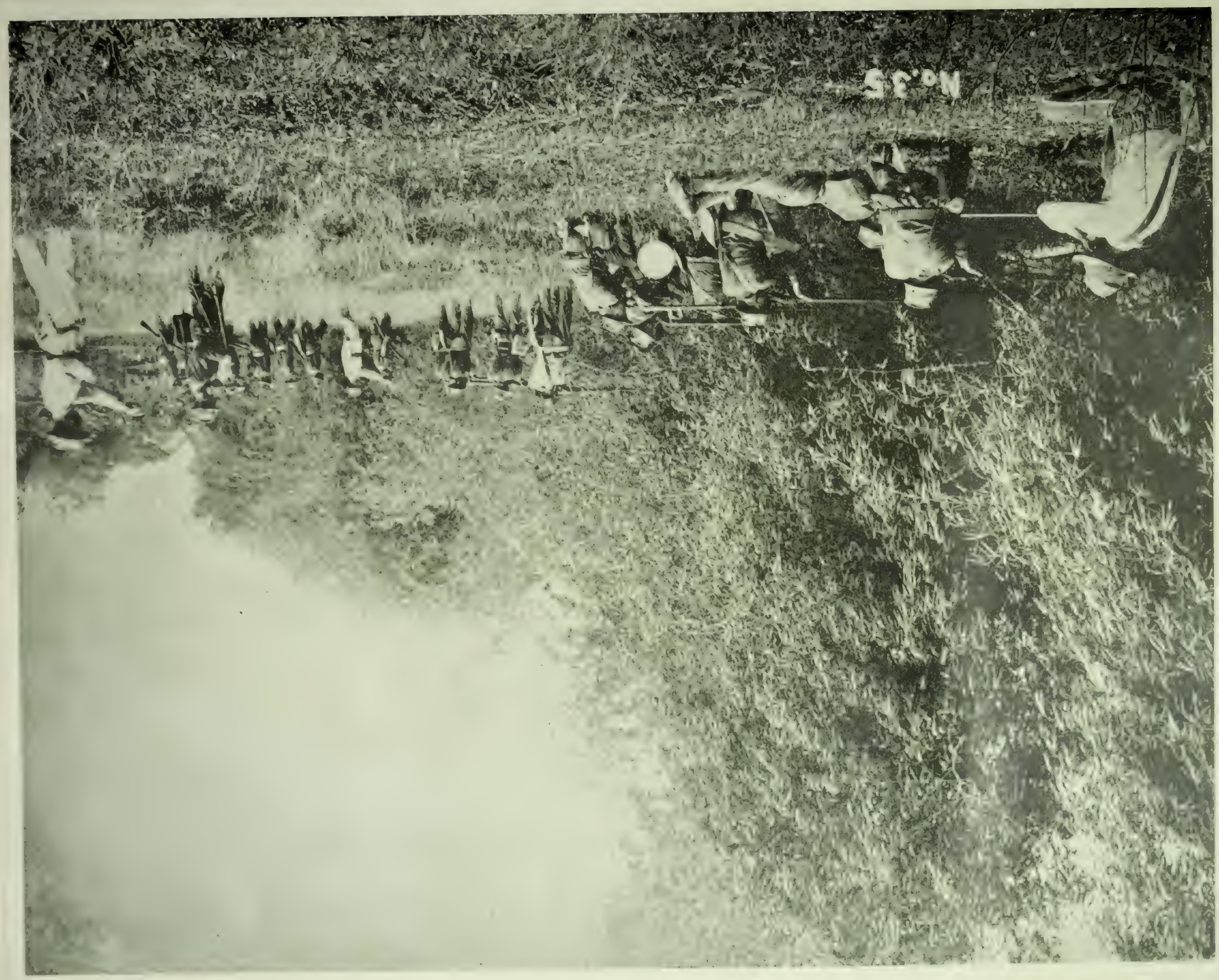
Yawing and reeling and plunging, like luggers before the wind, the sleds swept wildly upon them. Though he still kept his leader up to the tail of Harrington's sled, Louis Savoy's face was without hope. Harrington's mouth was set. He looked neither to the right nor to the left. His dogs were leaping in perfect rhythm, firm-footed, close to the trail, and Wolf Fang, head low and unseeing, whining softly, was leading his comrades magnificently.

Forty Mile stood breathless. Not a sound, save the roar of the runners and the voices of the whips.

Then the clear voice of Joy Molineau rose on the air. "Ai! Ya! Wolf Fang! Wolf Fang!"

Continued on Page 16.

A STUDY OF NANCE O'NEIL—BY ARNOLD GENTHE


No. 3

CARIBOU, THE BEAST OF BURDEN OF THE PHILIPPINES

FILIPINO WATER CARRIERS

A SPANISH REGIMENT AT PRAYER

"WHAT is the matter, Kit?" exclaimed Edith, pausing in her attempt at making a selection between two contrasting shades of poppy-colored silk. "You look as if you had been caught in a whirlwind, or a cloudburst, or had been bumping about in a London fog, and—are you trying to run a canal through the center of the sitting room with your umbrella?"

"Umbrella! Gracious heaven!" ejaculated Katharine, gazing at the large, ivory crook which she held in her hand as if it were a venomous reptile. "That's the last straw, I simply can't stand it! You said when I first came to Brooklyn that something would happen if I didn't mind, and I have tried to mind and—oh dear! I suppose I am disgraced forever."

"Never mind; don't cry. It won't do any good," said Edith with vehement originality. "Only try to compose yourself and tell me what it is so father can inform the police."

"As if the police could help it! It is cruel of you to suggest such a thing," retorted Katharine.

"I don't mean to be unkind, Kitty, you know I don't, but when one is robbed—"

"But I am not robbed. I spent my last cent on the ferry ticket, that's the point of the whole affair. If it hadn't been for that and the rain—"

"Never mind the ifs," said Edith, "we all know what a part they play in life. Let's have a statement of the actual grievances."

"Well, you see, it was all brought about on account of the rain," Katharine continued. "After I had finished my shopping over in the city, I embarked on the Wall street ferry with no suspicion of the deluge to be encountered across the river. On reaching Brooklyn, without a mutter of warning the rain came down in bucketfuls! torrents! I caught up my skirt, looked behind me to see if I had dropped any of my packages."

"That is where you made your mistake. One should never look backward in Greater New York."

"Oh, Edith, do you think that was it?"

"How can I be expected to know what it is? I am informed of the fact of the rain to the exclusion of everything else."

"Just when I was ready to give up in despair," Katharine went on, "I felt my overshoe coming off. I fairly gnashed my teeth in rage for I hadn't a hand left with which to put it on, when I heard a voice through the storm—my hair was blowing so I could only distinguish the protruding soles of shoes—saying, 'You seem to be having a series of difficulties, madam. Pray allow me the privilege of giving you shelter until you reach home. It is really dangerous for a lady to be exposed to such a storm without an umbrella!' 'Oh!' I gasped, 'I wouldn't—I really couldn't think of depriving you'—'It will not be a deprivation, I assure you; the umbrella is amply large enough for two, unless you prefer'—Of course, Edith, I wasn't going to let him suppose that I would be selfish enough to wish to appropriate the whole of it, so there was nothing else to do but just to accept the situation, though I made a slight protest by remarking that I didn't mind a little thing like a shower; had just stopped short of saying that about being neither sugar nor salt."

"Original thought in the midst of unique surroundings," murmured Edith.

"I explained to him I was a stranger in New York and that in small towns there always are places where one can go in and wait, or borrow an umbrella, and I had to tell him I had spent my last nickel on the ferry, else I would have taken the car, and then I described some of the wonderful gowns I had just been seeing—on an occasion of that kind one has to make talk, the very suggestion of a pause creates a panic—and when we reached home, I thanked him and explained that such a thing had never happened to me before, at which he laughed and said that he considered himself fortunate in being the one privileged to replace the slipper on Cinderella's foot. I have had worse compliments, though of course, he meant the overshoe. I couldn't resist telling him I had borrowed them from Alice, that was why they persisted in coming off. And then he rang the bell for me, and—here is the umbrella! It is a horrible mystery how I came to be possesed of it. Now, Edith, you simply must help me to decide what can be done about it. I'm sure I feel sufficiently disgraced, but all the repentance in the world won't restore the umbrella, and —oh! what must he think of me?"

"Well," began Edith judicially, "in reflecting upon such a situation as this, one must not fail to give due emphasis to the fact that an umbrella thief is, by reason of an inexplicable favor of the weather god, set aside upon a distinct plane, a kind of upper criminal ten, from thieves of other and more daring varieties. If, for instance, you had picked the man's pocket after he had done you such an insignificant favor as to save you from death by pneumonia," continued Edith reflectively, "the guilt of the action in the eyes of the law would be vastly magnified, while if his personal feelings were consulted he would no doubt have preferred parting with such small change as he happened to be possessed of, to an umbrella of this description, which cannot have cost less than—"

"Oh, Edith, don't! This is too dreadful," protested Katharine, "as if I meant to keep it!"

"I do not deny that your feelings are highly creditable my dear," Edith responded, "but for the moment we are not discussing the sentimental side of the subject. Practically the loss of an umbrella valued at—"

"But isn't there any way of returning it to him. Edith, try to help me," begged Katahrine. "I am sure you can think of something if you will only stop and try."

"Let me see," pondered Edith. "He didn't give you his card or his telephone number or his residence address, did he?"

"He behaved like a gentleman all the way through," retorted Katharine briefly.

"Of course. How stupid of me," laughed Edith. "As if it could be consistent with the dignity of a gentleman to have mentioned any fixed place of abode at which his property could be returned in case of loss or theft."

INTROSPECTION—BY ARNOLD GENTHE

"You are positively maddening today," declared Katharine, rising dejectedly from her chair. "I am almost sorry I told you anything about it."

"Wait a minute, Kit," exclaimed Edith. "At last I have hit upon a plan."

"Edith, you were always an angel. Let's have it."

"It is to advertise," announced Edith triumphantly.

"The simplicity of genius," asserted Katharine.

"Something in this form could not fail to attract attention at the same time that it would be assured of identification: 'Will gent who smiled—no not smiled; he didn't smile, did he? 'Will gent who assisted lady in putting on her shoe near Wall Street ferry yesterday and afterwards walked home with her, call at ——— street and receive something to his advantage on a rainy day.' Let us stop before proceeding further and examine the bearings. Possibly there is a clue."

"Stupid!" cried Kitty, slamming the door precipitately behind her.

* * *

"Well, Edith!" exclaimed Katharine, throwing herself on the divan in her cousin's room and pausing in the act of transferring to her mouth a conical piece of chocolate from a box on the table, "I've done it this time and there is no help for it."

"What have you done now?" sighed Edith. "Since that last stormy scene in which you played so prominent a part I begin to quake at the least suggestion of another of your confidences. You haven't presumed upon the success of your umbrella venture to attempt something of a more ambitious nature, have you?"

"I've seen him again," announced Kitty, briefly.

"And spoken to him?"

"And spoken to him. You didn't suppose I was going to walk down street directly behind him with that umbrella fairly punching a hole in my conscience without an attempt to return it to him, did you? Something had to be done, you will concede that Edith?"

"Yes, of course," assented Edith dubiously, "something had to be done. And as there wasn't time for any elaborate plan of action, I determined to get through it by assault, so to speak, and strode boldly up to him. Somehow my good morning was not said with quite the eclat that I had planned and that rather embarassed me to start with, and when he turned around and looked at me I clear forgot what I had intended saying"—

"And what did you say?" interrupted Edith.

"I said, I think I said, as nearly as I can remember, something about hoping he didn't take cold, at which he looked rather puzzled, and then—Oh, you will be horrified when I tell you—for the moment I forgot I was not in the South and I shook hands with him."

"Kitty, you are hopeless!" said Edith.

"You needn't take it so tragically," retorted Katharine, "I'm sure he didn't seem to mind; in fact he rather appeared to like it and it opened the way toward speaking—"

"Of the umbrella?"

"That's just the point; I almost weep when I recall it. I don't see how it could have happened, but after we had chatted a good while—you know it was all rather funny—and I had told him how mercilessly you joked me about

trying my country ways in New York, and how uncle George said he was going to have a set of rules printed such as, 'don't blow out the gas,' as a precaution against my early training; why, somehow, I forgot to mention the umbrella. Edith, I know you will never have any more respect for my intellect, or memory or anything," sighed Kitty.

"But I shall have the most unbounded admiration for your flirting tactics, Kit."

"Don't say that," pleaded Katharine. "Indeed, I hardly looked up at him at all. I couldn't somehow get up sufficient courage to keep my eyes off the road—street, I mean—I was so embarrassed. And after I had told him good bye——"

"Did you shake hands with him again?"

"Well, yes—I believe I did. As I tell you, Edith, I was so embarrassed that I don't remember what I did. Anyhow I am thankful to say the rain didn't hurt him at all."

"You told him that, too, no doubt."

"Why, of course. Do you think I'm a brute?" inquired Katharine indignantly. "It was not until I had started well down the street," she continued, "that I remembered the umbrella, and then I fairly—pardon the expression—but I fairly tore up the street after him, regardless of the fruit stalls and perambulators which I knocked into the gutter trying to get by."

"Your zeal when you did remember is certainly creditable if not to say graceful," commented Edith. "We will assume that you succeeded in catching up with him."

"Yes, but it was not until I had screamed at the top of my voice like a small boy, 'Mister!' I don't know whether I cried 'I say, Mister,' but I felt like it—that he turned round and I explained, and asked where to send it. He replied rather significantly that he would come for it this evening and naturally inquired for whom he was to call, and oh! I can't see how I could have made such a slip, but I said simply, Kitty Collwell. I could have bitten my tongue for not saying Katharine, at least."

"Don't worry, he probably suspects that you might be Katharine if you wanted to very much," consoled Edith.

"And then he actually had the audacity to smile. That was just a trifle more than I could put up with. I felt foolish enough before, goodness knows, so I drew myself up with a real New York dignity and said as icily as possible, that if I should happen to be out I would instruct the maid to give it to him, at which he appeared surprised, as if he did not appreciate that he had overstepped the necessities of the case, and c'est tout."

"But, honor bright," queried Edith, "you are not quite happy in the grand finale?"

"No, I'm not, Edith. I'm glad you see it as I do. You remember what the Bible says about entertaining angels unawares and I'm not so sure—in fact I had a sort of presentiment until that last stupid attempt at frigidity that perhaps—Fate moves in mysterious ways its wonders to perform, you know, Edith, and he is so good looking. Perhaps I shouldn't have thought of it. Though there is no telling about presentiments, they are such mysterious things, but I have always said I was going to marry a dark man, and," mused Katherine, throwing her head back on the cushions and gazing abstractedly at the ceiling, "his hair was as black as——"

"Night," suggested Edith. "I think I have heard that comparison somewhere.

"And his eyes——"

"I thought you were looking at the ground. Did you make these observations from the reflections in the puddles of the sidewalk?"

"Were brown and fairly twinkled——"

"Like the stars," suggested Edith.

"And taking things all in all," said Katharine decisively, "I simply can't take the responsibility of slamming the door in the very face of Destiny, for it does look like Destiny, doesn't it."

"Extraordinarily so," replied Edith. "Brown eyes usually look so."

"Besides I do loath any appearance of ingratitude," Katharine declared emphatically, "and I have about decided that I'll give it to him myself to-night."

* * *

It was during dinner that Katharine was brought a note which she hurriedly tore open, read, and handed to Edith.

"Just read that, Edith," she laughed, "he actually asks me to have my maid deliver the umbrella to his man. That's not half bad, is it?"

MARY HOLT ROSE.

Mistletoe.

Continued from Page 4.

this Christmas evening for Cousin Grace, in the old farm-house away off in the Genesee Valley.

III.

Santa Clara Valley, 1898.

THE evening is warm and pleasant between rains. Row on, row as far as the eye can see, in the clear moonlight, bare-limbed fruit trees stretch away in the distance. The last drops of the day's rain gleam on their bare nakedness. Underfoot, the unnumbered multitude of tiny growing things are young and green. The new year has drunk deep at the breast of the giving earth, and the miraculous transformation of a California winter is coming over the hills. A wanderer from other lands would say that this was spring, only that there is no sound of the night twittering of nesting birds through the trees. Save for the voices of men, the distant howl of a coyote, laughing to scorn those who have usurped his ancestral lands, is the only noise to break the stillness. He is a heathen in the train of Pan, this dog-wolf of the West. At midnight of this Holy Eve, when all the other beasts that live will kneel in adoration, he alone, the brute of the Devil, will howl their faith to scorn.

In the hacienda, the lady of the manse is preparing for the Christmas festival. She is of the old race and the old faith; the blood of Hidalgoes is in her veins. This is not *her* way of celebrating. She impresses that point upon me, her willing assistant.

"Be careful with the berries, please. Yes, it is a heathen way. We never used to do it so. One should think of his conscience, this night, and be at church. Ah, yes, it used to be beautiful. A thousand candles on the altar, and the Child in the manger, and all the country there. After mass, there was time for eating and dancing. I shall leave you, myself, to-night, and Tom will stay,"—Tom is her American husband and a woeful heretic—"a little more of the red—there—it is done." And very well done, too, Senora. The room is banked, lined, smothered in green and crimson—huge bunches of madrone berries shining amongst the evergreens. It is not Christmas at all, as I know it, with palms slumbering in the moonlight, and the earth green and brown outside, but it is all very beautiful.

"But you have forgotten the mistletoe," I venture.

"No," she says, "it is disgusting. It is *English*." This with allpossible, scorn. The Senora is of the race which invented chaperones. Then, more softly, "Well, if they wish it; one would not go too far on the blessed Christmas." The huge bunch we install in the place of honor hangs so low that the maid who would, foolishly, fail to notice, would be reminded by its touch on her hair.

The guests are coming, now—great, stalwart California men, deep-bosomed California girls. Someone notices the mistletoe, and there is trouble for the modest.

Presently, I meet Theresa, the daughter of the house, standing not exactly under the enchanted berries, but near enough to be within easy dragging distance. Theresa will never know what holds me back. She moves just a shade closer, I think, and speaks in a tone of scathing sarcasm: "What are those berries—cedar?" and then runs. I have lost points with that girl. She has gone to dance with the hated English remittance-man from up country.

For I am thinking over older times and buried days. Christmas time and mistletoe and the changing years! Still the snow drifts white around the old farm-house in the far East and still there is the sound of music and of bells across the snow. But the lights blazing in that house to-night are lit by those that bear no blood of mine, and the drifts bank highest and coldest over a group of mounds on the hillside above. And Cousin Grace—if lips touch hers and hearts are glad for her to-nignt, it is in realms where they need no symbolic boughs of this earth's growing to point the true meaning of the Christmas-tide.

JOHN STOLLARD.

A Daughter of the Aurora.

Coutinued from Page 10.

Wolf Fang heard. He left the rails tharply, heading directly for his mistress. The team dashed after him, and the sled poised an instant on a single runner, then shot Harrington into the snow. Savoy was by like a flash. Harrington pulled to his feet and watched him skimming across the river to the Gold Recorder's. He could not help hearing what was said.

"Ah, him do vaire well," Joy Molineau was explaining to the lieutenant. "Him—what you call—set the pace. Yes, him set the pace vaire well."

The Canadians, who are proverbially touchy about their climate, are enjoying a story on an Oxford don. When Arthur Stringer, the young Canadian author, went to the great English University, he found a surprising ignorance about the climate of the dominion. Among others, Professor York Powell, the great historian of Christ Church College, asked if he got along on English fare after his accustomed diet of seal blubber. Stringer made no answer, but cabled at once to his uncle, an Ontario farmer. In less than a week, a fine box of peaches, carefully packed in sawdust, was on the way to Professor Powell.

A few days later, Stringer was dining with the Professor. At dessert a fruit-dish loaded with enormous peaches came on the table.

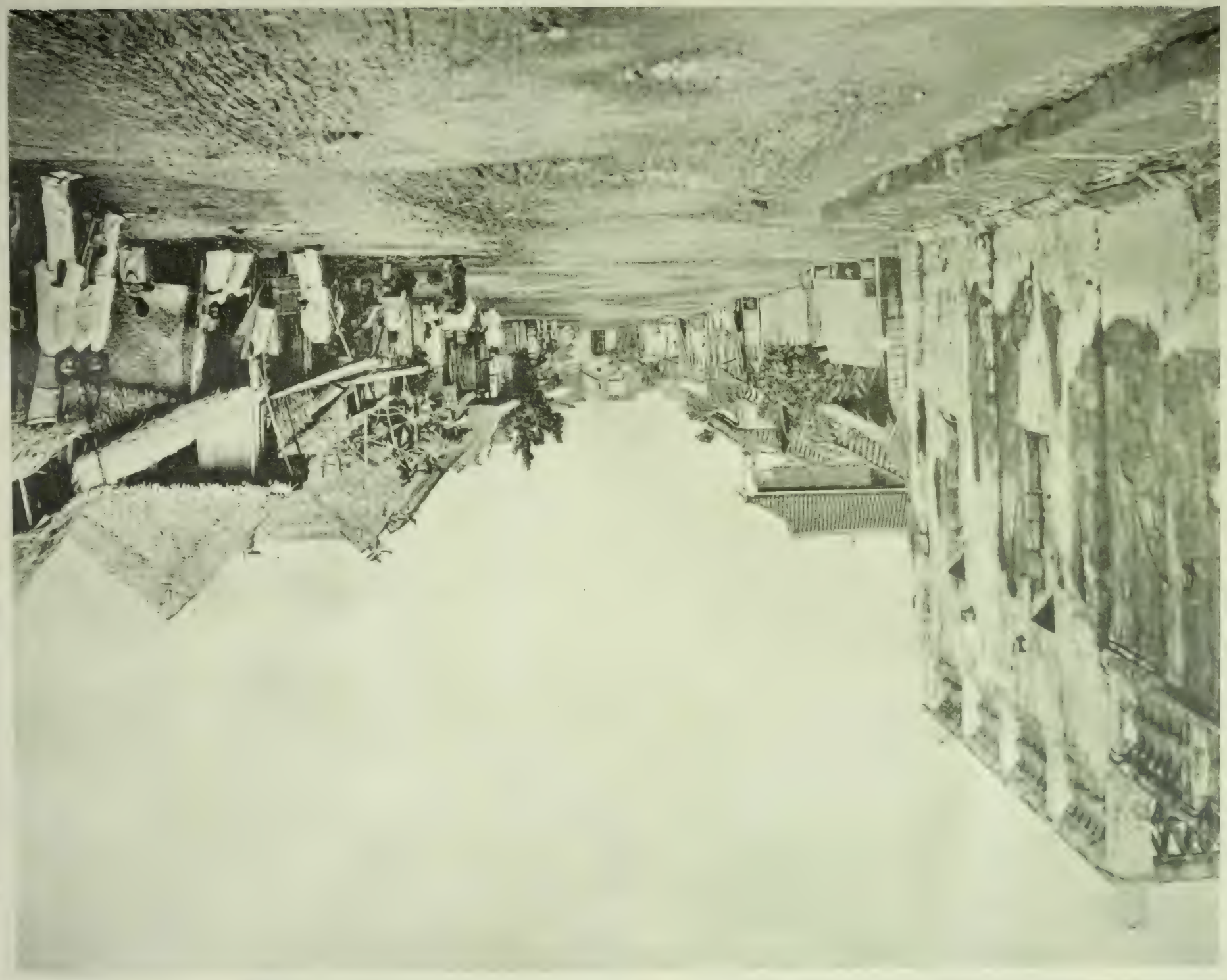
"Most extraordinary," said the Professor, "but these peaches were sent to me today, and I cannot find who sent them. They must have come from the South of France. Anyway, I saved a few for you, Stringer, they will be such a novelty, you know."

The Canadian produced a bill of lading from his pocket and handed it to the Professor.

"I had some whale-blubber, too," he said, "but I had to eat that. Those came from my uncle's farm in Ontario. He always sends me a few little ones along with my blubber."

There are eight wars going on in South Africa just at present. England is fighting the Boers, the late Kalifa's dervishes, and the Uganda hill-tribes. France has three rather mild campaigns on her hands, all directed against tribesmen in the interior. Germany is skirmishing on the borders of Abyssinia, and the Moors are battling with the tribesmen along the boundaries of Algiers. All this within six months of the Peace Conference.

A VIEW IN TONDO



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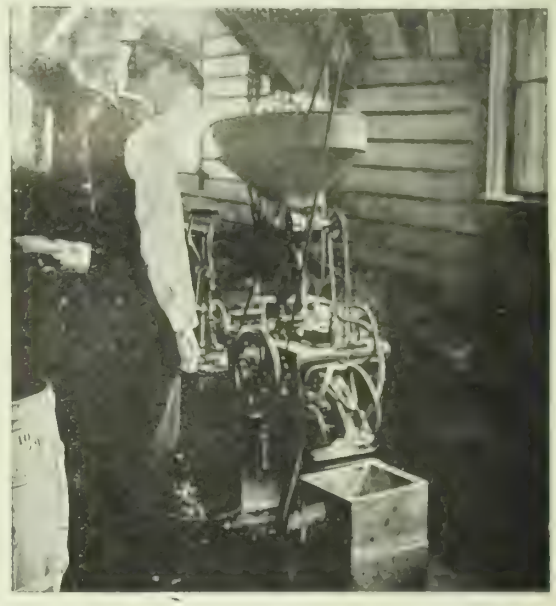
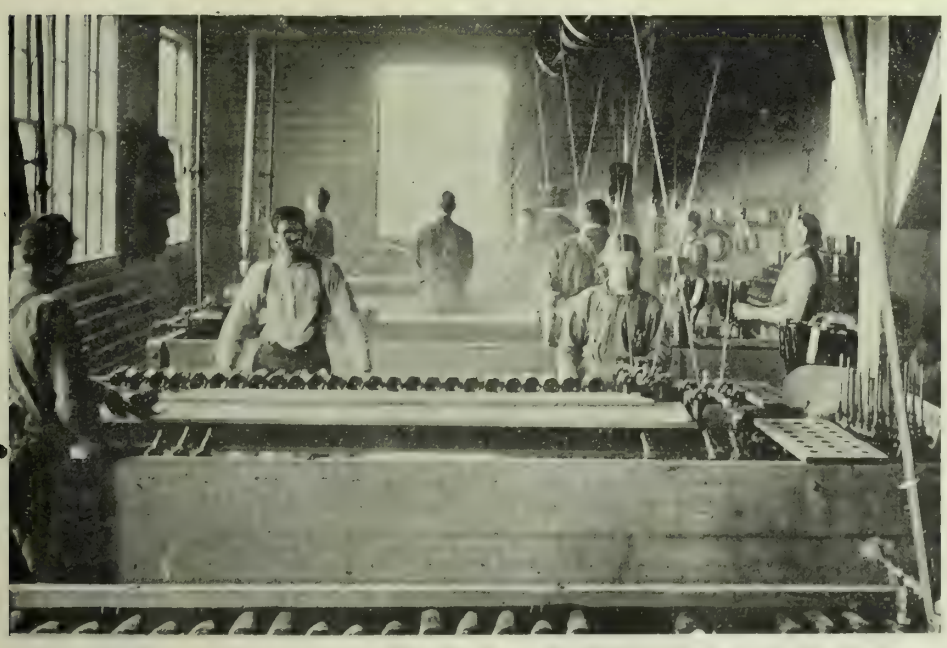
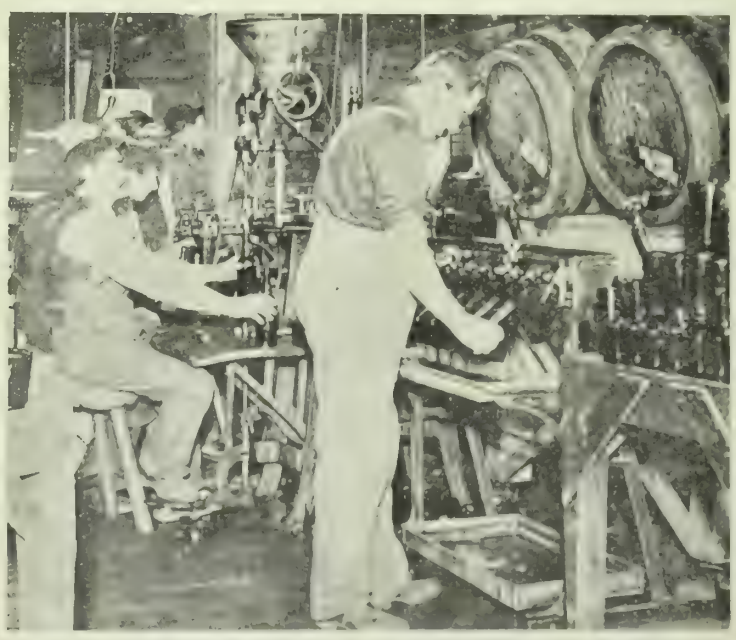


Cork Branding Machine, Branding [illegible] Word "Ranier" and Date.



Washing Bottles



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The funds of this company are loaned only on productive real estate on a basis of 50 per cent of appraisement or on stock of the company to the amount of 80 per cent of the amount paid on the stock. The Continental has, by adhering to sound business methods, become a standard on questions of financial co-operation. Owing to the careful investment of its funds, the association has made larger dividends and matured more stock than any other similar institution in the State.

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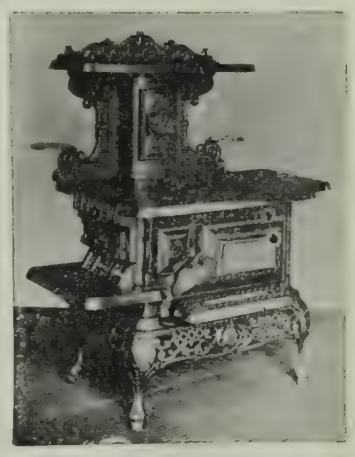

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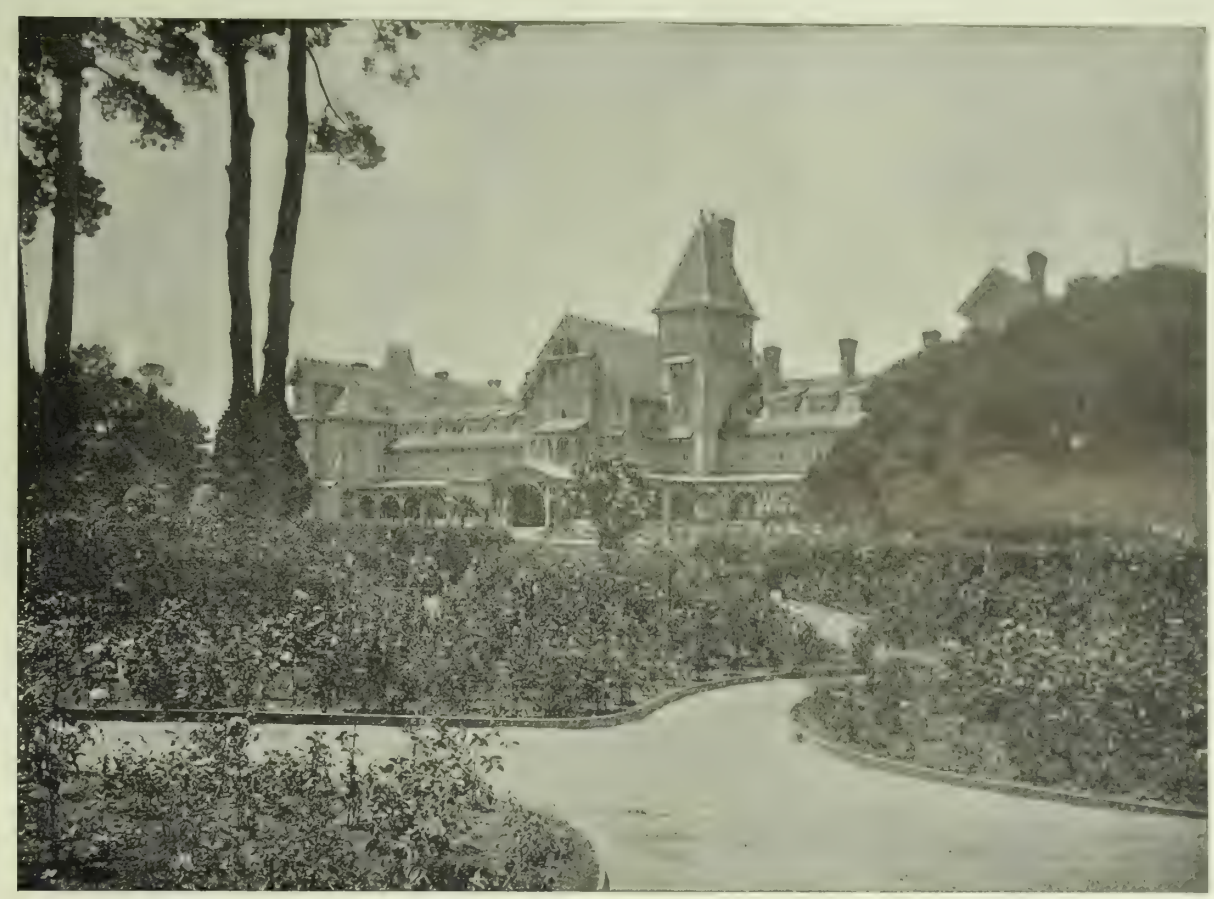

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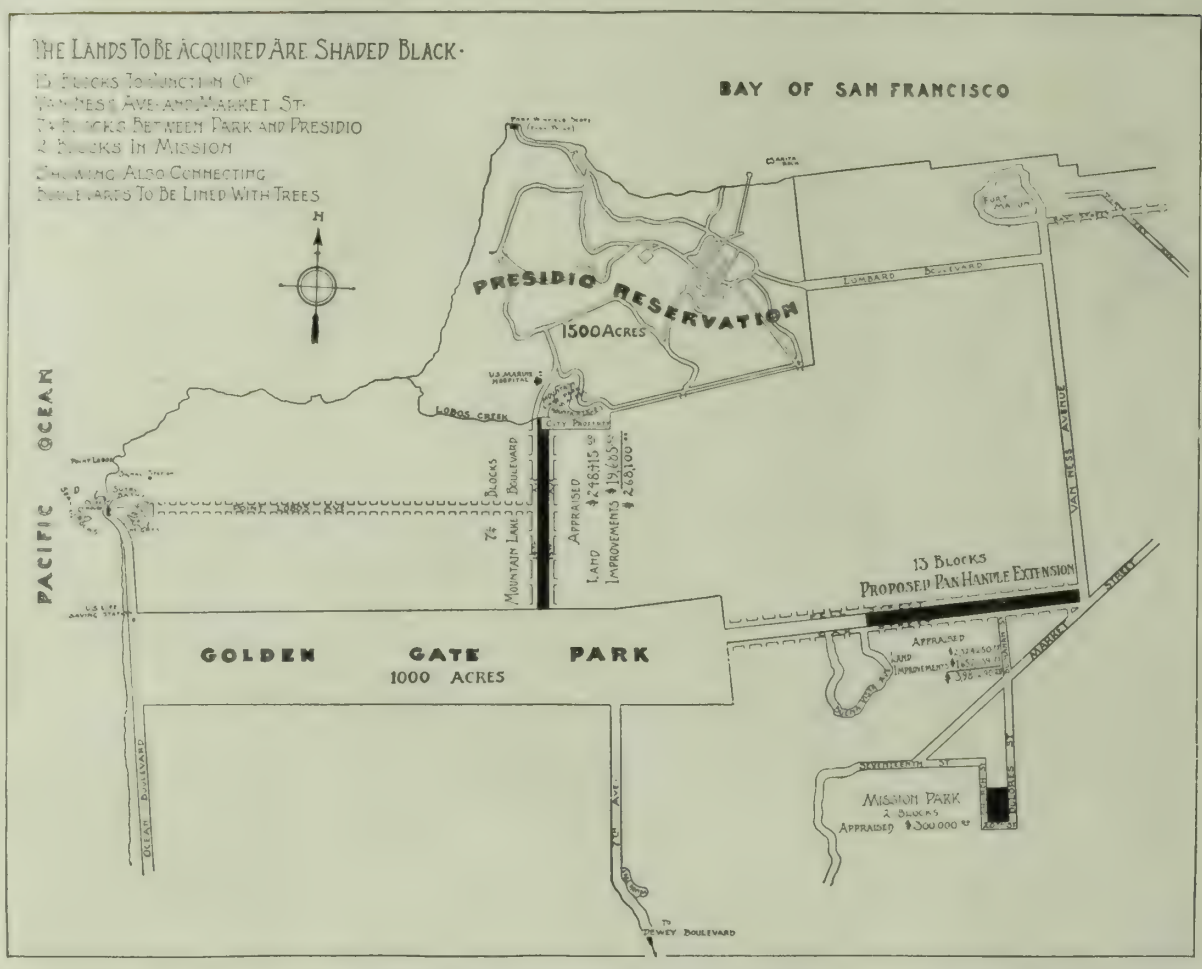

THERE is keen competition among cities as there is among individuals. The rapid and successful strides of modern cities towards progressive ideals, make it almost impossible for any town that is handicapped, to keep up with the procession. Not only through utilitarian features has the modern city gone ahead, but also through projects and enterprises of an anæsthetic character. This is eminently true of such metropoli as claim pre-eminence, such as London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Budapest, in Europe, and New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Chicago in the United States. While these centers have encouraged the material side of their existence, they have, nevertheless, cultivated the beautiful and ornamental.

The project to enlarge the park area of San Francisco affords its people a splendid opportunity to give this metropolis a chance in the race for municipal supremacy. Even if the cost and maintenance of the new park area were considerable, it should not weigh as against the benefits that will follow from these improvements. As a matter of fact, the cost is almost infinitesimal in comparison to the wealth and tax rate of this municipality. An exact computation demonstrates that the total expense of all the improvements involved will scarcely reach one cent on the dollar of assessed valuation of this city during the next twenty years. A tax payer who owns $1,000 of property on the assessment roll will pay in the course of the twenty years, altogether $15.40 or an average of seventy-seven (77) cents a year. Surely such a trifling amount should not be considered as against the manifold benefits of these park improvements.

The bond election on next Friday involves the issuance of municipal bonds to the extent of $4,600,000 for an improved sewer system, $1,400,000 for new school buildings and $475,000 for a new City and County hospital. These improvements are so absolutely essential to the welfare of our city, that the vote should be practically unanimous in favor of all of them. The election on next Wednesday will involve the issuance of municipal bonds to the extent of $4 550,000 for the extension of the Park Panhandle, the connection of Golden Gate Park with the Presidio reservation and a Mission public park. Were these projects understood, the vote in their favor would also be virtually unanimous. Unfortunately, there is confusion and misapprension in the minds of some citizens as to the utility of the proposed improvements. The extension of the Park Panhandle contemplates the purchase by coudemnation or otherwise of the thirteen blocks of land from Baker street to the intersection of Market street and Van Ness Avenue. This will make Golden Gate Park accessible by bringing its main entrance into the heart of the city. It will add to it a stretch one and one-half miles long, containing about 36 acres of choice land. The utility of this additional area, as pleasure-grounds for our citizens and play-grounds for our children, canot be over-estimated.

The connection of Golden Gate Park with the Presidio reservation involves the purchase of seven and one-quarter blocks of outside land between Thirteenth and Fourteenth avenues. This will add to the park area of San Francisco 1,500 acres of government park land, without original cost or any expense for maintenance. It will also join to the park system Mountain Lake Park, now belonging to the city, comprising about 18 acres of land. The proposed park in the Mission District involves the purchase of two blocks of land facing the Mission High School, which gives to the Mission District a park to which it is justly entitled, and by a boulevard along Dolores street, increases the accessibility of Golden Gate Park from the Mission.

These improvements will thus create a chain of parks for San Francisco. They will serve to establish her fame at home and abroad as a city that welcomes the visitor and stranger. Moreover, this progressive movement will help to keep many of our own people from making their abodes in the adjoining counties of the State. The many thousands, who daily find their sustenance in this city, prefer to reside in the adjoining counties because of their superior claims as healthful and beautiful places of residence. Furthermore, the millions that will be spent in the proposed park improvements will give additional work to labor and increased business to trade. It will simply be the putting into circulation of the city's credit for a limited time. The original cost will be returned a hundred-fold. Golden Gate Park originally cost $800,000 and is now valued at $11,000,000. Central Park in New York has cost to date $25,000,000 and could not be purchased today for less than $200,000,000. It is safe to conclude that every piece of property in San Francisco will increase in value upon the successful issuance of bonds for these improvements. Many other reasons could be adduced to show the policy and wisdom of our people in endorsing the proposed bond issues. Realizing that it will require a two-thirds vote to carry a bond issue, we sincerely hope that every citizen having at heart the welfare of San Francisco will not only vote in favor of the bond issues for sewers, schools and a hospital, but also for the proposed park improvements.

TENSION OF THE GOLDEN GATE PARK PANHANDLE

AN INTERPCETED SUGAR DEAL.

Continued grom Page 6.

The next afternoon Jethro entered Jacob Filman's private office with a very serious air. "I've been expecting to see you," said Filman looking up from his desk rather wearily. To Jimmy he looked grayer and more worn than usual. "I've heard about your deal in Manoa Water. What are you going to do? You have the whip in hand."

Jethro did not answer with that promptness which one expects from a master of a situation.

"Mr. Filman," he said at length, "I haven't the slightest idea what I'm going to do about it. I've come to you about something that's a good deal more important to me than all the sugar plantations in the islands or anywhere else. I want to ask a favor of you."

"Must be rather a large affair," said Filman grimly.

"I want your permission to ask your daughter to be my wife," spoke Jethro, not without some trepidation.

"The devil you do!" ejaculated the startled Filman, and then for the longest two minutes of Jethro's life there was silence.

"I've only one objection to you," remarked the elder man. "Your business. I don't like it at all. I'm one myself. You're a clever young man. I wish you were in something else. However, you'd better go ask Helen. She has the deciding voice. No, you needn't thank me, I hope to the devil she doesn't want you," and the two men shook hands in a manuer which highly indorsed Filman's words.

So the next Sunday, which happened to be the one before Christmas, behold Jethro silk-hatted, frock-coated, revolving in fertile brain no less than seventeen distinct manners of offering his hand and heart to the lady of his affection.

But, alas for the courage and coolness in board-room or driving contest! As Jethro ascended the steps of Jacob Filman's Pacific Avenue residence the seventeenth of his seventeen different methods took flight. After consuming an hour in the manufacture of a quantity of highly original remarks concerning the weather, the flowers, the park and the state of the roads, Jethro summoned up his courage and began.

"Miss Helen—will you—ahem—would you (considerable pause) go out driving with me Christmas morning?"

Which momentous question having been answered in the affirmative, Jethro retreated in good order.

Christmas morning arrived; also Mr. James Jethro in his low-wheeled piano-box drawn by the redoubtable Our Bob. Helen Filman tripped down the steps of the paternal residence looking very fetching in *a* if not *the* black tailor-made. Our Bob inspected the lady critically and having, no doubt, satisfied his somewhat difficult taste, called attention to the fastest horse in the park by means of a polite whinny.

"Oh! You pretty Bob," said Miss Filman, patting the glossy black neck in unassumed admiration. The pacer began rubbing his nose against Miss Filman's gloves; evidently he expected something. "Nice Bob," remarked the lady.

"Would you mind giving him this piece of sugar?" queried Bob's master with some embarrassment, as he produced the article from the pocket of his driving coat.

And having received his tribute from the hand of Miss Filman, Our Bob turned his attention to drawing the piano-box.

"Miss Filman settled comfortably in the somewhat narrow seat, the collar of her fur cape turned up about her piquant face, and the drab robe well tucked round her knees. Our Bob proceeded to trundle the piano box over the main drive out to the east entrance of the speed track.

In the meantime, Jethro was again struggling with the seventeen forms of proposal to which he had added three that were altogether practicable and one which recommended itself strongly, but involved the upsetting of the buggy. He was just figuring on the best point for a spill, when the pacer woggled easily down the speed-track, passing a pneumatic-tired sulky drawn by a fit-looking sorrel; within which sat no less personage than Millionaire Waterberry, resplendant in silk hat and tan-coat, his 'steen carat diamond anchored securely to his manly bosom; He gazed questioningly at Jethro and soon the pad of the trotter's hoofs behind became more audible to the occupauts of the piano-box. Jethro tightened the lines and Our Bob threw himself up against the bit. Little Alfred had been a noted

campaigner and he and Our Bob differed considerably as to their own respective merits. The speed was very decent for a mere speed-track brush, but the long swing of the pacer told perceptibly, and at the half-mile mark the game little sorrel went off his feet and broke into a run. Waterberry pulled him down to his gait and Jethro continued at a fair rate to the end of the speed-track, then along the main drive to where it bends to the beach; here he turned to the leftand up the South drive.

It was half-past eleven of a rather foggy morning and the South drive, never very popular, could not show even a solitary horseman. Jethro had not spoken during the brush, for it required considerable driving to beat Little Alfred; his eyes had been on the road and on his horse. Now he turned suddenly to his companion. It was his intention to ask her if she had enjoyed the brush.

She was looking directly at him, her usually pale face somewhat flushed from the excitement and the swiftness of the drive.

It was too much for Jethro. All the twenty manners of proposing and even the one which was impracticable were forgotten and he burst forth:

"Helen—dear Helen—" the rest was horribly incoherent, but Helen Filman must have understood. For a moment she inspected the lap-robe critically and then she looked up at Jimmy. And Jethro, renowned for judgment as a driver incontinently dropped the reins, but Our Bob, being a highly intelligent animal, merely walked.

WHY don't you ask her?" inquired his practical friend.

"There would be nothing left in life if she refused," said Cathurst, darkly.

"Bad as that? You'd better get it over. I'll walk around there with you now." And his friend turned him off the avenue to a quiet side street.

As Cathurst went alone up the stairs of her house, he felt within him the stirring of a blythe hopefulness, and he entered her drawing-room with a glad, high beat of the heart. But there was a moment of suspense while he waited for her, and when at last he saw her coming toward him his spirits had failed him and he was looking upon his presumption in its true light. For presumption it now seemed to him. Why should he expect her to have him? What right had he to hope? Still he went to her and asked her, with his being braced for the pain of her refusal, prepared to take her word and go out alone into the dark, with empty promises of friendship in his ears.

He knew she would refuse him,—still he asked her, and then he stood blankly and watched her face grow glad, watched the tenderness deepen in eyes that had showed only friendship before,—stood there filled with something very like dismay until it came to him that he was not taking his proper share in the little scene. Something was expected of him, surely, so he did what seemed to him fitting, but did it only by dint of distinct effort, so strangely cold and apart from it all did he feel. And when he found that she seemed satisfied it was with surprise and a sense of relief. And, indeed, it was fortunate for him that she was of a shy, high order of girlhood to whom any great degree of warmth would have brought only dismay in this, her first love-scene, for his manner was far from conveying an idea of the ardor that might be expected from a young suitor at such a moment.

Presently, he made some pretext and left her,—left her with that tenderness just born in her eyes—and went stumbling down the steps. Later, his friend found him on the avenue, rambling along under the lights, with his overcoat open as if the night were balmy instead of nipping. And his friend stopped him and looked at his colorless face and lifeless eye and took his hand and wrung it hard.

"My poor old fellow, I am awfully sorry," he said. "I should not have made you go up there. Come along and I'll see you through." And he turned and walked with Cathurst in that silent sympathy that men know best how to give. They went somewhere and had something and then his friend took Cathurst home and stayed with him.

Cathurst prowled up and down and around for a while with a blank, numb sort of look on his face, saying nothing. Then he threw himself on the sofa and lay rigid for what seemed to his friend an endless time. Presently, however, his limbs relaxed, and then his friend leaned over and covered him with his coat.

"Poor old fellow, he was done up nervously, and the dash to his hopes was just one too many for him. A sleep will do him good." And he sat motionless, like the good fellow he was, not even smoking lest the scratch of the matches should disturb Cathurst.

So sitting, he fell asleep, too and only awoke at midnight. Then he partially aroused Cathurst, who seemed dazed and stupid with sleep, put him to bed in some sort of fashion, and lay down on the sofa himself, with Cathurst's overcoat and a Navajo blanket over him, thanking Providence drowsily that the fire in the grate was sufficient to keep the room fairly warm until morning.

He was awakened by a certain briskness in the atmosphere, a sense of something happening, and sat up with a start. The blinds had been pushed up as far as they would go, and the pale light of the winter morning filled the room. Cathurst, half dressed, was shaving diligently. He glanced around as his friend moved.

"Say, Bob, what's the earliest hour you can call on a girl in the morning?" he inquired, pleasantly.

"Give it up. What do you want to know for? Not going to begin already to persuade her to reconsider her refusal, are you?"

Cathurst stopped waggling the shaving brush on the soap and turned around.

"Refusal? What do you mean? Who has refused what?"

"Didn't she refuse you last night?"

"I should say not. I say, did you ever see a girl when she looked as if it had just occurred to her that you might care for her, and——?"

"Then would you mind explaining your manner last night?"

"Manner? Did I do anything queer?" inquired Cathurst, anxiously.

"I should call it queer," replied his friend. "You looked as if you had come to the end of all things, as if she had laid you out flat, without a grain of hope."

"It did knock me out, rather," said Cathurst, twisting the brush reflectively. "You see, I was so sure she would refuse me that when she didn't, when, in fact, she—well, she—she *didn't*, you know, I sort of lost my head, I think. And that's why I want to know—(whirling to the glass again and lathering furiously)—that's why I want to know what time I can go there again. I don't know what she thinks of me, and—hang it all, old man (taking up his razor) do you think—it's half-past eight now—do you think—nine, say?"

"I think you'll cut your face off if you go on. Here, let me do that for you. I never heard of a call being made before noon—sit still!—I say I never *heard* of a call being made before noon, but I should think—keep your mouth shut!—I should think that, all things considered, you might perhaps drop in about eleven. Oh, hold on, it isn't half done yet. There's a patch the size of a quarter——"

"It will do," quoth Cathurst, briefly. "Here, tie this thing, will you? My hands shake so, somehow. I've got to find out, you see—never mind the pin (vaguely). I've got to find out, you see, whether——I say, did you ever see a girl when she—Oh, thank you, old man, that will do nicely. Er—, that my hat? Yes. Good-bye, old fellow."

He went out. A moment later he put his head in at the door.

"Look here, Bob, I may have been rude. Hope you'll overlook anything. I only kissed her once, you see,—and—a—by the way, you don't happen to know what time she gets up? No, of course—Good-bye."

The door closed after him.

"Preserve *me!*" said Bob.

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(A FABLE)

Long ago, in olden Hellas,
When the world an' love were young,
Long ere Helen fled from Sparta,
Long ere deathless Homer sung,
Camped two armies, hostile minded
'Neath a forest's spreading fronds—
One of Athens' hardy spearmen,
One of brawny Amazons.

Now it chanced an Attic picket,
Lost and wandering far afield,
Happened on a fair young warrior,
Leaning on her crescent shield.
Who was there to look or listen,
If they dropped their soldier pride?
When their comrades, searching, found them,
They were marching side by side!

So they met and so they mingled,
Till a leader, bold and strong,
Left his tent to hasten battle,
Raised the war-peal loud and long.
But he paused in blank amazement,
As the trumpet-summons rose—
"Which are friends and which are hostile?
Soldiers mine, where be our foes?"

L' ENVOI.

Masters all, old Greece is silent,
Vanquished are her valiant sons,
But the woman-warrior lingers;
Still the hardy Amazons
Urge their cause with noise and clamor—
Marshal [illegible] their way oppose—
"Ah, but which is friend and hostile—
Shame, my men, ye love your foes!"

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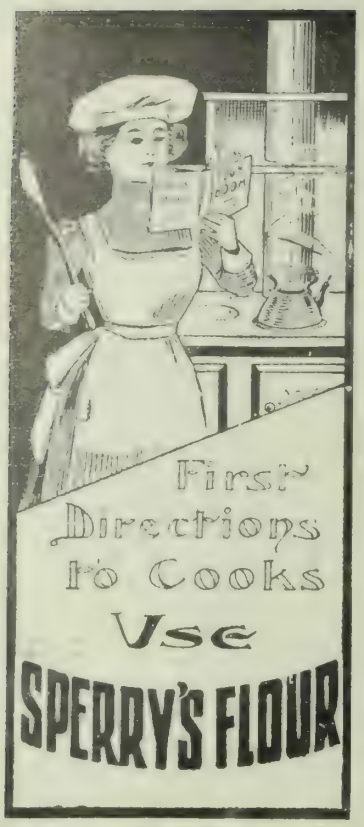

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New Stories Re-Told.

x x x

UNAPPECIATED DISCRETION.—During the siege of Paris, Bismarck was much irritated by the statements and comments of the English newspapers. On one occasion, he lost his temper and spoke with his customary vigor to W. H. Russel, correspondent of the London *Times* and a rather intimate friend of the Iron Chancellor. While Bismark was taking breath, Russel observed: "You must admit, Count, that I, at least, have been entirely discreet in everything I have written to the *Times*. You have always conversed before me with the utmost frankness on all sorts of subjects, and I have been most careful never to repeat a word of anything that you have said." Bismarck turned upon him with a look of contempt. "The more fool you!" he roared. "Do you suppose that I ever said a word before you that I didn't want to have you print?"

x

AN EPIDEMIC OF TITLES.—The volunteers in Edinburgh, most of them officered by the store-keeping class, have caught the war fever in its most malignant form. They are especially proud of their titles and use them on every occasion. Recently, a commercial traveller entered a large dry goods establishment in the city and asked to see Mr. C.—the head of the firm. "Colonel C. is out just now," replied the shopwalker. "Then Mr. C. C.?"—the son of the head of the firm. "Captain C. C. is also out," was the reply. "Then Mr. M.?"—another member of the firm. "Trooper M., I regret to say, is alsoout." "Good heavens," exclaimed the disappointed caller—"I thought I was in a dry goods shop but I find I have strayed into the War Office!"

x

ABOUT TIME.—A Chicago man who, strange to say, is very bashful, had courted a girl for two years without daring to propose. Finally, while on a visit to New York, he decided to risk his fate by letter. After the tender missive was posted, he decided that he had been too precipitate. At the end of a sleepless night, he arose and penned the following telegram: "Miss Mary ——, Chicago. —Posted you wrong letter yesterday. Please do not open, and deliver to me on my return." After that he breathed more freely. That evening a telegram was awaiting him at his hotel. It read—"John ——, New York.—No; you posted right letter. It was about time."

x

AN INTERRUPTED BANQUET. — A brother and sister, "social strugglers" in a small English town, had a father of uncouth manners, who was kept out of sight as much as possible. In order to provide for the entertainments and so forth, strict economy had to be exercised on ordinary occasions. They were giving a little dinner-party once, and the old man had been packed off to bed, provided with a very scanty supper, and deprived of his clothes. The festivity was at its height, when the door was suddenly opened and an old head was thrust into the room, with the demand—"Give me some more bread and treacle, or I shall come in!"

x

LOST HIS TEMPER.—It is not safe to lose one's temper in an argument. President Angell of the National Humane Society was one day in a Boston restaurant when a bully deliberately arose from his seat and kicked a dog. "Aren't you ashamed to kick such little dogs!" exclaimed Angell, rising to his feet in protest. "No, nor big dogs, either!" replied the bully significantly. "Try it on if you dare!" cried Angell. The next moment he saw what he had said. He turned red in the face, and soon afterwards left the room.

x

A YANKEE PUN.—Two brothers, Vermont men, came to California in the early days, and started a cattle-ranch. The venture prospered, until they found themselves proprietors of "herds on a hundred hills," and the place merited the dignity of a name. They wrote to their mother, who suggested the title "Focus." Seeing no appropriateness in the caption, they wrote back for an explanation. The answer came by telegraph—"Because the sun's rays meet theret!"

x

RUSTIC REPARTEE.—An officious member of the Ladies' Auxiliary to the British S. P. C. A. accosted a farmer whose dog was trotting on before him with a lolling tongue. "My man," said she, "your dog is not safe, and ought not to be at large. His tongue hanging out so is a sure sign of rabies!" "Nae, ma'am," replied the rustic — "it's tongue's ower big for its mooth, same as some old ladies' tongues."

x

AN ULSTER BULL.—Here is the latest, parliamentary bull from the Irish section of the House of Commons. A member from Ulster, speaking of the extension of the Irish franchise, ended his oration as follows: "You should refrain from throwing open the floodgates of democracy lest you should pave the way for a general conflagration."

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I AM, my dear Diary, in a wildly exuberant frame of mind, this week. I told you Leila's fiancee was on the road. Well, on Saturday he arrived. I wore a pale blue gown. Gerald Rathbone told me at Edith McBean's theatre party, he liked me in pale blue best. "Blue is for true," too, I thought of that. It is just as well to make an excellent impression on a future brother-in-law. John seemed very much impressed. I really feared Leila might be jealous. That would have placed me in so awkward a position. John is tall and dark, and a most imposing-looking young man. I really felt proud on Sunday when we walked into church together a trifle late. I wore my most becoming tailor gown. It is pale grey cloth, and my chinchilla hat and cape were smarter than anything I saw there. John is very much taken with the girls here. A lot of them came into tea on Sunday. All my friends were just as keen on seeing John as this little angel was. It was an awful moment for him, Arthur thought, but John bore up well. Therese Morgan impressed him very favorably. He said she suggested individuality. Edna Hopkins was exceedingly pretty. All the Hopkins seem to imbue him with a spirit of flattery, for he has spoken of them many times since. Emily Hager, he considered, was a superb type; Katherine Dillon and she, he thinks, would make fine representative American types in any foreign capital. Mamma thinks that is tremendously high praise. Charlotte Ellinwood and Leila Voorhies he intends calling on very soon; he wishes to know them better. Ruth McNutt and he spent fifteen minutes discussing Europe. Ruth is most attractive. Mary Scott took him out early Monday morning to the Links. He thinks her a wonder at golf. He met Azalia Keyes in New York, and says she is really most brilliant for so young a girl. Of course, he thinks his little "Chirpy," as he calls me, is the nicest of the lot.

Monday night, as Leila was ill, I went with him to the McBean's theatre party. Fortunately, John is one of that sort of men that is easily entertained. As Gerald Rathbone was there, I could not devote myself entirely to any one else. Mr. O'Rourke, the young clergyman who spends so much time at the Sailors' Home, seemed to be much interested in me. I promised to sing coon songs one night for the sailors at one of the entertainments. I think they would like some of my new ones. Roy Pike brings up all his latest to me, and we sing by the hour together. I have a faculty for playing rag-time music that is positively astounding in its facility. But, to return to the theatre party. We all had a very good time, and a delicious supper afterwards at the dear, old Palace. I really love that place. John was most entertained by Mrs. Nuttall. She is wonderfully well-read, and an interesting talker, he said to me in his deep, quiet, well-modulated voice, as we sat together before the fire on our return home. We have such fun discussing people and things. Everything is so new to him, you know.

Tuesday there was the Hopkins' luncheon. It was at half-past one, so I was able to have a bite of food at home first. The table was very pretty. Bowls of pink roses. They have the daintiest china and I like their glass so much. Even had the menu not been so choice, I could have enjoyed the charm of the silver, glass and china, and of course the girls. I had lots of fun with Addie Murphy and Caro Crockett; they are great. Azalia Keyes, Katherine Dillon, Mary Scott, Leila Voorhies and Miss Poett, who I thought was the prettiest, were all there. Miss Poett has dear little Freddie's ingenuous smile, and is really an exceedingly charming looking girl. I am most anxious for John to see her. That evening I went to the Voorhies' dinner, and then we danced. How I dote on a dinner followed by a dance! There were about forty-eight of Leila's friends present. There were two tables—great long ones. The one at which I sat was decorated in pink roses. John and Leila, my sister, sat at one with white roses. It was an excellent dinner, awfully well served, and as gay as possible. Horace Platt made a speech that was quite worth while. The best speech he has ever made, all of us girls thought. We sang songs and told stories and the dinner was over and we were dancing before I could realize it. Mrs. Henry Crocker looked particularly well; so did Elizabeth Huntington and Edith Stubbs. She is such a fine girl, one of my favorites of this year's buds. I spent most of the evening with Mr. Chamberlain, he was so nice and sweet. Dick Bullmer and I also had fun. It is almost sufficient for me to see sweet "Nellie" Kelley for me to have one of the times of my life. Georgia Hopkins looked charming; so did both Anna and Leila Voorhies and Josephine Karn. I hope the Voorhies will be sufficiently pleased at the success of this dinner to give another one soon. Wednesday Bertha Dolbeer invited a lot of us to luncheon with her at the Palace. It was a violet luncheon and the big round table was really a picture. I never saw Mai Moody looking prettier. You know Arthur has always admired her so much that we have grown up with the idea that Mai is a beauty. Ida Belle Palmer and Helen Wagner, too, looked very pretty. They are both girls who look their best in the evening. Bertha understands the art of entertaining. In the evening, a big crowd of us went to the Orpheum and had a merry time. There was a jolly show there and a most enthusiastic house. We all went home to our house and had a German supper. John says that is the latest thing in New York. Beer and frankfurters, and sauer kraut, and all sorts of cold meats and pretzels. I have noticed it is just sufficient to have beer and frankfurters to forget all conventionality, and really enjoy oneself. Leila was at a luncheon given by Mrs. De Grear at the University Club to Camille D'Arville; I think it was on Thursday. That same afternoon Emelie Hager gave her a small tea and Daisy Van Ness that evening a dinner. Leila considers Camille wonderfully attractive, but I do not know her very well. I must not forget to tell you of all the engagements I know. I told you without mentioning the names about dear old Tom Bishop and Anna Voorhies. I do not know which is the lucky one in that case. All the girls say Snookey is one of the nicest girls in town, and when you say "Tom Bishop" to a man he says "he's all right, I don't know a finer fellow than Tom." So you see how it is. Two most popular—and deservingly so, too—young people. Then there are Clara Hamilton and George Martin. I know George much better than I do Clara, and I know he is a nice fellow, and the girls who know Clara are devoted to her. This week Dr. Harry Sherman and Miss Lucia Kittle have announced their engagement. That is a fine match for each of them. I wonder how it feels to be about to marry as clever a man as Doctor Sherman, but Miss Kittle is clever too, Leila says, as I suppose she does not mind. I would hide away somewhere if a clever man ever tried to pay me attention.

Ed. Pringle and Miss Hutchinson are to be married this week. It will be very quiet I believe, owing to the Pringles being in mourning. I love the Pringle boys and Miss Hutchinson is the cleverest of girls. I know of another engagement of which I am going to tell you shortly. It will be quite a surprise, for he is not the sort of fellow that one expects a girl to take seriously. However, Cupid's bow is a very versatile affair and there is no accounting for its vagaries.

George Newhall's dinner on Friday night was tremenduously swell. In fact it quite awed me. He lives more like a New Yorker than any one else out here. He has butlers and footmen until I fear I'd forget I was in my own house. The dinner was in keeping with its surroundings, and the table decorated in exceedingly good taste. Frank Owen, Mr. Duperu and I had a good deal of fun. Helen Hopkins and Katherine Dillon were the girls and Mrs. George Pope, Mrs. Frank and Mrs. Walter Newhall the married people. It was my first dinner party there, and I never quite realized how fine a house it is for big entertainments. Afterwards we had all sorts of card tricks by Prof. Benzoni, and I spent hours trying to discover how he did them, but did not succeed.

What a famous Editor says of

THE CLUB COCKTAILS.

I sometimes drink a cocktail. In fact, I like a cocktail when towards evening the fatigues of the day begin to tell on me. Some people like a cocktail as an appetizer, but every one who likes a cocktail likes a good one. For a good while I have kept in my house, whether in the country or in town, the Heublein Club Cocktails in bottles, more for convenience than anything else. I knew they were good and I liked them, but just why they were so good did not occur to me until some one, speaking of the vast quantities of these that the Messrs. Heublein must make in a "batch," led me to this sort of reasoning. Bar-keepers, and even one's self, in mixing cocktails necessarily cannot have a uniform and exact quantity of ingredients in each one. A few drops more or less of either ingredient greatly changes the nature of the product. In a great laboratory where quantities like the Club Cocktails are made at a mixing each article is accurately made or measured, and the compound is following an exact formula. This insures that each and every cocktail or bottle of cocktails put up shall be precisely correct in its composition. Again recalling the fact that age is necessary to the proper blending of all liquors, it occurred to me that these bottled cocktails, by the time they are used by the consumer, may have already been months, or even years, in bottle, hence that the blending must be perfect. Reasoning thus, I feel constrained to tell my readers about it, as I know a goodly number of them enjoy a perfect cocktail. I have found the several brands prepared by the Heublein Brothers—MANHATTAN, MARTINI, WHISKY, GIN, VERMOUTH, YORK, and PLYMOUTH—all excellent.

For sale by all Fancy Grocers and Druggists.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.,

Sole Proprietors.

HARTFORD. NEW YORK. LONDON.

The Crockett dinner on Thursday night was hugely funny. I did so enjoy myself. The girls looked awfully sweet. Fred McNear was all fixed up as an American Indian and he was great. Every detail was perfect. It was only from the neck up, you know, we had to dress. Sam Boardman was an admirable Czar of Russia; he really looked quite as formidable. Ethel Hager was charming as the Countess Potolka. Edna Hopkins made a fascinating Carmen. Mary Scott was Princess someone or other, I have forgotten her name, and I went as Marie Antoinette. Marie Antoinette suits me, I think, so well. Gerald Rathbone was the Father of his Country. For a long time I could not remember who was the Father of his Country, but he saw my difficulty, and explained. That boy has so much tact. Harry Stetson made a capital Sultan of Turkey; he has told me so much about Europe, I really believe I could travel in it now without a Baedecker or any other guide. Edith McBean was Lady Teazle and Therese Morgan, Du Barry—just the powdered hair you know. I think that Edna Hopkins was the most fascinating and I lost my heart to Sam Boardman. I've always had a mild crush on him.

Saturday, the Valentines of Oakland had a large tea, introducing Ethel. She is such a talented girl; so familiar with the world in general, and looks upon lots of things, Arthur says, with the eyes of a man. She has travelled a good deal, you see, with her father. She sings well, is capital at golf and I admire her very much indeed. I do not know when I ever knew a girl who received so many flowers. There has been a good deal of entertaining for May Tucker and Gus McDonal, who will be married the first day of the year. I'd almost marry anyone just to be married on New Year's Day of 1900. The tea that Mrs. Myra Prather Miller gave to Mrs. Fred Magee was a jolly affair. I noticed some stunning gowns there, especially Mrs. C. O. G. Miller's, Mrs. Wheaton's and Mrs. Will Henshaw's. There were too many girls at the Carl Howard surprise party for me to get all the fun I expected, still it was a jolly affair; Carl is always so nice. So many people in Oakland receive on New Year's Day. The A. A. Moores have a big reception so have Mrs. Frank Smith and Mrs. Charles Webb Howard. I really believe half San Francisco will be in Oakland on that day.

Next week there is to be a luncheon given by Miss Kohl before she goes East. Dinners by Mrs. Irwin, Mrs. Horace Hill and Mrs. Ed. Hopkins. The Fortnightly, which is to be a fine affair; Sara Collier and Percy King are to lead. So you will have lots of news. Besides, I can tell you all the Christmas presents I receive. I do expect multitudes of them, too. Now, Diary dear, wishing you a Merry Xmas I am your own MISS CRICKET.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

The Orignal Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a riva and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Hayes Larkin and Ninth. American or European plan. Ira R. and James H. Doolittle.

The whiskey that touches the right spot veery time is Jesse Moore. To be found at all first-class bars and saloons.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a tumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

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Hall's Family Pills are the best.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

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GERMEA

The Ideal Breakfast Dish

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUN. Y OF SAN FRANCISCO STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

City and County of San Francisco, Plaintiff, *vs.* James S. Angus, W. S. Goodfellow, Thos. E. Crothers as Executors of the last will of James G. Fair, deceased; and Charles G. Fair, Theresa A. Oelrichs, Virginia Fair, Phil. More B. More, and C. More Defendants. No. 67,877.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in the office of the Clerk of said City and County of San Francisco.

FRANKLIN K. LANE
City and County Attorney, Attorney for Plaintiff.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to: James S. Angus, W. S. Goodfellow, Thos. E. Crothers as Executors of the last will of James G. Fair, deceased; and Charles G. Fair, Theresa A. Oelrichs, Virginia Fair, Phil. More, B. More and C. More, Defendants.

You are hereby directed to appear, and answer the Complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, within ten days after service on you of this summons—if served within this County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

The object of said action is to obtain a judgment and decree of said Court adjudging that plaintiff is the owner in fee of all the real estate hereinafter mentioned, and to quiet plaintiff's said title as against each and all said defendants, and to obtain other and further relief and costs, as specified in said complaint, which complaint is hereby specially referred to for further particulars.

The following is a description of the property affected by this action:—

All that certain piece, parcel or tract of land situated in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, bounded and described as follows to wit

Commencing at the corner formed by the intersection of the northerly line of Bay street with the westerly line of Fillmore street; thence westerly along said northerly line of Bay street two hundred (200) feet; thence at right angles northerly and parallel with said Fillmore street to a point at which the water of the Bay of San Francisco is twenty-five [25] feet deep at low tide, as the same existed April 27, 1863; thence at right angles easterly four hundred and sixty-eight 9-12 [468 9-12] feet; thence at right angles southerly and parallel with the easterly line of Fillmore street to the said northerly line of Bay street at a point thereon distant two hundred [200] feet easterly from the easterly line of Fillmore street; thence westerly along said northerly line of Bay street two hundred and sixty-eight 9-12 [268 9-12] feet to the point of commencement.

And are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the Complaint, as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 20th day of March, A. D., 1899. [SEAL] WM. A. DRANE, Clerk,
By WM. R. A. JOHNSON, Deputy Clerk.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.—Gould and Curry Silver Mining Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, Cal. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 22nd day of Nov., 1899, an assessment (No. 88) of Fifteen (15) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room No. 69, Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery street San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 27th day of December, 1899, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the 18th day of January, 1900, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the cost of advertisng and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

ALFRED K. DURBROW, Secretary
Office: Room No. 69, Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT—OCCIDENTAL CONSOLIDATED MINING COMPANY.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Silver Star Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors held on the 29th day of November 1899, an assessment (No. 34) of five (5) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary at the office of the Company, Room No. 69 Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 3rd day of January 1900, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Wednesday, the 24th day of January, 1900, at 1 p. m. o'clock, to pay the delinquent assessment together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

ALFRED K. DURBROW, Secretary.
Office—Room No. 69 Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.—CHOLLAR MINING Company. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the ninth day of December 1899, an assessment [No. 50] of ten [10] cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation payable immediately in United States gold coin to the secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 79, Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the eleventh day of January, 1900, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Wednesday, the 31st day of January, 1900, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

CHAS. E. ELLIOT, Secretary.
Office—Room 79, Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

DIVIDEND NOTICES.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS & LOAN SOCIETY, 526 California Street. For the half year ending December 31, 1899, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four per cent. per annum on term deposits, and three and one-third [3⅓] per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Tuesday, January 2, 1900.

GEO. TOURNY, Secretary.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION, 532 California Street, corner Webb. For the half year ending with the 31st of December, 1899, a dividend has been declared at the rate per annum of three and three-fourths [3¾] per cent. on term deposits, and three and one-eighth [3⅛] per cent. on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on or after Tuesday, January 2d, 1900.

LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

In Bookdon.

WITH the deluge of Scotch novels only just subsiding, here has come to many untravelled Americans a desire to know something of the old and attractive land o' cakes. It is a bit curious that, although Scotland has been more celebrated in English song and story than any other territory out of the sound of Bow Bells, we of the New World know almost nothing of its external appearance. If an educated American were dropped suddenly in the Vatican or before the Pantheon or Madelaine or in Fleet street, he would recognize the locality at once from the acquaintance of pictures. But Edinburgh, or Glasgow, or the Lake county would be a puzzle to nine out of ten. Yet Scotland is a region of surpassing natural beauty and of an architecture which, if severe, is yet admirable in style and attractive in outline.

These remarks are intended to introduce "*Sights and Scenes of Scotland*," gotten out by this defect. They have bound together two hundred and twenty-five photographs of the representative towns and districts of Scotland, and here present them as a pictorial account of the land of Scott and Burns. It is not to be classed with the ordinary "view-book" which decorates the country parlor. The photographs are artistic and are perfectly reproduced; the binding and press-work are of the finest.

"It is the true office of history," says Bacon "to represent the events themselves, together with the counsels, and to leave the observations and conclusions thereupon to the liberty and faculty of every man's judgment." But when history treads too closely upon the heels of events it is not always possible for your historian to remain a neutral in any such ideal sense. The war with Spain has called forth many histories, most of which are distinctly partisan. Perhaps the best of these histories is *The War With Spain* (Harper & Bros.) by Henry Cabot Lodge, and it is far from being the final word upon the war as a whole. The most valuable chapters are those in which the historian presents facts and documents to the exclusion of mere personal opinions. Such a chapter is the one dealing with the so-called Sampson-Schley controversy. No better or clearer presentation of all the facts in that controversy has ever been made, Senator Lodge having had access to the documents, both private and public, that bear upon the case in any known way. These documents and facts have been ignored or distorted by the newspapers for partisan reasons, and it is well that a complete and permanent presentation of them should be made at this time. There are some things not in newspapers that the public ought to know.

* * *

A GREAT HOTEL.

Something About the Palace and its New Supper Room.

TO say that the Palace and Grand Hotels of San Francisco form the largest hostelry in the world does not mean a great deal, since quality and not size is the criterion for hotels. But to say that these hotels are managed on a scale of excellence commensurate with their size is praise worth having. And this praise is accorded them by the innumerable visitors from the four corners of the earth who made the Palace their home while in San Francisco.

When the Palace Hotel was conceived, it was thought by many that the projectors had attempted more than they could perform. It required faith in the destiny of the city and of the Pacific Coast to believe that San Francisco was capable of maintaining the very largest hotel in the world. The builders of this institution had that faith, and they had more—the ability to conduct a hotel business on a mammoth scale and to keep it abreast of the times. The result of their foresight and of their generous, yet judicious management, has been the creation of an establishment in which every San Franciscan takes a loyal pride. It is more than a mere business, it is an institution.

The latest outcome of that policy, whereby the Palace keeps abreast of the needs of the city is shown in the installation of their new supper room. There was need of just such a place; the one or two establishments where one could go for an after-theatre supper were woefully overcrowded and in most ways inadequate, and while there were accommodations provided for the purpose at the Palace, yet the management felt that they were not giving their very best to the public. The new supper room, with its sumptuous furnishing, its unexcelled cuisine, its air of refined luxury, is their Christmas offering to the public. In this connection it is interesting to note the instant favor the new supper room has met with. It is now *the* place for one's after-theatre refreshment. It is the proper place to entertain at, and week night the event through one may see a dozen gay parties partaking of oysters, welsh rabbit, sandwiches and beer at the charmingly decorated tables. And it may be said without fear of contradiction that one is better fed at the Palace Supper Room than anywhere outside of New York. Even in the Metropolis you will have nothing better than the Palace's welsh rabbits, steaks or oysters.

RONA COFFEE IMPORTERS.

IN former years Sacamento street was recognized as the business center of San Francisco. A new era is opening up in this historical neighborhood, the property owners realizing the importance of making improvements. A handsome three-story building has recently been occupied by the firm of Geo. W. Caswell & Co., the tea and coffee importers. Founded in 1884 and selling at the very closest margins, they have built up a large connection, which has necessitated their occupying more capacious quarters. One of their great

specialties is the Kona brand of coffee. Particular attention is being paid to coffee growing in the Hawaiian Islands, and this firm is engaged in preparing it properly for the market. This is one of the coffees of the future. They have the best and most improved machinery for preparing it from the crude state in which it arrives here. It goes through a process of grading. The outer or parchment shell is first removed, then the inner skin. It next goes to a grader which removes all the light beans known as "Quakers," as also all the black and broken ones. Roasting and packing complete the process. It is put up in hermetically sealed cans, giving the consumer one of the most delicious beverages in the world.

A Positive Relief for **Chapped Hands, Chafing,** and all afflictions of the skin. "*A little higher in price, perhaps than worthless substitutes, but a reason for it.*" Delightful after shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original). *Sample free.*
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532 CALIFORNIA ST.

Deposits July 1, 1899	$24,920,395
Paid Up Capital	1,000,000
Reserve Fund	205,215
Contingent Fund	442,763

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SAN FRANCISCO BANKS

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA

SAN FRANCISCO

Capital, $2,000,000 Surplus, $1,000,000
Profit and Loss Account October $2,365,968

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THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier
S. PRENTISS SMITH.....Assistant Cashier
IRVING F. MOULTON.....Second Assistant Cashier
ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary

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526 California Street

Guarantee Capital and Surplus	$2,187,617 90
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash	1,000,000 00
Deposits June 30, 1899	27,606,513 03

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Guaranteed Capital, $1,000,000
Paid Up Capital, $300,000

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Bonds, Stocks and Warrants	1,104,232.88
Real Estate	1,263,924.15
Furniture and Fixtures	13,845.29
Miscellaneous Assets	10,719.74
Due from Banks and Bankers	1,085,419.30
Cash	2,585,888.93
	$17,866,775.76

LIABILITIES

Capital, paid up	$ 500,000.00
Surplus	5,750,000.00
Undivided Profits	1,350,537.49
Deposits, Banks and Bankers	1,591,947.90
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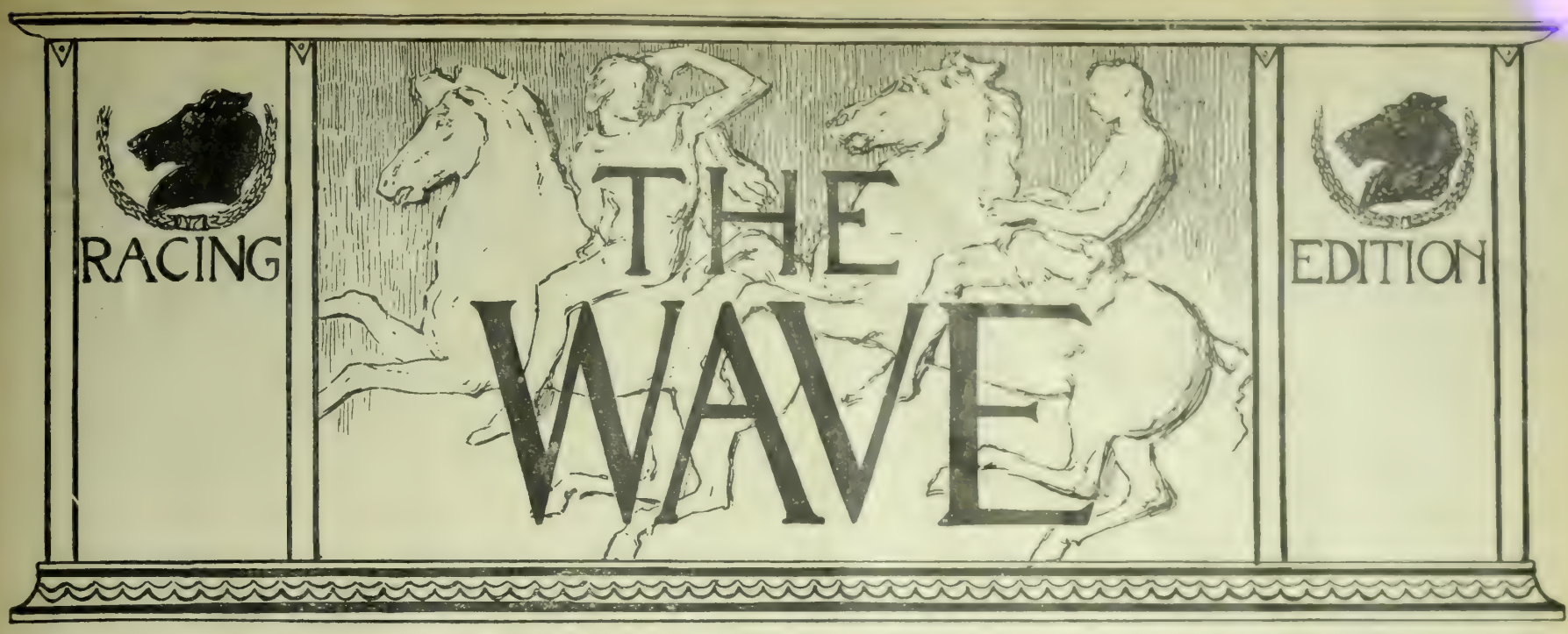

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CALIFORNIA STATE

AN EXCITING FINISH.

PHOTO BY W. J. STREET

THE WAVE

Is published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal., and Colman Building, Seattle, Wash.

Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months, $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in al union) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

The trade is supplied by the San Francisco News Company 342 Geary street; east of the Rocky Mountains by the American News Company, New York.

The Wave is kept on file and is for sale at Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France; 31 Union Square, New York City; 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.; and 206 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

For advertising rates and on all other matters pertaining to city business, address The Wave, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

All business matters pertaining to the Northwest should be addressed to Trevor Corry, Colman Building, Seattle, Wash.

THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY
PROPRIETORS

SAN FRANCISCO—December 30, 1899—SEATTLE

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EVENTS CURRENT.

Major-General Henry W. Lawton.

The most regrettable loss of the autumn Filipino campaign was the killing of Henry W. Lawton, Major-General of Volunteers, and the one man above all others who has been responsible for our late victories in Luzon. The sad event occurred at San Mateo, December 19. General Lawton learned that the insurgents under Geronimo were gathering in force at that place, and determined to attack it by a forced march. In spite of a terrible storm then prevailing, he pushed on with three hundred men and appeared before the rebel outworks on the morning of the nineteenth, where his command was met by a resistance rather more stubborn than the natives have been putting up of late. Lawton seems to have exposed himself needlessly while reconnoitering; at any rate, he was hit while standing in full view of the enemy and died almost instantly. The body was brought to Manila for temporary interment, and will be sent back to the United States by the next transport. General Lawton was born in Ohio in 1843, and enlisted in the Civil War as a First Lieutenant of Volunteers. He participated in thirty-seven battles, and came out of the war with the rank of colonel, after having won a congressional medal for bravery. For a time he studied law at Harvard, but he finally returned to the army, where he made a record as an Indian fighter. The capture of Geronimo, the notorious Apache, is one of his special feats of arms. At the opening of the Spanish war, he was made Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and was in command at El Caney. In January, 1899, he was sent to the Philippines, where he made the best record of any of our generals, and won the rank of Major-General of Volunteers. His promotion to the rank of Brigadier-General of Regulars was on the way at the time of his death. Personally, Lawton was the ideal soldier, stern, grim, unbending, but just and chivalrous. He was a giant in strength and his feats of endurance are among the traditions of the American army. He leaves a widow and four children, who are now at Manila. A bill has been introduced into Congress to grant the family a pension, and officers of the army are raising a fund to pay off an indebtedness on his estate at Redlands, California.

The Guerilla War in Luzon.

Except for the killing of General Lawton, nothing worthy of special comment has developed in the Philippines of late. The war has passed fully into the guerilla stage. Nothing is more certain than that the organized resistance is over, yet the guerilla war may, doubtless will, continue indefinitely. Not a single account of an action worthy of the name comes to us, yet the lists of killed and wounded continue regularly. These losses seem to occur in skirmishes, brushes with small forces which shoot from the bush and then escape. It is a long desert chase of the kind our army has met in its Indian campaigns, but rendered doubly difficult by the size of the territory to be covered, the cunning of the natives, who, more intelligent than the Indians, are therefore better strategists, and the difficulties of the climate. The only encouragement is the fact that the isolated forces met with are growing smaller and smaller. General Young and his troops are still on the trail of Aguinaldo. A week ago, they were reported to be but one day behind him, yet he seems to have escaped again. The most extensive recent movement is an advance on the small island of Panay, a stronghold of the revolutionary party which General Otis has hitherto been prevented from occupying, owing to the scarcity of troops.

Brigham Young Defends His Faith.

In the latest issue of *Harper's Weekly* Brigham Young—not the original Mormon apostle, of course, but his descendant in the second generation—defends his faith, and particularly that part of it which has been most criticised—polygamous marriage. His article, entitled, "Shall the Mormon question be revived?" deals mainly with the Roberts controversy, and lays special emphasis on that phase of the difficulty which most impartial and fair-minded persons consider to be the root of the matter, viz: the question as to whether or no a man who lived in polygamous relations before the church agreed to abolish the custom shall feel bound thereby to desert the wives and children of the plural marriages. Following is a condensation of his argument: From a period beginning shortly after the foundation of the Church, about two per cent. of the Mormon men lived in polygamy, believing it to be a divine ordinance. In 1862 a United States law was passed abolishing the custom; this remained a dead letter on the Statutes. Then, in 1881–2, the Edmonds law and the Edmonds-Tucker act were passed. These made the extreme punishment for living in polygamy five hundred dollars fine or six months' imprisonment, or both. Then followed a reign of terror for the Mormon church. Gentile Judges so construed the act as to make each instance of polygamous intercourse a separate offence; certain prominent Mormons were by this means sentenced to imprisonment aggregating more than the term of their natural lives. There were between eight and nine hundred convictions to the penitentiary on this score. The hope of Mormons that the law would be wiped out by the Supreme Court was killed when that body declared the Edmonds-Tucker act constitutional. Thereupon, Mormon President Woodruff, in whose hands lay the whole question of plural marriage, issued a manifesto abolishing the institution. President Cleveland took his act in good faith and proclaimed general amnesty to those who had practiced polygamy before the time of the Woodruff manifesto. This act of executive clemency wiped out all past offences on condition of a future compliance with the law. The Mormon people have kept good faith in the matter; polygamy is dead. Why, then, this new agitation on the question? Partly because clergymen of the orthodox Christian beliefs view with alarm the ever increasing growth of Mormonism through the zeal of its missionaries, and its hold upon its communicants, and partly because a coterie of politicians in Salt Lake City see the opportunity to break the opposing party by discrediting its successful candidate. It is not true that plural marriages are still common in Utah. The Church has never sanctioned such practice since the amnesty proclamation. Certain persons living in adultery have asserted that they dwell in polygamy in order to cover up their shame; that, in searching for cases to prosecute after the time of the Woodruff manifesto, the "persecutors" of the Mormon faith had to hunt up cases which occurred before the manifesto was issued. Roberts was not the candidate of the Church. The districts which gave him the heaviest majorities were, with one exception, the heaviest Gentile districts. His plural marriages were not mentioned in the campaign; they were contracted before the United States law declared them illegal. Now that he is elected to Congress with this thing against his record, what shall he do? Shall he be expected to abandon his wives, married under the old dispensation, and thereby declare them concubines and their children illegitimate? Polygamy is dying out at the fountain-head. Of the two per cent. of the Mormons who practiced it, nearly all are dead; the rest must, in the course of nature, pass away; in twenty years, they will be nearly all gone. This renewed agitation does no good to the "persecutors" and only renews such outrages on the Mormon Church as occurred recently in the South.

Growth of the Steel Industry.

This has been a good year for the iron and steel industry of the United States. The increase in American ship-building, the spread of our machinery and manufactured goods through Europe, Africa and Siberia and the conditions resulting from returned prosperity have given rise to a great demand, and the opening of new mining regions in the West has added greatly to the supply. Statistics for 1899 are, of course, not yet complete, but it is predicted by experts that the total production will be at least 12,500,000 tons. The world's production for 1898 was about 35,000,000 tons. This country, therefore, is furnishing about one-third of the world's supply. Only recently have the statistics relating to the iron industry been compiled and compared. The first year of which we have any accurate record is 1740, when the iron mines of England were investigated by royal decree. At that time, the production of the country was found to be 17,350 tons, a total of fifteen pounds for each person in England. It is estimated that the production in Continental Europe was about two pounds per head of population. No reliable statistics were taken for over a century, during which time the modern industrial system had been inaugurated. In 1855, Hon. Abraham S. Hewitt gathered and compared statistics and set forth the results in a remarkable paper which concerned itself not only with existing conditions, but with the future. He found that the world's production had risen, in that year, to 7,000,000 tons, equal to seventeen pounds per head, and that the consumption in England and the United States was respectively, 144 and 117 pounds per head. Basing his figures on this increase and on the existing conditions, he predicted that the world's production would be 14,000,000 tons in 1875, 28,000,000 in 1895, 48,000,000 tons in 1915, and 96,000,000 in 1945. The world more than justified the prediction. The 14,000,000 was passed in 1873, and in 1898 it had reached 35,000,000 tons and was well on the way to the 48,000,000 mark set for 1915. This country has more than kept up with the world. Our progress is divided into four great periods. The first ended in 1840, with the introduction of anthracite coal. This early period has but little interest to the student of industrial conditions. The second period was marked by tremendous growth; manufacturies and railroads increased the demand enormously, and the discovery of new fields of both coal and coke added to the supply. The third period was inaugurated by the Civil War, which, in the tremendous upheaval it caused, gave rise to the duplicate parts system, whereby all standard parts of machinery were reduced to common standards. In this way, great specialization became possible and the industry prospered accordingly.

Discovery of the Bessemer Process.

The last period began in the seventies, when the Bessemer process made steel manufacture easy and cheap, and has been characterized by the replacing of iron by steel all along the line. In 1882, when steel rails, etc., reached a parity in price with iron, the manufacture of the latter ceased almost completely. All these improvements have brought about a tremendous rise in total production. Our growth as an iron-producing country has been enormous and at a rate unequalled in the world's history. In 1855, we first touched the 1,000,000-ton-a-year mark. About 1871, we reached the 2,000,000-ton mark, and the 4,000,000-ton mark in 1880, while in 1889 we had almost again doubled our production. Within another few years it seems sure that we shall again double the production, and touch the 16,000,000-ton mark. Already we are making as much iron and steel as the whole world produced in 1871, and the world passed the 14,000,000-ton mark but once, until 1880, when it made 18,000,000 tons. But the world's progress has since been as rapid almost as our own, and by 1889 it was making 25,000,000 tons of raw iron and steel. The multiplication of centers of iron production has been equally remarkable. It has always been recognized that to produce iron on a paying basis the bodies of ore must lie near to coal beds, as the smelting and reducing call for great quantities of coal. Consequently, the Pittsburg region was at first the only one which produced iron in commercial quantities. Improved railroad facilities enabled the coal-fields of the middle Eastern States to be used for smelting over a gradually widening region until the movement spread to the red hematite region of Lake Superior, which is still the center of iron production for this country. Then came another westward march until the regions of Michigan, Minnesota and Wisconsin were mining iron ore and sending it by whaleback steamers to the smelters of the Great Lakes. Then, independent centers in the West and South took up production, until to-day every section of the country but the Pacific Coast is contributing its quota.

Death of Dwight L. Moody.

It is less than three months since the greatest popular opponent of Evangelical Christianity, Robert Ingersoll, died of heart trouble. Now, the same complaint has just carried off Dwight L. Moody, who stood before the public mind as the greatest exponent of that branch of the Christian faith. Dissimilar as were the views of the two men, there is a striking similarity in their methods. Neither originated anything, neither added anything substantial to his cause, for neither was a deep or profound thinker. The power of Ingersoll lay in his brilliance as an orator and his ability to fascinate audiences by means of his personal magnetism. His hold was, therefore, strongest on the mediocre and half-educated part of the population; such real thinkers as shared his views took their inspiration not from his popular presentation, but from those sources of thought on which he built his own work. In his range, Moody had exactly the same position. His sermons were not deep nor scholarly; their only force lay in their adaptability to the public mind and in his intense personal magnetism. The resemblance between the arch-agnostic and the arch-believer goes further than this, however. Both were bitter, violent and intolerant at the beginning of their careers, and both became softened by age. Ten or fifteen years ago, Ingersoll was attacking the Christian belief with ruthless sarcasm; at the very same time, Moody was preaching hell-fire for sinners. Those who heard some of Ingersoll's last speeches will remember that he dwelt rather on the hope of man in human relations and left Christianity alone. Similarly, Moody's last sermons were concerned mainly with the love of God and made no mention of eternal punishment. Dwight L. Moody was born in humble circumstances in 1837. He passed his boyhood on a Massachusetts farm, and went to Boston at the age of 16. Here he was converted and commenced a career of missionary work among the poor. He became head of the Chicago Y. M. C. A. while still in his twenties. At the outbreak of the civil war, he took up the work of the Christian Commission. Afterwards, he founded an independent church in Chicago. All this time he had been holding revival meetings, but his bound to fame came in 1873, when, with Ira D. Sankey, he started on a two-years' tour of this country and Great Britain and inaugurated one of the grestest revivals of the century. Since that time, he has traveled continuously. He never became a regularly ordained minister, and preached in the churches of all those denominations which would have his services. With the earnings of his tours and his books, he founded two great free schools at Northfield, Mass., and a Bible Institute at Chicago.

The New Movement in Secondary Education.

In the current *Atlantic* Andrew F. West takes a rather reactionary stand on secondary studies in a paper entitled: "Is there a Democracy of studies?" It is the view of those who believe that Greek, Latin, Mathematics and Literature are still the real essentials of an education which "educates in the best sense of the term." The paper is largely historical and statistical; the writer attempts to prove by figures that modern educators are returning from their chase after new and strange things to the older and presumably sounder theories of the German and English schools. He begins with a rapid survey of the late progress in secondary schools. Twenty years ago there was a chaotic diversity in the secondary schools of this country. They were a heterogeneous lot, with little working agreement and a wasteful want of plan. Then came the rage for organization, and with it a great growth of new theories. Also, there came to pass an immense growth in the attendance in this class of institution, which, between 1890 and 1898, increased eighty-five per cent. The educational theories grew even faster, until everything that was new and strange had received a trial. One of the results of this condition of affairs was the introduction of the elective system into secondary schools. This fad was carried to the extreme in some quarters, resulting in a system of education which lacked all co-ordination. Only recently, have the best educators returned to the belief that a curriculum system allowing some latitude for individual choice in a few studies is the only sound method. Meanwhile, the good sense of parents is shown in the fact that the substantial studies which have always been regarded as the true groundwork of an education are growing in favor. Latin, History, Geometry, Algebra, German, French and Greek, in the order named, are the eight studies which show an increase in popularity over and above the eighty-six per cent. increase in general enrollment. This sign, Mr. West maintains, is too plain to admit of doubt; it shows that we are returning to the older ideas of education still held in Germany and England.

A Crisis For Great Britain.

This record was suspended last week on account of the Christmas issue. Two weeks ago, the English troops had just encountered a rather serious reverse in the defeat of Gatacre's column in the advance on the Orange River country. Since then, Great Britain has been called upon to face the most serious situation since the Indian mutiny. The two other columns which were advancing to the relief of the beleaguered garrisons have successively met with defeat. First, General Methuen, who had already fought two desperate battles on the advance to Kimberley, met the Boer forces at Modder River, the strategic point on the road to Kimberley, and was defeated with a heavy loss. Then, General Buller, on whom the hopes of the British were centered, advanced to Colenso to deal what was expected to be a crushing blow to the Boers. In a terrible battle he was forced back with the loss of 1100 men and two guns. Thus all three of the British columns advancing toward the Transvaal country have been checked, the English are still in Natal, and the garrisons at Mafeking, Kimberley, and Ladysmith remain in a state of siege. The cause of these three disasters reveals an unexpected weakness in the British generals. Accustomed in every war since the Indian Mutity to oppose semi-savage tribes, such as the Afghans and the Soudanese, troops who, though splendid fighters, had no knowledge of civilized tactics, they have fought the Boers in the manner to which custom has inured them. This method is the direct one, a bombardment followed by a charge straight to the front. In every case the British have followed this method, rushing at the entrenched Boers only to be caught in a trap or to be met by a fire through which no troops could pass alive. The long and short of it is that the cunning Boers have outgenerated them. The Dutch did not follow up the advantages obtained in these victories. There has been a suspicion of late that they are swinging around to cut off Methuen, who is encamped before Modder River, but his communications are still open. The Boers are wisely refraining from rushing the three beleaguered towns. Their policy seems to be the retention at these points of a sufficient force to keep the penned-up troops from breaking up the siege and to put their main strength into the fight against the relief.

England Rises to the Situation.

The news of the reverses was received at London with amazement, which was succeeded by the determination to throw the Empire's full strength into the contest. There was no tendency to criticise the generals over severely; indeed the safeguard of each commander has been that all alike—White, Methuen, Gateacre, and finally Buller—have been equally unsuccessful. Nevertheless, the supreme active head of the British Army, General Lord Roberts, has been ordered to the front with power to take supreme command. Under him will be placed General Sir Herbert Kitchener, summoned from the Soudan campaign; both are on the way. In addition, the entire active reserve force will be called out and enough troops to double the present South African army will go to the front inside the next month. The situation as it stands at present is exactly like the one which existed before Buller and his reinforcements arrived. The British are resting, holding their present position, and waiting for more troops. Unless the Boers change their defensive policy and advance, this will be the situation for the next month. It is now known that the corrupt Portuguese officials at Delagoa Bay have been permitting Boer munitions to pass through that port. England may make this an excuse for seizing that port. If she does, it will be a distinct advantage, as the new relief army may invade Transvaal direct from that point. There is great uneasiness regarding the attitude of the Cape Dutch, who, encouraged by the British reverses, are holding mass-meetings and seem about ready to go over to the Boers. Shrewd observers at London conjecaure that the situation in this respect is worse than the War Office admits. The excellent armament of the Boers, particularly with respect to artillery and machine guns, has been a great surprise to the British. It now appears that during the past five years they have been smuggling these arms through Delagoa Bay and deceiving the British spies sent to report on their armament by showing only their old-fashioned artillery. When the news of Buller's defeat reached Europe, there was, of course, great rejoicing among England's enemies on the Continent, France in particular. At that time there was much talk of an alliance to crush England in her distress. This has already gone the way of all European war talk, and there seems to be little chance that the Boers will have other than moral support from their Continental sympathizers.

Editorial Comment

C. P. Huntington's Practical Philanthropy.

MR. C. P. HUNTINGTON is a practical, not a professional philanthropist. Whatever appeals to his intelligence in the way of a charitable project or a practical public subscription, is likely to bring forth a check of generous proportions, contributed in a modest way, and accompanied by some sensible sentiment written in terse and forcible English. The mere fact that a certain subscription movement is popular carries no weight with Mr. Huntington. It must be practical to enlist his support. It is not often this practical financier and railroad builder permits the public to view a side of his nature, that is strongly brought out in his correspondence concerning the negro question. Mr. Huntington has been a constant and liberal contributor toward the support of institutions for the education and uplifting of the colored man. His indignation was recently aroused by an article maintaining that the negro is made criminal and vicious by over-education, which appeared in the Galveston *News*. The letter of protest which he forwarded to the editor was printed in the *News*, and has attracted wide attention and much comment. It breathes a spirit as broad as humanity itself. It bristles with strong, pithy sentences. It shows the *man*—for a moment the curtain is drawn aside and discovers the financier as a thoughtful philanthropist, moved by sentiments of the loftiest type, anxious for the betterment of a down-trodden race, and indignant that an intelligent editor should reach out his hand to obstruct their progress or question the wisdom of improving their condition.

Mr. Huntington says:

"I am quite sure that all races and creeds should be equal before the law. This principle can do no wrong to any one, and is so fair to all that its base should rest on the lower line of God's creation and the upper line should be above the stars." There is a depth of feeling here that speaks volumes as to the character of the writer. The letter proceeds:

"As to educating the negro, the policy and rules that apply to the whites should have equal force in his case. It is, of course, possible that the negro may never rise as high as the Caucasian or the Mongolian, *but he should have an equal chance to do so, not only before the law, but also along all lines of labor open to any other portion of the human race.*" The italics are ours.

Upon this broad foundation Mr. Huntington rests his case. All humanity should be equal before the law, and neither prejudice nor preference should work the harm of the one to the profit of the other. Whatever the race, whatever the color, the creed, or the condition, no man or class or sect of men should be handicapped in the struggle for existence. It is difficult to satisfactorily present extracts from Mr. Huntington's letter, for he is not given to superfluous words. As a rule his writings form such a homogenous whole that one does not know where to end the quotation. His exact attitude can only be expressed in his own words. The italics in the following quotation are ours:

"I know that there is much prejudice against the negro in all the states, and that is a factor to be dealt with, and methinks is worse to overcome than stone walls and iron bars, but patience and fair dealing on the part of the whites toward the negro, and perhaps something more than that on the part of the negro towards the whites, will remove this prejudice after a time, though it may be a long time. But let us do all we can to make the time as short as possible. *The negro is with us to stay, and is likely to be always an important factor in our national life. We are all, therefore, interested in his improvewent and in his general uplifting, morally, mentally, and financially.* We should see to it that his education in the use of the special tools that he will have to employ in his life work is carried to the highest point, and that we make him welcome in any field of labor that he may elect for himself. During the many years of my somewhat long life of continuous labor I have employed upon the various works in which I have been largely interested and have controlled in whole or in part, more than a hundred thousand men at one time, and that great army of workers has been made up of all races, and those of each race have been equally sincere in their work; but I expected that, for I treated them all alike, making no distinction whatever because of race or creed, and giving equal pay to all for the same kind and quality of work. *It seems to me no man can be happy who denies to others the rights he has himself in all the fields of labor. With all races kindness begets kindness, while hate breeds hate. Who ever made a friend through a frown or an enemy by a smile?* For many years I have known or had to do with many men of the three great races, and they have ever dealt kindly by me, while in dealing with them I have endeavored to follow the Golden Rule. In an experience of life extending over three quarters of a century, sixty odd years of which have been spent in the active affairs of business, I have traveled much and come in contact with all sorts and conditions of men, and I have found them all very much the same in the essentials of character and amenable to the same influences for good or for evil. I have found, too, that if you treat men justly and show them that you wish to be both fair and kind, they will pay you in kind, except the few exceptions which prove the rule. *It takes sixteen ounces to weigh a pound. Be sure that the beam is just on the balance.*"

The world would be happier and better should all humanity take this broad and human view of life. That this letter sets forth the creed of Mr. Huntington no man can question. It breathes forth an honest and abiding faith in mankind, and he backs his faith with deeds and liberal aid.

The Failure of the Boycott.

THE American Federation of Labor, in a recent convention at Detroit, has decided to call off all existing boycotts. This action was taken because of a belief on the part of the delegates that the boycott was being abused by the trades unions throughout the country. The boycott, it was shown, had become so common that it no longer struck men with terror to threaten them that, unless they were good, they would fall under its discipline. Indeed, its usefulness as a bluff seems to be quite gone. Today many business men rather hope to incur a boycott because of the free advertising it brings them. Among the thousands of labor boycotts during late years there is no evidence that a single one ever resulted in driving a man to financial ruin.

This action of the Federation has a string attached to it. All boycotts, it is true, are declared off, but they can be renewed at pleasure by the individual unions. For instance, Greville Greeley, the good green grocer, has been cruelly boycotted by the Amalgamated Order of Ancient and Potworthy Bootblacks. The Federation comes to him with an olive branch, ordering the A. O. A. P. B. to take its grimy hands off his cabbages. And then, just as he begins to realize what a narrow escape he has had, along comes Pietro Guidiccarroni, boss Amalgamated Bootwiper, and restores the boycott, perhaps without saying a word about it. What if the poor wretch should never find it out?

As a matter of fact, however, there is little danger that these boycotts will be renewed. The unions have about had their fill of boycotts. They have boycotted every one, right and left, until they no longer know where they stand. During the street car strike last summer at Cleveland three fourths of the business houses in the city were boycotted, together with every one of their customers. The followers of the boycott were obliged to mark in the city directory the names that were not boycotted, which led to a great deal of inconvenience, for often when the baby was sick and needed paregoric the nearest druggist that could be visited was quite across the town, and the street car boycott made walking the whole distance inevitable. At last there came a day when the directory itself was boycotted, and the thing speedily then became a farce.

In New York the printers have been having experiences with practical boycotting that will stand them in good stead for many years. They attempted to boycott the *Sun* because of the introduction of automatic typesetting machines. The boycott in this case, because of its complexity, was scarcely one that would commend itself to intelligent men. It broke down utterly in practice and became a jest and a byword. The printers are not likely to be grieved at the action of the Federation; least of all are they likely to renew the fight along the old lines. In Philadelphia the printers are having the same experience with a boycott that had previously failed in Kansas City, Omaha, Los Angeles, San Francisco, and New York.

Against such obsolete and farcical methods of settling labor disputes, attention may be called to the very sensible plan endorsed in Chicago on Wednesday, whereby the Building Contractors and Building Trades Councils agree to establish a permanent arbitration board. The plan calls for a board composed of ten members, who will meet promptly when called upon to do so. The plan was adopted unanimously in committee, and will no doubt receive final sanction. The failure of the boycott is in part responsible for this Chicago plan.

The Warder's Chant.

Translated from the German of Scheffel

RESOUND ye trumpets loud and clear,
That, from the ramparts of His might,
Our Lord, the God of Hosts may hear
An anthem in the starry night.
From earthly strife, He leads the soul
Securely on through time and space,
From earthly strife, He leads the soul
To life immortal, by His grace.

One century passes as it came,
Another follows in its trend,
And well for him, who with high aim,
Moves calmly onward to the end.
Then strike the steel and iron anew,
The age of Gold is drawing nigh;
And for the crown he offers you,
Do battle with a purpose high.

In field and shop, in mine and mart,
In surplice, or in armor dressed,
Let each one bravely bear his part,
And do what seemeth right and best.
For this, O Lord! thy blessing shower
On mount and castle, stream and cot;
And in the centuries closing hour
Grant grace to each, whate'er his lot.

Lucius Harwood Foote.

An English society has improved on the S. P. C. A. It calls itself the "Society of United Prayer for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," and in a recent circular urges members to pray that "The masters of Eton College may no longer countenance cruelty among their pupils."

A young Danish engineer, according to *Engineering*, has constructed a phonograph which will take telephone messages. It is much simpler than the Edison phonograph and instead of a wax rollet has a steel band from which the message can be wiped off after delivery.

Californian Race Courses.

TANFORAN PARK.

NOT the least in importance of the improvements inaugurated in and about San Francisco the past years is Tanforan Park, the new race-track and ground just completed by the Western Turf Association. Today, with the smell of paint and shavings still about it, Tanforan is proved one of the best tracks in America and by far the best in the West. It needs only the improvements which will come gradually with age to make it the best in the world. Already, a world's two-year-old record has been smashed on this course—and it has been used for the sport of kings less than a month. The excellence of the track was proved by this feat. It is high praise, therefore, to say that the accommodations for patrons are in every way equal to the course.

The location near San Bruno is an ideal one for a race-track. Within a short distance of San Francisco, it is but a few miles from some of the great breeding establishments which have made California famous. It is an easy drive from Tanforan to Burlingame and San Mateo, unquestionably centers of the Pacific Coast for high class horses. In addition it is equally well within hail of San Francisco, the metropolis of the Slope. That the people of these two districts take a lively interest in the new venture was shown on the opening day by the number of smart turn-outs on the oval and the crowded condition of the trains running from San Francisco.

The track is the regulation mile with turns and quarter-mile stretch, the turns sloped in the most approved method. To prove the excellence of its composition and drainage it need only be said that some of the fastest races run at this first meeting occurred within five or six hours of a heavy fall of rain. Experts believe that it will be shown to be the fastest circular track in the country, and on the basis of the showing already made there seems to be little reason to doubt their predictions. A valuable addition is an excellent steeple-chase course just laid out inside the oval. Formerly the race-tracks on the Coast had made no adequate provision for this exciting form of sport, and the improvement is a decided advance in racing.

For the horses there are ample stables, roomy, comfortable and modern in every way situated just to the right of the grand stand and nearly opposite the first turn; at present, they will accommodate about three hundred racers, but the Association intends to provide for about as many more. The saddling-paddock, scale-room and jockey-room are connected with the stand by a covered passage-way, and are as modern in every way as the other features of Tanforan.

Next to the track, the stand is the feature of special excellence at Tanforan. It is a handsome structure with a southwest exposure and capable of seating three thousand people very comfortably. Among the novel features, the one worthy of most comment is the enclosed promende at the back. This is a glass-inclosed arcade over two hundred feet in length, and a bower of tropical beauty in all seasons of the year, with the palms and potted plants which decorate it and the view of the green fields and stately trees outside.

The betting-ring, enclosed by glass, like the stand, is reached by broad, easy steps. This, the life of the modern race-course, is so situated that the anxious bettor may have a view of every point of the track, may watch the race "from the gate to the wire" without stirring from the enclosure.

And last but not least, the comfort of patrons is provided for at every step. One steps from the train to the stand, from the stand to the ring, from the ring to the cafe. independent of wind and weather, thanks to a system of covered passage-ways. This care characterizes not only the track itself, but the trip to and from Tanforan, for the railway accommodations are all but perfect.

THE CALIFORNIA JOCKEY CLUB.

WHEN one takes the one or one-thirty boat for Oakland on a racing day, he enters into a world apart a specialized world with but one idea in its collective consciousness. In the early morning, the passengers are composed of that army of laborers who reverse the usual order of things by living in San Francisco and working across the bay, or of students taking a last glance into their books before first-hour recitations. Then there is the returning shoppers, a woman's crowd this, and then the man's crowd of the hour before dinner—business and professional men, clerks, with a sprinkling of typewriters and women clerks. Finally, there is the after-theatre crowd, which smells of the orris-root of evening clothes, and the

SNAP SHOTS OF RACING CELEBRITIES.

LIEUT. GENERAL LORD METHEUN,
Brigade Commander.

GENERAL SIR H. COLVILLE.

COLONEL BADEN-POWELL,
the Hero of Mafeking.

LIEUT. GENERAL SIR F. FORRESTIER-WALKER,
First Army Corps.

BRITISH LEADERS IN THE BOER WAR.

THE light of public scrutiny is beating rather strongly upon the officers who are leading Her Majesty's army in South Africa. Three months ago, the gay Colonel Baden-Powell, the athletic Methuen, the immaculate Clery were swells of the London season and attracted less attention than a hundred other sprigs of nobility or offshoots of royalty. Now, the papers are filled with anecdotes, real and fictitious, of their daily lives and their past service, while the sale of their photographs leads all royal records by a wide gap.

Colonel Baden-Powell's sensational situation in Mafeking has rendered him the special subject of these comments. Powell is an attractive figure. He is younger than most army colonels, to begin with, and he has a personality outside his profession. Richard Harding Davis ought to write the story of his life and adventures, for he is just such a soldier of fortune as the novelist of the American aristocracy would delight in. He has swung through life and his career in an easy, good-fellow sort of way, beloved of all men and some women. He is the sort of man who accomplishes his ends seemingly without effort; everything he does appears to have been consummated on the spur of the moment. The story of his departure for South Africa is characteristic. Being on leave of absence from India, he met Lord Wolseley in Picadilly. It is no secret that this *beau sabreur* is one of the few persons to whom the supreme head of the War Office ever unbends.

"Hello," said Wolseley," you ought to be in South Africa, Powell."

"Very well, sir. When do you want me to start?"

"At once."

Two days later, Baden-Powell was off for the Cape. With him he took one or two choice fellow-spirits, who must now be enlivening the beleaguered town of Mafeking. For it is safe to assert that Baden-Powell will not let the dreary routine of the siege dampen his animal spirits.

Restless, consuming energy is the chief characteristic of General Gatacre, who, we have just learned, is leading the expedition up Orange River. He is the terror of the lazy Tommies in the British army, but if he is hard on others, he is equally unsparing of himself. One of his earliest feats of arms was a long-distance ride in the English mutiny which stands as a record in the British Army. In the Soudan campaign, he is remembered as never leaving his men alone, but the forced march of his command, which saved the day at Atbara, justified his severity.

In manner and appearance he is a typical soldier. About the middle height, he is far below middle weight; there is not an once of extra flesh on his big bones and wiry sinews. Although far past the time set for the prime of life, he is only slightly grizzled. His tiny black mustache, which decorates a face as brown and tough as tanned leather, has not a single white hair.

General Lord Methuen (generally called by his Chistian name Paul) is also a man of immense personal energy. To this was added, in his youth, great physical strength. He is an expert boxer, famous in his day for skill with the gloves. Just now there are in London more women whom he has rescued by personal prowess from obstreperous navvies, cabmen and the like, than there are people kissed by Gladstone as babies in all England—if you believe the newspapers. At any rate, Methuen is quite capable of relieving any amount of feminine distress.

Individually, he is as stern a disciplinarian as Gatacre, though with more of the personal side to his character. So marked has been this trait in all his dealings with the army that it has given rise to a barrack-room conundrum—"Why are Her Majesty's Guards like the early Christians? Because they are persecuted by Paul!" He lives as his men live, sharing their hardships; even now I venture that he makes his meals on the veldt of the regular army ration with a pinch of the queen's chocolate!

But Clery, oh, Clery! Surely it needs an Irish pen to do half justice to this decorated war-lord with the soft burr in his voice, and the latest and loudest haberdashery on his frame. For General Sir Francis Clery is an Irishman of first water, "a rale ould Irish gentleman," if you please. He is a familiar figure in London, where he has been on home duty the past four years. And be it in uniform or plain clothes, he always shines out resplendent from the company which surrounds him. His uniform, his riding-breeches, his boots, must always be of the most precise fit and cut, but the regulations prevent him from introducing any new and striking combinations of color into her

MAJOR GENERAL SIR REDVERS BULLER.

Majesty's livery. But when he dons afternoon dress for his walk down the Mall, he resembles an approaching prairie fire through the gaiety of his get-up. He has a shrewd, comical face, thoroughly Irish in contour and expression. When hard pressed by a question, or in any manner of perplexity, he has a way of screwing up his features like a Japanese mask. And he has both the ready wit and the love of good living which belong to your true-born Irishman. If he has kept his health and figure, it is not because he has no temptation toward the things which ruin both; it is because he realizes how much those things damage soldierly quality and refrains as a matter of business. But a French chef goes out to Africa in his suite, not because the General intends to live high, but because he wants the little that comes to hand done to the taste of Francis Clery, Beau Brummel of the modern British army. To-day in Natal, in the very thick of it, he will no doubt be well turned out, well mounted; his kahki uniform may be soiled with the dust of the veldt, but it will fit.

This is "Frankie" Clery on one side. The other is Sir Francis Clery, the supreme authority of the British Army on tactics, the supreme court of appeal on all that has to do with drill and discipline. It is said that, in all his service in the War Office, he has never originated anything, never advanced any new plans, but he has made himself invaluable as a critic of other men's ideas. He has confined himself to picking to pieces, severely but justly, the ideas of others. And in spite of his Irish nature, he is a cautious and canny man, the one person in whose judgment Wolseley has the most confidence. "He never puts his foot down," says the Field Marshal, "unless he has a foothold!"

If a vote were taken in England on the question of the bravest officer in the British Army, the choice would probably rest on General White, now in command at Ladysmith, and whose prestige, marred by the first defeat of the campaign, has been recove ed since other and more trusted commanders have met a similar misfortune. Many stories are told concerning his cool deviltry. When serving as a colonel on the Afghan frontier, his command was sent to the front, but he was ordered to remain as secretary to the Viceroy. He asked to be allowed to go, but was refused until he clinched the matter by putting a question:

"What will be said, my lord, if my regiment is cut to pieces and I not with it?"

The Viceroy yielded, and White rode day and night until he reached the regiment. Those who saw the welcome he received from the men say that it was a scene never to be forgotten. In that expedition he won his Victoria Cross. At the end of an exhausting march the regiment, about to bivouac, found that the Afghan guns covered the position. White ordered them to advance and take the height where they were posted. The men, physically unfit for the task, only looked at him helplessly while he repeated the order, and made no advance. Thereupon, White rode at the guns alone. The regiment, seeing their leader in danger, rallied to the rescue and took the position.

White obtained his first chance for promotion under Lord Roberts in India by some brilliant and daring exploits. Lord Roberts, upon conferring his colonelcy, asked him what position he would prefer.

"Give me command of your advance guard," said White. Roberts granted the request, and White came out of the war with his fighting reputation established.

Californian Race Courses—Continued.

throng of the last boat which is more than likely to smell—collectively—of cocktails. But none of these have the distinctiveness of the afternoon racing crowd. It is a democratic mixture of classes. For distances, purses, starts, records, this in every variety of the English language from the purest to the unintelligible slang of the stables is the only conversation heard on the passage to the Oakland mole.

To other tracks, the aristocrat drives by coach and the protelariat rides by train, but San Francisco Bay levels all ranks at the ferries. And everyone, be he tout with a "tip" or gilded youth with the ready cash to spend on tips, be she lady of fashion dropping over for a little flutter of excitement, or feminine plunger staking her all upon that sport which is her sex's favorite form of gambling, talks one thing only—horses. Odds and weights, tips and chances, short and long breeding. A few additional minutes in a not over-luxurious train, and one enters the roofed board walk which leads to the raised grand-stand or the spacious betting-ring. The former is a large towering structure with an Oriental roof suggesting a pagoada to the god of speed and judgment, arranged in every way for the comfort of patrons. Its framework and the slender iron pillars which support it are so placed that the view is unobstructed. The view of the hard track, the green in-field, the lawn, with its shifting crowd watching the finishes and the Berkeley hills beyond is worth the trip were the houses left out. Just below is the betting-ring, large, well-lighted, and easily accessible from the stand. To the right is the club-house, where the fortunate may watch the events with more style and less of a view than the common herd. To the left are the paddock, the jockey-rooms, the scale-room and the general offices. Here is the center of all that is picturesque in racing; here is the stamping-ground of jockeys and trainers and the abode of that curious ornithological specimen, the "rail-bird." Just beyond, is the special stand wherefrom owners and trainers may see that their jockeys are "giving them a good ride on the stretch."

The track itself is famous; a glance at the list of world's records shows a sufficiently large number made at Oakland to justify its claim to be a world's record track. The course, a mile with quarter stretches, is well drained and is "raceable" even in the very worst weather. A second track inside the main course is used for exercising in the mud, and its existence helps to keep the main track in condition. The starting is all done by the gate, but with the help of the recall flag, the management believing that the best results can be obtained only by the judicious use of both flag and gate.

India is at present having a sort of Seventh Day Adventist excitement. According to Hindoo theologians, Vishna, the second person in the Hindoo trinity, is to have his ninth and last incarnation in this world. He will come on a white horse and with a blazing sword to purify the earth and to inaugurate a new era of virtue and happiness. At his coming, every caste woman in India will lie unconscious for an hour and a half; then those who are worthy will rise to join the men of the faithful in rejuvenating the earth.

The Rev. Dr. Costa, who was formerly a prominent clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal clergyman of New York, but who resigned his ministry on account of the Briggs controversy, has been received into the Roman Catholic Church. Dr. De Costa is prevented from entering the priesthood owing to the fact that he is married, but he intends taking up slum rescue work as an independent missionary.

Paris society has taken up the fashion of elaborately decorated and expensive visiting cards.

POLICE PARADE OF SAN FRANCISCO.

OVER the streets which had echoed the tread of thousands of blue coated warriors marched the blue-coated men of peace. It was the day of the annual police review, and four hundred "coppers," as neat and shining as dandy guardsmen, were on parade. They handled rifles like veteran soldiers and looked so serious and awe-inspiring that the admiring small boy, keeping pace with the drum corps, promised himself that some day he, too, should be a policeman.

A great day for the Police Department was December 22d, for never have they appeared to better advantage. Every man in line seemed to have a pride in being there; it did not matter whether he was bestriding a steed, carrying a flag or beating a drum. Leading the van came the mounted men of the department, and then the Police Commissioners with their invited guest, Governor Gage. Beside the Executive rode R. J. Tobin, president of the Commission. In the next carriage were Commissioners M. A. Gunst and William Alvord. Then came Chief of Police I. W. Lees, who entered the service when the department was an infant, mounted on a spirited steed which he bestrode with the ease and grace of a dragoon. Beside him cantered his aide, Lieutenant Birdsall, a born policeman, for his father was a San Francisco policeman before him. A band of music, and then came Company A—the men from north of Market street—at the head of which rode Captain Wittman. Next came Company B—the men from the south side and the Potrero—headed by the veteran captain, John Spillane. Company D next—the men of the Mission—their commander, Captain Gillin, striding along with them. Next, Company C—the harbor police—at the head of which marched Captain Dunleavy, the veteran of the water front. The police drum corps and the patrol wagons brought up the rear.

But the big officials were not the only interesting men in line. There were Sergeants Michael Joseph Conboy, policeman and comedian, and first-class in either role; and Sergeant Barney McManus, the two men who have the difficult task of preserving the peace of Tar Flat and adjacent neighborhoods; Sergeant Duncan, bailiff and flag-bearer, and dozens of others whose faces have been familiar to the San Francisco public for years. Nor were all the celebrities of the department in the pageant. Among those who did not take part were Captain Ben Bohen, chief of detectives; Captain John Seymour, guardian of the City Prison and Arnop Bainbridge, the man who remembers every arrested thief for thirty years back.

Among the many thousands who viewed the parade none were more impressed than the few who were pioneers of '49. They turned their minds back to the days when the police department was organized and the brig *Euphemia* was purchased as a prison ship. The father of Clay Greene, the dramatist, was then president of the Board of Aldermen. That was in 1851. Two years later I. W. Lees, a young engineer, entered the service, and from that time to this his history is the history of the organization. The upbuilding of the service has always been his aim and ambition. He began in his first year by starting a rogue's gallery—the first in the United States. It was in the days of the daguerreotype and every picture represented an outlay of $5, but Lees was not to be baffled and for years he paid the money for criminals' pictures out of his own pocket. He has the old daguerreotypes now. One of them, a smiling boy twelve years of age, is the picture of Bobby Durkin and to prove that Lees had made no mistake in treasuring it, Bobby afterward went to San Quentin seven times. Beginning with the incarceration of Charles Currier, the "No. 1" of San Quentin, who went to that institution in 1851, Lees kept up the record of arrests and releases until 1880, when the city took up the charge, and then he actually permitted the authorities to copy without cost his collection.

At the time Lees entered the department there were eighty-seven men on the police pay-roll, but after the turbulent spirits that disturbed San Francisco in those days had been brought under control, the force was gradually reduced until in 1862 it numbered but fifty four men. That was the low-water mark. Its growth since then can be best shown as follows: 1869, 104 men; 1876, 150; 1878, 329; 1883, 400; 1891, 456; 1895, 557; 1899, 573. The great increase from 1876 to 1878 was due to the sand-lot troubles. During all its years since 1862 there has been a steady, upward progress. With the constant growth in efficiency the police evoluted through various eras of dress reform, including one of gray suits and another of derby hats until they finally reached the sensible and servicable excellence of to-day. As at present instituted the department is one of the best and most efficient police organizations in the world. The credit of its excellence in various lines belongs to various persons. Its records are kept by expert bookkeepers, like Captain C. P. Wright, who as secretary of the Police Commission, has also charge of the pension fund. To Commissioner M. A. Gunst credit is due for some of the most successful innovations. It was Gunst who fought for covered patrol wagons, and went to the expense of purchasing one, presenting it to the city in order to prove that he was right. The gift wagon demonstrated the advantages of covered patrols and the system was adopted. Gunst also championed the helmet against the derby for head covering and after he had won his fight, time and the favor of artistic eyes proved the excellence of his judgment.

The police year begins on July 1st and ends June 30th. The latest records show 27,769 arrests to have been made in that period. Statistics prove that the San Francisco policeman has more work to do than his brothers of the other large cities of the country. San Francisco on June 30th of this year had one policeman to every 533 inhabitants. At the same time New York had one to every 315; Chicago one to 384, Philadelphia one to 399 and Boston one to 400. San Francisco being a seaport city, likely to be visited by the wandering criminals of the world, the lack of men is a serious disadvantage, which thus far has been oveacome by constant vigilance and skillful manage-

The Tevis Millions.

SOMETHING approaching disappointment was felt by the public at the comparatively light figures of the Lloyd Tevis estate. He had been credited with possessing three times the seven millions declared to the probate authorities. However, his resources were not confined to California, the bulk of his assets being in New York. The fact is, Tevis was one of the wealthiest men in the country. The estate will be nearer thirty-five millions than the seven millions announced in San Francisco Its dimensions will be fully revealed when an interesting legal question which has lately arisen in New York will have been settled. When the Anaconda property was sold Tevis lodged his share of the proceeds in New York with his agent there, who had full power of attorney to handle his affairs. Just what he had in the metropolis would never have been known but for an accident. It will be remembered that the financier was taken ill very suddenly, and that his death was quite unexpected. When the worst began to be feared a telegram was sent to New York authorizing the agent to transfer at once all properties in his possession to Mrs. Tevis. Unfortunately he had left for the day. His secretary, not realizing the pressing emergency, did not forward the message. Next morning the agent found two dispatches on his desk, the second announcing his principal's death. That at once terminated the power of attorney, and it seems the estate is liable for death duties in New York State. Then it transpired that the financier had in one of the safe deposit vaults ten million dollars in bonds and fifteen millions in gold, for which he had been arranging investments. Doubtless, Mr. Tevis had foreseen just such a pinch as that which recently occurred in New York and was ready with the accumulations to take advantage of it. Mayhap there are more millions in other centers about which we will hear nothing, but the income of which will contribute to the enrichment of the family.

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A Filipino Graft.

WHEN comic weeklies become native to the Philippine Islands the old joke about the "busted" actor and the tie-Pullman will be right in order. There is a hoodoo somewhere. Either the Thespians of Luzon have walked under a ladder or packed up a black cat or had their photographs taken before starting or seen the moon over the left shoulder. First, there was the Philippine village of the Mechanics' Fair in San Francisco. Then came the Filipino circus, and it not only went hungry hunting hotels but transmitted the hoodoo to the theater where they were to perform so that it burned down that week. And now, a lingering off-shoot of the first San Francisco troop is stranded on the hands of a charity organization at Seattle. At their first performance the band went back on them. An acrobatic performance without a band is like a church without a choir, and the tumblers performed to a house of newspaper passes. Then an angel appeared and took them to Everett, where the admission did not pay for the lights. The landlord of their hotel took their baggage, and the county commissioners packed them back to Seattle, where they went through all the hotel credit in town, and, having no professional pride, landed finally on the charity organization. That society is worrying because the brown Thespians threaten, before many days, to eat up their surplus funds, the city fathers are worrying because they realize they are next on the list when that shall happen, and the restaurant proprietor who agreed to furnish them meals at two for a quarter is worrying because their appetites are large out of all proportion to their sizes. Everybody is worried except the Filipinos themselves, who are accepting the situation with great Oriental calm.

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The Labor Struggle at Nome.

The conditions of the struggle between capital and labor at Cape Nome are peculiar in the extreme. The beach diggers claim that the huge transportation companies which own the rich mines on the higher slopes are trying to "work" Congress for possession of the beach. As is well known, the tide-sands, up to sixteen feet above high-water mark, may not be taken up for ordinary mining claims. The United States authorities have been giving them out to all comers at the rate of fifty feet per man; this has made possible the statement that Nome is a "poor man's camp." And this condition of affairs has resulted in a great scarcity of labor. No one wants to go to work by the day as a hired miner when he can make more money cradling for himself on the beach. Consequently, the companies are playing for the beach in order that the diggers may be thrown on the labor market. It is believed that they will attempt to rush through Congress a measure granting the beach for docking purposes. In opposition, the Nome men in Seattle have been holding mass-meetings and propose to send J. Hamilton Lewis to Washington to lobby against the plan.

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A Way of Entering Society.

ANOTHER social struggler has been wrecked on the shifting sands. The trouble with this one is that his methods were too startingly original. It appears that a clerk in Los Angeles, having ideas above his station, started to enter the exclusive set on his nerve. He knew none of Los Angeles' four hundred, but that did not prevent him from making regular calls on everyone with social pretensions. Perhaps he hoped that he would find someone who would yield to his endearing charms, or perhaps he was only trying a sociological experiment. At any rate, he scored a "frost" in every quarter, but that did not discourage him. In fact, nothing discouraged him until one of the victims, who had received a score of calls, had the chronic visitor arrested. The police were in a quandary. They tried the insanity lead, but the prisoner appeared to be of sound mind, and there is no law on the statute-books forbidding a man to call outside of his own set. The prisoner was therefore released on his promise to be contented with his own humble sphere.

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A Violation of Sporting Ethics.

HOWEVER much Californians and California athletes may be disposed to rejoice over the good showing of the Berkeley team in their game against Carlisle, there is one feature upon which any fair-minded amateur must look with regret. I refer to the playing of Quarter-back Ellis in the Christmas game. It will be remembered that the player in question was protested by Stanford before the Intercollegiate game. The protest was looked into by the University faculties and by the authorities of the Amateur Athletic Union and was allowed. I do not propose to discuss the merits of the case here; it is enough that the Union declared Ellis to be a professional, although admitting that his was not a flagrant case and that he ought to be reinstated after a time. He was not reinstated before the Christmas game, and the California men yielded to the temptation to strengthen their team by putting him in. Another university of ordinary standing would never have permittted this, but the Indians, although amateurs in every sense of the word, are not bound by the ordinary intercollegiate rules. That the affair will bring Pacific Coast athletics into bad odor goes without saying. Here is our first chance to grapple with the East at home, and in this contest, which the East is watching, we violate the first fundamental of amateur sport. It seems almost like poetical justice that the score by which Carlisle won the game was made through a fluke of Ellis.

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The Coast and the Theatrical Trust.

THE Theatrical Trust seems at this juncture to be coming in for rather more abuse at this end of the country than it has earned. The average citizen, whose good fortune it is to live on the Coast, believes the chiefs of the Syndicate, are actuated by feelings of animosity in ignoring the distinguished claims of the Pacific Seaboard. In other days the best attractions gave "time" to California and had conditions continued, as they had been, undoubtedly Seattle and Portland would have enjoyed the same opportunity. The East, however, began to prosper to a greater degree than the far West, with the result that the best attractions found fitting audiences at home and preferred to remain at the center. The awakening of London to the merit and value of American productions has also contributed to divert the Western tours of the first-degree stars into English excursions. The Syndicate has its theatres in London as in New York and Philadelphia, and "Mr. Chas. Frohman presents" grows as familiar there as in the States. The wide and barren stretch of territory between Denver and the ocean is partially responsible for our abandonment —that and the generous reception good acting finds in the great cities of the East. It now behooves the Coast cities to develop stars of their own and to organize stock companies of a superior order. There is an abundance of material in this field merely awaiting training and opportunity. The possibilities of this idea were suggested by Henry Miller's season at the Columbia Theatre, San Francisco. Such a combination might be organized again to play the winter through, producing, under an arrangement with the Syndicate, the latest plays or bringing out new plays by American writers. Admitting it would be difficult to induce mummers of the first rank to relinquish New York, there are many young men and women of talent in the profession whom a discriminating manager might select, and with the assistance of well drilled supernumeraries, make productions almost as good as Miller's. Skilled stage-management and intelligent direction are of vast moment in theatrical affairs and go far towards converting the average actor into the brilliant artist. Apropos of the Theatrical Syndicate, the organizer and leading figure therein is not Charles Frohman but Al. Hayman, late of San Francisco. He is the financial genius of the organization and is also the lessee of a number of the most important theatres in New York, Chicago and St. Louis. His part is that of financial direction, while that of Chas. Frohman is dramatic production. The booking system of the combination is the creation of Abraham Erlanger. Mr., Haymau's brother Harry Mann, so well known as manager of the California Theatre in San Francisco, now directs the destinies of the Knickerbocker Theatre on Broadway. It was there that Sir Henry Irving and Ellen Terry and the Kendals played while in New York recently.

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Mayor Phelan's Appointees.

THUS far no hint has crept out as to the identity of Mayor Phelan's appointees. In his gift are many commissionerships, and the leaders of the Democracy, for the most part candidates, are on the *qui vive* for intimations of his intentions. I have it on good authority that a final decision has not yet been made in regard to any of the places. Certain citizens of undoubted prominence were approached with invitation to take office on one of the important boards. They declined, however, because of the pressure of private interests. The mayor's intention is that at least the first administration under the new charter shall be strictly business, and that purpose will govern his selection. Party service will be no detriment to candidates, but it must be joined to fitness and industry. The task of finding the right men is not easy, especially when joined with the more irksome responsibility of dealing with the host of aspirants. However, all uncertainty will be cleared up by January 8th, when the new government will take office, and the commissioners must be in readiness to take over the burdens of their predecessors.

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City Councils and Municipal Improvements.

San Francisco and Seattle are both agitating the question of extensive public improvements. In the former city, it is a question of issuing bonds to create a new park system and to put in new sewers, to erect new schools and a public hospital; in the latter, the desired reforms involve a matter of a whole change in public policy—nothing less than municipal ownership of street railways and lighting. It will be seen, therefore, that, although Seattle is contemplating the outlay of a smaller sum of money than San Francisco, she is going much farther. While the innovations contemplated in San Francisco are about to be submitted to the people with good prospects of success, the radicals of Seattle are still besieging the City Council with prayers for a hearing. The law of the municipality is that the Council shall submit such amendments upon the filing of a petition signed by twenty per cent. of the voters. This was done in due form. The majority of the Board, however, had reasons of its own for desiring to dodge the issue, and solved the problem by remaining away from meetings so as to break the quorum and render illegal any action taken by the remainder. It was a far-seeing, manly and statesmanlike way of arranging the difficuly, and quite worthy of the body which put through the Woodland Park steal.

BOSWELL, JR.

Police Parade—Continued.

ment on the part of the head of the force. Under the new charter the condition is to be changed. Provision has been made for a number of additional officers, but it will require a year's time and the figures of the national census before the reform can be inaugurated. The new basis of allowance wil be one for every 500 inhabitants. Chief Lees believes that the census will show 400,000 residents of San Francisco. This would give 800 policemen, an increase of 228. At present broken hours, are the rule—six hours one day and twelve the next. Under the new regime, however, it is expected that a system of eight hours will be adopted. Until then the lot of the policeman in San Francisco is not enviable. Never may he have a full night's sleep. If he is not on duty in the early half of the evening he goes on at midnight, and life is just one long grin of eat, sleep and walk the beat.

Just now the Police Department stands on the threshhold of an uncertain future. Chief of Police Lees, who has seen forty-six years of service, desires to fill out a half century of police work, but the political cards are being dealt out face downward and the trumps may lie in another hand. The composition of the new Police Commission will also have a great bearing on the future of the Department. As soon as procrastinating contractors complete the Hall of Justice the police headquarters will be moved to that building. With the change will be inaugurated the Bertillion system of identifying criminals. Under this system the nose, left foot, left forearm, ear, middle finger, little finger and other organs are measured. The measurements taken never change after a person passes the twentieth year, and because of that fact the system is held to be infallible. After being once established it will also prove economical, as in cases of sending descriptions to other cities it will only be necessary to telegraph a few figures. Chief Lees takes a great interest in this system, and is desirous of holding office long enough to see one of the ambitions of his life—an infallible identification bureau—put in successful operation in San Francisco.

The composition of the police force changes slowly and the next review will probably find nearly all of the men who marched so proudly last week again in uniform, but the question is: Who will be riding the fiery steed that annually caracoles at the head of the procession?

St. Petersburg and Moscow are now directly connected by telephone.

As head of the Orleans family as well as of the House of France, the Duc d'Orleans has conferred the historic title of Duc de Guise on his cousin, Prince Jean of Chartres, who recently became his brother-in-law. The title went with the Guise inheritance to the House of Conde in the last century and on the extinction of that line in the early part of this century to the Orleans. The last person to bear the title was the son of the late Duc d'Aumale, who died young.

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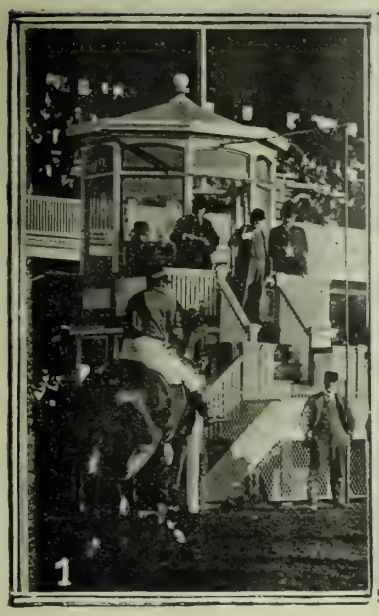
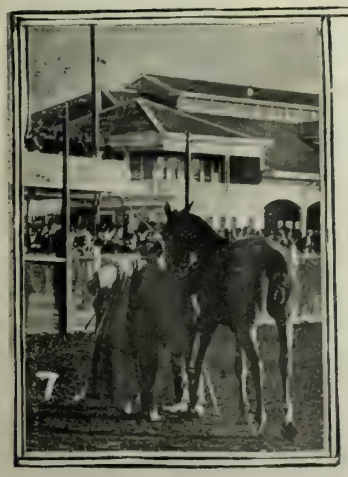
1. General View of the Track. 2. The Saddling Paddock. 3. Lined Up. 4. Return of the Winner. 5. The Lawn Between Races.
6. The Grand Stand. 7. The Track in Perspective.

CALIFORNIA JOCKEY CLUB'S RACE COURSE AT EMERYVILLE,





1 The Judges' Stand. 2. The Grand Stand. 3. In the Betting Ring. 4 Arrival of the First Train at Tanforan. 5 A Winner.
6. An Exciting Finish. 8. Watching the Races. 9. The Promenade.

WESTERN TURF ASSOCIATION'S TRACK AT TANFORAN PARK.

PHOTOS BY W. J. STREET

The CALIFORNIA-CARLISLE-GAME.

TO say that the Carlisle Indians came on the longest football pilgrimage ever undertaken to play, at the end, the best game this Coast has seen, would only be to repeat just what everyone else is saying of the Christmas football game. It was a revelation in footbal For heretofore we have been contented with an easy, languid shoving game, as indifferent and slow-going as California business methods. We have had good players, good coaching, at times, good team work. But we have never had snap, dash and "ginger." It was not expected by the wise ones that Berkeley would compare with their agile opponents, the snappiest team in the East, in this phase of the game. Great was the surprise of everyone, therefore, when the California men held their game up to the standard of the Indians and played fast, hard, Eastern football. It showed that we can do the trick if we really have to, that our trouble has lain not so much in the climate or the players as in the lack of someone to set the pace.

Even with the fluke barred, the final score—2 to 0—just about expresses the relative merit of the two elevens. Carlisle showed at every stage just a shade the better work. Even after the Indians had scored, and when it was "up-to" the home eleven to assume the offensive, California was kept on the defensive. Only once was the goal of the red men in danger, while they kept knocking continually at California's goal. And no one who saw from the side-lines the grim determination with which they went at it in the last ten minutes doubted that the whistle cut off another score. It was a beautiful rally, something like that which California made for a tie in the 6–6 game of 1895, but much fiercer and more rapid—a sensational finish to one of the prettiest games this country has ever seen.

California has a right to be proud. These stalwart bucks are rated about third or fourth among the Eastern teams. They defeated Cornell and Pennsylvania, held Princeton even until the last few minutes of play, and were defeated by Harvard, easily the best Eastern team, by a 22–11 score. yet California held them to an almost even game. Allowing that the disadvantages of imperfect condition were the same on both sides, this puts California somewhere among the six best teams in the country. It has vindicated the possibilities of Pacific Coast football.

Perhaps there was as much interest taken here in the personnel of the Indian eleven as in the game itself. Representatives of all tribes were numbered among the nineteen players and substitutes, about half of them full-blood Indians, the others mostly three-quarter breeds. They were a curious study in veneer as they loafed around the Palace Hotel or waited at the entrance to the grounds and talked with the loafers who had picked up their acquaintance. They dress well within their means, these varnished savages; evidently, there is someone at the school to teach them the minor points of "get-up." They are polite in a dignified way, and, with the exception of big Redwater, they speak fluent English. But—the aboriginal is just below the surface. I saw them for three days, and observed them chatting with all manner of men, and never once did I see any of them at their ease. They answered questions, they even laughed—generally in the wrong place—or ventured remarks of their own when they deemed that their interlocutors were joking, but each and every one showed by some little sign of nervousness, such as shifting feet, uneasy hands or restless eyes, that he was under a strain. Those dark, restless Indian eyes stood on yours for only a moment in passing, and then strayed on; in their placid depths one could see the same reserve that marks the Chinese eye—the sign of a type of mind as far from our own as is the East from the West. And I could understand how it is that the Carlisle graduate is only too prone to settle back into the life of his tribe. The leopard may evolve out of his spots in many generations, but he cannot change them in one.

Big Redwater, ex-United States scout, is the homeliest, the wildest and the most interesting of them all. Least of all, does he look at home in football clothes. One sees the same type of Indian in the reservation towns of the Northwest, strolling in from the reservation wearing a government blanket on his shoulders and a feather in his hair. He does his football work as his Cheyenne ancestors did their fighting, with a mechanical, set grin, and with a terrible, if silent, earnestness. He shows the Indian strain most strongly in his tendency to boast, in a frank, impersonal way that is decidingly fetching, of his deeds of valor. Modesty has been educated into the rest, excepting, perhaps, Hudson, but the big left-guard who said in the Harvard game, "I am going to make a touchdown"—and then did it—is still very near to the reservation.

As Redwater is the ugliest of the team in appearance, so is Seneca, who is an all-America half-back, and will be the Carlisle captain next year, is the most handsome. He is not over-dark, has splendid aqueline features and a lithe frame which is the embodiment of muscular grace. He is an aristocratic Indian, being a prince by blood of his own people, direct descendant from that Chief Seneca who was the friend of the whites in the early days. He is the most pleasant-spoken of them all and the only one who shows a trace of personal magnetism; he may use these qualities later, for report has it that he is destined for the ministry. Scholder, the California Indian, is of much the same sort; he shares with Seneca the claim to personal attractions and easy manners. They come by these qualities naturally, since their tribes are among those who have mingled longest with the whites.

Metoxen and Pierce are examples of another type—the stolid brave who keeps himself to himself and wears an impassive mask over his feelings. Pierce is called the shyest man in Carlisle. Even when he is playing ball, his self-consciousness remains with him. His very attitude, as he slams his great frame through the opposing line, speaks it.

Such are these young bucks, who have had more of an opportunity to see and study Anglo-Saxon ways than any other of their people For several years they have gone among the best, or at least the most civilized, of our young men. They have observed and imitated our ways; they are as other collegians on the surface. Will it stick? Will they try to lift their people to our civilization, or will they settle back? It would be an interesting study to follow them for the next ten years and see how many Dr. Montezumas and how many Apache Kids come from their ranks.

JOHN STOLLARD.

The salmon canners on Puget Sound are wondering how they will supply the tremendous demand for their finny product. There is but little surplus stock on hand and there will not be another pack until next April. Canned salmon has been adopted as a staple by the United States army and the armies of other countries are experimenting with it. Salmon fishing is still on but not enough to supply the local demand. When the present stock is exhausted those who like the fish will have to wait until after the spring run begins. It is probable that prices will go up and the Alaska canneries will benefit for they have the largest surplus. This industry has grown to such proportions that it has surprised even the most sanguine. Should the season be as good in 1900 as it has been this year it will bring thousands of dollars to the state of Washington.

It is stated on good authority that the Japanese are systematically counterfeiting the labels and packages used on American products. This is especially true of California canned fruits and Chicago tinned meats. The counterfeits are so clever that the manufacturers themselves would be deceived in the outward appearance of the goods. The quality of the contents is vastly inferior. The Oriental agents of some California firms are taking steps toward having the thing stopped, but they have not yet been able to locate the offenders. They say that the same thing is going on in China, although the Chinese counterfeits are not so clever as those of the Japanese.

The fact that the government has appointed a commissioner for the Cape York mining district is an indication that the richness of these diggings is recognized at Washington. It has long been known that Dawson city will be the starting point of a Cape Nome rush in the spring; now, it is generally felt that the exodus will be made in two divisions, nearly as many going to York as to Nome. Already at least a hundred Seattie men are off for the new camp, taking chances on the winter trip.

The defences at the entrance to Puget Sound are being strengthened so rapidly that in a short time they will be equal to any on the Atlantic Coast. Scarcely a month passes without additional heavy ordinance arriving. There is only a company of artillery at the two forts which guard the Sound, but it is the intention of the government to have a full regiment divided between them.

Rome's "League Against the Abuse of the Knife" has had a setback. The president of the society got into a discussion with some friends in a railwaycarriage and settled the point by drawing a stiletto and stabbing one of them to death.

THERE is so much of all sorts of things taking place at Christmas ime, Diary dear, that I hardly know how to begin to tell you of them all. In the first place, every day last week we girls went down town trying to dispose of books. We took a part of Miss Worn's florist store and were really most successful. In fact, the most unlikely people came in to buy. One woman said to me, "I generally give Jane flowers, but this year I think I shall give her a book. What would you suggest?" After asking her a few questions as to Jane's intellect, in a diplomatic sort of way, I suggested that a calendar would be most appropriate. She looked over all the books, and then left an order with Miss Worn for flowers. That was only one. We made lots of money, and helped business considerably in this city. As for the children, well, they all agree that the last Christmas has been the merriest of all. I wish you could have seen the happy faces at the different charitable institutions in town here. I tried to see each one. I think the Children's Hospital and the Children's Day Home youngsters seemed the happiest. And I watched the dear little things receive their gifts, fold their dollies in their arms, and feast their eyes on drums and wagons and all the different toys, I could not help wishing I were a child again. It is a great joy to see children at Christmas. It was the best fun I had, although Santa Claus was mighty good to me. He gave me all the things I most wanted, and lots of others besides. I think each of the girls received what she most desired. Little pearl hearts, amethyst chains, bracelets again, and new rings I have noticed on several hands. I received one of each. John gave Leila a superb pearl necklace. It makes my mouth water each time I see it. He gave me a horse and saddle, so I shall immediately join the riding school. That reminds me that there is to be an exhibition for sweet charity there this week. It is to be in aid of the Armitage Orphan Asylum. Mrs. Hooper, Mrs. Lent and any number of the girls are to give a really fine performance. I am most interested in it, especially now, as I hope next time to do something myself. I just love to ride, and I do not think there is any exercise so beneficial to girls. It is so easy too. That is, if one can do it.

MISS MARY BELLE GWIN,
who will be married to Mr. James Follis, Jan. 1st.

Edith McBean gave another of her jolly theatre parties last week. This time we went to the club afterwards for supper. We had a first-rate time. Mr. Baker gave one, too, on Tuesday night. His party went afterwards to the Zinkand. On Wednesday evening a crowd of us went to Mrs. Irwin's. She is so clever—just fancy, each of us girls was put next to the man she liked the best. I cannot help wondering how she knew that the fellow with whom I went in was really my "bestest best" crush. Linda Cadwalader looked lovely; so did Josephine Loughborough, Edna Hopkins and Edith Preston. It was a capital dinner, and the whole affair would have been a marvelous success had the men not spent so much of their time smoking after dinner. It hurt my pride that my crush did not fly to his little Cricket as soon as he had the opportunity. When I remonstrated with him as to his reprehensible conduct, he said, "Well Cricket, dear, I could not very well be the only one who got up to go, nor could I be the first to leave the others." Still, I enjoyed myself and the decorations were beautiful. Of course, being Christmas week, they were all in keeping with the festive occasion. I am looking forward with pleasure to the completion of the Irwin house on Washington street. It is a fine affair and I hope Mrs. Irwin will entertain as lavishly there as she does in her present abode. The Friday previous, the Russel Wilsons had a number of us young people to dine with them. As I was at George Newhall's that evening, I can only tell you of it from hearsay. Mary Scott, Caro Crockett, Ethel Hager, Mary Josselyn, and some others were there. It must have been very fine, for all those who participated were most enthusiastic.

We are all at present discussing the engagements of which I shall tell you, I hope, very soon. I do not like to betray confidence or you should know now. One fellow is a young architect. One of the girls has a fine voice, quite worthy, I heard a man say, who knows, the other day, of making a name for herself on the operatic stage. Two of the other girls are debutantes, cute and bright, and the other girl—well, she is good to look at, sweet to know, and above the ordinary in intelligence. Of the men I know but little, as none of them live here all the time. Clara Hamilton, I think, has received more engagement cups than any girl I know. Leila even does not surpass her in fascinations. She received sixty-three, but Clara's run into the seventies. Anna Voorhies has some beauties, and an array of them; too. I feel very much tempted to announce myself engaged, for the cups. How nice to have a shelf in one's room with cups arranged and labeled—first engagement, second engagement, etc. It would be so hopelessly a history of one's life, though, to do that sort of thing. I have seen a good deal of Mamie McNutt since her return from Europe. My desire to take the trip becomes stronger every year. I also see Genevieve Goad Martin once in a while. I like to go to see her for she is so lonely and sad. It is so hard on a girl to have had all her fun and joy cut off just when she was able to enjoy it so much. Mrs. Martin went East with the Downey Harveys to spend Christmas with Genevieve and Anita Harvey, who are at school in New York. They are going to be fine-looking girls, Anita most like her mother. I believe Helen Dean is also to spend a few years at school in the East. She is a strikingly handsome girl with lots of brains. Mrs. Dean has been much better this winter, and will go to Santa Barbara in January. I think there will be a general exodus to the South about that time. The Santa Barbara girls, Kate Stow, Miriam More and Bessie Cooper, returned home for the holidays. We shall miss them very much. Not half so much, though, as some of the boys, who quite lost their hearts to them.

There were several dinners given before the last "Fortnightly." Knox Maddox gave one at the University Club. I love to go to a dinner before a dance. It seems to add so much to the evening's amusement. This Fortnightly was the greatest success yet. Miss Sara Collier, looking really charming in white, led with Percy King. The figures were most elaborate. In fact they were beautiful, especially the flag one. They went off, too, without a hitch. I only had time to congratulate Sara, so I take the opportunity now to tell Percy how well he did it. Bessie Ames and Leontine Blakeman were the handsomest girls on the floor. They looked fine. Caro Crockett, Genevieve Carolan, Carrie Taylor and Edna Hopkins all struck me as being unusually handsome that evening. The Loughboroughs, Edith Preston and Alice Hager, too, looked well. We danced until one o'clock. I have never seen so much improvement in my life as I have in the men's dancing. Some of them really make it the poetry of motion nowadays. Cary Van Fleet, Walter Scott, my own Gerald, Bert Cadwalader, Sam Boardman and Mr. McAfee are fine in the art of Terpsichore. I'd like to give a dance and only ask men with whom it was a pleasure to dance. I do not believe I should be in the least tired next day.

Saturday morning I got up early to finish my shopping and then got ready to go to the Golf Cotillion. It was fine. Just splendid. As John, my brother-in-law to be, said, it was quite as brilliant a success as the one lately held in New York. I felt so proud, and when I told the managers of it what John's opinion was, their delight was wonderful to see. White skirts were the order of the day, and I did not feel a bit uncomfortable dancing in a high-necked blouse. It was glorious dancing in a short skirt. Twenty years hence no one will ever dream of doing otherwise. How I wish I could live my girlhood over again then. Therese Morgan, Olive Holbrook, Addie Murphy, Ethel Hager, Bessie Ames and Florence Josselyn all looked nice. The men looked really fine, too. Norris Davis, Max McNutt, Clarence Carrigan, Jack Baird, Roy Pike and Worthington Ames wore their suits well. We danced until seven o'clock, and I think we may merely consider this the first of a series of Golf affairs. Some of the girls talk of having an informal dance out there at the club. I hope they will, for next to a cotillion I love an informal dance better than anything on earth.

Alice Latham, another of this year's buds, has announced her engagement to Wyatt Allen. Alice has lived so in Marin county we have not seen a great deal of her. She is bright and attractive, however, and an awfully nice girl.

Saturday night after the cotillion Jim Follis gave a dinner at the University Club to a lot of his friends. Arthur said it was magnificent. John went with papa to the Christmas Jinks at the Bohemian Club. Arthur was not to be seen until noon-time next day, but John arose early and went to church with Leila. I wonder would Arthur have gone to church had he been engaged!

Now, my dear Diary, this will be the last letter to you in this good old year of '99 and I wish you joy in the way of dances and fun next year.

I have hinted before dear Diary at the *affaire* between Helen Hopkins and Gus Taylor. Well the engagement was announced last Sunday afternoon and both are busy receiving congratulations. Gus is certainly fortunate to have won such a handsome and popular girl. As for him—he has always been to much taken up elsewhere to be aware of the charms of Miss Cricket—but he would not have found me unwilling or unappreciative. I have always thought him awfully amusing and jolly.

MISS CRICKET.

THE ORDER OF AUTHORITY.—A curious traveler on the railroad between Bombay and Calcutta observed a Hindoo brakeman passing from car to car testing the wheels. He asked, "Why do you beat the wheels like that?" "It is the order of authority," was the imperturbable answer. "But what is the use of striking the wheels?" persisted the passenger. "Heaven knows! I have done so for thirty years. It is the order of authority."

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Paid-up Cash Capital -	$1,000,000.00
ASSETS - - -	26,499,822.74
Liabilities, - - -	22,708,701.82
EXCESS, 3½ per cent. basis,	3,791,120.92

GAINS: *6 Months, January to July, 1899.*

In Assets, - - - - -	$1,184,380.28
Increase in Reserves (both dep'ts),	1,478,549.62
Premiums, Interest, Rents, 6 Months,	3,782,423.85

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VOSS, CONRAD & CO., General Managers

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES in and for the Northern District of California.
IN THE MATTER OF }
G. E. SOUTHER, Bankrupt. }

Take notice, that G. E. SOUTHER, Bankrupt, above named, has been duly adjudicated a bankrupt under the Act of Congress of July 1, 1898, and that the first meeting of the creditors has been called to meet at the office of the undersigned at room 94, Chronicle Building, San Francisco, California on Saturday, the 6th day of January, 1900, at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m , for the purpose of proving their claims against the estate of said bankrupt; and that at the same time and place all creditors whose claims have been duly proven and allowed shall appoint one or three trustees of said estate.

Dated San Francisco, December 23rd, 1899.

MILTON J. GREEN,
Referee in Bankruptcy,
In and for the City and County of San Francisco.

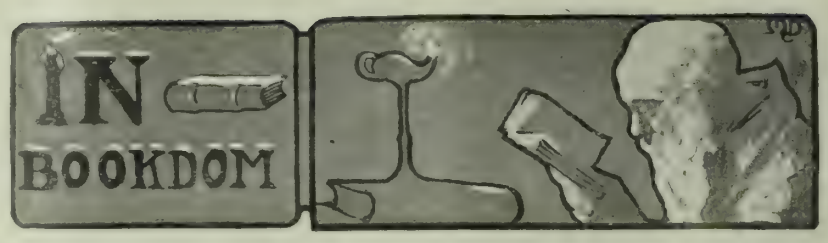
IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES in and for the Northern District of California
IN THE MATTER OF }
WILLIAM T. MAYNARD, Bankrupt }

Take notice, that William T. Maynard, bankrupt above named, has been duly adjudicated bankrupt under the Act of Congress of July 1, 1898, and that the first meeting of the creditors has been called to meet at the office of the undersigned at room 94, Chronicle building, San Francisco, California, on Saturday the 6th day of January, 1900, at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of proving their claims against the estate of said bankrupt; and that at the same time and place the creditors whose claims have been duly proven and allowed shall appoint one or three trustees of said estate

Dated San Francisco, December 21st, 1899.

MILTON J. GREEN,
Referee in Bankruptcy,
In and for the City and County of San Francisco.

Don't drink the first thing the bartender offers — call for Jesse Moore Whiskey and see that you get it.



Lincoln the Man.

ANNTABLE biography of our great war president has just been published by the Macmillan Co. in *Abraham Lincoln, the Man of the People*, by Norman Hapgood. Mr. Hapgood, in his anxiety to avoid indiscriminate eulogy, may have gone to the opposite extreme in weighing his material, but the fault—if it be a fault—is an honest one, and will break no hearts. There are already plenty of eulogies extant; while a great deal of the matter presented by Mr. Hapgood has not heretofore been a popular possession. Here are portions of a letter to a friend, written at the age of twenty-nine, in which Mr. Lincoln very ungallantly takes occasion to "throw down" a lady who had refused him. The publication of such letters, of course, is defended on the ground that they show that the immortal Lincoln was no wiser in his day than—for instance—his biographers. Men and women everywhere are supposed to take much comfort in that knowledge.

"It was then, in the autumn of 1836 that a married lady of my acquaintance and who was a great friend of mine, being about to pay a visit to her father and other relatives residing in Kentucky, proposed to me that on her return she would bring a sister of hers with her on condition that I would engage to become her brother-in-law with all convenient dispatch. I, of course, accepted the proposal. . . . I had seen the said sister some three years before, thought her intelligent and agreeable, and saw no good objection to plodding through life hand in hand with her. Time passed on, the lady took her journey and in due time returned, sister in company sure enough. This astonished me a little; for it appeared to me that her coming so readily showed she was a trifle too willing. . . . In a few days we had an interview; and although I had seen her before, she did not look as my imagination had pictured her. I knew she was over-size, but now she appeared a fair match for Falstaff. I knew she was called an 'old maid,' and I felt no doubt of the truth of at least half the appellation; but now, when I beheld her, I could not for my life avoid thinking of my mother; and this, not from withered features, for her skin was too full of fat to permit of its contracting into wrinkles, but from her want of teeth, weather-beaten appearance in general, and from a kind of notion that ran in my head that nothing could have commenced at the size of infancy and reached her present bulk in less than thirty-five or forty years. . . . 'Well,' thought I, 'I have said it; and, be the consequences what they may, it shall not be my fault if I fail to do it.' At once I determined to consider her my wife; and, this done, all my powers of discovery were put to work in search of perfections in her which might be fairly set off against her defects. . . . After I had delayed the matter as long as I thought I could in honor do, I concluded I might as well bring it to a consummation without further delay; and so I mustered my resolution, and made the proposal to her direct; but, shocking to relate, she answered, No. At first I supposed she did it through an affectation of modesty, which I thought ill became her under the peculiar circumstances of the case; but on my renewal of the charge, I found she repelled it with greater firmness than before. I tried it again and again, but with the same want of success. I finally was forced to give it up; at which I very unexpectedly found myself mortified almost beyond endurance. . . . She, whom I had taught myself to believe nobody else would have, had actually rejected me with all my fancied greatness. And to cap the whole, I then for the first time began to suspect that I was really in love a little with her. But let it all go. I'll try and outlive it."

How many of us, however, and the best of us, would refrain from faceleousness under such provocation. But how clearly the missive is worded, and how keen and shrewd the analysis. Sun spots indeed, but at the worst spots on a sun.

* * *

In *Ragged Lady* (Harper & Bros.) one is struck by the exquisite deftness of the characterization and the quiet wisdom that inspires the dialogue. Admirable material it is that composes the volume. Yet one finds one's self in rebellion at the insistent monotony of the author. Why, oh why, not accept a sterner theme and lavish that fine observation and shrewd philosophy thereon? We should have a book then worth having, for Mr. Howels has humor and delicacy and an absolute touch in characterization, yet is warped and cramped by his conviction that all life is conducted on a level. This is the outlook of a professor living in a flat. The world ebbs and flows around his windows and he regards the vagrant with a kindly indulgence. Never is he in it or of it, but only the spectator of its struggles and strivings.

* * *

Their Silver Wedding (Harper & Bros.) is continental travel, handled with a delightful skill, but it is also a love story and an amiable commentary on foreign and American life and politics. Burnamy and Miss Triscoe are of the true Howells genus—compounds of Yankee energy, New England conscience and native adaptability. Stoller is slighted for the ebullient journalist, but is an excellent American type, worthy of deeper analysis than is here given it. Typographically *The Silver Wedding* is an excellent piece of book-making. The illustrations are tasteful and clearly produced and the silver cover has its appropriateness.

* * *

The characteristic children's books of this holiday season are on the "freak" order, originated by Gellett Burgess. If children's minds are built by their early reading, one trembles to think what eccentric things will be thought and said and done by the men and women of the next generation. First, there were the incomparable *Goups;* then came Peter Newell and Oliver Herford and the *Father Goose Melodies* and a host of imitations.

The craze has invaded England. This holiday season John Lane puts out, as the best child's book of his holiday production, *Jack of all Trades*, a prettily bound little volume of nonsense, to amuse children and "grown-ups," with Gellett-Burgessy illustrations, by Charles Robinson. The pictures are only fair. They stick to their forerunner too closely to be original and not closely enough to have the irresponsible charm Burgess possessed before the East and Europe rubbed off the bloom. The text, which is anonymous, unless Robinson did it himself is more amusing. Here is a fair sample:

"Pull away, pull away, clever Mr. Dentist,
While I sing and chuckle in this comfortable chair,
Pull away, pull away, clever Mr. Dentis',
Don't be in a hurry for I've lots of time to spare!"

* * *

Miss Louise Carnahan, author of that widely-read book, *Polly's Lion*, follows it up with *Little Doctor Victoria*. It is a story of the South before the war, a good story which loses in the telling. Miss Carnahan could have "boiled down" her tale to half its length with advantage. The style is too discursive; too much is made of small details. The author was probably striving for local color in throwing in these minor incidents, but in the hands of an artist local color does not come that in way. However, she might have erred much more and still not spoiled a story which is simple, interesting, and above all, wholesome. Published by the author and illustrated (and well) by Mrs. Randall Wheelan.

* * *

The second volume of *Choses Vue*, by Victor Hugo, just published in Paris, is said to have been fished out of an ocean of scraps of paper, blank sheets of letters and insides of envelopes. Victor Hugo in youth suffered from the dearness of paper. As he wrote a large hand he used a great deal of it, and to reconcile authorship with economy he never threw away a bit on which he could make a jotting. He sometimes strung a pile of scraps which he had written on a piece of packthread, tied the two ends together, if there was sequence in the jottings, and hung them up in his working room for reference. He kept in this way a journal of his impressions. But the packthreads rotted, and the bits of paper of the most various qualities and sizes were thrown into boxes and got mixed like a pack of freshly shuffled cards. When there was no more room, bandboxes and hatboxes were used. Hugo gave up wearing the pot hat because his hatbox was full of papers of this kind.

For the Sake of the Duchess (F. A. Stokes Co.), by S. Walkey, is a dashing tale in the manner of Stanley Weyman or Levett Yeats. The hero is Armand de Championnet, a Viscount of France; the heroine, the beauteous Madamoiselle Aurelie, and the Duchesse of Berri figures as temptress in chief. A great swordsman is the Viscount, and instigated by the Duchesse, he sets forth on a career of wickedness from which he is rescued by the pure loveliness of Aurelie. Action there is in plenty, together with lots of movement and stir, making altogether on attractive novel.

* * *

Enoch, the Philistine, being a traditional romance of Philistia, Egypt, and the great pyramid, is out from the press of Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago. Le Roy Hooker is the author. The book is similar in treatment to the Egyptian romance of certain English authors who have, from time to time, taken advantage of Rider Haggard's popularity.

* * *

Under the Cactus Flag (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), by Nora Archibald Smith, is a pleasant tale of life in Sonora, Mexico, some twenty years ago. It is not a very important story, but the flavor is agreeable and the transcription of the life of the residents of Ceritas seems to be done with considerable truth.

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The California Hotel is the only modern-built, absolutely fire-proof hotel in San Francisco. It is strictly first-class in every respect. Many of our best families make it their permanent home, while it is undoubtedly the favorite stopping place for tourists from all parts of the world and for our army and navy officers. General R. H. Warfield is the manager, and he has drawn about him an able corps of gentlemanly assistants, all of whom study the comfort of guests, and who are thoroughly acquainted with all the details attached to the managing of a large and first-class house. San Francisco may well feel proud of her only fire-proof hotel—the California Hotel.

The Frenchman likes his native wines,
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The Irishman likes his whisky straight,
Because it brings good cheer.
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But they all go back on their favorite drink
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Owns 640 acres of oil lands in the exact center of the intersection of the two oil belts upon which are situated the only producing wells in the region. Here is an expert opinion: "After a thorough examination I have no hesitancy in saying that from the exterior formation of shale and oil sands and the coloring, the lands are equal if not superior to any that I have inspected and prospected during the past twelve years."—J. M. Fleming.

Our property has plenty of water, from never failing springs. A contract will, within a few weeks, be let for sinking our first well. Parties who contemplate investing in oil should investigate our proposition. We offer only
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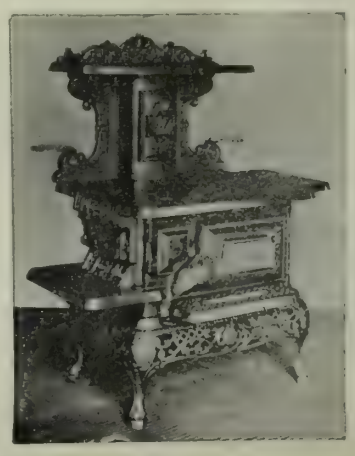

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The Oil Industry.

IN a recent interview M. M. Ogden, the exper of the California Oil Exchange said regarding the well of the Kern River Oil Company, about which there have been so many conflicting statements: "While in the McKittrick district I desired to make an investigation of the Kern River Oil Company's well, and had it opened for that purpose. When the cap was removed a stream of oil 2½ inches in diameter, shot up over the top of the eighty-foot derrick, a feat which I regard as

A Well in the Kern River District.

unprecedented in a well of that diameter. The cap was put on and two two-inch mains were run to two 600 barrel tanks, and both were filled. This well is only eight feet in the sand, yet when it was tapped the flow was so heavy, that a great amount, which I estimated at about 1,000 barrels, was lost by flowing down the ravine. The well has not been capped, but a flow of about 15 barrels an hour is permitted in order to reduce the pressure which is enormous; so much so, in fact, that when the well was opened for my inspection, the roar of the gas could be heard for three miles. I made an examination of the oil and found it to be rich in lubricants, and to be 20 per cent. Beaume. This proves that the gas does not belong in that strata; if it did, the oil would have a lighter specific gravity, and I infer from this that there is a strata of oil below the first sand which will yield oil of a more volatile nature. I am fully satisfied that a second well will have a 1,000 barrel flow. They are now building a two-inch line to McKittrick and putting up a 5,000 barrel tank. I consider a fair estimate of the present well to be—now that the head is off—600 barrels a day."

* *

In an interview with O. Scribner, the receiver of the land office at Visalia, it was ascertained that the people were mistaken in supposing that the Department of the Interior at Washington had withdrawn from entry the West Side oil belt, pending an investigation as to its mineral character. Soon after the organization of the Petroleum Miners' Co-operative Association, which was formed for the purpose of resisting the attempts of the scrip locaters, it was reported that the department of the Interior had temporarily withdrawn the oil land from entry. Mr. Scribner says that such is not the case, and that he has received no word of any such ruling. It is said that the action of the department was not that the land was withdrawn from entry, but that action approving locations was suspended pending investigation. There was, however, an order, requiring notice of publication of the selection of land in lieu of reservation holdings. Anyone taking up land in the territory included in the Co-operative Association's protest to Washington must publish the fact for sixty days. If no remonstrance is filed within that time, the Department will approve the selection and issue a patent.

* *

There is much interest being shown in the well that W. R. Bryant & Co. are putting down on the section 8, township 28, range 28, because if oil is struck, values will immediately go up in the northern part of the district. There is every indication that the well will be successful, judging from the different strata through which the drill has passed.

* *

The Thirty-Three Oil Co. of the Kern River oil district owns the southeast quarter of Section 33, Township 28, Range 28. They have two wells that will pump 60 barrels a day each, and are now putting down their third well. They will sink eight wells as fast as they can be drilled in. The directors of the company are: L. Guggenheim, A. Mack and . Schweitzer of San Francisco, and John M. Keith and J. J. Mack of Bakersfield.

* *

News comes from the southern end of the State that the Santa Fe Company has purchased the entire output of the Fullerton oil district near Los Angeles. By this purchase it acquires about two-thirds of the oil that is used in Southern California. The Santa Fe is a large oil consumer, as all of its engines are fitted with oil burners.

* *

Last week Judge Ross of the United States Circuit Court at Los Angeles handed down an important decision in the case of the Sierra Nevada Oil Company vs. the Home Oil Company. The Court decided in favor of the Home Oil Company as the actual developers of the land from a mineral standpoint.

* *

The Paso Robles *Record* says that the Los Angeles Petroleum Development Co. has leased the Tar Springs Ranch, of nearly five thousand acres, and will exploit it for oil. All this company is composed of Sante Fe people and furnishes all the fuel used for the Santa Fe road, and their movements are watched with a good deal of interest.

* *

There is a race just now between the Petroleum Center Oil Co. and the Barker Ranch Oil Co. as to which of them shall strike oil first. The drills and the rigs on the grounds of both of these companies are working night and day and there is every reason to predict that they will both strike good producing oil wells.

* *

The Puente Oil Co. has leased forty acres of land from Senator Cole in Colegrove, and is at work on a well. The Puente is one of the oldest oil producing companies in the State and is one of the best paying concerns in California, the oil produced by this company netting them $2 per barrel.

* *

Articles of incorporation of the Bakersfield Oil Exchange have been recently filed in that city. The Board of Directors consists of Milton McWhorter of McKittrick, John B. Rader of Kern City, and Robert Rader, O. B. Phelps and J. H. Moss, of Bakersfield.

* *

The Anita Oil Co. in the Ventura district, in tunneling, preparatory to sinking a well, struck heavy oil. The men who were in charge of the rig at the time of the discovery made all possible haste to buy stock in the company.

* *

There is much excitement in the southern field over the Brae Canon Oil Company's strike, of which *The Wave* gave an account last week. The oil has been found to be of twenty-two gravity, which is lighter than that of the Los Angeles product.

* *

The Duquesne Co., at Summerland, is the finest in that field. Last week they struck the oil sand in their well No. 23 at a depth of four hundred feet and the oil is flowing at the rate of thirty barrels a day.

* *

There is general rejoicing among oil men over the fact that the government is planning to equip the navy with oil burners, as this will give a big impetus to the oil industry.

* *

The Imperial Oil Co. has struck oil in its third well, on section 33, township 28, range 28, and will proceed at once to sink other wells.

* *

The Piru Rancho Oil Co. has commenced operations on two new wells at Peru City with the confident expectation of making a big strike.

* *

The Central Oil Company has acquired a location in section 24 of the Coalinga field and will commence drilling operations at once.

* *

Word comes from Santa Paula that there is a great boom on at present in the oil field of that district.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and, therefore, requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address,

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Kern River Oil District

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Maps, circulars and full information on application to the Secretary.

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[INCORPORATED]

Only 6000 Shares of which 1,000 were put on the market and over half sold the first 10 days. This is a genuine opportunity for an oil investment. The Company owns by United States patent 5 twenty-acre tracts in the

"Oil Basin," Kings County,

the richest oil bearings in the entire belt. We have made arrangements for the latest improved machinery and will shortly be boring for oil, at which time stock cannot be had at any price.

No Assessments.

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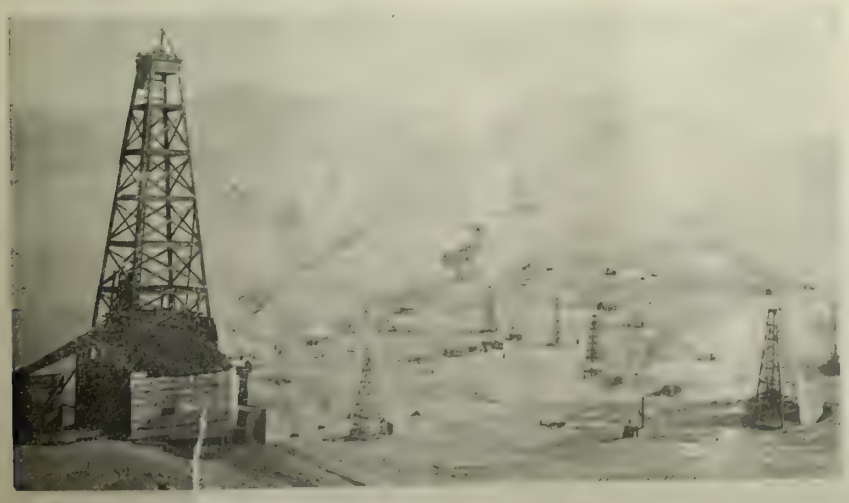

A Recent View on the Coalinga Oil Field.

MRS. DOBLEY'S SYSTEM.

DOBLEY took his wife to the races without any idea of the pecuniary tragedy that would ensue through his kindly act. His main idea was that as Mrs. Dobley had never seen a horse race the novelty and the breath of country air would be agreeable to her. He didn't count on what was going to happen—the evolution of a successful system by Mrs. Dobley which cost him exactly $118, which Mrs. Dobley fondly imagined came out of a bookmaker's pocket, as it should have done if Dobley had curbed his ambition. As it was he had a bad day and lost all his confidence in betting on form.

Before he started with his wife for the track, Dobley knew just which horses were going to win. He always picked them out before he started, and stuck to his selections. He said he had no use for people who changed their minds about a horse every second, and, besides that, Dobley kept a book in which he had all the records. He had the names of the racers, their pedigrees, the distances they liked best, the races they had won at the different tracks, the weights they carried, what horses had beaten them; in fact everything there was to know about them.

When she handed her husband $5 and asked him to please put it on Althea one, two, three, in the first race, Dobley was paralyzed with astonishment. He had never fancied that Mrs. Dobley possessed any sporting blood, and he handed the money back and tried to treat it as a joke.

"He hasn't a chance to come in eighth, my dear," he said kindly. "Let me put it on Kirkwood for you. He is going to win. I have twenty on Kirkwood. It's a sure thing."

"It isn't any fun being at the races without betting," pouted Mrs. Dobley, "and I want Althea. I knew a girl at school whose name was Althea, and it's so unusual."

Dobley laughed heartily. "All right," he said, "it's your funeral, but if you lose, you lose, remember. Little Willie isn't going to pay for your chips in this game as he does at poker. That goes."

Dobley went off laughing and thought it would be a good joke on his wife to play bookmaker for a day. Her horses were bound to lose, and it would be like getting money in a letter. Then if he had luck he'd give it back to her when they got home. And if he didn't it would be a good lesson for her. He didn't half like her suddenly acquired spirit for gambling. He put $20 on Kirkwood, and glancing at the board, saw that Althea was 5 to 1, one, two, three. He allowed Mrs. Dobley's $5 to rest peacefully in his pocket and went back to where she sat, all excitement, on the stand.

"Which is my horse?" she asked.

"That old skate waltzing around there and spoiling the start," said Dobley, with his eye on Kirkwood.

Does he have to come in three times to win?" asked Mrs. Dobley; is that what one, two, three means?"

"Oh, you're a hot sport," said Dobley. "No, he doesn't have to come in three times, but he has to be first, second or third under the wire, and I am afraid your old schoolmate will be about last."

"How much do I win if he comes in first, second or third?" asked Mrs. Dobley. It seemed impossible to quench her enthusiasm.

"Exactly twenty-five dollars and your original five, thirty in all; but you won't get it; see?"

Just then the horses started and neither of the Dobleys spoke. Dobley kept the glass glued to his eye and Mrs. Dobley fancied she heard him swear; but suddenly the horses came down the stretch in a cloud of dust and every one shrieked and pounded and yelled like mad and Dobley sat down suddenly.

"Who won, dear?" asked Mrs. D——.

"Blanked if I know," said Dobley—"Kirkwood didn't! He ran like a goat!"

Suddenly, as the names of the horses went up on the post, Mrs. Dobley grasped her husband's arm, "Look—look!" she said in a hoarse whisper. Look there—at Althea!"

Sure enough Althea was third. Dobley ground his teeth. Mrs. Dobley clapped her hands. "Oh, hurry," she said hysterically, "and get the $30; they may find out it's a mistake!"

"No such luck," said Dobley under his breath.

"What's that, dear?"

"Such luck, I said."

"Yes, isn't it? I needed that money!"

When Dobley came back and gave her $30 he had partially recovered his equanimity. "Got any more old schoolmates in this race?" he asked with sarcasm, for he couldn't help feeling sore as he saw Mrs. Dobley shove the money in her pocketbook with the reckless air of a gambler. Her eyes were shining with an unholy fire.

She took a two-dollar bill from the roll. "I want this on Trumpet," she said. "One."

"One? What do you mean?" asked Dobley.

"I mean number one,oncet. I mean first, you know: not two, three."

"You mean straight?"

"I mean to win."

"Oh, you do," said Dobley. "Remember," he whispered, "my last word. I have a tip on Premature, a stable tip. What makes you want Trumpet? You had no old schoolmate withthat name, did you?"

"No, I just shut my eyes and put a pin through the program right at the second race. And see where it came through, right through Trumpet! And this woman back of me said there's fifteen to one against him. So I can win thirty this time for two dollars. What is the use of risking more?"

"Blamed if that isn't a great idea!" said Dobley. "All right, Mrs. Dobley, I'll get you two dollars' worth of Trumpet."

But he didn't, foolishly. He watched the race from the lawn and saw Trumpet just beat Premature, who came in second. After swearing for awhile and absorbing two cocktails, he went up and gayly gave Mrs. Dobley $32.

Mrs. Dobley skipped the next event, but was ready to plunge at the fourth. "This is the Ladies' Stakes," she said, "and I am going to put $5, first, second, third, on Lady Lindsay. It's the Ladies' Stakes, and a lady ought to come near winning; don't you think so?"

Dobley had a streak of luck in this race and won $2 on Prestidigitatrice, who won at two to five. He was glad his luck was changing, and as he collected his money he heard some one say, "Lindsay, was the best thing in that race; three to one!"——

A cold sweat broke out over Dobley. If this kept up he'd have to borrow carfare from his wife to get home. He went and drank two more cocktails. Then he saw that Lady Lindsay had come in third. He went up and gave the money to his wife. His roll was nearly gone.

"Suppose we go home?" he suggested, with a hungry eye on Mrs. Dobley's pocketbook.

"Oh, I must bet on Trillion," said Mrs. Dobley. "I simply must."

"Another winner, I suppose," he said. "Take my advice and stop, young woman. This is the Grand National Stakes, a very uncertain race. Why—why—I wouldn't bet on it myself!"

"But look here, said Mrs. Dobley: "a trillion is nine naughts, 'o's,' isn't it?"

"And a one, usually," said Dobley weakly.

"And a one, a won; certainly. Ha! ha"

"Ha! ha!" said Dobley.

"Well, isn't it?"

"Y—y—y—yes," said Dobley.

"Well—Here's my name—Honora Coombs Dobley," she wrote it on the edge of the program. "Here is your name, "John Woodward Dobley. Now count the 'o's.'"

"Nine," said Dobley. "What of that?"

"Nine naughts are a trillion. I want to bet $5 on Trillion Onth—I mean straight; yes, that's it, straight!"

Dobley couldn't answer. The cocktails were beginning to make his mind hazy, but he knew only one thing. That Mrs. Dobley couldn't possibly win again. So he clung to her $5 and went down and had a cocktail. Then he looked at the race, and seemed to see a thousand horses, with three horses that looked alike about a mile in front of the others all the way around. A young man beside Dobley was jumping around like a madman, shouting, "Come on! Come on there!"

"Whash—th' madder 'th ye?" asked Dobley. "Who are thosh three horsh? Fine horsh—bud'd 'll be a dead heat. "Who'sh horsh?"

"There's only one horse, you chump," yelled the young man, "and I've a hundred on him. Come on Trillion!"

Everyone was shouting Trillion. "How much d'ye win?" asked Dobley of the young man.

"Five hundred! Five to one. I ought to have had a thousand on him. Come and have a drink."

Dobley thought he'd take a cocktail. "Did you have anything on him," asked the young man, who tried to get Dobley to drink champagne with him.

"Nop," said Dobley, "but Mish' Dobley had him. Mish' Dobley has a system. Can pick winnersh to beat th' ban'. Shay old man, how mush does she win? Five dollarsh onth; I mean straight?"

"Why $30, of course."

"Yesh, thatsh the limit; she don't want to win more; she'sh won every race. Wonderful

"What is it?"

"Why id's like this. She remembers an ole schoolmate, shame name, y' understand, and then she sticks a pin in her and counts nothin.' Honora Coombs Dobley—thash five isn't it? John Woodward Dobley—thash four—don't it? Four and five—nine! Nine naughts in Trillion—simplesh thing in the world, Old Man. I'd like ye' to meet my wife. She win over a hundred to-day."—*N. Y. Sun.*

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specialties is the Kona brand of coffee. Particular attention is being paid to coffee growing in the Hawaiian Islands, and this firm is engaged in preparing it properly for the market. This is one of the coffees of the future. They have the best and most improved machinery for preparing it from the crude state in which it arrives here. It goes through a process of grading. The outer or parchment shell is first removed, then the inner skin. It next goes to a grader which removes all the light beans known as "Quakers," as also all the black and broken ones. Roasting and packing complete the process. It is put up in hermetically sealed cans, giving the consumer one of the most delicious beverages in the world.

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A NEW DIALECT.

"OH, my twee," said the grand dame who passed in before me, "wasn't that a deevie costie?"

"Wasn't it? It must have been tremie expie—and the frilkies! The tweest!"

I passed on amazed. While I was pondering upon it, the curtain rose. Presently, an actress in a very smart gown made a sweeping entrance. She seemed to speak the same unusual dialect.

"I must send a tellie to that expie woman to send me a deevie costie for that tremie ball" were about the first words she uttered.

Heavens! did I dream? Was I in nineteenth century London, listening to Mrs. Langtry and company in "The Degenerates," or had I been snatched across the ages to the period of the new English language?

The mystery resolved itself into a very prosaic explanation. This unusual twisting and turning of the mother-tongue is, it ap, ears, the latest fashion in London society. No one knows just who is responsible for it. The strongest claimant for the honor is Mrs. Hwfa Williams, a lady whose name shines from every paragraph of the society columns and whose powerful personality dominates the "smart set" in London. It has raged in the city the past two months, but "The Degenerates" was the first society drama to take this degenerate speech unto itself. Most of it was put in the mouth of *Mrs. Bennet-Boldero*, a character who takes the part of a society reporter. The bulk of her conversation must have been as unintelligible to the uninitiated in the audience as it was to me—for I had not yet obtained a glossary.

I have one now, however, and I present it for the enlightenment of my countrymen, who are sure to run afoul of the dialect before long. The new novels of the "smart" school will bring it across the water. This is a list of the commonest terms. If you get the swing, you may add to it at will.

THE GLOSSARY.

My twee	My sweet
Tweest	Sweetest
Deevie	Divine
Diskie	Disgusting
Tremie	Tremendous
Expie	Expensive
Hoy	Hot (in the moral sense)
Undies	Underclothing
Petikies	Petticoats
Frillkies	Frills
Knickies	Knickerbockers
Cossie	Costume
Teagie	Teagown
Tellie	Telegram
Mackie	Mackintosh
Umbrie	Umbrella
Pyjie	Pyjamas
Nightie	Nightgown
Man	A male human
Man-man	A howling swell
Gee-gee	Horse
Prannie	Piano
Bootie	Beauty
Dee	Dear
Bee	Bed
Meddie	Medicine

It goes without saying, or ought to at any rate, that this mixing of baby talk with tender diminutives is a woman's speech. The men have not taken it up to any extent, because whatever you may say of the stolid British youth, there is nothing effeminate about him. When you come to think of it, what a boon this is for women. For one whole section of the language—profanity—has been usurped by tyrant man. Now, we of the trampled sex have a speech for our very own. Only, I view with horror the possible spread of this unlimited system of corruption. Consider the *Portia* of the future declaiming as follows:

"The Inalkie of messie is not strennie
It droppie as the gentie rennie from Hevvie!"

THE WHITE FAD.

This is a black and white season. No colors, if you please, in my lady's winter gowns, and of the two, white is the favorite. It is a hopelessly expensive fad, and therefore one which will not spread far beyond the smart set. For in muggy, foggy London, one wearing will take the first freshness out of any white garment. In spite of this, the very smartest of this season's gowns are built on the tint of purity, generally plain, but sometimes relieved by black. Similarly, white fox and ermine are the fashionable furs. The former is becoming a little common, so many are wearing it, but the long, clinging hair is so beautiful and becoming to the blonde complexion of a Saxon face that the best-dressed women still maintain the style.

I saw, last week, a long redingote cloak which is a fair sample of the present mode. It was lined throughout with white brocade in a pattern of waving feathers tied with long streamers. There was a wide, shawl-shaped collar of ermine, and the sleeves had well-shaped cuffs of the same fur, which was also seen in a wide flounce around the botttom. With it was worn an ermine toque turned sharply up at one side where it was finished with a bunch of black velvet rosettes. This costume, as I have said, typefies the mode, being all white except for the black points of the ermine.

A bewitching dinner gown is of plain white satin made in princess shape and untrimmed except for a hem of white velvet edging the skirt. It is sleeveless and has a tight, pointed bodice. Over this simple and plain robe is worn a long, sweeping coat of white chiffon edged with a deep band of sable. High in the neck, this coat falls straight to the feet behind and leaves uncovered the front of the neck and the front breadth of the skirt. A scarf of fine black crepe de chine is drawn about the waits fastening back and front with a diamond buckle, the knotted ends falling straight down to the feet. This scarf is heavily embroidered with silver, and the ends are fringed with jet and crystal drops. The effect of this plain foundation with elaborate finish is *chic* beyond all description.

WITHOUT MONEY AND WITHOUT PRICE.

MANY music lovers wait until some Paderewski, Rosenthal or Sauer comes along and allows them to pay big prices for hearing piano classics that require immense technique in their proper interpretation. Such people are wasting golden opportunities if they neglect an invitation, as free as salvation, to visit Kohler & Chase Hall, 26 O'Farrell street, and listen to the fortnightly Chamber Music Recitals given there, upon the Aeolian Symphony and Pianola. They also make a big mistake if they imagine these announcements only indicate a music box performance. They do indicate a perfection of technique that only mechanical means could attain, but that fact does not impair a mentality of interpretation co-equal with the highest intention. In fact the personal control of this mechanism is as complete as that of a conductor over an orchestra.

At the concert of the 19th, parts of Tschaikovski's sixth Symphony were played superbly upon the orchestrella, and a Beethoven sonata and Liszt Rhapsodie played upon the piano most satisfactorily. The large and increasing audiences that throng those recitals are compelled to confess to themselves their intrinsic worth to be equal to the most expensive virtuosi performances. Instrumental music is interspersed with vocal selections, accompanied by the pianola, showing its versatility.

The next program will be given on January 4th, at 3:15 p. m., and contain parts of Beethoven's 5th and 6th Symphonies; the Peer Gynt suite, by Grieg; sonata Pathetique of Beethoven and a number of songs by prominent local singers. Considered both as a purely musical entertainment or a revelation of astonishing mechanical achievement, this Recital abundantly repays attendance. CATRIONA.

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WHEN GREED MEETS GREED.

"A bit more swing and I shall make
My own that nice and steaming cake.

"What's this that drops upon my hat?
The wind will blow it off, that's flat!"

"Confound the thing! I cannot see
Or make out where the cake can be."

"Before my eyes! Its past belief
That dog's a mean and nasty thief!"

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COUNTY OF SAN FRAN[illegible] STATE OF
CALIFORNIA.

[illegible] and County of San Francisco, Plaintiff, vs. [illegible] Fair, deceased, and Charles G. Fair, Theresa A. [illegible] Fair, Ethel Moore & Moore and [illegible] Defendants.

[illegible] and answer [illegible] an action entitled as above, [illegible] Court of the City and [illegible] State of California, within [illegible] County, or within [illegible] thereof, [illegible] a judgment and decree of said Court annulling that [illegible] is the community property of [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] said wife as [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] as [illegible] in said complaint, which complaint is hereby specially [illegible] for [illegible] relief.

The [illegible] is a [illegible] of the property affected by this action.

All that certain [illegible] situated in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and [illegible] as follows, viz: [illegible] at the corner formed by the intersection of the northerly line of Bay street with the easterly line of Fillmore street, said point of beginning being [illegible] westerly [illegible] of said line of Bay street [illegible] hundred feet [illegible] from the easterly line of Fillmore street; thence westerly along said northerly line of Bay street two hundred and sixty-[illegible] feet to the point of commencement.

And are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco State of California, this 20th day of March, A. D., 1899. [SEAL] WM. A. DEANE, Clerk.
By WM. R. A. JOHNSON, Deputy Clerk.

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT (OCCIDENTAL CONSOLIDATED MINING COMPANY. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Silver Star Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors held on the 29th day of November 1899 an assessment (No. 34) of five (5) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary at the office of the Company, Room No. 69, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street San Francisco California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 3rd day of January 1900, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Wednesday the 24th day of January, 1900, at 1 p. m. o'clock, to pay the delinquent assessment together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.
ALFRED K. DURBROW, Secretary.
Office—Room No. 69, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.—CHOLLAR MINING Company. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors held on the ninth day of December 1899, an assessment [No. 50] of ten [10] cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 79, Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the eleventh day of January, 1900, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Wednesday, the 31st day of January, 1900, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.
CHAS. P. ELLIOT, Secretary.
Office—Room 79, Nevada block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

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CONSIDERING that "The Christian" was written by a man with a Zangwillian talent for self-advertisement, considering that it is a plain, bare-faced, obnoxious attempt to drag to the theatre—for the good of the box-office—a class of people who are opposed to the ordinary play on principle; considering these and all the other unintentionally comic features of this much-ridiculed production, Hall Caine's melodrama as presented to San Francisco for the first time is a surprisingly interesting play. One who has read the history of the whole business as set forth in the New York dailies must put aside the prejudices inspired by the bad taste which has marked the whole Caine affair before he can praise the production, but it is worthy of much praise. It has the quality indispensable to what I shall call, for want of a better name, the intellectual melodrama—it holds. The loves of Glory Quayle and John Storm, their struggle, from different ends, with the world and the flesh, are made real and absorbing. The strong third act leaves the audience breathless, awaiting the solution. If that solution—the happy union of these mismated lovers—is inartistic, it is, nevertheless, the one most suited to the audience to which the author is making his appeal. For the rescue of Glory Quayle is what the clergymen and their flocks who swarm to "The Christian" most desire to see, and they go away satisfied.

Of course, the play, taken as a whole, is inartistic. It could not be otherwise with Caine writing it. It partakes of all his faults maintenance on a dead level of solemn tragedy without light or comic relief, lack of perspective, over-wordiness, confusion. But it is a real thing which lays hold on the hearer and convinces, the New York critics to the contrary notwithstanding.

San Francisco, being far from the center and doomed to the road company, gets good players only by accident. This combination is one of the accidents. Effie Ellsler was a star when most of our popular actresses of today were in kindergarten. It could not be expected that she would do entire justice to a strong, young, vital part like that of *Glory Quayle*. She could have done it once, but she has outgrown her magnetism. Otherwise, it is good acting, serious, consistent, light where the lines give the opportunity, and strong in the emotional passages. Her *vis-a-vis*, Mr. Colville as *John Storm*, was powerful and sincere, but lacked subtlety and was handicapped by a rather stumbly accent. Frank Weston as *Drake* was natural and easy. There were one or two weak points, but in the main the company is a good one.

The gallery play to Protestant religious feeling has worked—even in San Francisco, which is not a strong church-going city. The audience was noticeably different from the regular first-night assemblage. Except for their clothes, it might have been the congregation in a fashionable church. They came, as they did in the East, and brought the pastor.

W. I.

* *

The star of the Orpheum bill this week is Fouguere, the facinating cafe chantant artist whose advent in New York recently attracted so much notice. She is really clever and chic, decorates her fair form with much art and innumerable precious stones, and sings rag time melodies with a Paresian accent that is charming. The audience, that exacting Sunday matinee audience, refused to enthuse over the captivating Frenchwoman's native woood notes, but when she essayed coon tunes with her bewitching air, there was a thunder of applause. The Royles were as clever as ever, theirs is an admirable combination, and La Sylphe was no less lithe than during last week.

The new people at the Orpheum are Billy Rice and W. Frillman, two well-known minstrels new to vaudeville; the Rosines, acrobatic comedians just from Europe; Dorothy Drew, a clever comedienne, who makes her first bow before a San Francisco audience, and Douglas & Ford, song and dance artists. Retained from this week's excellent bill are Fougere, Thorne and Carleton, La Sylphe, the Averys and the Biograph.

* *

"Chimmie Fadden," the Alcazar's holiday bill, has made such a success that it will be retained for another week. Following is "The Mysterious Mr. Bugle," with Irene Everett Hayman as star.

* *

"The Christian" begins the second week of its run at the Columbia on Monday afte r noon, with a special New Year's matinee.

AMUSEMENTS

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Billy Rice and W. Frillman; The Rozines; Dorethy Drew; Douglas and Ford; Fougere; Thorne and Carleton; La Sylphe; The Averys; Biograph.

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CHIMMIE FADDEN

Matinees Saturday and Sunday

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Week of January 8 Mysterious Mr. Bugle.

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R. M. WELCH, Assistant Cashier.

DIRECTORS

George W. Beaver, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, Albert Miller, George Tazheira, E. B. Pond.

Loans upon San Francisco and Oakland Real Estate, and Farms and Farming Lands in the country.
Receives deposits. Country remittances may be made in checks payable in San Francisco, Postoffice or Wells, Fargo & Co's Money Orders, or coin by Express, but the responsibility of this bank commences only with the receipt of the money.
No charge is made for pass book or entrance fee.
Office Hours: 9 a. m. to 3 p. m. and Saturday evenings, for receipt of deposits only, 6:30 to 8 o'clock.

DIVIDEND NOTICES.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS & LOAN SOCIETY, 526 California Street. For the half year ending December 31, 1899, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four per cent. per annum on term deposits, and three and one-third [3⅓] per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Tuesday, January 2, 1900.

GEO. TOURNY, Secretary.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION, 532 California Street, corner Webb. For the half year ending with the 31st of December, 1899, a dividend has been declared at the rate per annum of three and three-fourths [3¾] per cent. on term deposits, and three and one eighth [3⅛] per cent. on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on or after Tuesday, January 2, 1900. LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco 33 Post st.—For the half year ending December 31, 1899, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three [3] per cent. per annum on all deposits, free of taxes payable on and after Tuesday January 2, 1900. GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier.y

THE CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN Association of California, 222 Sansome St, San Francisco has declared for the six months ending December 31, 1899, a dividend of 12 per cent per annum to class A stock 10 per cent per annum to class B stock, 6 per cent per annum on term deposits and 5 per cent per annum on ordinary deposits.

CAPT. OLIVER ELDRIDGE, President.
WILLIAM CORBIN, Secretary.

SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 101 Montgomery street. The board of directors declared a dividend for the term ending December 31, 1899 at the rate of three and sixty one hundredths [361] per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, and payable on and after January 2 1900 Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of dividend as the principal from and after January 1, 1900. CYRUS W. CARMANY, Cashier.

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Makes the best fitting clothes at 25 per cent less than any other house on the Pacific Coast. See Prices:

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$3.50	$10.00
4.50	13.50
5.00	15.50
6.00	17.50
7.00	20.00
8.00	25.00
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White and Dark Violet

The Most Fashionable Perfume
Possesses the Odor of Fresh Violets

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BUY IT Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the

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WM. CORBIN, Secretary and Gen. Manager.

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22-inch, in all numbers Medium, Soft and Hard

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Heavy Naught, Wagon and Draper Ducks
From 30 to 120 inches wide

Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks

Manufactured by Mount Vernon Co. Baltimore.

MURPHY, GRANT & CO. Pacific Coast Sole Agents

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MASERANG
HEADACHE POWDERS

A positive and immediate cure for sick or nervous Headache, Neuralgia and Nervousness.

These Powders contain no Morphine, Opium, Antipyrine, Chloral, Antikamnia, Phenacatine, or other drugs deleterious to the system.

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Made in Humboldt Co., California
John Butler, Gen'l Agt., 506 Market St., S. F.

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THE PEERLESS CALIFORNIA RESORT

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The fastest train running over the best railroad, with the highest class accommodations. Connecting train leaves San Francisco at 5:00 p. m.,

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Arriving in Chicago at 2:15 p m.

Friday, Sunday, Tuesday, Wednesday.

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Between Stockton, Fresno, Hanford, Visalia Tulare and Bakersfield, furnishes a good local train service.

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Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway wharf San Francisco.

For Alaskan ports, 10 a. m. Dec. 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, Jan 1, change to company's steamers at Seattle.

For B. C. and Puget Sound ports 10 a.m. Dec. 2. 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, Jan. 1 and every fifth day thereafter.

For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, 2 p.m. Dec. 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, Jan 4. and every fifth day thereafter.

For Newport (Los Angeles) and Way Ports, 9 a. m. Dec. 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, Jan. 1, and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 a.m. Dec. 4, 8, 12, 16, 24, 28, Jan. 1, and every fourth day thereafter.

For Mexican ports, 10 a. m. 7th of each month.

For further information; obtain Company's folder.

The company reserves the right to change, without previous notice, steamers, sailing dates, and hours of sailing.

Ticket Office: 4 New Montgomery St (Palace Hotel)

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No. 10 Market Street, - San Francisco, Cal.

OCEANIC Steamship Company

Hawaii
Samoa
New Zealand
Australia

S. S. Australia, for **Honolulu only,** Wednesday, January 10 at 2 p.m.

S. S. Mona, **for Australia,** Wednesday, January. 24, at 8 p.m.

Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Capetown, South Africa.

Ticket Office 114 Montgomery St.
Freight Office 327 Market St.

J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO General Agents

Toyo Kisen Kaisha

Steamers will leave wharf, corner First and Brannan streets, at 1 p.m., for **YOKOHAMA** and **HONGKONG** via Honolulu, calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki and Shanghai, and connecting at Hongkong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

Hongkong Maru..... Tuesday, January 16th
Nippon Maru.....Friday, February 9th
America Maru.....Wednesday, March 7th

Round-trip tickets at reduced rates. For freight and passage apply at company's office, 421 Market street corner First. W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

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FARE **$12 First Class** / **$8 Second Class** } Including Berth and Meals

State of California sails Dec. 24, Jan 3, 13, 23
Columbia sails Dec. 29, Jan 8, 18, 28.

Short Line to Walla Walla, Spokane, Butte, Helena, and all points in the Northwest.
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SEASON OF 1899-1900

Lv.	San Francisco	5.00 p. m.	Tuesdays and Fridays
"	Fresno	10.23 "	" "
Ar.	Los Angeles	7.45 a. m.	Wednesdays and Saturdays
Lv.	"	8.00 "	" "
Ar.	El Paso	7.12 "	Thursdays and Sundays
Lv.	"	9.25 "	" "
Ar.	New Orleans	5.45 p. m.	Fridays annd Mondays
"	Washington	6.42 a. m.	Sundays and Wednesdays
"	New York	12.43 p. m.	" "

Initial Trip, Friday, Dec. 15th.

This magnificant train again, for the Sixth Season, offers its superior service to the traveling public.

Its high standard of excellence is abundantly attested by its past brilliant record, and the Southern Pacific management gives the assurance that it will be maintained in all respects, and improved where possible.

For more complete information, call on T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. Agt.

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to send you from Chicago to New York, Boston, or other Eastern cities over the **Nickel Plate** (N.Y.C.& St.L.R.R.) Quick time, satisfactory service, and no extra fares charged passengers.
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Box, postpaid, 15 cts. in stamps.

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American and European Plan.

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Robert F. Gallagher's Stenographic College

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Jesse Moore Whiskey has been the Kentucky standard with which all others have been compared since 1853.

New Stories Re-Told.

x x x

ALL IN THE SAME PEN.—A Chicago drummer spending a night in a small town found a poker game and proceeded to take a hand. There were some thirty respectable-looking men in the room and the play was well on when the police broke in and made a clean sweep of everybody. Next morning when arraigned at the police court the drummer asked for a lawyer. There was a general laugh in court as his honor replied: "I don't know where you'll get one. There are nine in town, but all are in the pen with you!"

x

AN ABSENT-MINDED DOCTOR.—Sir William MacCormac, the President of the Royal College of Surgeons, is an indefatigable worker, and often, to save time when studying in his laboratory, has a light luncheon served there. Once his assistants heard him sigh heavily, and looking up saw the Doctor glaring at two glass receptacles on his table. "What is the matter, Doctor?" asked one of the youngsters. "Nothing in particular," was the reply, "only I am uncertain whether I drank the beef tea or that compound I am working on."

x

A PEDIGREE INDEED.—At a dinner party in a ducal mansion in England, at which Disraeli was a guest, the talk turned on pedigrees. It was after the ladies had left and a group of ancient aristocrats aired their ancestries at terrific length. Finally Disraeli turned to his neighbor and said in a deep tone that might have been heard all over the dinner table: "Think of these fellows talking about the antiquity of their families to me—to me, whose ancestor was the accepted lover of the Queen of Sheba."

x

JERRY SIMPSON'S SOCKS.—When the clever Kansas Congressman, Jerry Simpson, made his first appearance in the House there was much curiosity as to his appearance, for he had been heralded throughout the country as "Sockless Jerry." A New York member on being introduced to the Kansan, audaciously stooped and drew up the leg of his trousers. He saw black silk socks with a drop stitch. "Well, I'll be hanged!" exclaimed the New York man, "how the world is given to lying."

x

DISEASE RATHER THAN REMEDY.—An old Scotsman, not feeling well, called upon a doctor. The doctor gave him some verbal instructions as to how to regulate his diet, advising, among other things, that he quit drinking spirits for a time. As the patient rose to leave, the doctor said—"I will trouble you for half-a-crown. I am in the way of charging for my advice." "Oh, maybe, maybe," answered the Scotchman; but I'm nae gaun to tak' it!"

x

ENGLISH AS SHE IS WROTE.—At the gate of the cemetery in Rio there is a notice in Spanish, French, and English that no dogs are admitted unless led by the owner. This is how the announcement is made, in what the writer evidently believed was English—"Noble mesdames and gentlemen who may desire a dog follow in this tombsyard will not be permission unless him drawn by a cable round him throttle."

x

A DELICATE DISTINCTION.—A distinguished politician, who is a member of the Carleton Club, had the misfortune of losing his umbrella within its sacred precincts. He at once put up a notice on the bulletin board requesting "the nobleman" who had taken it to return it when he had done with it. The committee, in due course, desired to be informed why he had ascribed its possession to a peer. The member blandly referred them to the rule, which said that the club was composed of "noblemen and gentlemen," and added that no gentleman would have taken his umbrella.

x

POSTED ABOUT SCREWS—It is customary in England to accuse Secretary Chamberlain of being a snob. His enemies declare that he is ashamed of his former business, which was that of screw manufacturing. On one occasion Mr. Chamberlain gave a singular and a plucky instance of how little he cared for this gossip. A beautiful gold cup of ancient make was under discussion at the breakfast table, in the country house where Mr. Chamberlain was stopping. Various guesses were given as to its age. "I see there is a screw in it," said Mr. Chamberlain, "if you allow me to look at the screw, I think I should be able to tell its age." He inspected the screw attentively, and then gave the exact date of the cup.

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Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c

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Entrance from the grand court or from the main office.

The efficient service, unequaled cuisine, and moderate charges that have given the Grill Rooms an international reputation, will prevail in this department. Orchestral concerts from 9:30 to 12 p. m.

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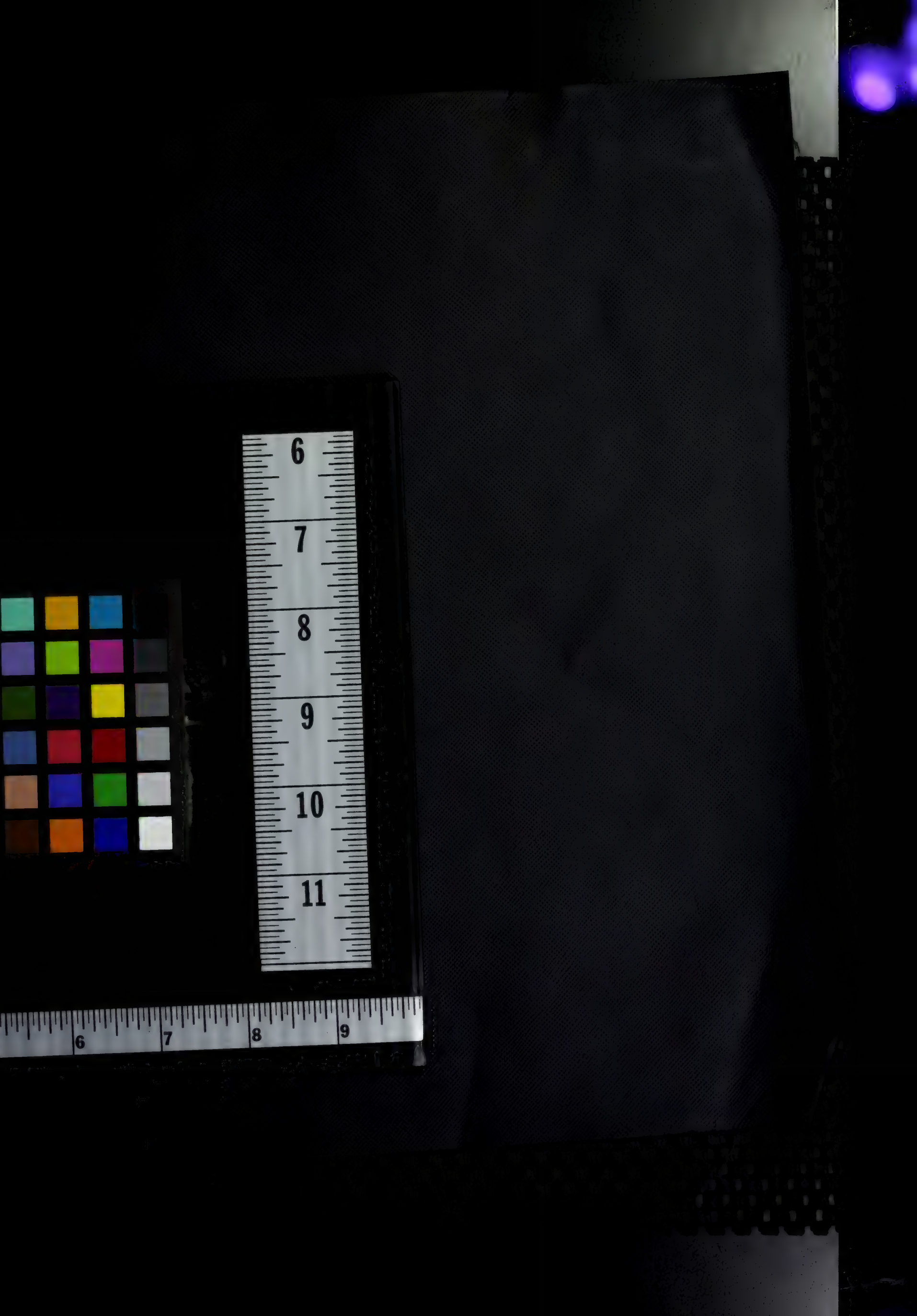
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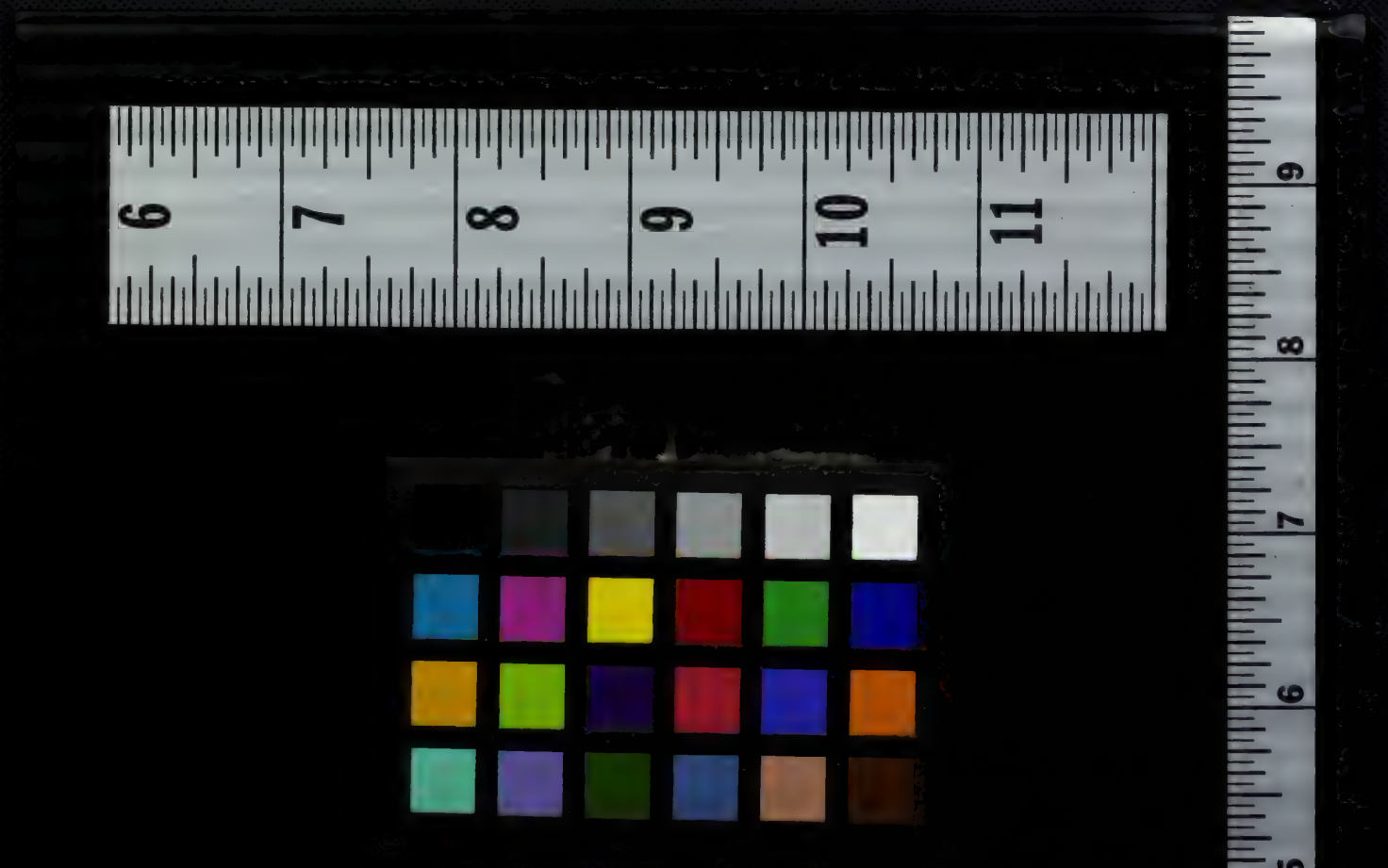

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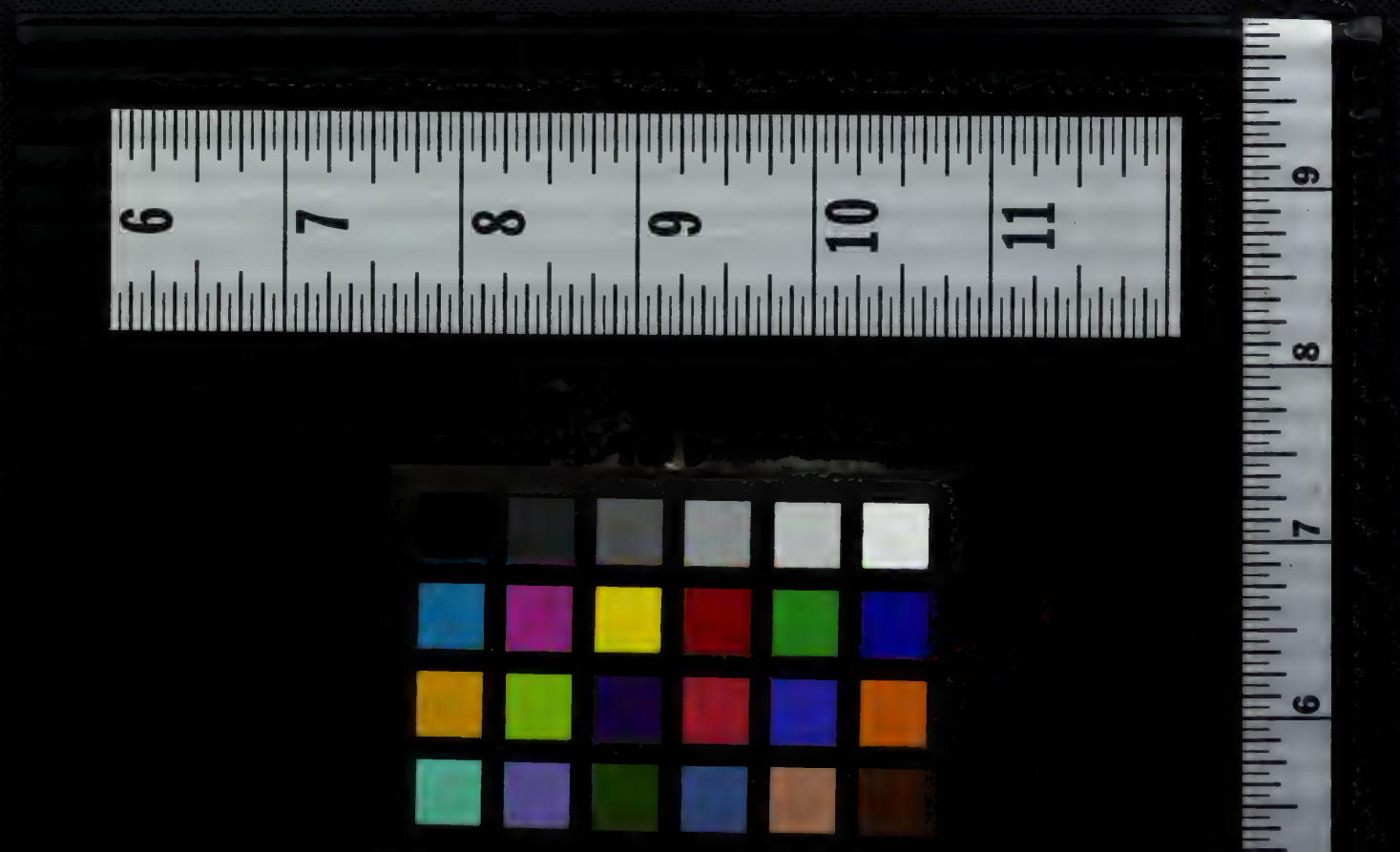

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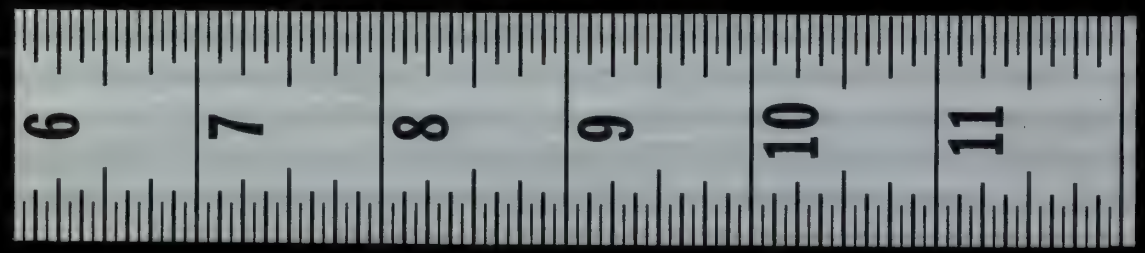
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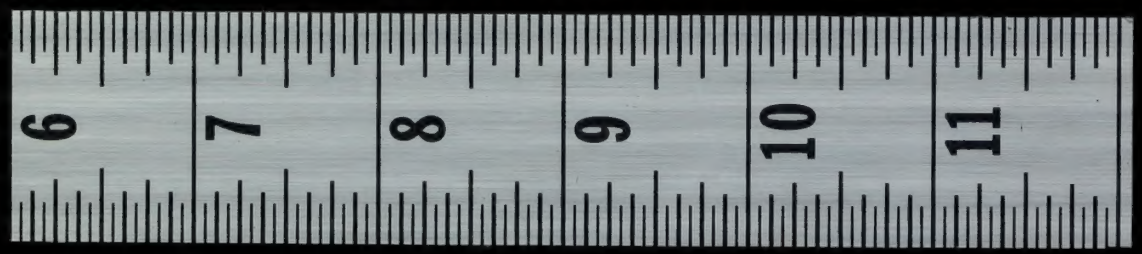
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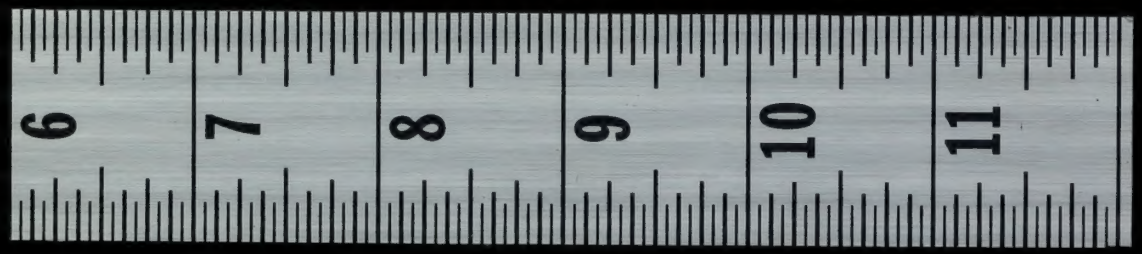
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